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THE MUKTESWARA SHRINE, 35 feet high, is exquisitely adorned with carvings, reflective of the best later Gupta-period style.

BHUBANESWAR: City Of Gods

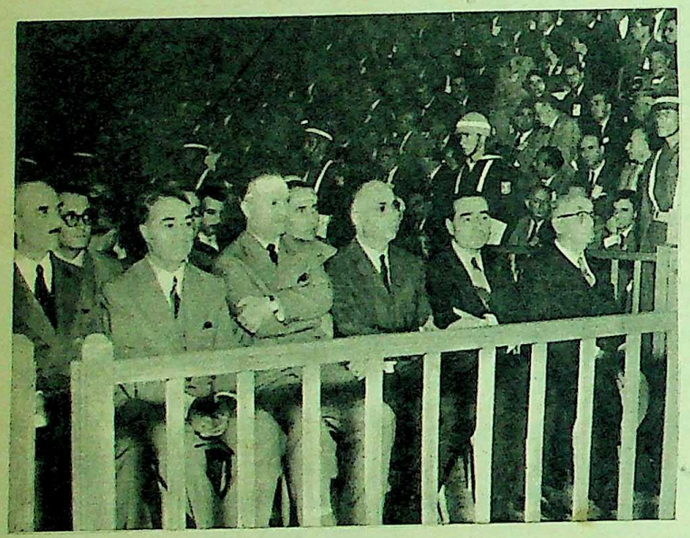
by Dr. H. GOETZ

ORISSA is a curious territory: a narrow, but fertile coastal plain extending from Bengal to Andhra, hinged at the delta of the Mahanadi, to a large tract of mountains and jungles in the hinterland, still inhabited mainly by tribal peoples. The jungles have protected the country to some degree from foreign invasions, but they have also kept out many cultural influences, so that Orissan culture always has been conservative.

At one time Orissa enjoyed immense importance and wealth through the maritime trade between Bengal and the South, though territorially it was weak, split into several small states. In South-East Asia the name Orang Kling (Kalingas, Orissans) thus became, in history, equivalent to that of Indians, and the ancient art of Greater India (Java, Siam, Cambodia, Champa-Annam), is replete with motives the next parallels to which are found in the temples of Orissa.

The majority of the Orissan temples belong to the period when the area was united under strong dynasties—the Meghavahanas in the 1st century B.C., the Bhaumakaras in the 8th-10th centuries, the Somavamshis of Mahakosala in the 10th-12th, the Eastern Ganges of the 11th.-15th, and the Suryavamshis of the

MURDER IN TOKYO. When addressing a political rally, Japan's Socialist Opposition leader Inejiro Asanuma is stabbed by 17-year-old rightist student Otoya Yamaguchi. Mr. Asanuma died on the way to hospital.



MEMBERS OF THE FORMER TURKISH REGIME ousted by General Gursel face trial for treason, on the island of Yassiada. At right are ex-President Celal Bayar and former Prime Minister Adnan Menderes.

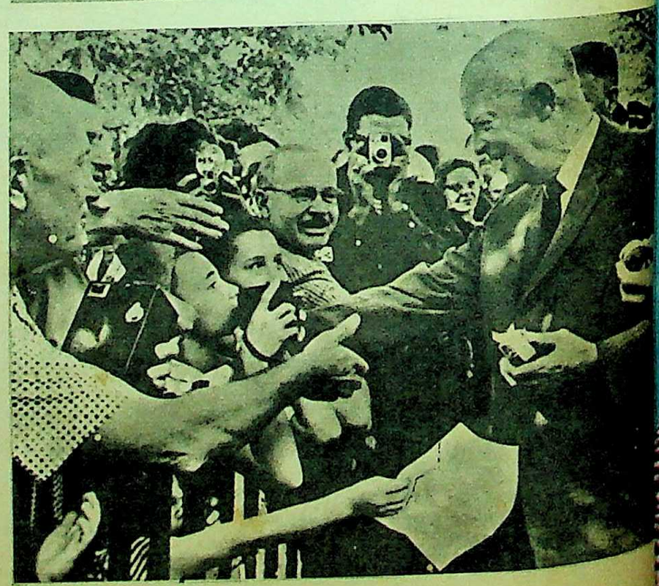
QUEEN SIRIKIT of Thailand looks fondly at Princess Margaretha, three-year-old twin daughter of Prince Jean and Princess Josephine-Charlotte of Luxembourg, as she leaves Betzdorf Castle, followed by King Bhumibol Adulyadej. The Thai monarch and his Queen were on a state visit to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

★ ★ ★

PRESIDENT Eisenhower reaches across a wooden fence in the grounds of the White House, Washington, to shake hands with well-wishers who had come to greet him on his 70th birthday. The package in his hand is a gold-painted golf ball presented by one of the children.

KING MAHENDRA OF NEPAL, on a state visit to Britain, photographed at Victoria Station, London, with Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. He was accompanied by Queen Ratna.

From Abroad

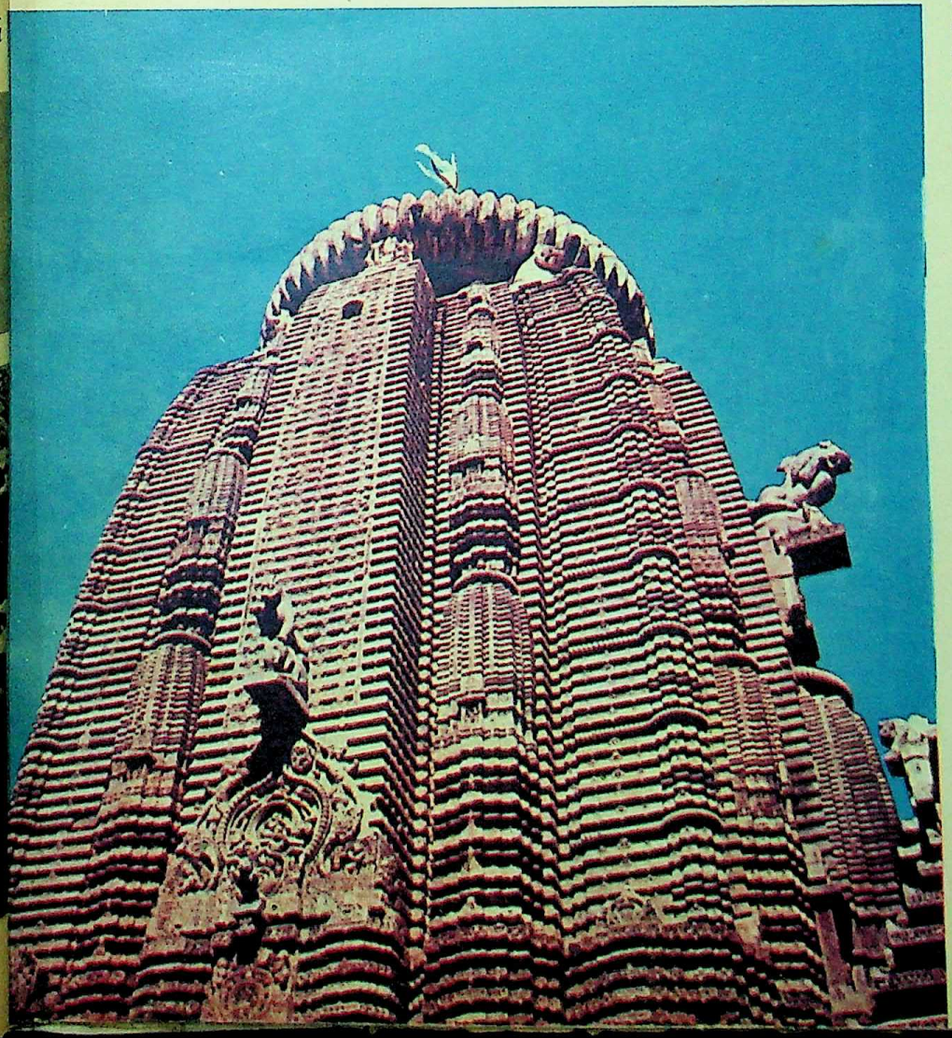


th-16th centuries. The seat of power was variably in the Mahanadi delta, mainly Bhubaneswar, through occasionally ifting to Jajpur, Cuttack or Kalingapa-m.

Bhubaneswar indeed reflects the hole rise and decline of ancient Orissan t. Most of the monuments outside the mits of the city represent the work of the riod when it had not yet assumed its verwhelming holiness, or are suburban r sectarian extensions of the main stream

The Maurya capital Tosali (Dhauli), here one of Asoka's edicts has been ound, and Sisupalgarh, the capital of he Meghavahana dynasty (the most fa-ous king of which had been Kharavela; st century B.C.), were situated some miles o the east. The walls of Sisupalgarh, ith their eight gateways, mighty bas-ions and broad moat, can still be seen near he confluence of the Bhargavi and Daya, nd in their centre there stand even today ome pillars of a former palace or temple he famous caves of Udayagiri and Khan-agiri, six miles to the north-west, were ex-avated for Jain monks by order of Khara-ela and his family, away from the capi-al, like other monasteries and hermitages f the kind. The principal Jain temple was uch nearer to Sisupalgarh, probably on he site of the present Lingaraja temple hen that great centre of the Saiva cult ose to importance it is difficult to say. The religious books, of course, claim a hoary antiquity, and they may be right in so far as there already existed on the site some sanctuary. However, Hindu religion assumed its later character not before the last centuries B.C. and mainly in the Gupta period. Also, in Orissa, Buddhism was a dominant force until the 8th century at least, under the Sailodbhava and the early Bhaumakara kings.

THE FEMALE FIGURES in the Orissan temples are noted for their poise and distinctive charm. (Photographs: Darshan Lall, 4; Denise Lequiller, 1)

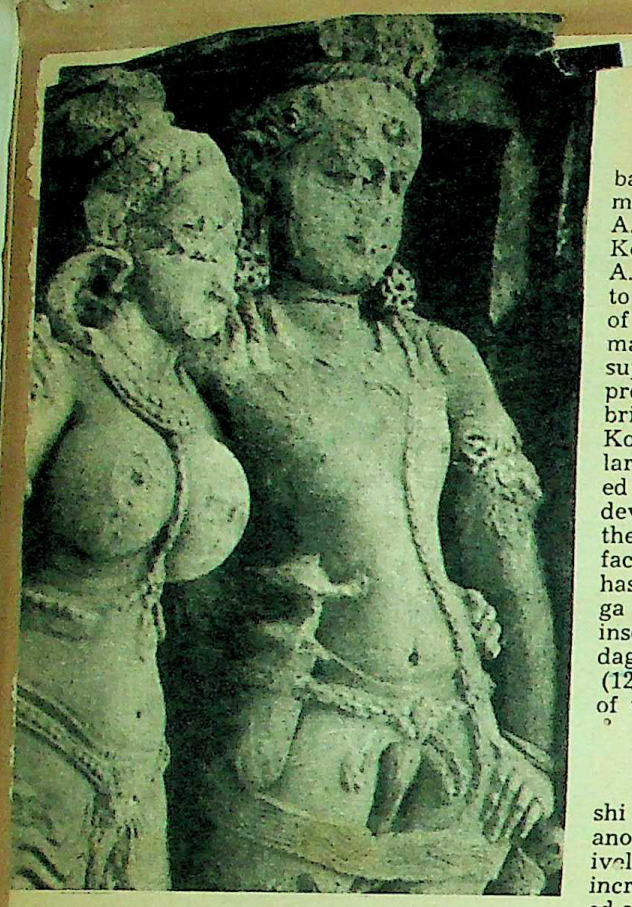


THE IMPOSING LINGARAJA —the most sacred Siva temple in Orissa.

The first Saiva temple of importance is the Parasurameswara, the date of which, like that of most Orissan temples, is controversial. Some scholars have tried to connect its foundation with the zealous champion of the cult of Siva and opponent of Harshavardhana of Thanesar—King Sasanka of Bengal. But whereas its architectural features, reminding one of the early temples of Aihole in the Deccan, would support such a claim, its sculptures appear to be of a later date. Like most of the Buddhist carvings at Nalatigiri, Ratnagiri and Udayagiri, the figures as well as ornaments here are treated as though they did not depict human, floral or architectural forms, but were rather abstract designs.

Such a tendency has nothing to do with any special religious outlook, but recurs everywhere and at any time whenever a highly developed art has been copied by a still undeveloped people. It points here to a time of great social changes, and also to the emergence of a genuine local art tradition. As a matter of fact, medieval Orissan art has clung to quite a number of characteristics of this transition period, especially the low platform, the rather cubic form of the building, the beehive-shaped sikhara, and the simple decoration (notwithstanding an overwhelming opulence of ornaments). And this evolution from Gupta art and architecture is very dissimilar from that noticed in Pala-Sena Bengal and Bihar. Except in the typology of its images, Orissan art has tended more towards the course taken under the Pratiharas of

(Please Turn Over)



DONOR GROUP, Vaital Deul.

Bhubaneswar

(Continued)

Kanauj. The reason may have been the antagonism of the rising Siva cult to Tantric Buddhism prevalent in the Pala Empire. For the rise of Bhubaneswar went hand in hand with that of Orissan art and of Saivism.

The next monument at Bhubaneswar likewise is a Siva temple, the Vaital Deul. Its exact date is not known, but the wagon (*khakhara*) roof of its sanctuary reminds one of the Teli-ka-Mandir on Gwalior Fort, its sculptures of those of Osian in Rajasthan, of Pattadakal in the Deccan and of Kanchipuram in the South. It may thus belong to the middle of the 8th century or somewhat later. It is a beautiful shrine; but it seems to be rather the creation of builders and sculptors summoned from outside the region.

The first genuine example of the medieval Orissan temple is the small, but exquisite, Mukteswara, covered with the most arresting sculpture, which readily evokes memories of the best later Gupta tradition, without being clumsily imitative as in the Parasurameswara or appearing "foreign" as in the Vaital Deul. Here we meet for the first time the Orissan style proper, such as it flourished for half a millennium before registering a decline. And in this style we find many of the prototypes of Greater Indian art.

The date of this temple is controversial. Perhaps it was erected in the 9th or early 10th century; in any case not before Saivism became dominant, after the encouragement first given by the later Bhaumakara kings.

This raises the vexed problem of the time and circumstances of the construction of the imposing Lingaraja, the most sacred Siva temple in Orissa. Tradition has put back its origin into the times of the Brahmanical renaissance, *circa* 3rd century A.D. Others have attributed it to Yayati Kesari (Mahasivagupta Somavamshi, c. A.D. 970-1000). As far as these dates refer to the foundation or important rebuildings of this temple—as well as of others—they may be correct, but there is no evidence to support these conjectures in regard to the present structure. Its lofty proportions bring to mind the "skyscraper" temples of Konarka and Puri, and its striking similarity to the Anantavasudeva shrine, erected in A.D. 1278 by the Ganga king Bhanudeva, rather suggests the 13th century as the probable period of construction. In fact, Vira Narakesari, its reputed builder, has been identified with the Eastern Ganga Narasimha I (A.D. 1238-65), whereas inscriptions mention Anantavarman Chodaganga (1076-1147) and Anangabhima III (1211-38) as rebuilders of some parts of the temple.

THE IMPRESSIVE LINGARAJA

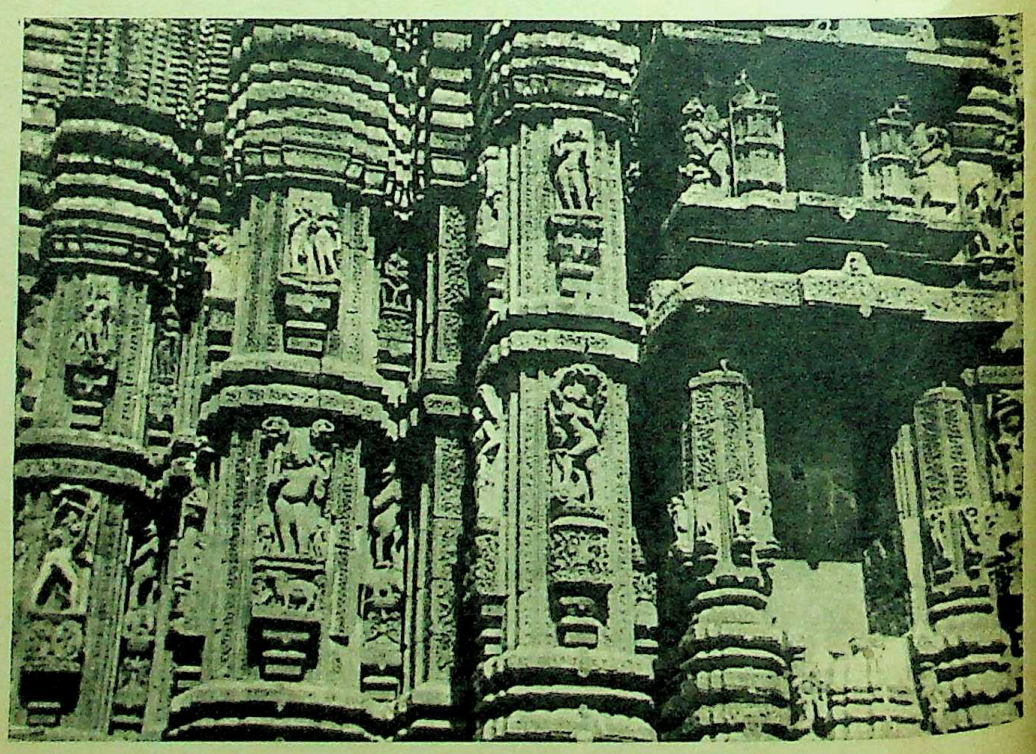
Thus it seems that from the Somavamshi kings to the 13th century one part after another of the temple had been successively reconstructed several times, on an increasingly grander scale. And, surrounded as it is by quite a cluster of smaller, but not to be neglected, shrines, with the vast Vindhasagar tank to add to the beauty of the setting, it is, indeed, one of the most impressive monuments in the whole of India.

Another temple, famous for its beautiful sculptures, is the one known as Rajarani (dedicated to Vishnu). Its *mandapa*, a rather heavy structure with thick columns entwined by snakes and resting on lion figures, is much older than the shrine and reminds one instantly of the later Pallava temples at Kanchipuram (8th-9th century). The shrine proper thus represents a more magnificent renovation of an older structure, as in the case of the Lingaraja. As a matter of fact, its builder had likewise been Anantavarman Chodaganga (A.D. 1118). The sculptures have such a striking affinity with those of Khajuraho that some famous pieces ("Mother and Child", and "Woman Writing a Letter" now in the National Museum, New Delhi) said to have been brought from Bhubaneswar have even been tentatively attributed to Khajuraho.

Anantavarman witnessed the collapse of the short-lived Chedi empire of Gangeyadeva and Lakshmikarna who had superseded the Chandelas of Khajuraho. The sculptures on the tower of the Rajarani, therefore, may be the work of artists whose fathers had migrated from Khajuraho to the Chedi kingdom, and who now, after its collapse, found work in Orissa.

There are, of course, many more temples at Bhubaneswar. But they are more or less repetitions and variations of the type laid down by the Lingaraja. Most of them are dedicated to Siva. With the Muslim advance into Bengal, Cuttack, situated almost impregnably between two arms of the Mahanadi, slowly began to supersede Bhubaneswar, which more and more became a religious centre and a seat of Saivism. It may have been for this reason that the Ganga kings tried to provide also the other cults with not less splendid centres: Anantavarman Chodaganga erecting the huge Jagannatha temple at Puri, Narasimhavarman the not less gigantic Sun temple at Konarka. Artistically these temples already reveal the decline of the creative vision of the Orissan tradition.

During the Muslim supremacy, Puri became the religious centre of the Hindus. Krishna was the most popular deity, the darling of the *Gita Govinda*; and Jagannatha of Puri, once a jungle deity venerated by the Saoras, was regarded as an incarnation of the Lord, especially after Chaitanya had ended his days in this town. Bhubaneswar was steadily deserted, though it retained its halo of holiness. Only today is it recovering its prestige, as the new capital of Orissa. But in spite of all these vicissitudes, Bhubaneswar is the centre and apogee of Orissan art, the monument of the most beautiful flowering of Orissan culture.



PART OF THE RAJARANI TEMPLE TOWER

ed to a state very similar to that of the Moghul empire in the 18th century. It became a loose coalition, with the Chandella princes acting as "regents" for their helpless "sovereigns" on the throne of Kanauj, while along the southern frontier the Paramaras broke away, expanding their own empire over Gujarat, eastern Madhya Pradesh and the northern Deccan. Harsha's sucessor, Yasovarman, conquered all the Pratihara provinces up to the Ganga and the Yamuna, including the key fortress, Kalinjar; and his successor, Dhanga, annexed Gwalior, Uttar Pradesh and parts of Bihar and seems to have obtained control even over the Doab and the eastern Punjab.

Imperial treasure and artists were similarly transferred from Kanauj to Khajuraho. But while in the other successor states of the Pratihara empire, under the Paramaras, Solankis, Chauhans and even Kalachuris, there developed

by Dr. H. GOETZ

first a rather heavy, somewhat boorish art, at Khajuraho by the middle of the same century, there suddenly made its appearance a very elegant, over-refined and rather decadent style, very similar to the refined sculpture of Krishna's III reign at Ellora (the famous Ravana relief on the right side of the Kailasa), which is in such marked contrast with earlier Rashtrakuta art. Both represent the heritage of the declining Pratihara capital.

At Khajuraho the first monument of this imperial style was the unfortunately ill-restored Lakshmanji temple, built by Yasovarman and dedicated by his successor in A.D. 954. Thereafter quite a series of splendid shrines followed: the Parsvanatha, Ghantai, Jagadamba, Chitragupta, and above all the two biggest and most beautiful, the Kandariya-Mahadeva and Visvanatha. Their architecture is perhaps the best in the Nagara style, and so well designed are the temples that they appear much bigger than they really are; while their sculpture is of a ravishing elegance, very sensuous and expressive, notwithstanding an often slapdash production, which one discovers only when closely studying the individual figures.

Yet suddenly this mighty empire and its art collapsed, within a few years. Dhanga and his troops like the other allies of the last Shahi kings of the Punjab, had been defeated by sultan Sabuktegin of Ghazna in 973 and 991. But Ganda was defeated time and again, by the much smaller army of sultan Mahmud: in A.D. 1008 at Peshawar; in 1011-12 at Thanesar; in 1018 at Mathura and Kanauj; in 1020-21 by the great victory on the river Ruhut; in 1022-23 at Gwalior, with the siege of the principal Chandella stronghold, Kalinjar.

Ganda's successor, Vidyadhara (*circa* 1019-1045), was reduced to the status of a small vassal of the Muslim conqueror and deprived of all his treasure and elephants, retaining no more than a mere fifteen forts. But Northern India was not lost to the Hindus; it was united under another strong dynasty which emerged from the Chandella defeats and became the dominant power under Gangeyadeva Vikramaditya (A.D. 1020-1041) and Lakshmikarna (A.D. 1041-1070): both Kalachuris of Chedi who had been the vassals of the last two Chandella kings.

How was this possible? We find the answer in a well-known Sanskrit drama, the *Prabodhachandrodaya* of Krishnamisra, performed for the first time on the occasion of Kirtivarman's reinstallation as sovereign king. This is an allegory, describing the kidnapping of orthodox religion by King Error, the setting up of a heresy and the creation of new Vedas, Puranas and other pseudo-revelations with the help of "science" and intoxication. The principal missionary of this heresy is a Kapalika-Sakta

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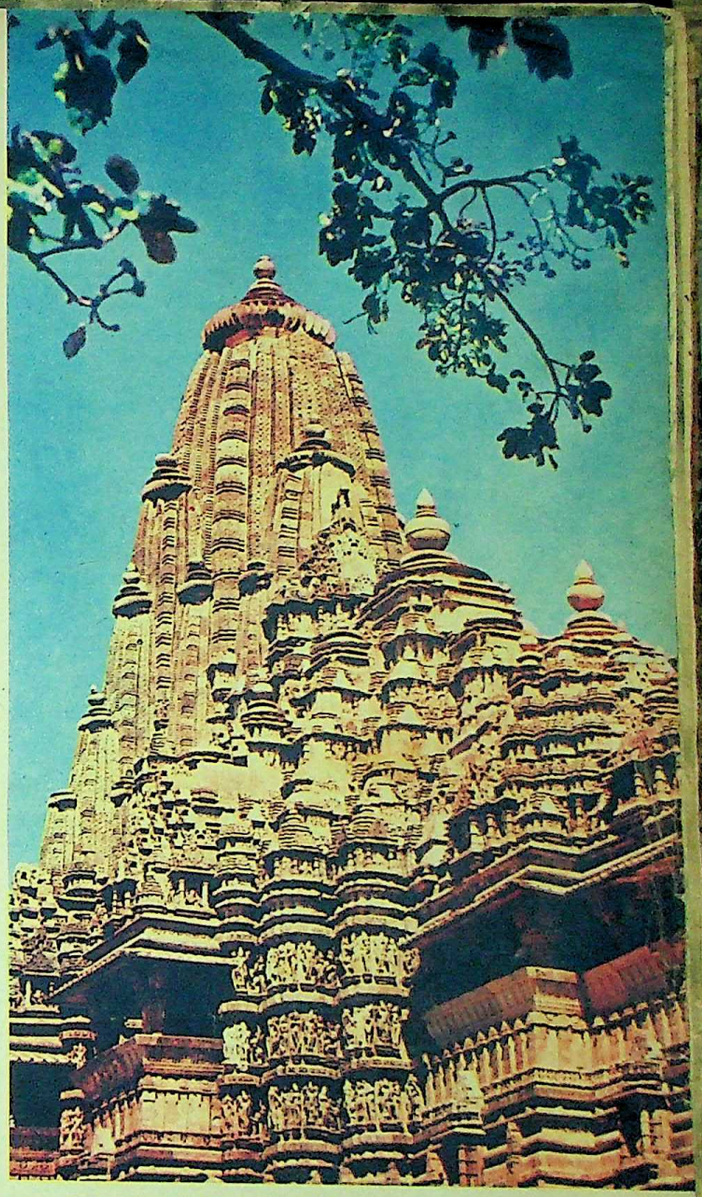

THE KANDARIYA TEMPLE

MAHADEVA TEMPLE (*Photographs: Mitter Bedi, 3; Chandra Mohan, 1; Darshan Lall, 1*)

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(Parsvanath Temple)

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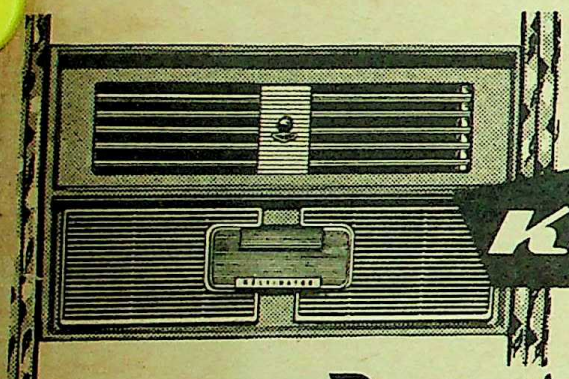

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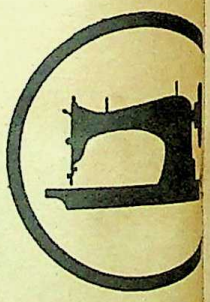

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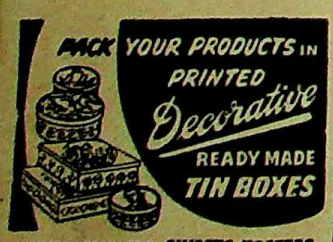

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KHAJURAHO

(*Continued From Page 53*)

ascetic, a devotee of Bhavani-Durga, armed with a sword for human sacrifice with which he first intimidates his opponents, afterwards converting them by means of alcohol (*amrita*) and "religion", in the disguise of a Kapalini—a beautiful prostitute (*suravesya*)—whose embraces immediately convince [illegible] upt Buddhist and Jaina monks.

But logic unmasks the impostor, and theology and the orthodox sciences, in a symbolical battle, defeat the forces of heresy. Religion—i.e., the orthodox cult of Vishnu—is rescued, and the true cognition of the one Godhead is born. Such Medieval plays were often allegories of actual events, and that this was the case with the *Prabodhachandrodaya* is frankly stated in its introduction. King Kirtivarman is equated with the cognition of God; his victorious general with reason; and the overthrown Kalachuri king Karna with King Error.

Further, we know from inscriptions that in the time of Dhanga and Ganda the Kapalika cult was propagated by a certain Prabodhasiva, who had come from the Chedi (Kalachuri) country, while the Kalachuri princes were called Chedichandra. The title of the play thus had a second meaning. The Rise (and Fall) of the Kapalika missionary Prabodhasiva and of Chedichandra—King Error. In other words, the *Prabodhachandrodaya* accuses the Kapalika-Sakta cult, fostered by the Kalachuri princes, of having been the cause of the corruption and overthrow of the Chandella empire.

HISTORICAL ALLEGORY

In this light, both the political and art history of Khajuraho become intelligible. All these sexual cults promised their initiates an exceedingly long life, even transformation into a siddha *i.e.*, a *vidyadhara*, the actual name of the last Sakta ruler of Khajuraho and, it appears that Dhanga—who in fact reached a very advanced age—being converted in his later years by Prabodhasiva, who had been introduced by the then Kalachuri chief, Yuvaraja. The Chandella rulers, believing themselves to have become living gods, neglected their administrative duties in favour of sexual pleasures and rituals, while the real power fell into the hands of their Kalachuri "ministers", who superseded them, in the same manner as several Vijayanagar dynasties were dominated by their ministers, or the kings of Nepal were deprived of power by the Rana Maharajas.

As god-kings the Chandellas betrayed their Pratihara overlords, but were in their turn betrayed by Gangeyadeva Kalachuri, so that sultan Mahmud was easily able to defeat the emperor of Kanauj, who received no support from his principal "vassals", and the same was the case with the much superior Chandella army under Vidyapati, because a victory would have permitted Vidyapati to shake off Kalachuri control, whereas his defeat reduced him to an unimportant prisoner, to whom Gangeyadeva still showed some semblance of respect, but whom his successor, Karna, could completely ignore.

For these god-kings a gorgeous ritual in gandiose temples was needed, whence the spate of Saiva-Sakta temples erected within a few decades of the consecration, in A.D. 954, of the—still Vaishnava—Lakshmanji. Immense sums were spent on these, on their costly idols of gold, completely covered with jewels, on all the beautiful damsels who promised eternal bliss in their alluring embraces. The best architects and sculptors of Kanauj were employed, though they were pressed to work at such speed that the execution lacked finish.

GOD-KINGS IN PERSON

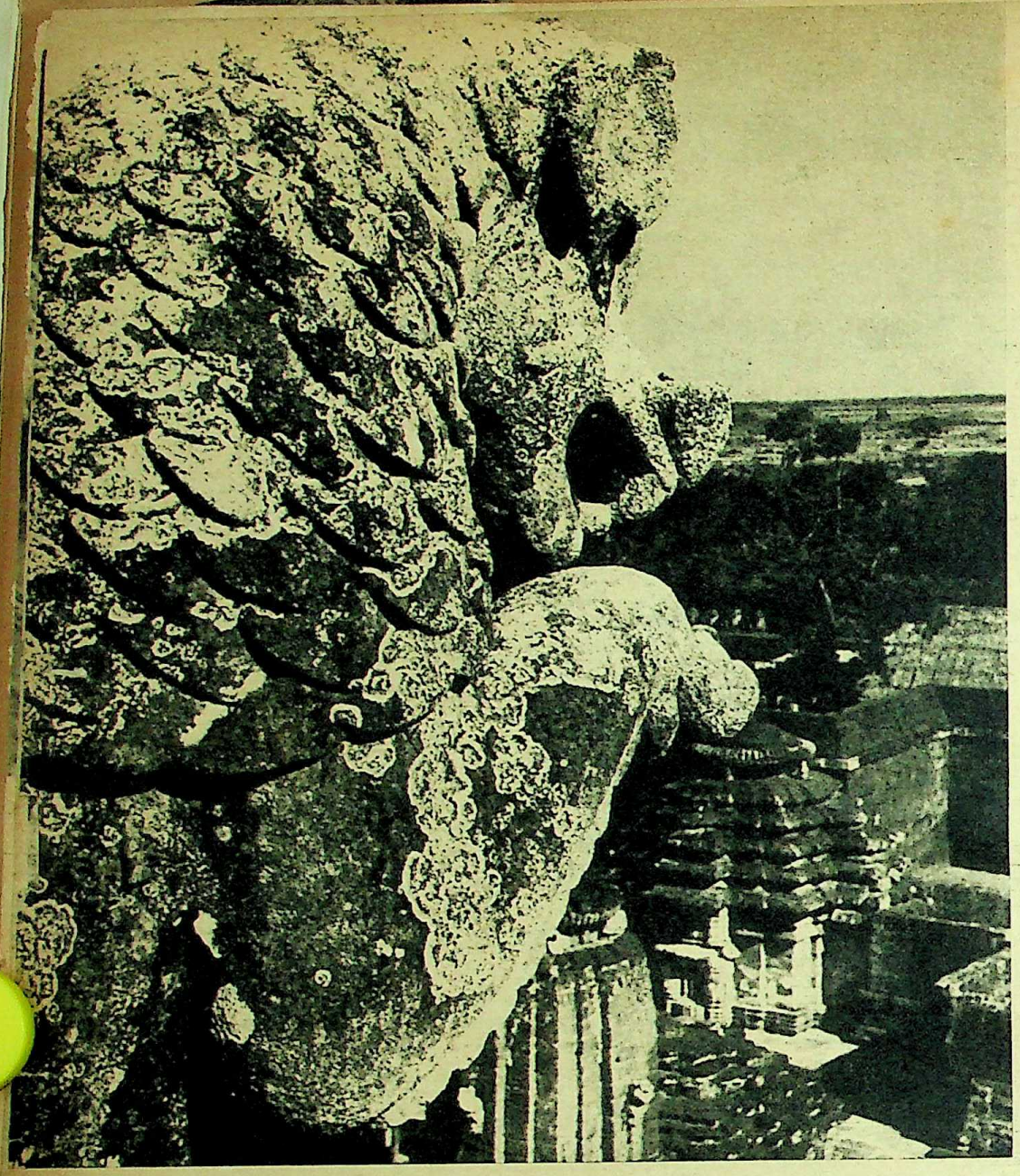
Finally, the principal deities represented on the walls at least of the Kandariya-Mahadeva and Visvanatha temples were the god-kings themselves. For where we would expect the relief of some form of Siva, we find, instead, that of a nude man in the most extraordinary copulations with one, or several, girls. On the walls of the Kandariya-Mahadeva temple there are three such groups, one above the other, showing in the lowermost frieze an old, in the central one a middle-aged, in the topmost a young man.

On the walls of the Visvanatha temple the old man has been replaced by a solemn figure of Brahma-Siva. The purport of these groups is clear: they represent the three Chandella rulers, old Dhanga, still reigning, but no more ruling; his successor Ganda; and the crown prince, Vidyadhara. In the other temple Dhanga's figure was replaced by that of Siva, because he had died in the mean time and had become the god instead of a mere *siddha*. These relief groups are indeed unique. For though sexual subjects are not rare on temple walls, they normally represent *mithunas* (i.e., the ancient *yaksha* fertility gods), or are part of the *narathara*, the frieze depicting all aspects of human life. But nowhere else is the place of honour, otherwise reserved for the gods, allotted to genuine human beings, deified by means of sexual union.

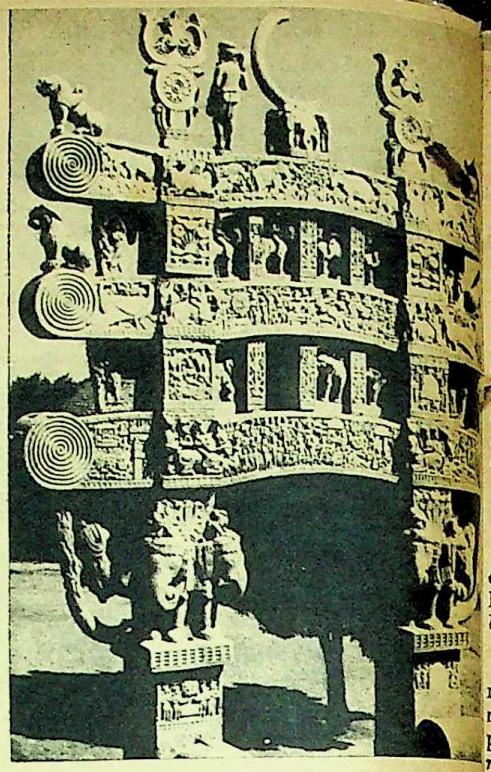
This was possible only thanks to the temporary domination of a normally secret heterodoxy, and the last could acquire power only because of a certain political constellation, as the instrument of the Kalachuri vassals for the corruption, overthrow and supersession of their Chandella sovereigns. The military defeats which, in consequence, the Hindus suffered from Mahmud of Ghazni, were retrieved. But the general demoralisation thus fostered was one of the principal causes of the downfall of Hindu India. However, as so often in history, corruption may be the other side of over-refinement—aesthetic and erotic hypersensitivity. And for us it is the beauty of these temples that counts, even though we may be aware of its sordid background.

MITHUNA GROUP (Photograph by Harbans Chadha)

Funding: Patua Heritage



LION—LINGARAJ TEMPLE, Bhubaneswar. (Photograph by Sunil Janah)



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—Jawaharlal Nehru

Temples — Old And New

THE RATHAS OF MAMALLAPURAM—monolithic monuments of the Pallava period, 53 miles by road from Madras.

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the gateways and stone fencings of the stupas. They have been preserved in a temporary museum on the site. We see on them characteristic architectural motifs, narratives of the life of the Buddha, Jataka tales and representations of stupas. They supply excellent information on the social life of the Ikshvaku times and precious details concerning the Buddhism of the Krishna valley. Other antiquities, such as small clay figurines, coins and metallic objects, add further details on the material aspects of Ikshvaku rule.

IKSHVAKU GENEALOGY

The genealogy of the Ikshvaku kings can be drawn up from the inscriptions on limestone pillars and on the *dhvajastambhas* (flagstaffs) of temples.

The first king to proclaim his sovereignty over the region was Siri Chantamula. He was a Hindu who claimed to have performed such sacrificial rites as the *asvamedha* sacrifice. The inscriptions speak highly of the munificence of Chanti Sri, the sister of Chantamula. She was probably responsible for bringing Buddhism into the valley. A beautiful monastic unit was constructed by her, opposite the Mahastupa.

The second king was Virapurushadatta. He seems to have ably strengthened his position by marriage alliances and by forming friendships with the neighbouring chiefs. He had five queens, one of them a daughter of the King of Ujjain. Mahadevi Bhatti Devi was another queen, whose son became the third Ikshvaku king. Virapurushadatta, it appears, gave ample liberty to the royal ladies to invite to the court Buddhists even from such distant lands as China and Ceylon.

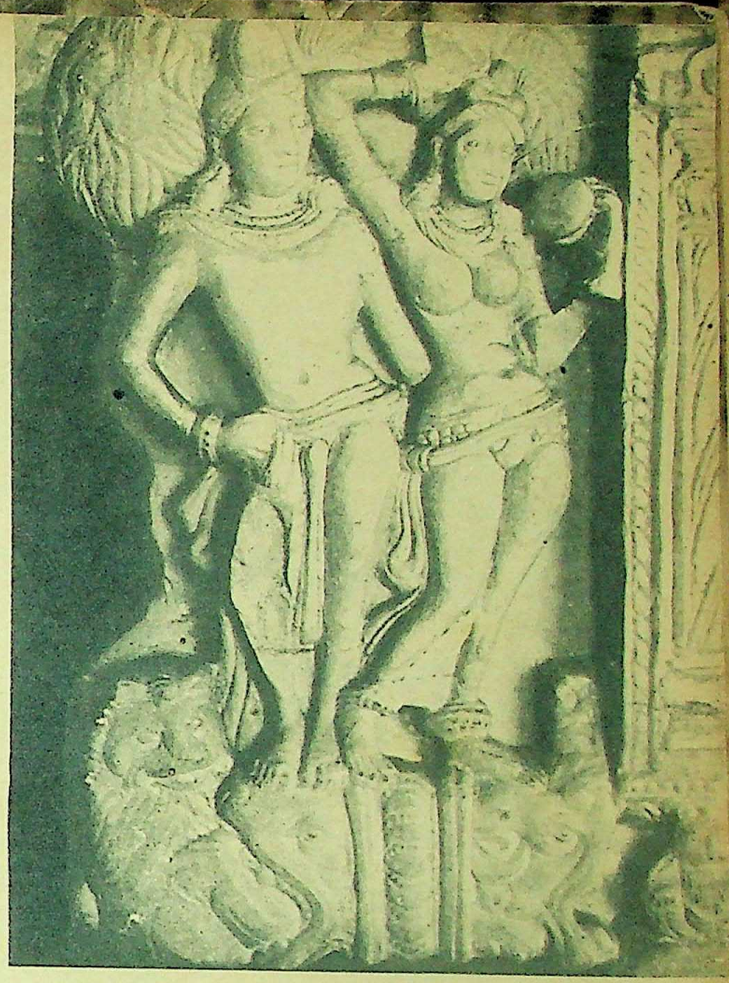
A fresh impetus was given to Hinduism during the time of the third king, Ehuvala Chantamula. The temples of Pushpabhadraswami and Karttikeya were built during his time. It appears that he also contributed to the popularisation of Sanskrit. Before his day inscriptions were written in Prakrit. In Ehuvala's time Sanskrit made its first appearance.

The fourth king was Rudrapurushadatta, the son of Ehuvala and Siri Vamma. An inscription records the installation of a memorial pillar on the death of his mother during the tenth year of his reign.

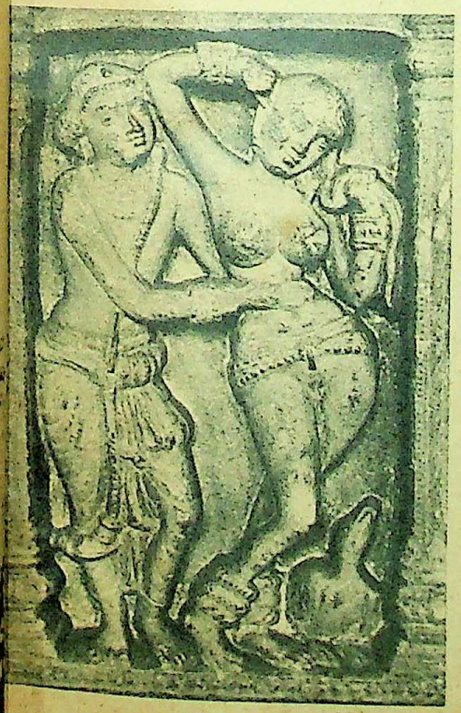
Virapurushadatta II, his successor, was a son of Ehuvala by Queen Krupana. He was a prominent figure in the building of the Pushpabhadraswami temple.

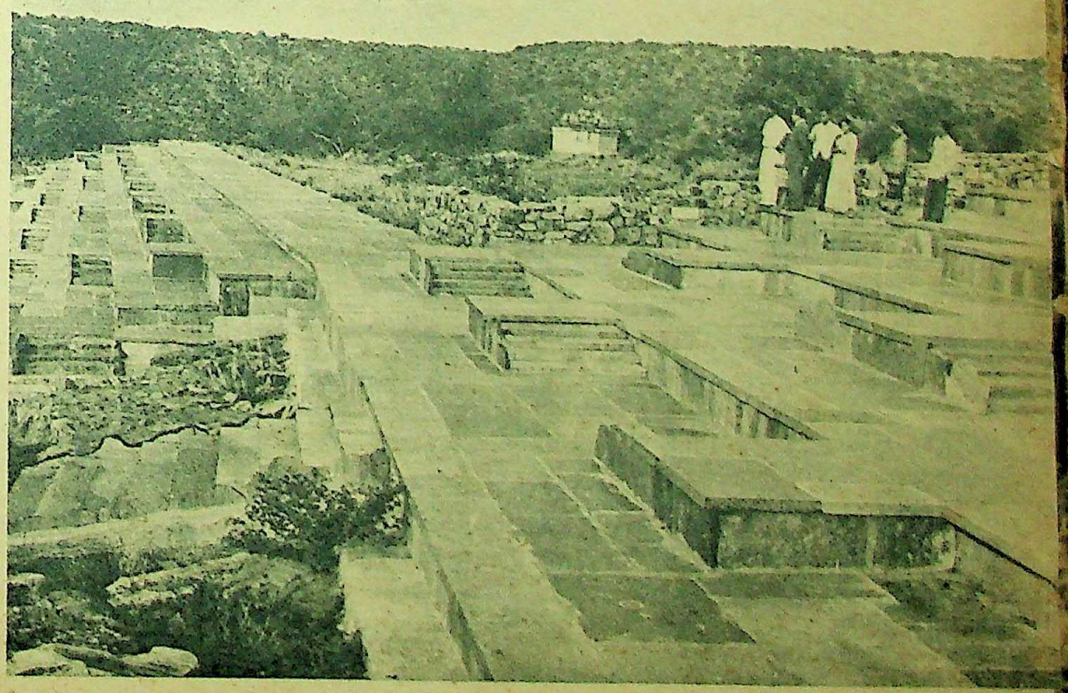
The celebrated Buddhist teacher, Nagarjuna, is believed to have spent the last years of his life on a hill called Siri Parvata, at Nagarjunakonda. To commemorate his glory, the excavated material is proposed to be exhibited in a museum being constructed on the hilltop. After the dam is completed and the valley is flooded, the Nagarjuna Hill will stand out unique as an island park connected to the mainland by launch. The museum within is expected to house tools of the stone-age man, iron implements of the pre-Ikshvaku folk, the epigraphical records of the Ikshvakus, and varieties of other antiquities of gold, silver, copper, iron—all speaking eloquently of what Nagarjunakonda was, from prehistoric times down to the Vijayanagar period.

T. V. G. SASTRI



YAKSHA PAIR standing on a makara, beside the panel "Siddhartha and the Mighty Bow".





MITHUNA COUPLE adjoining an unidentified sculpture panel. Right: Ancient bathing ghats on the bank of the Krishna.
(Photographs by Jagan V. Mehta: 7)

Funding: Tattva Nidhi and IKS Mid-Career Fellowship

Chemmeen - 7

by THAKAZHI SIVASANKARA PILLAI

Translated from the Malayalam by Narayana Menon

SYNOPSIS

Karuthamma, daughter of the ambitious fisherman Chemban Kunju, and Pareekutti, the young Muslim trader, feel themselves irresistibly drawn to each other. Chakki, her mother, gives Karuthamma the solemn traditional warning that the fortunes of the sea front depend on the purity of its women, but she cannot prevail on the hard Chemban Kunju to give first place to his daughter's marriage. Instead, over Karuthamma's protests, she helps him borrow money for a boat and net of his own from the captivated Pareekutti.

The change in Chemban Kunju's status rouses the jealousy of certain other fishermen and, consequently, the relationship between his daughter and the Muslim trader comes under base criticism and suspicion. The anger of the Headman and his henchmen is tactfully appeased by Chemban Kunju. Karuthamma and Pareekutti, meanwhile, find their friendship entering the phase of love.

The smile of fortune transforms Chemban Kunju into a heartless, greedy individual, concerned solely with his own welfare, and setting out to exploit the poverty and ill-luck of others to advance his own ends, he soon becomes master of a second boat. Then he marries off Karuthamma to a strong and capable young fisherman, Palani, who has no kith or kin and consequently demands no dowry.

The marriage has its ill-omened aspects: Karuthamma's fair name is publicly questioned and her afflicted mother, Chakki, faints away, while Chamban Kunju disowns Karuthamma because she will not stay at her sick mother's side after the wedding. But Karuthamma leaves for her new home at Chakki's orders and with her blessings.

Karuthamma and Palani begin their life together happily, but there are irritating whispers in the village about the new bride's reputation.

ACCORDING to custom, the fourth day after the wedding the bride had to be fetched by her people along with the bridegroom to visit her parents. But there was no one at Nirkunnam to bring Karuthamma to her parents.

Chakki had been bedridden since the wedding. Nallapennu, her kind neighbour, visited her from time to time to nurse her. Panchami had to look after the house. Chemban Kunju did not appear to worry in the least about his helpless wife. Nallapennu advised him three or four times to call in a good doctor, but he did nothing.

He would go to the door of Chakki's room from time to time and peep in. Once Chakki asked him to go to Trikunnapuzha to bring Karuthamma and Palani home. Chemban Kunju forgot himself in his anger.

"I shan't go. I don't want her to come to my house," he shouted.

Chakki also got angry. And, as a result, she fainted.

That day Chemban Kunju called in a doctor. But he did not go to Trikunnapuzha to bring the new bride home. Everyone asked him about it and he lost his temper and quarrelled with everyone.

At Trikunnapuzha village, too, the fact that Karuthamma did not visit her parents on the fourth day after the wedding was the talk of the place. She was not a girl without family, and everyone at Trikunnapuzha knew it. It was, of course, possible that she had been kicked out of her home.

Karuthamma was ever hopeful that something would happen. She could not really believe that her father would forsake her. And she worried about her mother. She was afraid of speaking of all this to her husband, but she was too worried to remain silent.

"I wonder if my mother is alive now," she said.

Palani did not answer. She looked at him carefully. "Let us go and see," she said hesitantly.

His answer was like a slap in the face to her. "Don't trouble about that now."

The change in Palani's attitude frightened Karuthamma. "How can you just speak like that?" she said, feigning a smile.

"Well, why not?" he said.

"We may have girls one day and they will get married too. One day we shall have to answer for our actions."

For that, too, Palani had a ready answer.

"We shall see to that when the time comes."

Still reluctant to drop the matter, she asked, "Then shall I go to my mother by myself?"

He would not prevent it, he said, but he made one condition. "You can go, but you needn't come back."

Karuthamma's anger flared up and she gave vent to it: "Goodness, men's minds, I don't know what is in them." Then she forced a smile.

Chakki at Nirkunnam and Karuthamma at Trikunnapuzha—the days passed without anyone caring for their feelings and sorrow. They pined for each other. Alone, Karuthamma wept. Chakki ate her heart out. No one knew.

One day, hearing that Chakki's illness had become worse, Pareekutti went to Chakki. Chemban Kunju was not in the house. When Chakki saw Pareekutti, she burst into tears. Seeing her sob so helplessly, Pareekutti grieved for her. He, too, had changed. He was no longer the bright Pareekutti.

"I am dying, Muthalali," Chakki said, crying.

Pareekutti saw that Chakki was very weak. But he tried to reassure her: "What are you saying, Chakki? You are not as ill as all that."

Chakki signed to him to sit near her bed. Chakki looked at Pareekutti and cried even harder. "I have a lot to tell you, Kochumuthalali," Chakki said. It was the question of the money that she wanted to talk about first of all. Pareekutti asked her not to worry about it. Chakki cursed her husband. She said he was greedy and wicked. "What can I do? He will not pay up."

"Please don't think of that and worry, Chakki."

"It is not that, Kochumuthalali," Chakki continued with difficulty. "We haven't sent our daughter to a happy place. She won't have a moment devoid of pain."

Pareekutti could say nothing to comfort her.

"I am dying," Chakki said. "And yet he won't bring my child to see me."

Her daughter nursed a secret love in her heart. And they had got her married to the wrong one. How could Chakki say if her daughter's love would not cast a shadow on her life? This was the beginning of a new chapter in her life. But could anyone say that the past had no place in it? Above all, she had been given away to one who had nothing and no one in life. How could one be certain that Palani would love her and protect her?

"I feel as if I have put my child in a little boat and sent her out to sea alone," Chakki said.

"Don't think like that," Pareekutti said. "Palani is a good worker. He will take care of her."

Chakki shook her head unconvinced. "You two played together like children on this sea front," she mourned.

Pareekutti's heart was touched by those memories. He realised now that Chakki knew of their love. She knew how deep it was.

"I never had the good fortune to bear a boy," Chakki continued. "But I have a son." Chakki clasped Pareekutti's hands and said, "You are my son, Pareekutti."

Her statement was like a healing balm to Pareekutti's bruised heart. Karuthamma was not to be his, but she would always be something to him and he something to her.

"My son, you must marry a nice girl, have children and prosper in your trade," Chakki said. "You must not trouble Karuthamma any longer. She is married. You are now her brother. As my son you must accept her as your sister."

Pareekutti's eyes overflowed with tears.

"I know you love Karuthamma. This is the test of your love."

Pareekutti could not answer her. Emotion deprived him of his voice. If he loved her, he had to care for her like a brother—yes, that was right.

Silently, time passed by.

"Shouldn't it be so, my son?" Chakki asked.

"Yes," Pareekutti answered mechanically.

"Then, my child, may you children live like my son and daughter." In a moment Chakki continued, "If she were here, I would have told her this on my death-bed."

Chakki asked him again to be only a brother and no more. If Karuthamma could not come to Chakki before her death, he should inform Karuthamma that she now had a brother. Although Pareekutti gave his consent, Chakki felt uneasy about the way he gave it. She begged him to give her his word of honour.

That night Chakki heard Pareekutti singing his song on the seashore.

Chemban Kunju had fallen on evil days. He was no longer strong enough to go to sea

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Anybody Coming For A Walk?

(by ROLF WINQUIST)

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-NCE, Digitized by eGangotri

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ELEGANCE in Isfahan is well represented by this mural in the 17th-century 'Ali Qapu, the entrance to the Imperial Palaces.

"Isfahan Is Half The World"

by Dr. H. GOETZ

"*ISFAHAN NISF-I-JAHAN*" (Isfahan is half the world), the Persians used to say in the 17th century. Indeed, in their time Isfahan was one of the most glamorous cities then standing and, though now deprived of its political grandeur, it still remains one of the most enchanting places a tourist can visit.

In some measure this is due to the desert climate of the Iranian highlands: the clear air in which everything seems so near and nevertheless so unreal, the soft green of the willows, poplars and birch trees, the intense colours of the flowers against a background of mud-brown garden enclosures and brick walls, and the golden or polychrome lustre of mosque walls and domes covered with richly-ornamented encaustic tiles. Along the horizon are the rugged outlines of snow-clad mountains whose streams disappear in the sand and rubble of the surrounding foothills, while long lines of what look like big mole-hills are the signs of underground canals which may end in an enclosed green garden somewhere in the desert, or break forth in a rivulet between irrigated fields, joining with others to form the Zayende Rud. a quite considerable river, which finally loses itself in the white salt-pans of the desert.

One hardly knows where the town really begins. Walled gardens fill up with houses, shops break through the high mud enclosures, and soon one is in one of the broad avenues named after Reza Shah Pahlavi or Queen Soraya, where elegant motor cars and troops of cyclists move along beside poplar-bordered rivulets in the Chahar Bagh Avenue, until imperceptibly one finds oneself surrounded by modern administrative buildings, shops and banks, and amidst the vaulted corridors of the old bazars.

Through side lanes one reaches the Maidan-i-Shah, the centre of the old imperial town. At one end of this stands the Masjid-i-Shah, the imperial mosque, at the other the accesses to the Kaisar Bazar, while on either side are the beautiful Lutfullah Mosque and the 'Ali Qapu, the entrance to the imperial palaces. These last, founded by Shah Abbas the Great (1587-1629), stand as a monument to the recovery of the Safavid empire, which at the time of their building had seemed on the verge of collapse.

The Safavid empire was founded by Shah Ismail I (1499-1524), the worldly as well as religious head of the Shi'ite Qyzylbash. The fanatical devotion of these valiant Turkish nomads had enabled Ismail to overthrow the weak states into which the empire of the world conqueror Tamerlane (1388-1405) had disintegrated and to defeat the Uzbeg nomads of Central Asia who had driven the Moghul emperor from Ferghana and Samarqand to Kabul and India. Shah Tahmasp (1524-76), by a scorched-earth policy, had with difficulty staved off the invasion of the Ottoman sultan Sulaiman the Magnificent. His court at Qazwin, where the Moghul emperor Humayun was his guest in 1544, was perhaps the most splendid of its day in Asia, and Persian art was to reach its apogee there. But, as so often happens in history, this very luxury was to undermine the Safavid state. The Qyzylbash became worldly, their leaders dominated Tahmasp's successors, then quarrelled and were defeated by the Ottomans.

Shah 'Abbas, threatened by an Ottoman invasion, could maintain himself only by assassinating some of the Qyzylbash chieftains, but was at last forced to abdicate, in 1591. He then built up a fresh army of his own which he organised into a new tribe, the Shahseven, breaking up the Qyzylbash and creating, with the help of two English adventurers, the brothers Anthony and Robert Shirley, a corps of riflemen (*tufangchis*) and of artillery, modern weapons with which the Ottomans had defeated the Persians). Since Qazwin had been lost, he moved his capital to Isfahan and retained his court there, even after having expelled the Ottomans who had conquered most of Azerbaijan, the Caucasus and a large part of Iraq. Qandahar, lost to Akbar in 1595. was recovered only by 'Abbas II.

Imperial Isfahan was a garden city. The palaces consist of individual pavilions surrounded by flowers, trees and water basins, each arranged round a central hall but opening in wide bays, balconies and colonnades. They make it look like a town of tents transposed into a more permanent material, with their polychrome decoration of encaustic tiles resembling a display of innumerable gorgeous carpets. And such in a very real sense, they were, for, as with the early Moghuls, this was an artistocracy of nomads turned cavaliers, to whom life in a town, in a closed house, was unthinkable. If not fighting, they went out hunting or playing polo, and even their domestic life was spent in gardens, or rooms opening upon gardens.

WEALTH AND SQUALOR

The carrying of fire-arms they left to converted Armenians and Georgians, the crowded town slums to the proletariat, the merchants and artisans. These slums, though now pulled down for the most part, are still to be found in the old quarters of the town, to the North: they are formed of narrow, often vaulted-in lanes, from which underground tunnels lead off to passages, behind the inconspicuous doors which there lies hidden wealth, as well as squalor.

Shah 'Abbas, in 1603, settled a community of Armenian Christians beyond the Zayende Rud, in a garden suburb, called Julfa after their original home. Here there are quite a number of curious churches, a cross-breed of Eastern Christian and Iranian architecture. their lower walls covered with Persian encaustic tiles, while the upper levels are decorated with somewhat provincial Italian murals, their floors paved with tombstones, in the same Byzantine taste that one remarks in the Armenian cemeteries of Moghul India, for instance at Agra or Surat. These Armenian merchants, as well as European (British, Dutch and French) dealers, were encouraged by the later Safavid emperors.

As at the Moghul court, China blue-and-white porcelain was imported in great quantities and special rooms with niches cut out of a wooden false wall (*nogoldun* work) served for its display. The finest pieces, decorated with beautiful paintings, are now in the tower-like entrance to the imperial palaces, the 'Ali Qapu. The pictures on this Chinese ware inspired a new and very fashionable style of painting, with sweeping lines and only slight colour indications, the greatest master of which was Riza 'Abbasi in Ir

whereas Aqa Riza introduced it to the Moghul court of Akbar and Jahangir, and to that of Bijapur under Sultan Ibrahim II.

Both the 'Ali Qapu and the audience hall of the Chihil Sutun palace have fine, though slightly damaged, murals executed in this manner, and others were once found in the now vanished palaces of Hasht Bihisht, Aina Khana and others, or in the Safavid palaces beyond the city, such as the Ashraf, on the Caspian Sea. These pictures mainly show us drinking and erotic scenes, in the company not only of girls, but also of effeminate young boys (a vice once very common in Islamic countries). Of the costly figured brocades in which his court society used to be clad, wonderful fragments, often in gold brocade, are today found in many museums.

A BRIEF RECOVERY

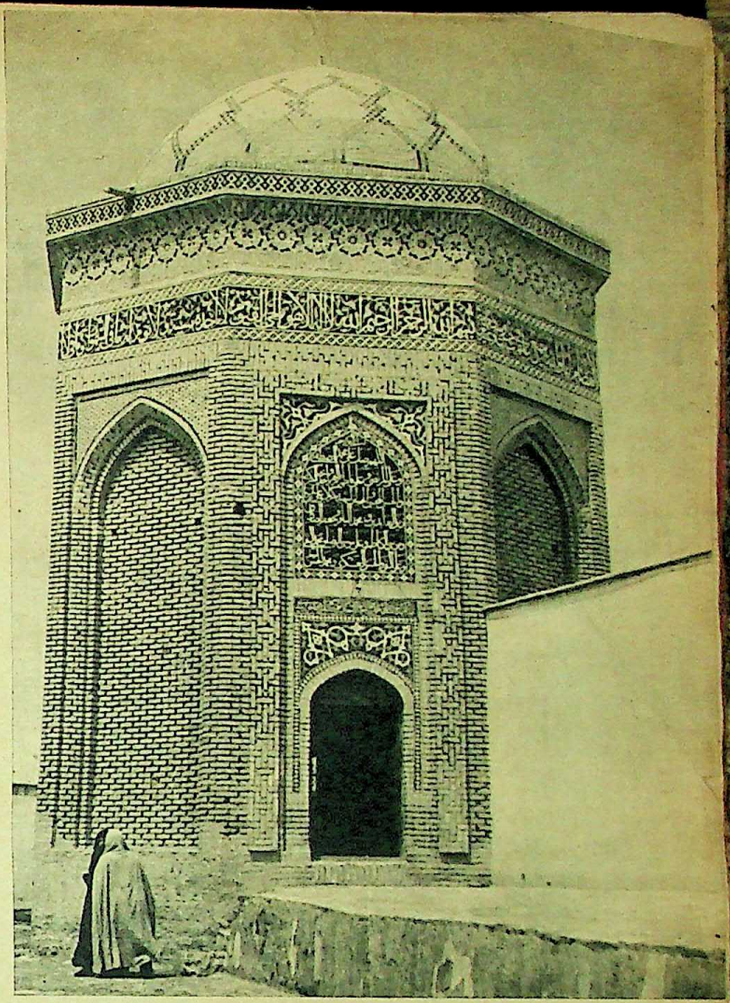
But, as earlier, luxury demoralised the Safavid court. 'Abbas I's successors were cruel and treacherous voluptuaries or bigots and the outlying provinces were again lost to the Ottomans, Uzbegs and Moghuls. Only Shah 'Abbas II (1642-67) was an exception. He recovered Qandahar in 1650, was in diplomatic relations with Aurangzeb and restored the badly dilapidated palaces and mosques. He is also responsible for the huge oil paintings in the Chihil Sutun, depicting Humayun's visit to Shah Tahmasp, Jahangir's ambassador Khan 'Alam being received by Shah 'Abbas, and Aurangzeb's embassy to Isfahan, as well as the curious portraits of Europeans on many murals.

The last masterpiece of Safavid art in the town is the exquisite Chahar Bagh Madrasa, erected in 1710 by the bigot Shah Sultan Husain (1694-1722), in memory of his mother (hence also called Madar-i-Shah). And under him the empire collapsed. After the defeat of Gulnabad, he was forced to abdicate; the city was captured by the Afghan, Malik Mahmud Ghilzai; the nobles, the imperial guards and all the servants of Husain were massacred; and Isfahan was ruined. The last Safavid, Tahmasp II, a helpless refugee, was in 1732 deposed by Nadir Shah, after having served as a puppet for the usurper. Another rather crude painting at the Chihil Sutun represents the victory of Nadir Shah over Muhammad Shah of Delhi, in 1739, which set the seal upon the collapse of the Moghul empire.

But Isfahan was already an ancient city when Shah 'Abbas the Great made it his capital. Founded by the mythical king Jam, it had been known in Achaemenian times as Gabae, under the Sassanians as Jai, under early Muslim rule as Shahrestan. And the ruins of Sassanian fire temples still stand on a cliff to its west.

The Great Mosque, one of the most notable in the Islamic world, was built by the Saffarids (late 9th century) in a style related to that of the palaces of the 'Abbasid caliphs at Samarra. Later rulers—the Samanids, Mahmud of Ghazni, the "Great" Saljuqs, the Muzaffarids, Timurids and Safavids—added to it. When Tamerlane took the town in 1383, he massacred 70,000 people and built pyramids of their heads, but granted an interview to Hafiz, the most famous Persian poet after Firdausi.

Isfahan was the residence of one of the most important Saljuq sultans, Malik Shah (1072-92), and it witnessed the bloody civil war and massacres which followed his death, when the Sultan's widow, Turkan Khatun, was executed by her stepson Mahmud, and when Ibn Attash, a fanatical follower of the "Old Man of the Mountain", kidnapped and secretly crucified hundreds of people. From Malik Shah derives most of the present Great Mosque, especially its southern prayer hall with its huge dome and broad front niche (which, like the whole court, were later covered with new encaustic tiles by the Safavids).



A FAMOUS MONUMENT of Mongol-Persian art, the Imamzada Ja'fari (1325)

Of this and subsequent times few other monuments still stand, beyond the minarets of former mosques and the tombs of some saints. The most beautiful of these is the Imamzada Ja'fari (1325), with its wonderful decoration in plain and encaustic tiles, looking almost like a nomad tent. A few years older is the well-known *mihrab* in a side wing of the Great Mosque, built by Sultan Uljaitu Khudabanda (1304-16). The other wings round the court of the mosque are a veritable treasure-house of the finest Persian stucco and tile decoration. But the mosque is hidden behind squalid old houses and bazars, through which bulldozers now are breaking broad avenues.

Of the old town, little will soon be left except the great monuments whose glory claims the respect of a nation awakened to its great past. Along the Zayende Rud there are new boulevards and quays, an excellent hotel, schools and factories. Motor buses and trucks come down from Teheran and proceed to Shiraz and the Persian Gulf, and an air service takes you within an hour to the capital. Though provincial, modern Isfahan is a pleasant town. But its glory lies in the enchanting remnants of the capital of Shah 'Abbas the Great.

THE THRONE HALL of Shah 'Abbas the Great (1587-1629) in the Chihil Sutun garden palace (Photographs by author)

Funding: Tattva Nidhi

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MUGHAL-E-AZAM

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October 11, 1959

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Excavations by

Photograph by R. J. Chinwala

Durga Puja

IN autumn Bengal celebrates one of the most important of its festivals—Durga Puja. The ceremonies, lasting three days, provide the people with an occasion for religious devotion as well as merry-making. Gaily attired crowds throng the streets, the temples are packed with devotees and the houses are bright with a myriad lamps. Old animosities are forgotten and a new spirit of joyousness and comradeship prevails.

Bengalis, in whichever part of the world they may be, look forward with eagerness to this festival. The Puja, as it is popularly known, signifies the homecoming of Goddess Durga from Kailasa, the abode of her consort Siva. In accordance with Hindu traditions, it is looked upon as the annual visit of a married daughter to her parental home, and for this reason the occasion is characterised as much by the air of gaiety as by its religious solemnity.

Among the images worshipped, Durga occupies the central place, holding a trident which is thrust into the body of Mahishasura, the demon in the form of a buffalo. On her right is Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth, and on the left, Saraswati, attired in spotless white. Below, on either side, are the two sons of Siva: Karttikeya, riding a peacock, and Ganesa. At the foot of Durga is her *vahana*, the lion, with its claws and fangs sunk into the body of Mahishasura.

Tradition has it that the goddess was first worshipped by Rama before his battle with Ravana, one of her ardent devotees. From then on, the belief is held, it became customary to perform the Puja on this annual day.

Excavations by the Archaeological Department in various parts of Bengal have unearthed scores of ancient images of the goddess, some of them made of gold, proving the importance and antiquity of Durga Puja. It is even believed by some people that the custom of worshipping the goddess was prevalent in ancient Egypt and that Brahmins used to go there from this country to perform the rites. In Java, the Bali Islands, and different parts of Indonesia and British Borneo also old images of Durga have been unearthed.

In Bengal, the Puja represents one of the few festivals in which all people join, regardless of caste and social differences. It is also noteworthy that the purpose of the Puja, as sanctioned by tradition, is to receive *shakti*, or power, from the goddess, even as it had been performed by Rama to defeat the forces of evil. And in this age of dissension and strife, the symbolism underlying the ceremonies assumes the utmost significance, for it would seem that humanity has rarely been in so much need of that *shakti* which is also defined as spiritual strength.

ALOKE SEN

Funding: Tattva Nidhi

Madurai's Minakshi Temple

WITH its nine lofty gopurams or gateway towers dominating the skyline for many a mile around, its thousand-pillared hall and corridor walls exquisitely carved with numerous images of gods and goddesses, monks and monarchs, the Minakshi temple at Madurai wins the admiration of all visitors. In fact, it is not one temple but a conglomeration of shrines surrounding the main sanctum dedicated to Minakshi—literally the "fish-eyed" goddess.

Minakshi, according to legendary accounts, was the daughter of a powerful Pandyan ruler, Malayadhwaja by name, who performed the Putrakameshti yajna for the favour of a son, but found, to his great dismay, the "fish-eyed" goddess emerging from the sacrificial fire, and with three breasts. The king was, however, somewhat relieved to receive the divine message that the third breast of the girl would disappear the moment she would meet her future husband. On the death of her father, Minakshi, being his only child, succeeded him as ruler of the vast Pandyan kingdom and soon began her career of conquests. She went on listing victories, until she met Sundareswar and fell in love with him at first sight. She was then overcome by an irrepressible shyness and her third breast disappeared.

The Hall of the Eight Saktis (the Asta-Sakti Mandap), serves as a key to the understanding of the traditions surrounding the temple. The roof of this hall is filled with niches depicting all the legends connected with the birth, childhood, coronation and conquests of the goddess Meenakshi and her wedding with Sundareswar, solemnised in the presence of other gods.

After her marriage Minakshi seems to have been exalted to the highest rank in the hierarchy of Hindu divinities, being considered as identical with Durga or Parvati. The importance attached to Minakshi, in spite of the smallness of her image, is proved by the fact that up to this day, every night, the image of her consort, Sundareswar or Siva, is carried into the abode of his spouse with pomp and music, on a palanquin covered with red and gold draperies.

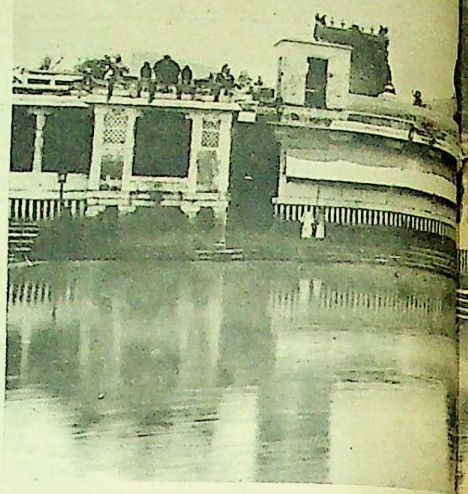
ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSING shrines of South India, the Minakshi temple, Madurai, apart from architectural grandeur, is noted for its wealth of sculpture.

THE SUNDARESWAR SHRINE

The shrine of Sundareswar, twice as large as that of Minakshi, can be reached through long and spacious corridors which, though not quite as beautiful as the roofed passages of the Rameswaram temple, are in their own way no less inspiring. The huge gate to the shrine, where we are confronted by the famous Mukkuruni Pillayar, a monolithic figure of Ganapati, is guarded by two giant dwarapalakas. Among the various images of the Lord in the shrine, the most striking are those of Siva as Nataraja, plated with silver and one of the finest specimens of its kind in India; Siva seated with Parvati on Mount Kailasa being borne on the broad shoulders of the ten-headed demon-king of Lanka, Ravana; Siva in a yogic pose, surrounded by devotees, with a countenance remarkable for its expression of philosophic calm; the divine couple seated on Nandi; and Siva as Ardhanariswara.

Two of the most important features of the Minakshi shrine, namely the temple jewel treasury and the Tamil Sangam, both, find their place in the Sundareswar shrine. Bejewelled headdresses, ornaments heavily encrusted with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls, huge gold chains including one carrying 108 sovereigns presented by the East India Company, and a pair of golden stirrups gifted by Collector Rous Peter to the temple as a thanks-offering for his miraculous escape from a furious elephant which he had wounded in course of hunting are among the rare specimens of jewellery in the treasure chest. These can be viewed for a fee of Rs. 20.

At the north-western end of the Sundareswar shrine lies the chapel of the famous Tamil Sangam, an ancient institution established by forty-eight learned men, who used to sit in judgment over all literary productions. The interesting story about the origin of the Sangam is narrated in the Sthala Puranam. Saraswati it is said, was cursed by Brahma for her impudence and told that she would have to undergo forty-eight successive births on earth. On her appeal for mercy, Brahma was pleased to modify the curse to forty-eight simultaneous births, whereupon forty-eighth part of her soul was infused into each of forty-eight mortals who became poets of unsurpassed excellence. They were received with great honour by the Pandyan king and constituted the first Sangam. It is said that in order



THE TANK OF THE GOLDEN LOTUS, which according to legend, was once the testing place for the merits of literary works; if a manuscript sank in the water it stood condemned.

A NAYAK RULER, portrayed in a gesture of devotion. Several such figures are seen around the temple.

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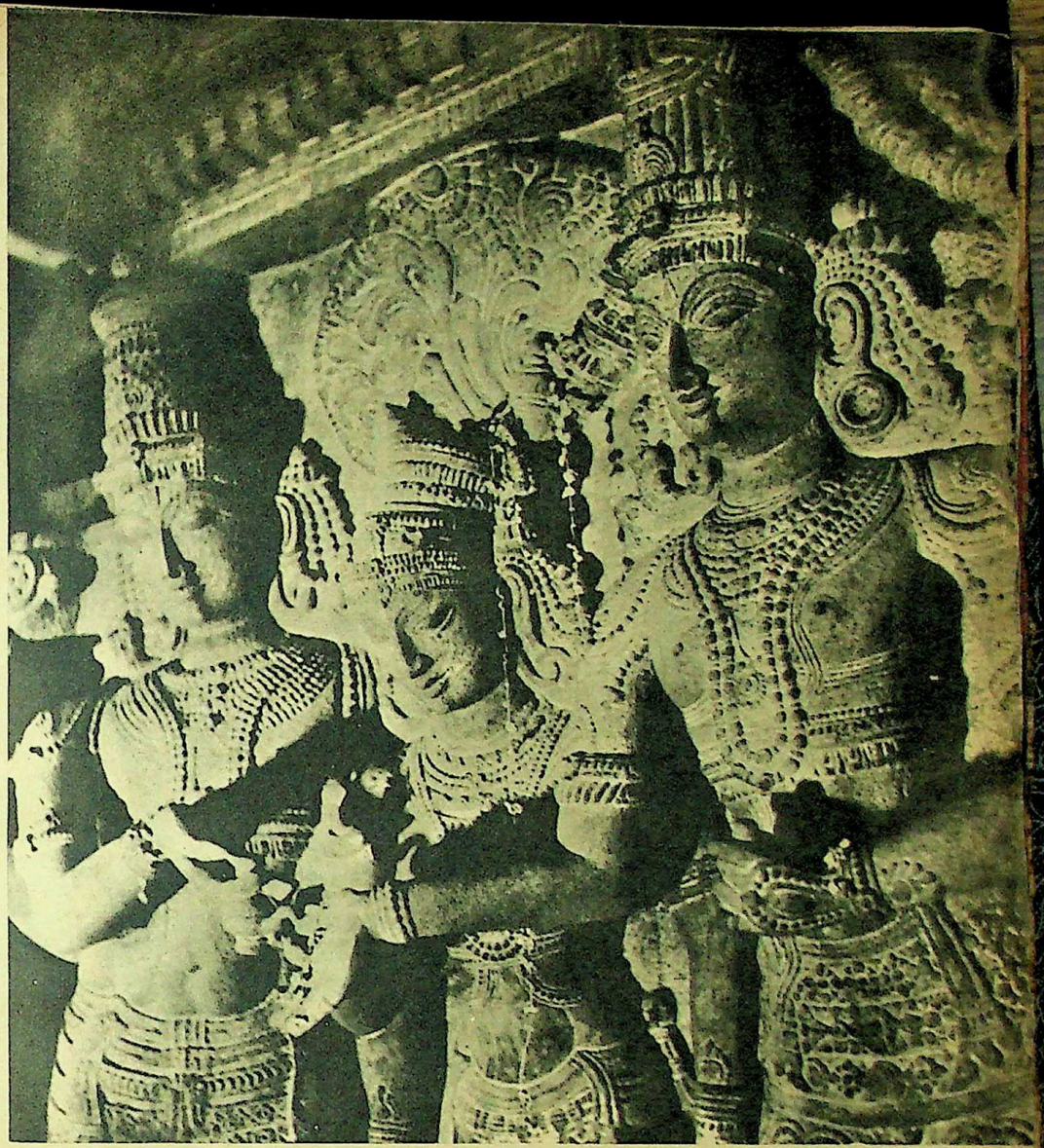
The temple of Minakshi was the focal oint around which the city of Madurai eveloped in olden days. According to me scholars, "Madurai" means "sweet-ess", but the name appears to be a cor-uption of Mathura, the temple town of ord Krishna in Uttar Pradesh, after hich this place seems to have been amed. Long before the beginning of the hristian era, Madurai was a flourishing apital of the Pandyan Empire and con-nued as such till the 10th century A.D., hen the Cholas conquered it. Ptolemy fers to "Madoura" as the Mediterranean mporium of the South and reference is



A MARRIAGE SCENE. (*Photographs: Author, 2; Bhogilal Mistry, 1.*)

made in classical literature to a "Regio Pandiones". Emperor Augustus is said to have received an ambassador from a Pandyan king in 27 B.C. Frequent references to Madurai by classical writers leave no doubt about the fact that it once grew into a great centre of culture and commerce and used to carry on extensive trade with Greece and Rome. The Pandyan kings were great patrons of arts and letters and one of the first monarchs of the dynasty, Ugraperuvaludi (128-140 A.D.), is gratefully remembered for the patronage he extended to Poet Thiruvalluvar, author of the famed *Kurla*.

In the 14th century, Madurai aroused the cupidity of Malik Kafur, who invaded it and set up a Mohammedan dynasty that remained in power for nearly fifty years, at the end of which it was conquered by a General of the Vijayanagar Emperor and became a feudatory. The Vijayanagar Emperor, while guarding the kingdom against invaders, subsequently restored it to the lineal descendants of the Pandyan kings.

From the middle of the 16th century right up to the eighth decade of the 18th, the city retained its glory as the principal seat of the Nayaks. Although Viswanath Nayak, the first and greatest of a long line of distinguished rulers, is credited with having laid the foundations of a well-planned and well-fortified city, Thirumala Nayak, who ascended the throne in 1623 and ruled over Madurai for 36 years, can be said to have made the largest single contribution towards the enhancement of the beauty and splendour of the town by magnificent edifices and monuments of architecture. For example, the imposing palace he constructed is a striking example of Saracenic influence on mediaeval Hindu architecture.

The Hall of a Thousand Pillars (*circa* 1560 A.D.) is a remarkable structure by itself. In the outer corridor here, there are the "musical pillars", five in number, each composed of 22 slender rods carved out of a single rock of granite which emit musical notes or *swaras* when tapped.

The lofty towers rising above the four sides of the temple vary in shape, eminence, and ornamentation, with the Southern gopuram burgeoning to a height of 152 feet. For all its grandeur, there is no unmeaning ornamentation or redundant carving in the Minakshi temple. Every figure tells a story or illustrates a legend.

ANIMESH CHANDRA RAY CHOUDHURY

MINAKSHI—the "fish-eyed" goddess. The image of the presiding deity bears no comparison with the size of the temple.

Funding: Tattva Heritage Foundation

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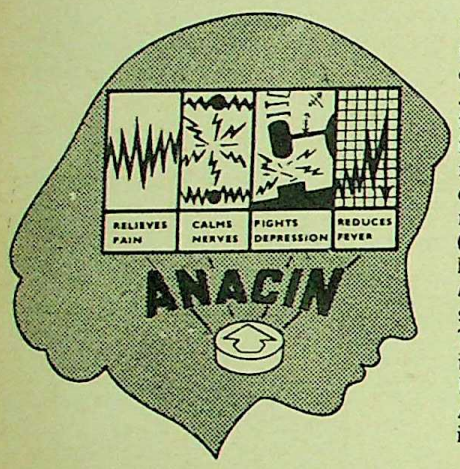

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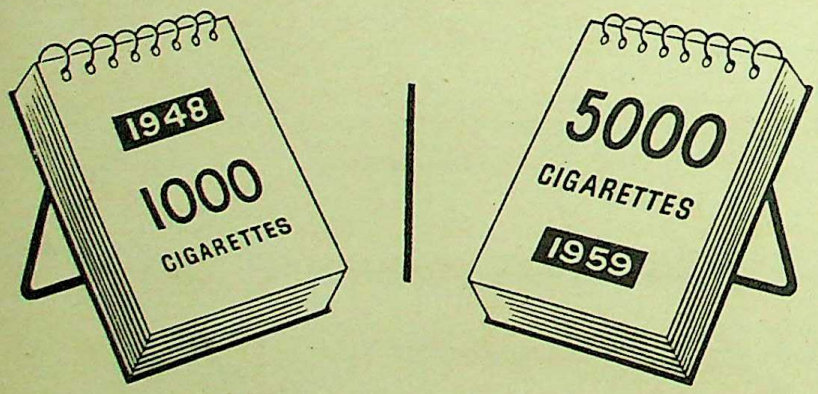

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by A.S.R.

THE phrase "national integration" continues to sound as phoney as ever. The greater the vehemence with which our politicians utter it, the more amused seem to be the people on whom it is supposed to make an instant impact. What should have become an ideal with the magic effect of an incantation on the 400 million Indians living in isolation from one another has deteriorated into a cliche which nobody seems to take seriously. In fact, it is the latest addition to the ever-swelling stock of pious, post-independence platitudes which mean nothing to the common man to whom they are addressed.

The need for national integration is best understood in the context of the invisible, insurmountable barrier of pride and prejudice that separates one State from another. The people with a passion for the history and heritage of one region do not care to understand their fellow citizens in the adjoining State. The Tamilians know much more about the Lapps than about the Andhras. The fact is, they have nothing but contempt for their next-door neighbours. To the North Indians, prior to the formation of Andhra Pradesh, the Andhras were mere Madrasis, and since, the Andhras have fared no better. Today they are often identified with Banjaras by people who ought to know better. The rivalries and tensions between one region and another, which have been increasing instead of decreasing since the formation of linguistic States, are the result of the emphasis being laid by our politicians and administrators on disintegrating rather than on unifying forces in every field of national activity. National integration is best achieved by the people themselves, and this is possible only when they transcend the barrier of language and try to understand one another on the more important emotional and spiritual plane. For example, the moment the Bengalis realise that they are in no way superior, say, to the Tamilians or the Maharashtrians, whatever be their achievements, the mood for integration is created and the task of our leaders becomes the easier. After all, there can be no unity without equality. Every State has a contribution to make to the splendour that is India. But this is impossible in the absence of an atmosphere of tolerance and understanding between one linguistic group and another.

* * *

HOW little one knows about the Andhras, who live in the fifth largest State, indeed how little! But I think they are themselves the main cause of the other Indians' lack of interest in them. For they are not at all good at public relations. They have a genius for spoiling their own case through maladroit handling. It is true that they have none of the qualities that have made the other South Indians better known to the outside world. For example, they lack the seriousness of the Tamilian, the sharpness of the Malayali and the sweet reasonableness of the Kannadiga. But why should they advertise their deficiencies? Apparently, the Andhras have respect neither for themselves nor for others. They are as prompt in denigrating those they dislike as they are in imitating such non-Andhras as they admire. There is among Andhra names an exasperating diversity—Tilaks, Gokhales, Ranades, Boses, Gandhis, Tagores, Nehrus and even Chavans! They consider themselves Aryans rather than Dravidians and look northward for their inspiration. But there are not many bearing the names of such immortal Andhras as Tikkanna, Vallabhacharya, Tyagaraja, Vemana, Kshetrajna and Veeresalingam. Not that the Andhras do not revere their great men. On the contrary, they deify them. But they can make no enlightened assessment of the achievements of their great ancestors. The names of celebrities in other States have a strange fascination for them, though, being intellectually lethargic, they never bother to emulate the example of the heroes whose names they adopt.

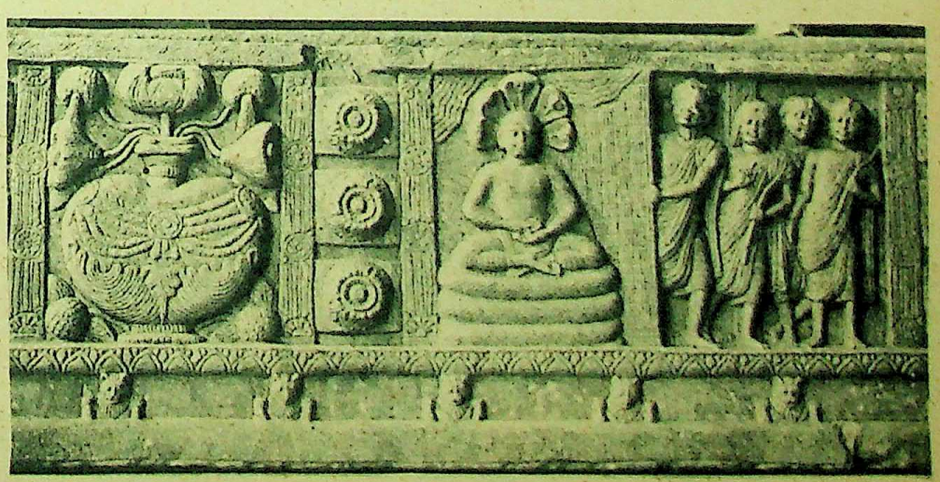
It appears the Andhras hate to assert themselves in positive terms. Negatively, they are more vocal than even the Bengalis. The criticism against them is that they have no capacity for organisation. It is said that they can never function as a team. As one half of an institution is busy trying to consolidate itself, the other half is already engaged in the suicidal task of demolishing it. Should contemporary Andhras, then, remain known to the outside world only through the medium of their pickles? Do they have no other achievements to their credit? Tyagaraja's songs are all in Telugu. But what is the contribution of the present-day Andhra musicians to Karnatak music? Kuchipudi, at the height of its glory, was the only source of classical dancing at its purest. How many dancers of significance are there in Andhra Pradesh today? Where are the Andhra artists whose great ancestors created the magnificent sculptures of Amaravati, Nagarjunakonda, Warangal and Ramappa? What has happened to them?

It is of course not true that the Andhras today have nothing to be proud of except their pickles. They have among them writers and artists, scientists and scholars, engineers and doctors, as outstanding as those in other States. But these great men will have to remain in obscurity as long as the Andhra character and temperament continue to be what they are.

* * *

INDEED, Andhra Pradesh is full of promise. The State comprising the rich coastal district, the developing Rayalaseema and the backward Telengana is no doubt uneven and presents the facade of poverty amidst plenty. But its potentialities are immense. There are a number of places of scenic, historical and artistic interest dotted all over the State, and these are bound to draw visitors from all parts of the world. But the tourists deserve better roads and better behaviour from the bureaucrats who run the Government rest-houses in Andhra Pradesh. Here, suites are reserved strictly in accordance with the status of the person who seeks shelter. Naturally, ministers and senior officials are given preference. But even among them there is grading. If, for example, the Secretary of a Department, with a capital S, announces his arrival, the Deputy-Secretary occupying one of the suites is unceremoniously thrown out. Of course, the Secretary will find himself in a similar plight when a Minister arrives. As for the less fortunate visitors, reservations are made and cancelled according to the tour programmes of the ministers and senior officials. A State which has all the essentials of a potentially first-rate tourist industry can ill afford to pursue a policy of discrimination.

The industrial prospects of Andhra Pradesh are, on the whole, very bright, by all accounts. The prevailing mood is one of wild expectancy. The topic on which gossip at clubs and parties centres these days is the Nagarjunasagar Project. Vivid visualisations of the reservoir, which will, it appears, be unique in many respects, emerge from these conversations. Nobody, however, seems to bother about the fate of the sculptures to be housed in an island museum accessible to visitors only after a three-mile-long boat trip from the dam site. Heavy electricals and synthetic drugs are the themes which seem to have cast a spell over the elite of Hyderabad even more enticing than the Nagarjunasagar Project.



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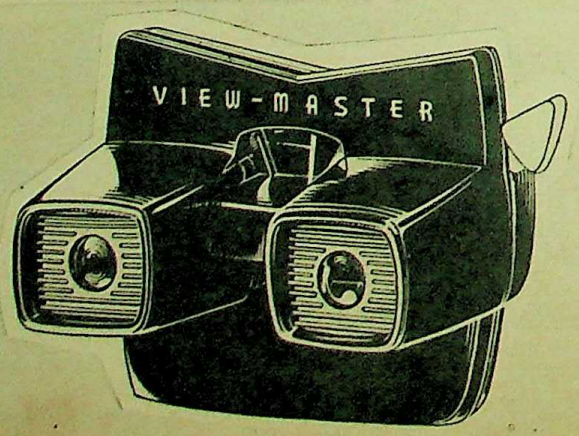

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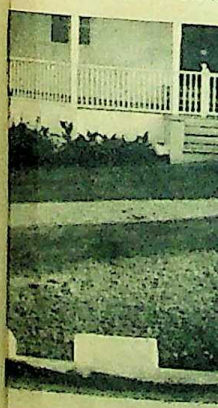


IN THE

Menuhin Practises Yoga

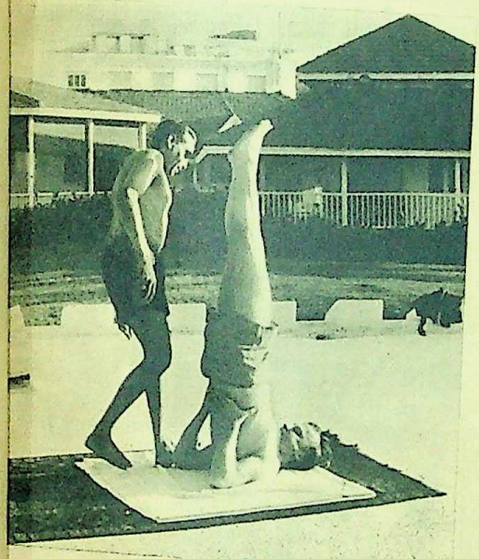
THE celebrated violinist Yehudi Menuhin visited India recently to give performances in Bombay and New Delhi. The proceeds from these concerts went to various relief funds.

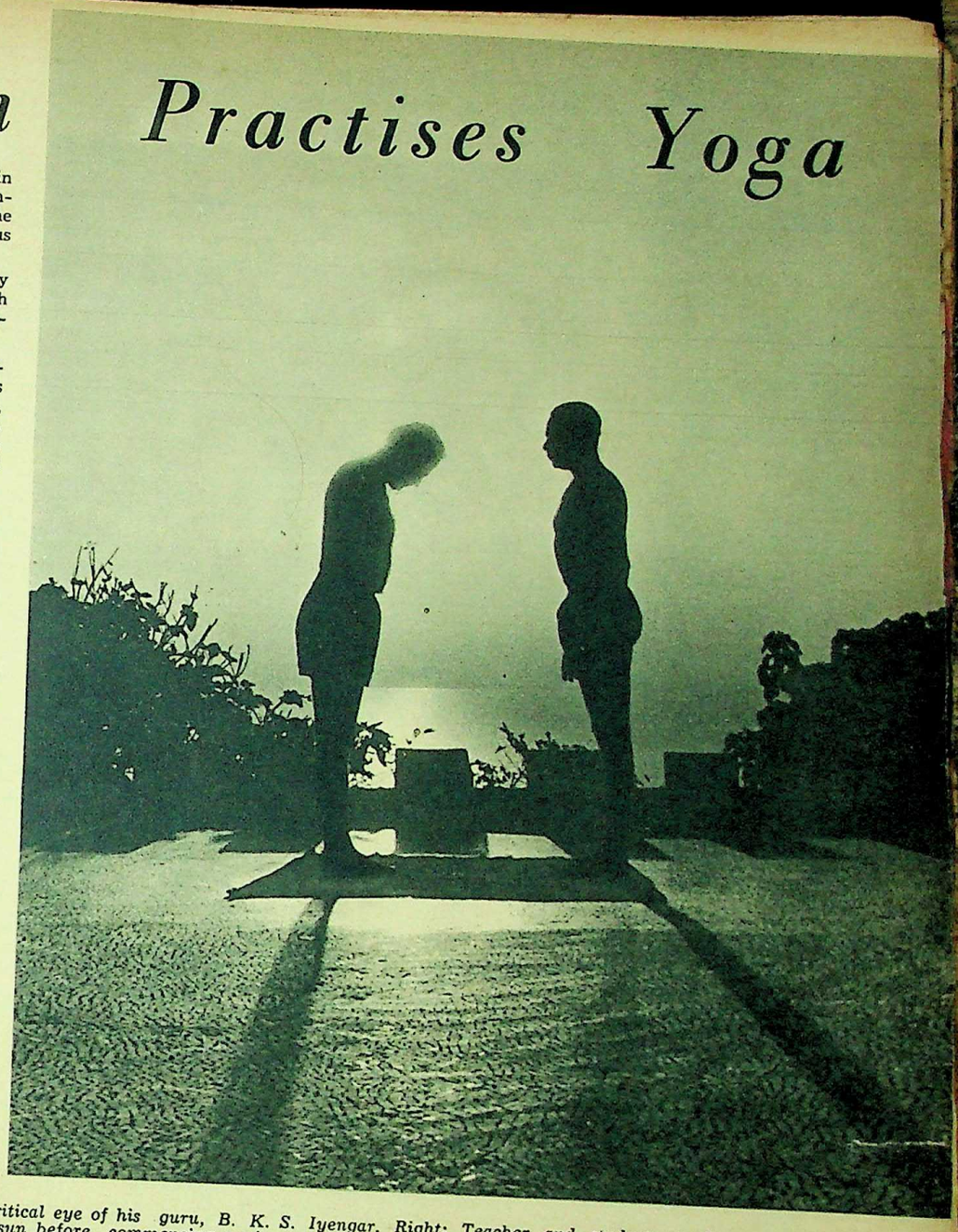
Forty-six-year-old Menuhin is keenly interested in India, and has contributed much to awaken an interest among Western audiences in India's classical music.

Yoga is his second passion. He has practised yogic poses daily for the past ten years. His guru is Poona's well-known yoga exponent, B. K. S. Iyengar. Iyengar wears a wrist-watch presented by Menuhin with the inscription, "To my teacher in violin". No greater tribute could have been paid by a pupil to his teacher.

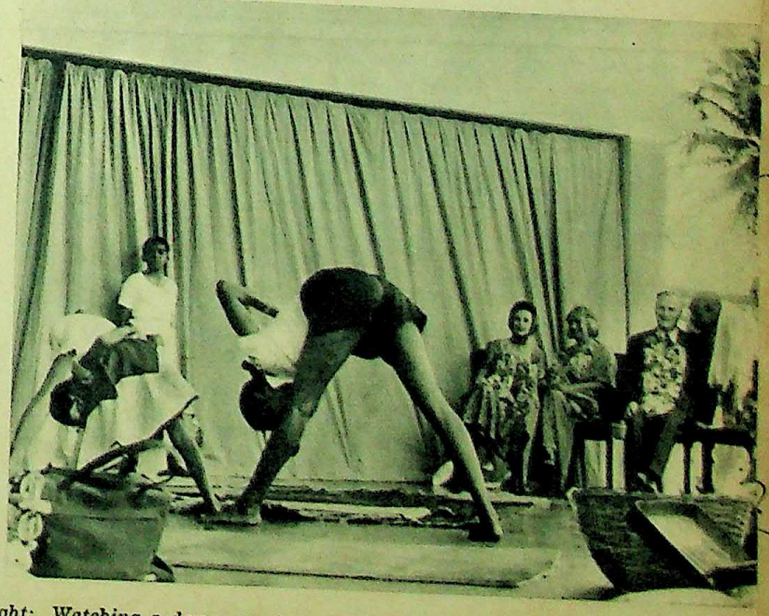
Despite a busy schedule, during his recent visit to Bombay, Menuhin took time off to perfect his yoga technique under his guru and also attended a violin recital by Krishnan of Madras and saw a yoga demonstration by the pupils of Iyengar.

P. R. SHINDE





PERFORMING the Sarvangasana under the critical eye of his guru, B. K. S. Iyengar. Right: Teacher and student stand silhouetted against the morning sun before commencing yogic practice. (Photographs by author)



IN THE SAVASANA, the posture of complete relaxation. Right: Watching a demonstration by Iyengar's pupils.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and its use

KATHAKALI DANCER

CITIES OF INDIA — 18

trivandrum

Text by RAJA RAO **Drawings by K. C. S. PANIKER**

EVERYBODY has dreamt of a train. A crawling corrugated caterpillar-like thing in white or brown, edging the mouth of an awful precipice or jumping across ingurgitating chasms, inventing its own long-thrown bridges and its own belly-borne rails, the noble whistle which almost wakes you on your pillow as you rush past a station (and you can, as it were, hear the coconut seller, see his red turban and his hatchet in uplifted hand) yes, and the whirlwind that rises as the train steams by, the lone station-master standing on the platform waving his flag that nobody sees, for the train dashes through coconut gardens, past squares and beflagged historic temples, and goes where it wisheth and dawn breaks with the sea murmuring at your compartment door. The sea is quiet on its white shore, the sun catching a ray or two on the sparkling quartzes and no ships sail—all stand still for the train is passing by.

Islands turn as a prayer-wheel—so entranced are they with such a magical movement as that of the train—and silence seems to sit at the end of the voyage like a premonition of wisdom that one would know, for it is, but one does not yet know where. For what we seek is everywhere but the where must become here for It to be. Thus comes Trivandrum station all so foreknown—its elongated and high presence in the middle of the town where *jatkas* and *vandis* seem to move at an easy legendary pace, where no fly sits on an urchin and no cur yaps for food. The coconut trees seem familiar and uxorious and you feel you have come to the end of the voyage. When you go to Varanasi, you feel you've come to Siva's Capital. When you come to Trivandrum you feel you've come home. For Trivandrum is the home of the homeless. Everybody is born homeless.

Says Sankara: *Kastvam... kim nama te tvam kuta agatosi*

We all, we Indians, seek the Kingdom of Rama. We dream of the fair white ponds of Ayodhya and the fresh-cleansed house-fronts, *rangoli* designs before them, and girls with long dropping pigtails, silver-*arati* plates in their hands, awaiting Their coming—the coming of Rama and Sita back to Ayodhya. Incense rises from every home. Mango leaves hang at every door. The procession will soon pass by. The language of the passers-by is delightfully sweet; they speak in pure Sanskrit. They are all so clean—sandal marks on their foreheads and their dhotis white. The cattle too are washed and stand at the garden wall for the procession to pass by. Nothing moves, for Sri Rama will go in procession with Sita Devi beside him. All Trivandrum seems to await. For in Trivandrum you always live at two levels. You see movement (of *jatka* or car or man or bullock cart) but nothing really moves.

The main street goes from the sea, as it were, past the Temple and its large and shining green water tank to the white Secretariat and runs uncompromising up the hill, past the parks and playgrounds to the Kaudiar Palace. You can go back as you came as there is no other road for you to go back. A city that has but one road is a city of enlightenment.

The Malayalis are a handsome people. They are neither white nor black—they are blue, blue as if, were you to see deep enough, you would see nothing but that nothingness which is never a nothingness. They have a language of such distinction (some eighty per cent. of it is pure Sanskrit) that you think you're back in the times of the Mahabharata. Some of them indeed look like big Bhima, and others like elegant Arjuna or yet others like self-absorbed Sahadeva. Some too with polished beards and clean skins look like Viswamitra. Some there are who shine like fiery Karna but with the inturned sadness of Karna on their faces. And when the Utsavam festivals come and you go down to the temple on the illumined evening and see Draupadi and Krishna at a Kathakali performance (in the precincts of Padmanabha's solemn domain and when the last music has died out and the torches of the show are lit and the reciter starts after the drums are beaten) you then realise that the Mahabharata can still be enacted in Kerala. For the story is of these people and these people are of the play.

You can still see a gentle people fight a war of righteousness—you can still see the women shy and proud as Draupadi and the men roused to heroism like Bhishma. And if you have any doubts as to this being true (for the motor horn of the bus outside might have or an international airliner be droning above you and you may forget where you are) you have only to wait till the *arat* day will come and you will then see something that you will find nowhere else in India: the purity of the classical times and its splendour live before

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Funding: Tattva Heritage

you. For, notwithstanding Sri Namboodiripad, you will see the Maharaja in simple white dhoti, bare to the waist and sword uplifted, leaving the temple, elephant and artillery before him, his officers in levee-uniform (that is in eighteenth-century military armour and garb, for once the nobility thus defended the ancestors of the present Maharaja) and they all go down from the bedecked city to the Shankumukham Sea. There, worshipping holy Varuna, Lord of the Oceans, from whose midst Lakshmi Herself emerged, the Maharaja bathes (with the brahmins duly chanting away their usual high hum of hymns) as the torches are lit against the long darkness of the ocean. When the Maharaja returns to the *mandapam* by the waters and the torches light up the beautifully designed curtains (depicting the Mahabharata war or some episode of Hanuman's conquest of Lanka) one wonders at what epoch of Indian history one is living.

PLOUGHMAN

The aerodrome at Trivandrum may be just on the other side of the road, the train by which you came may whistle somewhere (for it's the hour of the Madras Express entering the station) or you might see Europeans (guests and tourists) standing on the sands by the Aquarium and looking at this arcane ceremony by the sea—but, with patches of lights sparkling in the waters, you just look up and recognise the permanence of the stars.

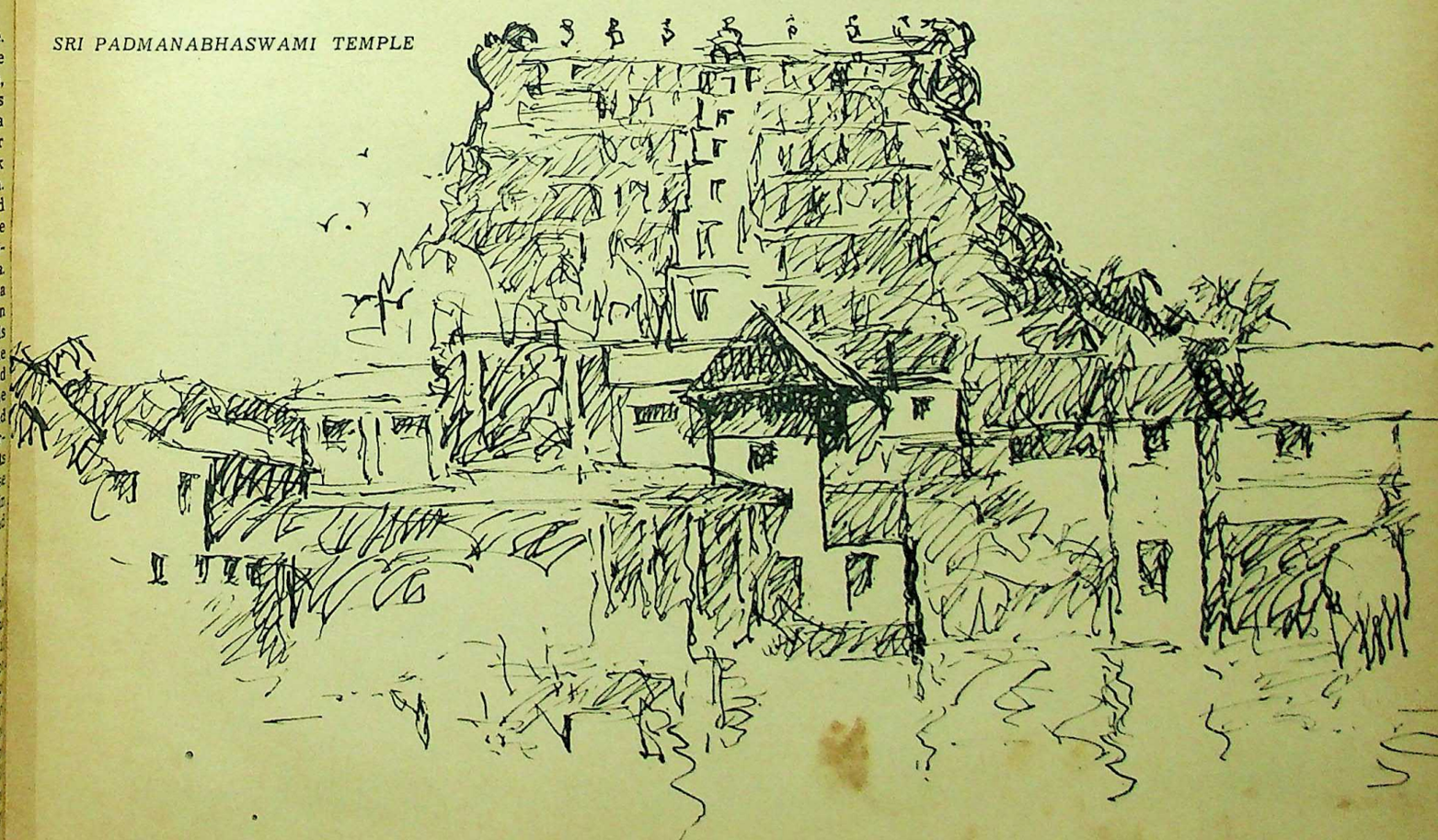
He who has not seen Trivandrum does not know India. He who has not known a Nair cannot understand Sri Krishna or an Arjuna. Even Padmanabha came to lie down here (on Ananta) with such beautiful fingers, and a noble chest. They built a temple, pillar after pillar, carved with horses and elephants, and magnificent *devatas* holding lamps for the God's procession to go round Himself. Padmanabha lives in His own city as it were, with its courtyards and wells and its halls of dining, its elephant-stables and brahmin quarters. The great green tank has water for your bath and the *aswatha* tree to keep your fresh clothes under. And once you leave the gate of the temple—a world awaits you. For no bazar you might have seen, be it in Varanasi or Agra, Mathura or Jaipur or Madurai, has the intimate solicitude, the timelessness, the incongruous wholeness, the absurd confusion and unity, of the Chalai bazar. You can buy there (as easily as you buy coconuts or plantains) metal lamps with swan-heads and incrusted precious stones (rubies from Burma or rough quartz from Andhra) and such magnificently turned pitchers and plates in copper and bell metal, spoons with serpent handles, ladles with octagonal curves. You can buy sandal boxes of the most intricate kind where you can hide jewellery or put kumkum—you can buy mango garland necklaces, ancient, very ancient, that smell of lac. Perfume too you can buy from Lucknow or Mysore (or Grasse) and sandal paste mixed with many aromatic roots. Agarbattis from Bangalore or Varanasi you could purchase, but you would prefer the thick ones they make every morning with their own hands. And behind them you can see bottle after bottle of *chandanam* and kumkum of so many colours (blue, orange, green, violet or ochre) and you wonder who uses them. Suddenly you may find a fisherwoman (her basket still smelling of her sales) buy the pink one and the blue one for half an anna each. Then she might buy herself a few spikes of aloe-flower to put in her hair and go to the next shop to buy a battery for the torch. For the people of Trivandrum are highly civilised; they are so established in their own background that they can accept all that is modern without a feel of the indecent.

The best hospital in the whole of Asia (so they will tell you) stands on one of the hills around Trivandrum and they have one of the largest Ayurvedic colleges in the whole of India. In no city of India do people know English in so large a proportion (no, not even in Madras) and yet most of them will speak clear, elegant Malayalam. You may understand Malayalam yourself but when you hear a Nair speak with that sort of reverential familiarity with Sanskrit which makes you want to go back to your Amara or Nirukta and that soft agglutination of Dravidic verbs and Aryan nouns you wonder if you could ever attain such subtlety in any Indian tongue. After all it's the language of Sri Sankara himself.

The one road of Trivandrum is, of course, called the Main Road. And the one important landmark of the Main Road is—rather was—the Poolimood or Tamarind tree. It was a *jaya stambha*. Nothing happened in Trivandrum, in earth or heaven, that did not have connections with this august tree—whether the strikers

(*Please Turn Over*)

SRI PADMANABHASWAMI TEMPLE



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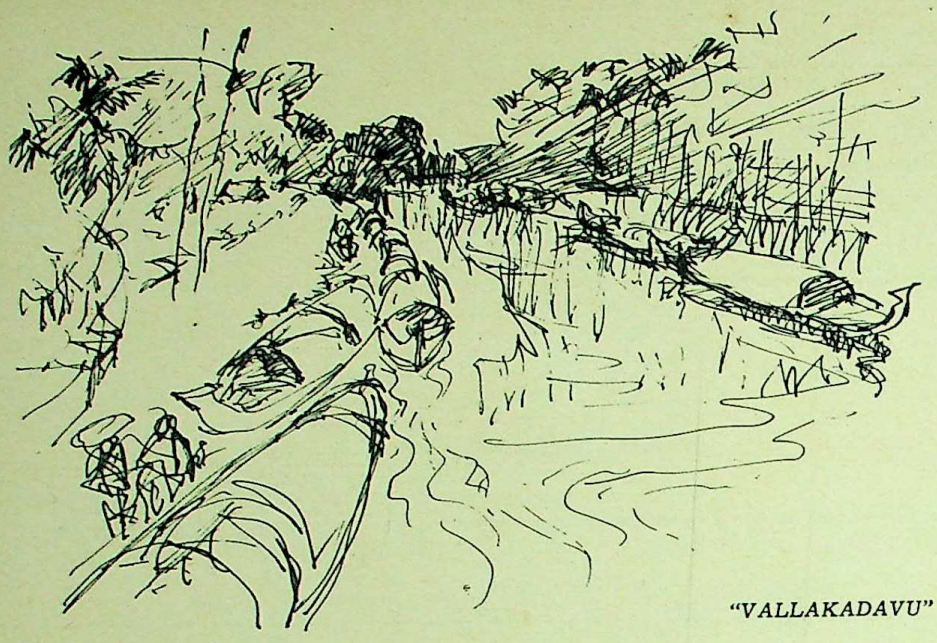


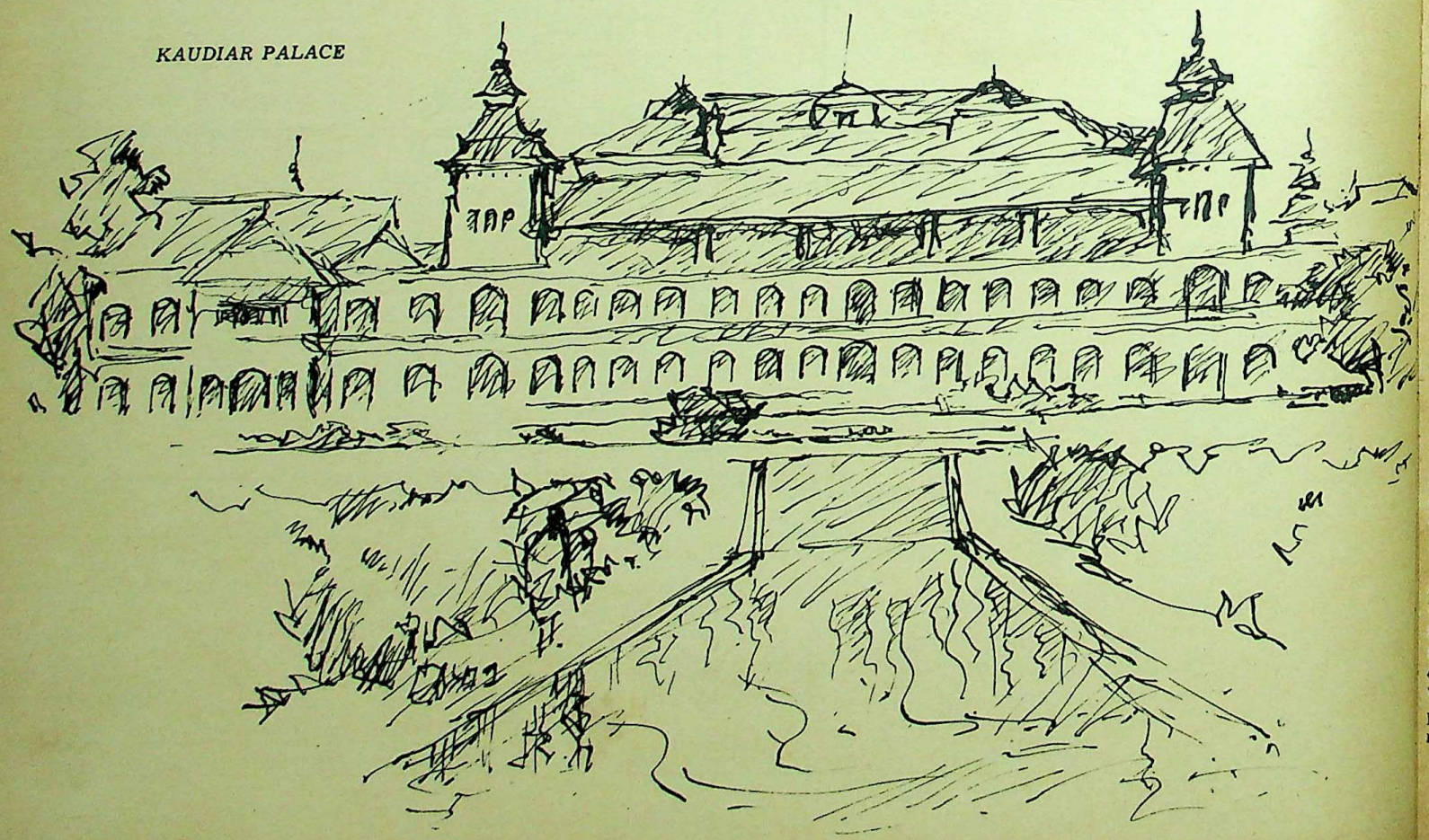
"VALLAKADAVU"

TRIVANDRUM *(CONTINUED)*

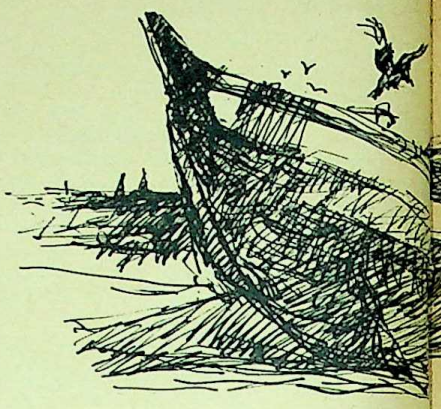
marched past holding lofty posters against some bidi factory, where they were of course overworked and underpaid and the Communist Party or the Socialist revolutionaries (as you will notice they are left of the Socialists and also left of the Communists) would lead the procession, a bicycle-riding chief showing the way, or a temple procession passed by elephant in front and music and chorus behind, it had to pass by the Poolimood. The dead had to tell the tamarind tree first they were dead for the Post Office to know. (It stands in front, a colonial style bungalow with high roof and empty Anglo-Indian verandahs.) And you could only send the telegram after you'd broken the sad news to the tamarind tree. If you've an uncle or a friend in hospital you come to the tamarind tree for your *jatka*—and the poor horse of Malabar has so little to eat it ruminates and laments to the tamarind tree, but he pulls a coach so noble (shining metal door-handles and red-silk interiors) it would make your grandmother weep for joy. If you fail in your examinations, and before you post your letter to your father giving him this bad news, you speak of it first to the tamarind tree. It, the tamarind tree, has too few leaves to give you consolation, but it's historic enough to prove that what exists for long has a right to give you hope. Bus drivers slow up in namaskarams of reverence for the tree and the policeman seeks its shade for his well-earned smoke. The Maharaja has to go by it to the temple and the new Governor has to rush past it to go to the stadium: there's always a function at the great big stadium of Trivandrum—Mr. Nehru may be haranguing the crowd (even he has to pass by the tamarind tree) or some bandmaster may be taking leave of his colleagues here, at the stadium, after thirty-five years in the service of the state. And then there are foreign dignitaries, too, who pass by the tamarind tree —Czech mechanical engineering experts or Soviet Oriental scholars or American social scientists—even a prize jazz-band (all black) from America that howls Jehovah to the skies from the Victoria Memorial Town Hall. To go anywhere in fact you must pass, as you see, by the tamarind tree.

And, of course, when children play kites, thread and all go floating across the sky and suddenly descend to get attached to the tamarind tree. For to die on the tamarind tree is deemed (by the kites of Trivandrum) a great blessing.

But then death comes to everyone. You cannot live in such pre-eminence and go unaffected by corruption and change. Finally one has to face annihilation. Not many years ago the tamarind tree started having less and less of leaves. Some mischievous people (and



KAUDIAR PALACE



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ON THE BEACH

mischief is not lacking in Trivandrum) attributed this to the change of regime: they said Trivandrum has always been the capital of Travancore and Travancore has always existed as long as the sun and moon have been. The Maharaja of Travancore was always a servant (a *dasa*) of the Lord Padmanabha—and the King of Travancore was not His Highness but the Lord Padmanabha Himself.

People laughed (behind their cupped hands as they still do in Travancore) when a churidar pyjama descended from Delhi; they had never seen anything funnier. He was some Deputy Minister and passed by the tamarind tree in his angular and imperial movements. People stood in pan and plantain shops and laughed. Even the tamarind tree seemed to laugh.

"KAIKOTTIKALI"

The laughter became so big the police came. They too laughed at this august visitor from the north. In Trivandrum everybody is so simply dressed from the Maharaja to the worker—they just couldn't understand this *shan*. The Deputy Minister, says the story under the tamarind tree, took his afternoon plane and never came back. But Delhi, I tell you, has a long long memory.

Now the elections came. Everybody was sure they were going to win. The Communists because they had Tamilian plantation workers behind them, the Congress because the Christians were behind them and the Socialists because Pattom Thanu Pillai was their chief. Wheels and elephants and trees-of-paradise appeared on the walls and chalk-drawn on the roads. Meetings were held in crowded streets and by bus-stands. The people of Travancore are politically the most advanced in India: they all read newspapers. The tamarind tree became the centre of much activity. He who wins by the tamarind tree would be crowned the Chief Minister of Kerala. Of this there was no doubt. So offerings were made to the tamarind tree; the Communists offered the tree sheaves of heavy paddy. It hung magically around the hammer and sickle. And some bits were even blown down by the breeze to the hungry horses below. The Socialists hung a small hut high up in the air: clean and white and very comfortable with a wee electric lamp; "Everybody who wants would have a house—Vote for Thanu Pillai". Ultimately the Congress searched its treasures to offer something worthy to the tamarind tree. It brought its flag and its wheel and its garland of sacred cotton yarn. Who knows what all these meant? Not even the tamarind tree understood. When the elections were over and Namboodiripad became Chief Minister the tamarind tree was razed to the ground. Thus ended Travancore.

SUBURBANITES

You can still go and post your letter at the Post Office or go to Home Links across the road and have a cup of excellent coffee. The area is still called Poolimood. But there is no tamarind tree.

Ayodhya sent Sita Devi to exile. Hastinapura reconquered by the Pandavas could not remain with them. What massacres have taken place and who could bear the lamentations of

(Please Turn Over)

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

TRIVANDRUM (CONTINUED)

Gandhari? So ultimately to the Himalayas must Dharmaraja go—he with his faithful dog. Man in his this-seeing isolation forgets birth and death are the two ends of life. Virtue is to reverence the footsteps of Truth. But the hammer and sickle, the wheel or the hut (electric lights lit up) seem more important. You can become Deputy Minister in Delhi, but you will not know another Poolimood. That's what the barber round the corner on Ambujivilasam Road will tell you. And I assure you he knows a great deal.

So down the Ambujivilasam Road you now go to the no-*where*.

The city of Trivandrum is one large garden. I know no city in the world (were it Bangkok or Florence or San Francisco) which is one high garden as the capital of Kerala. Coconut trees and tall acacias, the wild mango or red oleander, bougainvillaeas hanging down the walls, the jasmine at the garden door and the morning perfumed with parijata. At the temple, you feel you've only to bathe in the tank and carry the parijata for Parvati's hair. And you come back with all the sacred marks, kumkum and sandal paste on your forehead.

ONAM DAY

Flying over the city (coming from Cochin and following that magnificent coastline of Malabar with islands, lagoons and hundreds of miles of coconut lands) one wonders if indeed there's down below a city like Trivandrum, for the coconut trees stand as one large forest and only a high white building emerges to prove that there is some habitation about here. The Trivandrum airport is beautiful too with shining white sand-dunes against the ochre earth—the blue sea behind. As you leave the airport and cross the canal-bridge (the canal that links the sea with the lagoons of Quilon) you see serpent-headed, proud and gilt boats glide under you. On one side is the quay with the conch symbol in gold on its uplifted arches. You pass by white clean-kept houses and rice fields (for these go in and out of the city as if they too were a part of civilised living), you pass by lanes with hanging ferns and small temples jutting out of the walls. You see impish faces of children half-naked but with such mature clever faces—they already are women and men. The Public Health Laboratory and the hospitals spread about (always with those peculiar curved serpent-headed roofs) and you now pass by the University, Victorian and spacious and built of blood-red bricks. Shy girls and white clad boys move in the streets with deference (in this most politically advanced state) as if they were going to the temple or to the house of grandfather. If you talk to the boys, you will find they are called John Thomas or Ibrahim Marakar or Gopala Nair. But they are all clad in the same white dhoti and look simple and fresh and deferential. The girls (in Trivandrum there are as many girls at the University as boys) walk past with bare feet and lolling hair; groups of them who research in higher mathematics or in ancient Tamil. Some too are involved researching in Sanskrit grammar (Travancore is one of the oldest centres of Sanskrit research in India) or in astrophysics. They seem so silent and serious as if, as in classical times, they were looking only at their feet.

You pass then by the mosque (smelling the jasmines that have fallen on the road from its walls) and the Cathedral, remembering that Saint Thomas himself came to India to preach Christianity, that the Syrian Christians are among the eldest Christian communities in the world. They still say their prayers (the Syrian Christians do) in the Aramaic (I am assured which is supposed to be the language of Chris himself. As for the Muslims they have alway been great navigators and they settled here a they settled in Sicily or in Java with the beards, their mosques and their trading cen tres. When you go to the central market (be side the Cathedral of Trivandrum) and buy a coconut you may see a pure Arab face angular full and bearded, with fire in his eyes and speaking excellent Malayalam. (Or so it seem to the non-Malayali.) There are Jews too in Malabar and the Jewish shops in Trivandrum close on Saturdays and keep open on Sunday. The Jews came to this coast long long ago, per haps before Saint Thomas came. Perhaps he came because his people had already come here.

Next, or almost next to the Cathedral, is the sprawling white Public Library—the oldest public library in India. If you have leisure you may dip into some book by an English planter describing how he started his first coffee estate on the Kodai Hills, or you may fall on some dust-covered and moth-eaten journal of the 1840's that reminds you it took a long time for the mails to come in those days (and round the Cape of Good Hope) and the poor English planter or political adviser needed to know of petty happenings in Brighton or in Glasgow. The planter and the administrator have left their ghosts behind, for even under Namboodiripad you could come down the Library staircase and see Queen Mary on one side and George V Emperor of India on the other in their robes of the Delhi Durbar.

The evenings in Trivandrum are rich with flower smells. You walk down to the park and wander among the oleanders and the eucalyptus trees admiring the serpentine architectural lines of the Museum and looking across the valley to the Sabarimalai Hills. If it's January or February you may hear pilgrims, staff and bundle and bell in hand, go along the roads chanting: Ayappa Swami. There on those green and wild hills Sri Rama himself walked. Sita Devi bathed in the pool which is still called Devi Colam. You can only understand Trivandrum if you remember Sri Rama.

And even if you forget, the squirrels will not.

March 11

Khushwant Singh on Agra

Drawings by Laxman Pai

IN A GARDEN

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Medical Education In India

(*Continued From Page* 33)

This dearth of medical teachers and professors is due to inadequate remunerations. It will be to the lasting advantage of the country to pay adequate salaries to the professors and lecturers and thus not only free them from financial worries but also enable them to promote sound teaching and research in their own subjects. Encouragement of research at different levels of undergraduate and post-graduate training is essential not only in the interest of the students and teachers but also that of the state. For this we need talented teachers who can be a source of inspiration to the students. But it must be remembered that such talent cannot be bought at cheap rates. Considering the present pay-scales for the teaching line in the medical colleges and the wide field of opportunities in private practice, it is no wonder that the cream of the medical profession is neglecting teaching and research for economic gains.

Besides research demands both money and equipment. It is a happy augury that the Indian Council of Medical Research is taking more and more interest in this activity. But considering the rapid progress in other countries, we are still moving at a snail's pace.

With the advances in medical science, the burden of the medical student is increasing day by day and we are trying to add more years to cope with the extra curriculum, making medical education not only costly but prohibitive. Besides we have to consider the high rate of failures in this course. So when reforming medical education, we should not think of adding years to the medical course but of imparting more knowledge to the student.

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

Along with the usual preclinical and clinical education, more stress should be laid on preventive and social medicine. Students should visit the patients in their homes after their discharge from hospital along with a trained social worker or a tutor to study the environmental factors. There should be collaboration between the departments of social medicine and clinical medicine and other branches. Thus a wider outlook will be created towards the problem of health and disease.

It is high time that we had our own text-books dealing with our problems which are quite different from those of Europe or America. For the proper education of students—both undergraduate and post-graduate—not only do we need enlightened teachers but adequate facilities and better equipment. Audio-visual aids, up-to-date laboratories and libraries with well-trained librarians (not mere custodians of books) who can guide students will go a long way towards their education. Adequate grants must be made available for these.

The present student-teacher ratio is such that proper individual attention to the student's day-to-day work is not possible. If we want teaching efficiency enhanced in our institutions we must have more tutors. This will improve the tone of education and reduce the percentage of failures. Besides these tutors may develop into good research workers and professors later on. To tone up the medical profession, we need specialists and research workers with post-graduate education.

We cannot neglect the education of the general practitioner who is not in contact with recent advances in medicine, if we are to provide the best medical aid possible to the people. For this the Government should conduct refresher courses in district towns at different times of the year to suit the general practitioner. Circulating libraries will be an additional facility for him.

METHOD OF EXAMINATION

While discussing the high rate of failures among medical students, the inadequacies from which students and teachers suffer were taken into consideration. But the method of examination has also something to do with this high rate of failures. Instead of trying to see what the student knows, many a time the stress is laid on what he does not know. If the student's ward and class work are assessed with his written and practical examination, justice can be done to the student. Besides, many students cannot express themselves in a language that is not their mother tongue.

Ayurveda and Unani have now been caring for the health of millions of people living in areas where modern medicine has not penetrated. There is genuine interest in Ayurveda, not only in India but also in Ceylon. Many medical institutions are imparting education in this system in a selfless way and the Government is also contributing to its revival. But are the products of the Ayurvedic colleges, with a few exceptions no doubt, practising Ayurveda? Or are they just taking the degree in Ayurveda but practising modern medicine for immediate results?

The art of healing as prescribed in Ayurveda is remarkable, considering the time when it was propounded, but during the last two thousand years it has remained static. The rapid progress of medical science has been amazing during the last hundred years and to restore Ayurveda to its own glory using the present method will be to put the clock back. If we want to vitalise Ayurveda, it must be taught as a post-graduate course to students of modern medicine as a research subject—both from the physiopathological and pharmacological points of view. And for this we need again good teachers and research workers who are truly interested in the ancient science.

Unfortunately the students who join the Ayurvedic colleges do not go there to study it in the right spirit but to earn a licence to practise. Nor are the teachers, except a few, imbued with a love of their subject. The gems in Ayurveda can be taken out and placed before the modern medical world only by persons who have been trained in modern medicine and are at the same time devoted to the ancient system. Then alone will Ayurveda find its due place in the modern medical set-up.

It will be opportune to remember the words of Sir Leonard Whiteby in connection with medical education: "Medicine today demands much from character, intellect and practical ability and medicine also provides a wide variety of opportunities for all kinds of talents but the talents will be wasted or misused if the structure of the medical education is faulty or educationists remain complacently satisfied with themselves and their needs."

Let those who are at the helm of medical education in India see that the health needs of the country as a whole are satisfied by the creation of efficient medical men who will not only serve their motherland but also suffering humanity by their researches and discoveries.

(*Concluded*)

Announcement

Readers will be interested to note that we have in preparation a number of important issues and features, a selection from which is given below:

KNOW YOUR INDIA

A fortnightly series presenting each Indian State or Centrally-administered unit through a comprehensive, artistically designed map in colour.

HUMOUR ISSUE

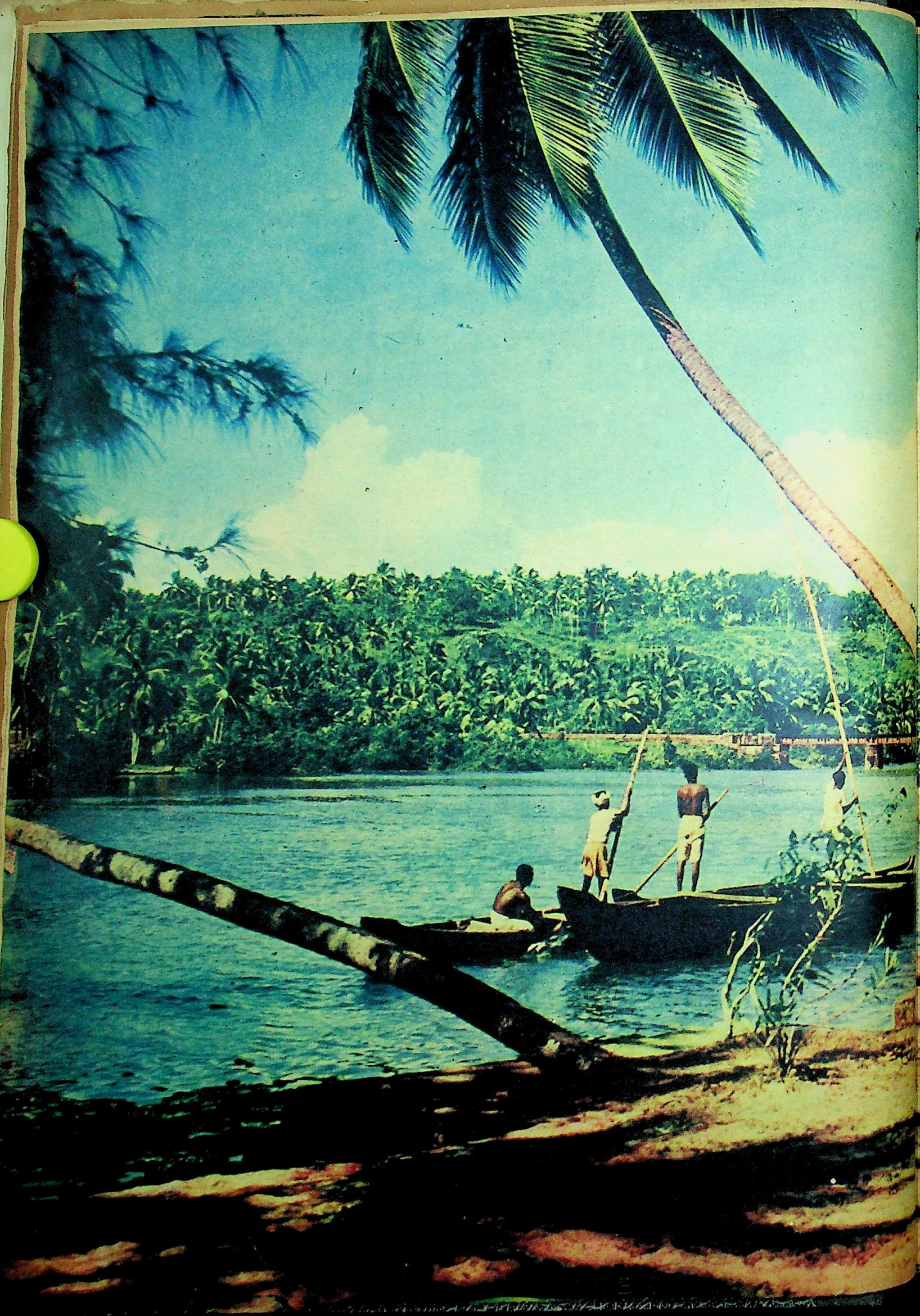
This enlarged 80-page number will appear on March 18, setting the mood for Holi. Contributors will include R. K. Narayan, C. R. Mandy, Khushwant Singh, G. D. Khosla, K. P. S. Menon, M. Krishnan, M. Chalapathi Rau, P. Lal, R. K. Laxman, Mario, Ruskin Bond, Alagu Subramaniam, V. S. Naravane, Victor Paranjoti and Krishna Baldev Vaid.

A WINDOW ON HINDI WRITING

A literary causerie by a prominent Hindi writer of the younger generation. This feature, which will appear in alternate issues, will be largely devoted to current books and trends of significance.

SPECIAL NUMBER ON AFRICA

A revealing 80-page issue on the African awakening. It will contain specially written articles by well-known authorities, and a rich selection of photographs.



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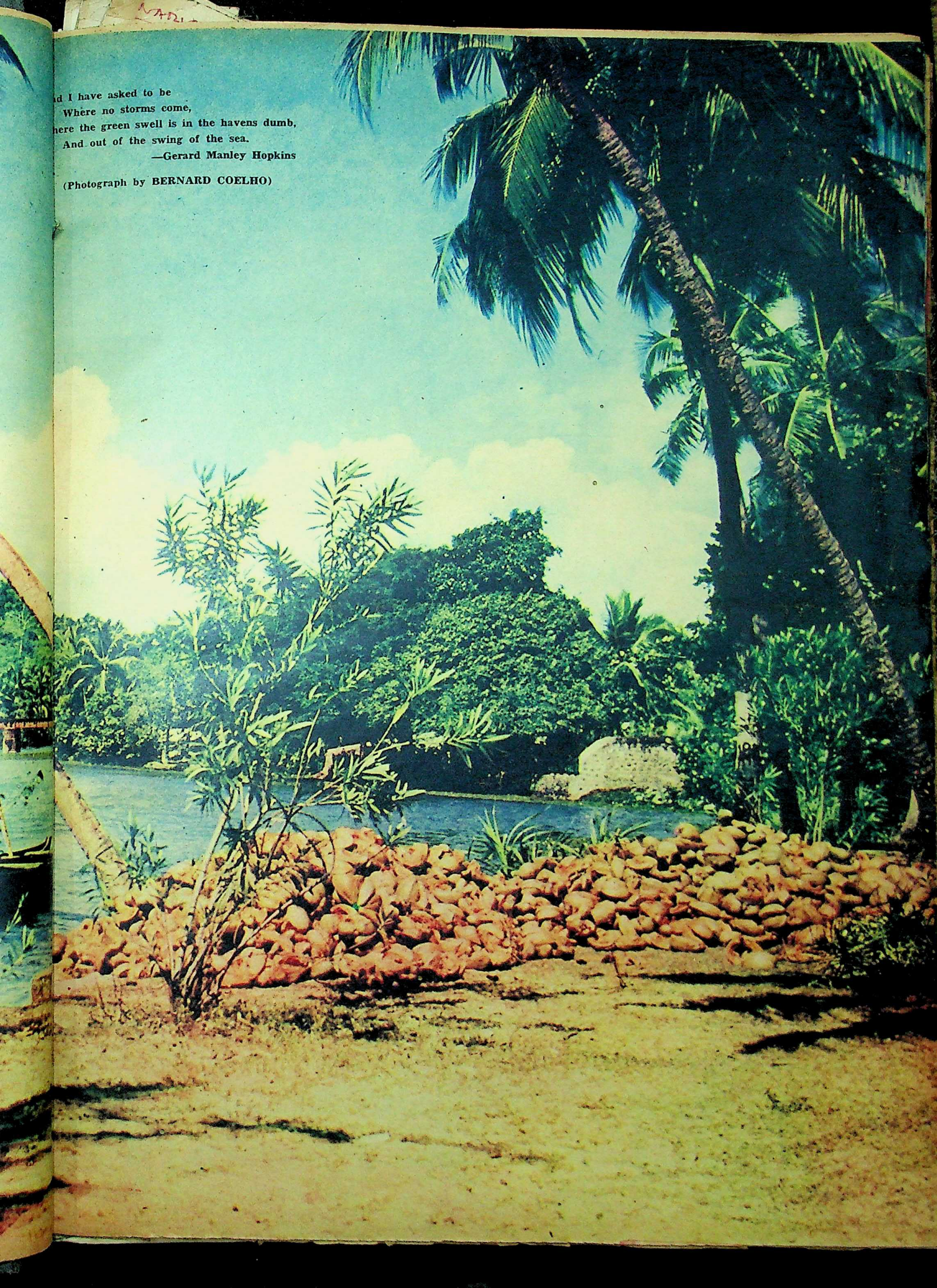


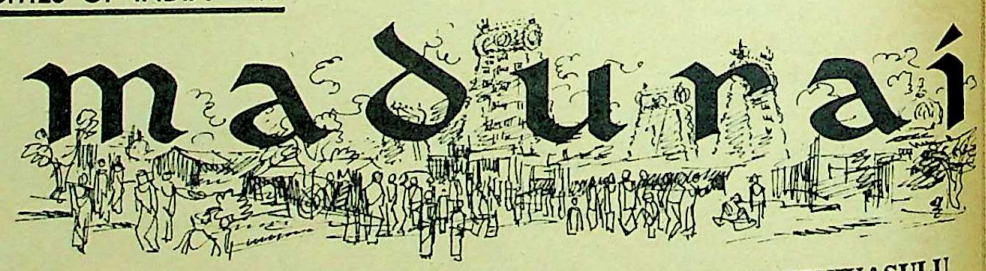
ıd I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
here the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.
—Gerard Manley Hopkins

(Photograph by BERNARD COELHO)

MEENAKSHI KOIL

CITIES OF INDIA — 17

madurai



Text by A. S. RAMAN

Drawings by K. SREENIVASULU

"... Madurai. M. for ..." My phonogram is interrupted intriguingly by the normally detached, distant-sounding voice at the other end.

"Go on, sir," it says reassuringly. "I'm myself from Madurai. It is famous for many *Ms*—Meenakshi, mills, missionaries. I'm glad you're going there, sir. You'll fall in love with my home town, I bet."

"I'm sure I will. Madurai is my wife's present obsession. Her parents live there, you see. Now, may I continue my telegram..."

* * *

It is difficult not to praise such a magnificent metropolis as Madurai, and impossible, if the city turns out to be your wife's choice too.

Madurai's charm lies in its skyline dominated, not by ugly skyscrapers or uglier factory-chimneys, but by the four *gopurams* of the Meenakshi temple which can be seen in silhouette from a distance of ten miles in all their transcendental splendour. The approaches to Madurai, such as Tirupparankundram to the south-west, famous for its Subrahmanya shrine, and Tirumalirunjolai to the north-west with its celebrated Alagar Koil, heighten the impact on the visitor of the breathtaking Meenakshi temple towers. The moment he enters the city, he realises how different Madurai is from other centres of pilgrimage or tourism. Here the citizen adopts a proud, almost possessive attitude towards every inch of his beloved town and jealously guards it from being polluted by the irreverent outsider. That is why he is all the time claiming some unique distinction or other for his city. After Madras, he maintains, Madurai is the most important metropolis in the whole of South India, and who knows, he may be right. The Tamil he speaks is the purest, the schools and colleges where his children study are the worthiest, the temples he frequents, the most sacred, the doctors he consults, the ablest, the things his fellow citizens make, the finest, the saints and scholars around him, the greatest, the traders and employers he has to deal with, the noblest, the donkeys he encounters on the thoroughfares, the cleverest, the river Vaigai, the holiest, and so on. But the Maduraite reluctantly confesses that the musicians in his town are not good enough. Mani Iyer is an exception. But today Madras has greater claims on him.

"Is the Vaigai as sacred as the Ganga or the Kaveri?" I ask a professor at one of the local colleges.

"I don't know," he answers with a wicked smile of superiority. "Comparisons are odious, you see."

It is only natural that the citizens should sing praises of their own town. But in the case of the largest city (without being the loudest) of South India, after Madras, even outsiders seem to join the chorus. What precisely is the magic of Madurai? How can one probe it!

Indeed, the spell of Madurai is impenetrable and irresistible. It is one of the most modern and yet ancient towns in South India ("*Modoura, the kingdom of the Pandion*"—Ptolemy). Maduraites, of course, resent their metropolis being referred to as a mere town. For, after all, do they not constitute a multitude of over six lakhs? In India, it is the sheer population that distinguishes a city from a town.

Madurai, however, has certain distinctive features which accentuate its urban aspect and atmosphere. For example, its sanitation is most impressive, by South Indian standards. The streets are clean, and, what is more surprising, the river-bed is cleaner still. Sleek, streamlined buses can be seen plying gracefully on the road. The crowds laze about in as langu-

MEENAKSHI-SUNDARESHWARAR wedding (after a temple sculpture)

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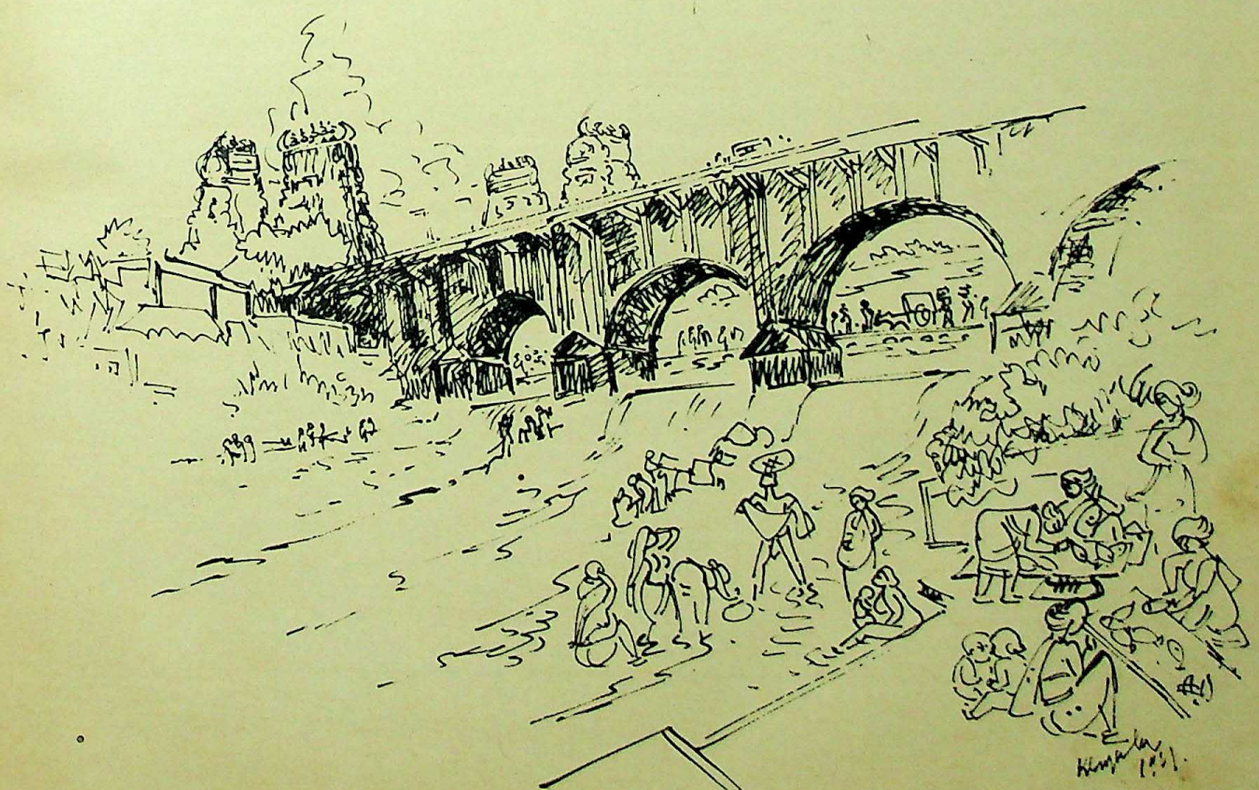
BASKET-MAKERS

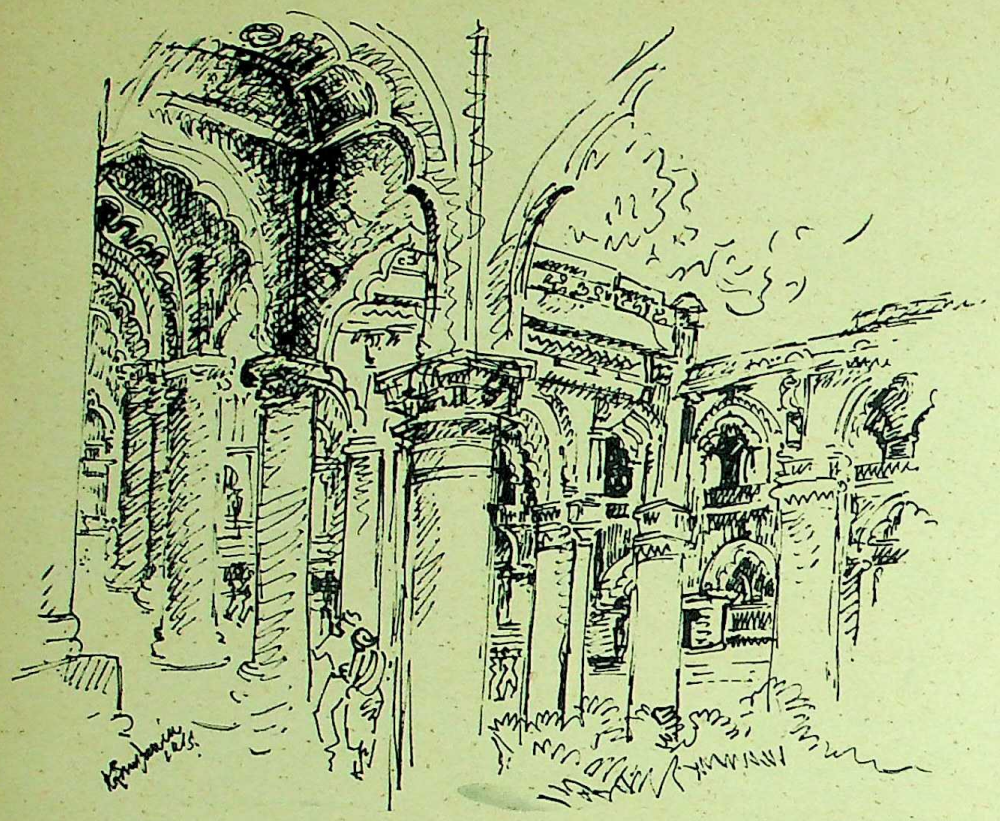
and leisurely a manner as in any other Indian city. But in Madurai they do not contribute much to the traffic mortality rate. For they do not race with cars and trucks. Either they are too cautious or just cowardly. But where the bullock carts are concerned, they assume an air of superiority and claim the right of way.

Madurai of course has its quota of the familiar flavour of a South Indian town—man-drawn rickshaws, and *jutkas* drawn by horses proudly displaying the jingling bells round their necks, bizarre bazar performers, temple facades with garishly tinted sculptures, women and men in their porticos publicly performing the private chores of the household, as their conspicuous diamond earrings and caste-marks arrest the attention of the passers-by, poster-covered walls proclaiming the merits of a new movie or miracle cure, sharp, serious-looking schoolchildren apparently with nothing on their minds except the day's lessons, the "coffee clubs" with their loudspeakers dishing out the latest and syrupiest film songs, Tamil-speaking Muslims or Christians forming as integral a part of the landscape as the Tamil-knowing but Hindi-speaking banias, clothes-lines hanging from the verandahs and laundry on the river-bed, a bare-footed, bare-headed, ebony-black mass of humanity struggling for a bare living wage in the blazing sun—one encounters these characteristically Southern sights in Madurai. But here one at once senses a rhythm and order behind them. Somehow I have an impression that the crowds in the

(*Please Turn Over*)

THE VAIGAI RIVER



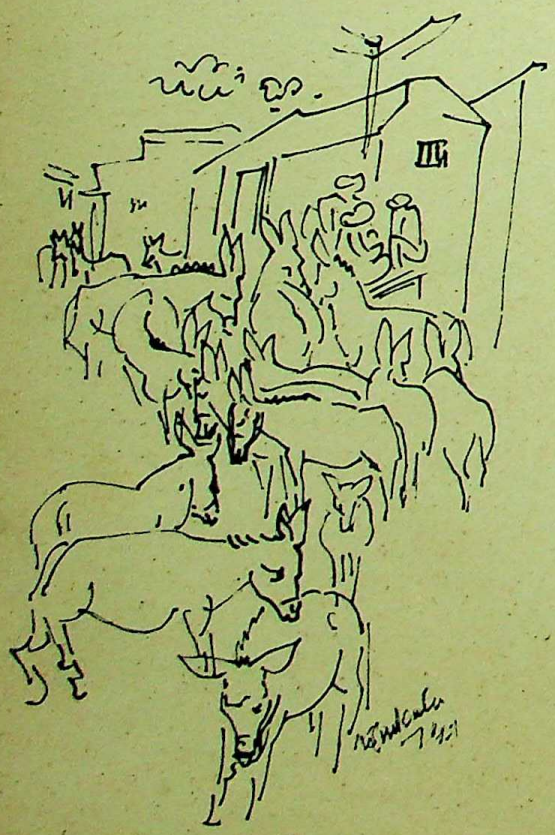


THIRUMALA NAYAK MAHAL

MADURAI *(CONTINUED)*

abode of Meenakshi seem disciplined and determined. Could it be that she has an overwhelming influence on them? Or, have I seen very little of them? No, I know them well enough. At the moment, the students of the American College are on strike. But not a single case of hooliganism is in evidence. They seem to stay away from classes passively, on principle, almost in a Gandhian spirit. But in the evening they participate in the various Sat Sabha functions held in different parts of the city.

THE "DONKEY" AGRAHARAM



Another instance of the exemplary behaviour of the crowds: I enter the *sanctum sanctorum* of India's biggest temple, the one dedicated to Meenakshi, and join the teeming train of devotees. I find everyone of us receives a most satisfying *darshan* of the deity. The number of visitors is particularly large during the marriage season, because mass weddings are performed in the invisible presence of Meenakshi without any elaborate ritual. The popular belief is that the mere exchange of garlands between the bride and the bridegroom in front of the deity solemnises the marital bond.

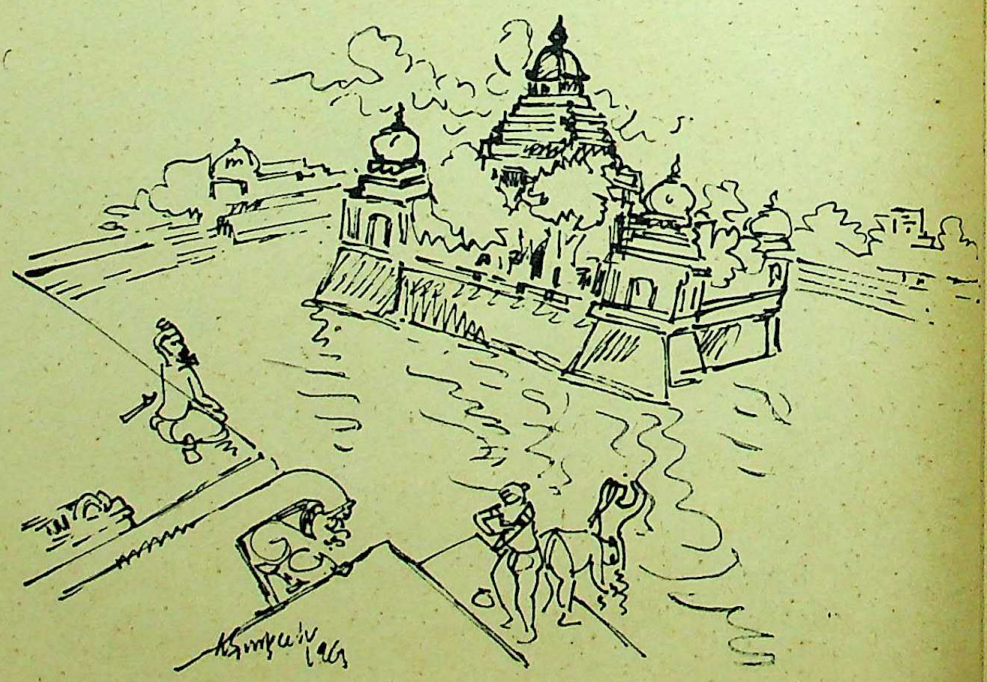
* * *

IT is the Meenakshi temple that makes the most powerful impact on the mind of the Maduraite. All the streets, running parallel to one another and bearing the names of the Tamil months, seem to lead to the shrine. It is often complained that Madurai has been growing in size much too fast, and its ancient layout *vis-a-vis* the temple is no longer immaculate. One does not appreciate the scientific accuracy, artistic grandeur and architectural symmetry of the centuries-old design, unless one actually views the town and the temple together from an eminence. The Meenakshi Koil is like the heart; it goes on performing its functions efficiently in spite of the layers of fat surrounding it. Indeed what an edifying spectacle the temple presents! The guide book says:

"The temple buildings occupy an area of 830 feet by 730 feet. On the massive outer walls stand the four *gopurams* or towers, the tallest of which is the South Gopuram which is 150 feet high... Thirumala Nayakkan's outstanding work in the temple is the Pudu (or new) Mandapam. This rectangular porch is 333 feet by 105 feet and has a roof of granite supported by four parallel rows of 124 sculptured stone pillars each 20 feet high and no one pillar duplicating the design of another..."

Enough dope for the statistically-minded and to spare. And, for the artistically-inclined what an abundance of splendour! As the devotee arrives through the eastern gate, he enters the richly decorated Ashta Sakthi Mandapam. Then he walks through a number of equally ornate *mandapams*, passing in wonder by the stupendous sculptures with the Siva Leela theme all round, and receiving *vibhuti* from the Brahmins. He now reaches the famous Potramarai tank with the golden lily, legend ascribing its origin to the Lord Indra. After a wash

THE MARIAMMAN SHRINE, TEPPAKULAM



THE VYAKU

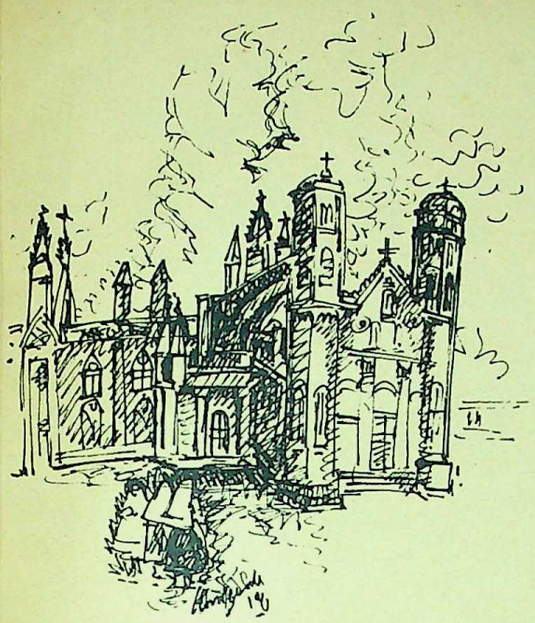
in its sacred waters, shrine dedicated to *mandapams* are fan finest Tamil poetry ample, the pillared Potramarai has the the walls.

The adjoining s consort of Meenaksh is quieter but richer numental sculptures grander than those inside the 1½-mile-l

The Meenakshi both artistically and lacks the additional tually, it is only 500 day. The temple and testimony to the mu Pandyan kings (145

Our present rule the equally importan renovation. "But th

SOWRA



THE VYAKULAMATA CHURCH

CENTRAL MARKET

in its sacred waters, he enters the serene inner shrine dedicated to Meenakshi. The numerous *mandapams* are famous because some of the finest Tamil poetry was written here. For example, the pillared colonnade surrounding the Potramarai has the whole *Kural* inscribed on the walls.

The adjoining shrine consecrated to the consort of Meenakshi, the Lord Sundareshwara, is quieter but richer in artistic detail. The monumental sculptures here are simpler and grander than those to be found anywhere else inside the 1½-mile-long Meenakshi Koil.

The Meenakshi temple thus is significant, both artistically and architecturally, though it lacks the additional glamour of antiquity. Actually, it is only 500 years old, as we see it today. The temple and the towers bear eloquent testimony to the munificence of the last of the Pandyan kings (1450-1550 A.D.).

Our present rulers have been implementing the equally important project of restoration and renovation. "But they don't know what they are doing," complains the *vadhyar* who visits me for the third time this morning, in his determined attempt to take me on a guided tour. I keep saying, "I can see the city myself," but he will not listen. "You must know the serious damage the Government is causing to our great temple. Oh, these restorers and renovators! They have depicted Ganesha without *yajnopaveetam* and put *namams* on the forehead of Sundareshwara!!"

While on the topic of *namams*, I am reminded of the historic Perumal Temple in West Veli Street, where a very active Sat Sabha meets each evening in an atmosphere congenial to prayer and contemplation.

* * *

ON the materialistic plane, Madurai's chief attractions are the mills, the Thirumala Nayak Palace and the Vaigai Dam. I do not know where to include the drab Gandhi Museum, which has neither a mundane nor a spiritual aspect. Like its counterparts in other towns, it is a monument of mediocrity. Its only redeeming feature is the exquisite art work of K. Sreenivasulu. The two tanks at the extreme ends of the city, the Teppakulam and the Bibikulam, further embellish the spacious, relaxed aspect of Madurai.

Of the people, the most interesting are the graceful Konars (milkmaids) and the enchanting Sowrashtras (weaver women), with their most exotic, elastic and eclectic dialect which seems to embrace all the fourteen languages spoken in India. Upright, industrious and humble, the Sowrashtras continue to play a vital role in the economy of a city to which they belong only by choice. Colourful and charming, they contribute to the delightful diversity of the local landscape.

Week-enders can escape to Kodaikanal, hardly three hours' drive away. The thirstier among them have Thekady in Kerala to fall back upon. Situated on the Periyar Lake in one of the prettiest settings in India, this famous game sanctuary is only a hundred miles from Madurai. The sighting of wild life, however, is a very laborious process, entailing a good deal of waiting. But the absence of prohibition seems to make it all not merely worth while but positively exciting!

February 25:
Raja Rao on Trivandrum
Drawings by K. C. S. Paniker

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WEEK'S READING

THIS

In The American Tradition

THE overlong American novel is a literary phenomenon of the last three decades; one suspects that Thomas Wolfe's success is partly the genesis of it. It can be tedious (*Raintree County*) or convulsively gripping (*Gone With the Wind*), and is as fulsomely American as waffles or Whippoorwills. Jessamyn West has devoted nearly 600 pages to her saga of colonisation in Southern California almost half a century ago. Her *South of the Angels* (Hodder and Stoughton, 21s.) is as rich and absorbing as her publishers claim for it, but the detail, although abundant in wit, wisdom and beauty of phrase, tends intermittently to be overwhelming. It is difficult at times to differentiate the various settlers' families, in spite of the fact that they are convincingly conceived and admirably delineated. The author uses a complex, flashback technique and her characterisation floods the narrative. Yet one follows the fortunes of each household with unflagging interest—the sacred and profane loves, the pitfalls of adolescence, birth and death, the war against the weather (a great frost is superbly described). Warmth and humanity leap from every page and virtue invariably triumphs.

One feels that there is a major film hidden in this elongated, accomplished story, as was the case with the author's *The Friendly Persuasion*. But the script-writer will have no easy task; his job will be akin to damming the waters from a cataract and then canalising the flow into recognisable patterns. In the outcome he is likely to lose one of the author's main achievements—her aptitude for the poetic, illuminating simile.

S. M.

In Lighter Vein

REFLECTIONS, Wise and Otherwise (Asia Publishing House, Rs. 10) is a delightful collection of speeches by Mr. Homi Mody, delivered in the course of a long and distinguished public life. The first speech in the volume was delivered at a banquet in Bombay, in 1927, given by the Millowners' Association in honour of Lord Irwin—a model of its kind for its sparkling wit and a skilful mixture of advocacy and good-humoured criticism. The last chapter consists of his observations at the commencement and at the end of a series of lectures in Bombay, early this year, by Lord Morrison on "Parliamentary Democracy".

In these thirty years and more, the author, who has held several responsible positions—membership of the Viceroy's Executive Council, and Governorship of U.P., to mention only two—made a large number of speeches on a variety of topics. It is not surprising that so attractive a speaker should have been much in demand. There are in the volume a few of his broadcasts from the Bombay Station of the A.I.R.; also a speech at an "intellectual rag" in 1938 on "the press being a curse and an abomination". It seems a pity that the selection of the speeches should have been made on the basis of their being in a "lighter vein". Lightness of touch is an essential feature of Mr. Homi Mody's utterances, whatever the theme. There must be many more which have probably been excluded from this volume but are worthy of a place for the stimulating nature of the observations. For instance, what did he say in his note of resignation from Lord Linlithgow's Executive Council in 1943 at the time of Gandhiji's fast?

Mr. Homi Mody has been a lifelong Liberal, tracing his political lineage to Gokhale and Pherozshah Mehta. Neither obloquy nor the prospect of easy success ever tempted him on any occasion to deviate from the path of firmly-held convictions. One of the saddest gaps in our political literature is a lack of assessment of the contributions made by the Liberals at every stage of India's movement for freedom. Gandhiji to the end of his days retained for Gokhale a respect bordering on veneration. On the eve of the formation of the Constituent Assembly in 1946, when the present reviewer placed before him a list of 15 names for election—many of them Liberals like Sapru and Jayakar—he said, in giving his warm approval, "Few Congressmen have cultivated Gokhale's habit of making a deep study of public problems." Gandhiji leaned more heavily all through his life on a few staunch Liberals than the public records disclose—first Gokhale, then Sapru, and to some extent also Sastri. It is a paradox of the history of our times that, nevertheless, the Gandhian epoch has witnessed a rapid eclipse of the Liberal tradition.

These counter-reflections have been provoked by Mr. Homi Mody's "Reflections". He is one of the few surviving Liberals, expressing the temper and the spirit of a generation which has now become practically extinct (there is pr bably little difference between old Liberal and a modern Sw tantrite). One cannot but reg the fact that even today there a no authentic published records the achievements of Gokhale a Sapru—surely, two of India's gre est statesmen in this century.

Mr. Homi Mody's speeches a writings should be ransacked something of more enduring val and significance than this volum refreshing reading as it is, pr sents.

B. S.

A Great Myth

THROUGHOUT history raci pride has been in vario parts of the world the cause much cruelty, oppression a social degradation. It has in re cent times led to the mass exte mination of six million Je at the hands of Hitler. It is re ponsible today for the oppressi of Negroes and the denial of f political and civil liberties them in the Southern States America—the "greatest dem cracy" in the world. It is ra pride which is at the basis of tyrannical rule exercised by Afrikaaner white minority of So Africa over the non-white popul tions and which has led to policy of *apartheid*, a potent cause of war and violent revol tion.

What is at the root of racial pride? Is the division mankind into races scientifica valid? Is there any justificati for the assumed superiority of white? Is racial aversion an i stinct with which man is born, is it a product of history and e vironment? These are some of questions answered in *Comm Sense About Race* (Gollancz, 1 6d.) by Philip Mason, a we known authority on racial pro lems. Statements are based on latest conclusions of science characterised by a freshness vision and balanced judgment.

It is clear from the autho comprehensive survey of the pr lem that the division of mank into races rests purely on phy cal differences, and that there nothing to show that the memb of one set are on the whole su rior to another in intellect abilities or moral worth. All r are capable of attaining the hi est levels of achievement in fields of progress. Intellectual other differences between in viduals belonging to the sa racial group are wider than th between individuals of differ

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by K. L. NARAYANAN

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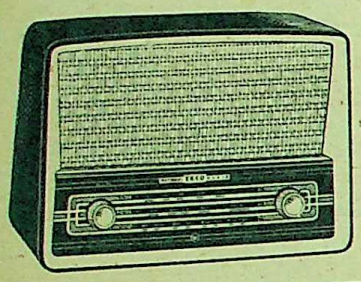

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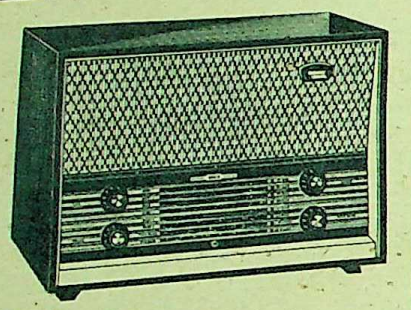

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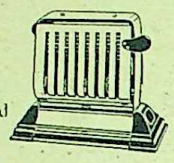

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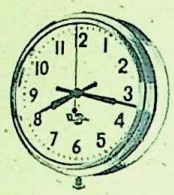

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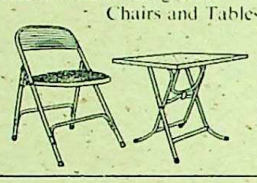

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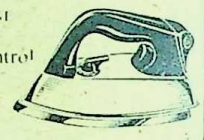

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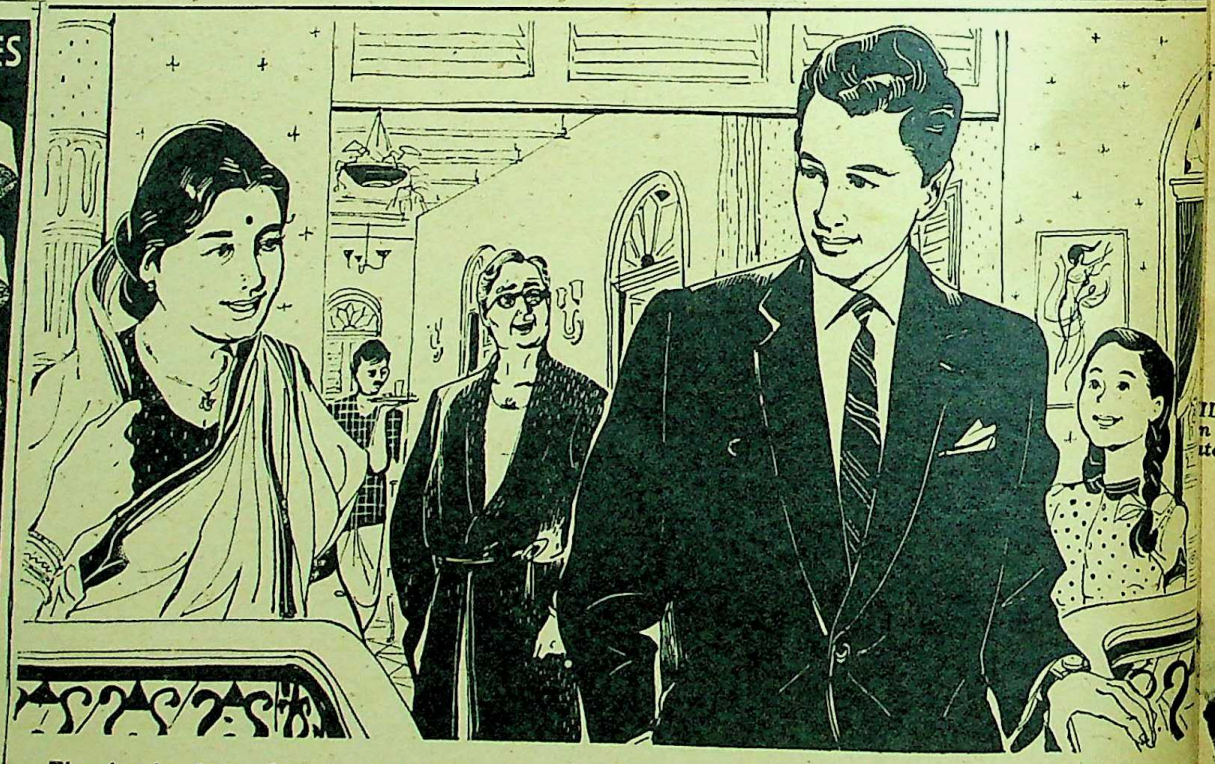

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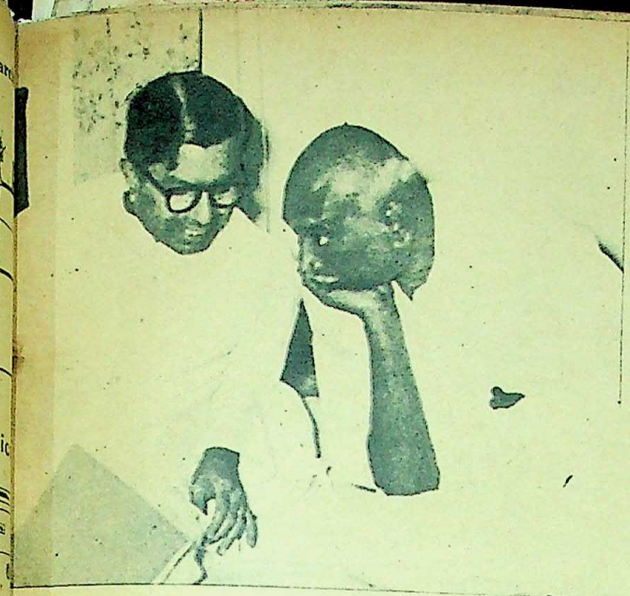
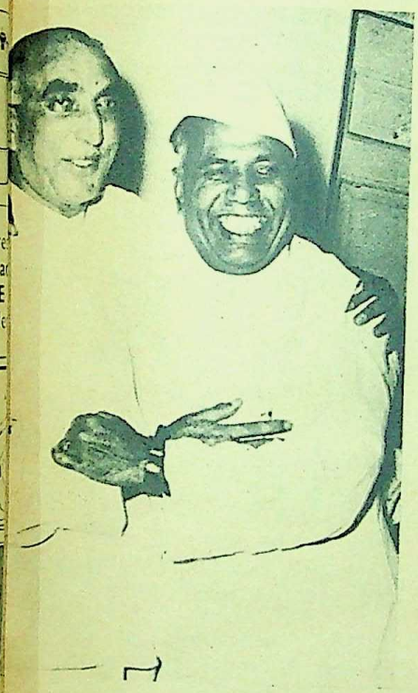
recently held in the



Mr. K. KAMARAJ (right) deeply engrossed in a discussion with Mr. C. Subramaniam at the recent meeting of the Congress Working Committee held in New Delhi. Right: Mr. Nehru arrives for the session. Below, left: Bakhshi Ghulam Mohammad, until recently Prime Minister of Jammu and Kashmir, with Mr. Y. B. Chavan.



KING HUSSAIN OF JORDAN and his wife Princess Muna (centre) at the engagement party given in Amman for his younger brother, Prince Mohammed, and his fiancee, 18-year-old Feryal Irsheid.

In The News

IDENT RADHAKRISHNAN chatting with n scientists at a party given by him to tes to the All-India Science Congress recently held in the Capital.

KING MAHENDRA OF NEPAL speaking at a ceremony held in Bombay at which he was presented with disc-records of his own compositions set to music by Hemant Kumar and rendered by well-known film singer Lata Mangeshkar. With His Majesty are his Queen and Mr. S. P. Jain, Chairman of Bennett, Coleman and Company, who made the presentation.

UNITED NATIONS DAY is being observed on Thursday, October 24. This poster has been issued by the All India U.N. Day Committee.

LAKSHMANA disfiguring Surpanakha (Fifth Century A.D., Gupta period—Deogarh; courtesy, Department of Archaeology, Government of India)

The Rama Legend In U. P

by UMA RAO

THOUGH the character of Rama is not one which would attract or inspire moderns—he is too goody-goody—it cannot be denied that the Rama theme becomes a part of one's culture before one is even aware of it. Tulsidas has left so rich and universal a literary treasure that the most sophisticated and the simplest rustic alike can draw upon it equally. To make a point in a village *chaupal* discussion the lines of the *Ramacharitamanas* are as effective and weighty, and are as fluently invoked, as in any forum of cultivated minds. References to *Ramarajya,* to Vibhishana's betrayal, to Sita's suffering or to Manthara's artifice are an everyday affair. Names beginning or ending with "Rama" are the most common, and, though a Kaikeyi is unheard of, Sita, Urmila, Sumitra and Kaushalya find equal favour.

It is not only the Dassera festival, celebrated each year with unabating enthusiasm and devotion, which keeps fresh the story of Rama, his victory over Ravana —the triumph of good over evil. Nor is it only Tulsidas's *Ramacharitamanas* which is sung and recited on the occasion. It is in the folk literature and folk-songs that the symbol of Rama becomes a part of the very life of the people. The deity is brought down from his Elysian abode and moulded into familiar patterns of human life. It is here that the child Rama symbolises any and every child, and his endearing exploits reflect the lovable playfulness of her child to every mother. Kaushalya bewails Sita's absence from her kitchen as any mother-in-law would bemoan the absence of her favourite daughter-in-law, and Sita reacts with as much anger and wounded dignity as might any mortal woman who had been wronged by her husband.

Sita has perhaps inspired some of the most touching and powerful images in simple, sensitive, creative minds. So much has the pathos of her life affected the people that, though Rama and Sita are worshipped as divine incarnations in and around Ayodhya, the kingdom of Rama, the day of Rama's marriage with Sita is looked upon as inauspicious. No parents would risk their daughter's future by performing her wedding on that day. Tulsidas neglected Sita as an individual, but the people have kept her image aflame in their songs.

There are two images of Sita which come up again and again. One is of a lonely figure standing under a tree, worried as to who is to help her during the birth of her child, an imminent event. "Who will stay the night with me? Who will tend the child?" Sita's heart is heavy with anxiety.

Women ascetics come out of their huts and allay her fears with assurances of help. Kusha is born and, for want of a lamp, Sita looks upon her child in the light of a burning log. "Had you been born in the royal palace, my son, Raja Dasaratha, in his exuberance of joy, would have scattered his kingdom away, and mother Kaushalya her jewels. But you have been born in the forest. Lie on the *kusha* (grass), my son, use it for cover, and be content with forest fruits."

The *nai* (barber), a traditional m
enger, is sent for and asked to carry
happy news to Ayodhya. "Tell mo
Kaushalya the news and tell my bro
in-law Lakshmana, but don't carry
news to my husband," Sita says to
barber. Deeply wounded feelings
simple and deep expression.

The other image is that of Sita's m
ing with Rama. Rama and Laksh
have come to the forest. Rama sees tw
tle boys playing *gilli-danda*, a po
boys' game in Uttar Pradesh. "Who is
father?" asks Rama. "And your gr
father and your uncle? And who is
mother who has given birth to you bo
And the boys reply: "Sita is our mo
Janaka our grandfather, Lakshmana
uncle. We do not know the name of
father, sir." Rama then goes to the ash
close by, where Sita is sitting on a
form, her hair falling over her back
from a freshly taken bath. She turns
to find Rama standing behind. "C
back with me!" pleads Rama. "Ayodh
desolate without you." Sita says n
word. All the suffering of years c
welling up into her eyes. Then she
into the earth.

There is shown truly remar
restraint in the expression of deep
tions, which is not what one would
rmally expect in a folk poetic eff
scence. A most touching picture is c
in another song which revolves roun
birth of Rama.

Under a tree, laden with green l
a doe is standing. Her heart is in tu

The buck, grazing close by, as
why she is so sad. It is the sixth da
the birth of the Raja's son, and he
be slain that day, she tells the buc

The buck is killed and the do
to Rani Kaushalya to ask for his s
shall hang it from a tree, look on
tell my heart that my buck is ali

But Kaushalya refuses to give
skin. A *khanjari* (a small percuss
strument) would be made of it
Rama to play with.

Whenever the *khanjari* was
the doe would prick up her ea
standing under the same tree, w
her buck.

The folk genius puts Rama
in situations familiar to them b
seem utterly incongruous in the
of a royal palace. For instance,
an image of Rama squatting und
cleaning his teeth with a *datoon*
less, he is shown using a jar mad
but the image is no different

intimate pictur
under a tree in
idea of Kusha a
ing *gilli-danda* i
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with the deities,
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SPIRIT

While the fo
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saran Gupta wh
me spirit of

intimate picture of any rustic squatting under a tree in front of his house. The idea of Kusha and his brother Lava playing *gilli-danda* is itself quite naive. There is repeated reference to Sita in the context of things culinary, and she goes to fetch water like any village woman. Subhadra, imported from the story of Krishna, carries tales to her brother Rama—a familiar homely situation. In this identification with the deities, somehow the dual effect of bringing the divine figures into an intimate family circle, while keeping them at one remove from ordinary folk, is achieved. Rama is at once loved and worshipped.

SPIRIT OF DEVOTION

While the folk genius has humanised the Rama theme in literature, it is in a spirit of devotion that Rama has been approached. Tulsidas was a *bhakta* poet. That his poetic genius rose to heights unmatched has possibly been one reason why later poets have seemed somewhat diffident about approaching the subject. In poetic excellence, in skilful and cultivated use of the language, in thought content, in emotional and sensitive response, in the lessons taught, Tulsidas's achievement has been unique. His *Ramacharitamanas* was wholly composed in Awadhi, which is labelled as a dialect but which, as moulded, enriched and refined by Tulsidas, with his elegant use of idiom, his sense of beauty of form and expression, hardly deserves the appellation of a mere "dialect". But whether or not it is a dialect, Tulsidas's Awadhi is singular in its appeal to the masses and to highly cultivated minds alike. All through the epic, though, Rama remains an idealised, divine being—an incarnation of Vishnu whose acts and whose character cannot be judged in human terms.

Indian culture has a strong religious train which is reflected in literature as much as in the other arts. An unquestioning acceptance of the traditional portrayal of divine figures is an attitude that is so much a part of one's cultural heritage, and has become so deep-rooted, that it is difficult to conceive of a ruthless, scientific approach to these. No literary creation in recent years has yet dared attempt to break the spell.

It is not that modern writers have not used the past to interpret modern ideas and sensibilities, but they have not exhibited too keen a desire to explode the perfection embodied in the ideal of *Maryadapurushottama* Rama.

Keshavdas, who flourished after Tulsidas, took up the Rama theme in his *Ramachandra-chandrika,* a work that is today of but limited appeal. In the modern period the story of Rama inspired Ram Sharit Upadhyaya's *Ramacharit-chintamani*—which few read today. Incomparably more important is the work of Maithilisaran Gupta whose *Saketa* reflects the same spirit of reverence and devotion which had inspired Tulsidas. A departure from the legacy of Tulsidas is the attention he has given to Urmila, the wife of Lakshmana, whom Tulsidas left rather too severely alone. But, in spite of his having bestowed attention on Urmila, the orthodoxy of approach and the conformity to a traditional viewpoint persist in Maithilisaran Gupta.

In his *Saketa* (which is a *prabandha-kavya*—a poetical work lesser in stature than an epic) Maithilisaran Gupta has brought into prominence the silent sufferer Urmila. But he has not really challenged old values. His is not a restless spirit of doubt and interrogation. His *bhakti* is, of course, not of the same depth as that of Tulsidas, but it is no different in character.

Even the figure of Lakshmana, with his tendency to question and rebel and the traits of the *enfant terrible* that are so obviously a part of his personality, fails to attract sufficiently the moderns. These tendencies have not been used to test and assess the values of the period—unquestioning submission to a father's unreasonable command, the treacherous killing of Bali, Vibhishana's dubious role in the betrayal of his country and his people, the unjust suffering inflicted upon Sita, Rama's craven fear of public censure. In private discussions the moderns may freely air their views on these questions, and on many more, but in their literary creations these have yielded no vital pieces of imagination and strength. Perhaps a lack of sympathy and patience with old values has been the main reason behind this indifference. In order forcefully to present one of two antagonistic points of view, one should have an appreciation of both. But a general lack of sympathy with the past makes the moderns inept in propounding its values.

APPARENT INADEQUACY

So great indeed has been the apathy towards the story of the Ramayana that such episodes as the heroic but futile fight of Jatayu or the unhesitating renunciation of power by Bharata have gone unnoticed. Indeed Bharata's detachment to kingly ambition and power, his remaining unaffected by the prospective change of his social *milieu*, might have had special significance in this power-ridden, power-drunk age. Perhaps contemporary writers have experienced too great an inadequacy in the Rama theme to illumine and express satisfactorily the complexities of modern life, its contradictions and paradoxes. There are no seething undercurrents in the story of Rama: it is too straight and staid. The Mahabharata, on the other hand, offers much scope for exploration and interpretation in modern terms.

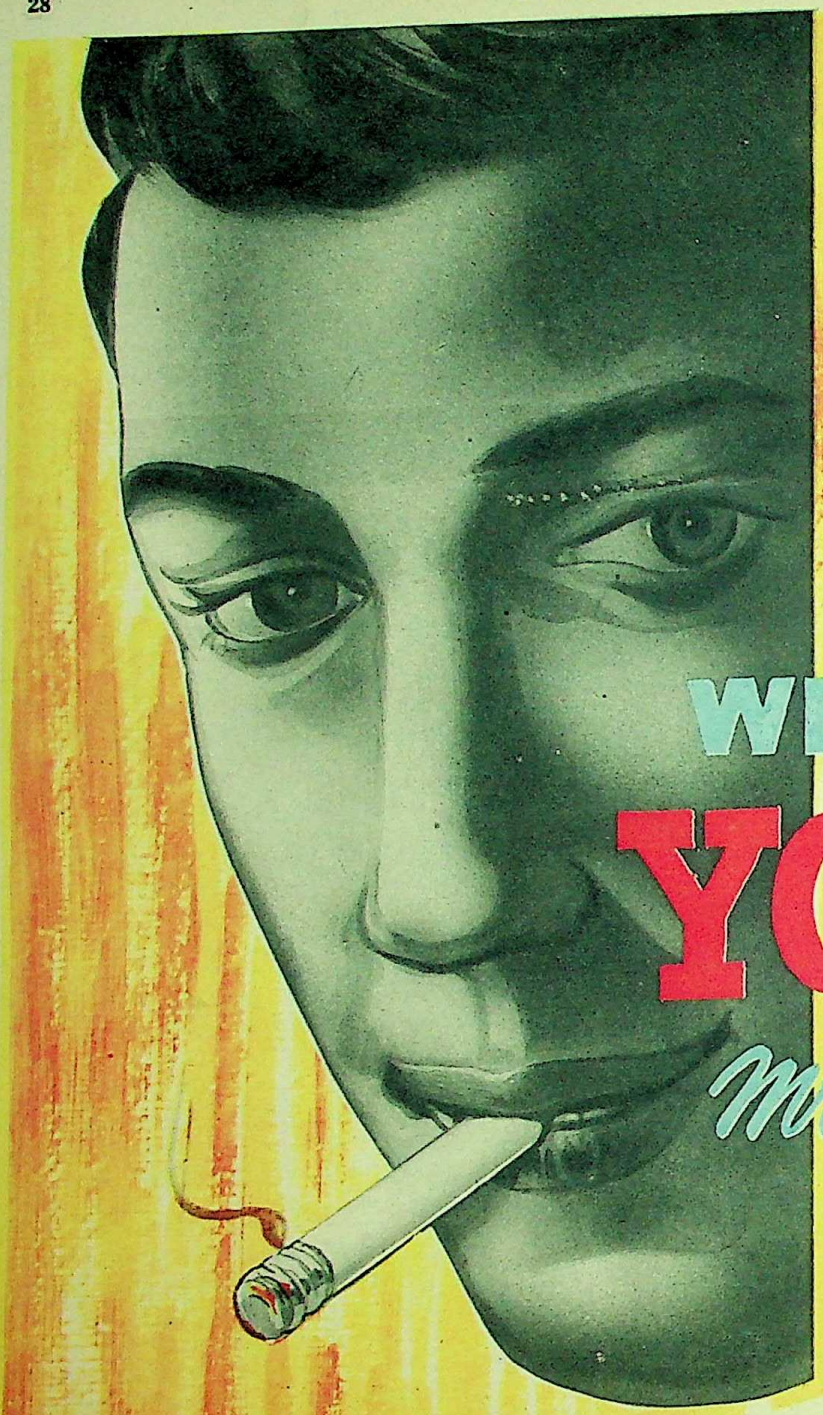
Balkrishna Sharma "Naveen" was another notable writer in Hindi—and the more recent one—to exploit the Rama theme. His *prabandha-kavya* is called *Urmila,* though I must confess I could not appreciate its rationale. The central idea in his poetic creation is the conception of the exile of Rama and Lakshmana as the purposeful dissemination and propagation of Aryan culture beyond the Vindhyas. When Urmila protests and argues against Dasaratha's unjust command, Lakshmana propounds this motive. But it seems to me that this idea may well have been elucidated by Rama to an audience consisting of Sita or Kaushalya or Bharata or Lakshmana or all of them. In any case the idea is not wholly original. Tulsidas also conceived of Rama's exile for the purpose of destroying the *Rakshasas*—in other words, carrying forward the torch of civilisation. In his *Ramacharitamanas* it is the *devatas* who are troubled by the constant mischief of the *Rakshasas* and their growing might. And so, according to a decision taken in the divine council, Saraswati alights on the tongue of Manthara to lead Kaikeyi astray.

THE YAJNA THEORY

Balkrishna Sharma "Naveen" indulges in no such fancy. Consequently much is left unaccounted for in his theory. The explanation that Kaikeyi in her political wisdom and imaginative foresight had enacted the drama of the petulant and demanding consort is really rather far-fetched and unconvincing. To silence all Urmila's doubts with the oversimple and poetic explanation of the journey into exile being like the performance of a sacred *yajna* is by no means wholly satisfying.

The theme of Lakshmana's and Urmila's love seems to me to be of only secondary importance though the major portion of his work is devoted to it. It is love purified and chastened through the parting of the lovers and emerging from the trial in so beautiful a form that complete oneness is achieved. This also is not an unfamiliar idea, and in no case does it reflect modern concepts. For the writer himself the idea has remained so delicate and tender that he has not had the boldness to recount in detail the meeting of the chastened souls after fourteen years. "Naveen" has said in his preface that the work was completed many years—some twenty years—before publication, and that may account for this outmoded and idealised concept of love. Possibly the reason can also be found in his adherence to orthodox and traditional norms.

The spirit of revolt which characterises the moderns is to be found in the treatment of the Rama theme by Bhavabhuti. It is Bhavabhuti's Sita who says to Rama, "O hard-hearted one, renown was dear to you." And it is Bhavabhuti's Lava who, hinting at his father, mocks: "They are old; their characters are not for dissection."



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OF THE HALLS inside the temple of ses II at Abu Simbel. If the temples are e lifted above the waters of the Nile, mass of rock to be displaced will be 00 tons. Right: A rock carving worn by three millennia of sun and wind.

UNESCO'S recent decision to refuse to guarantee a 30-million dollar loan has again brought to the world's attention the fate of the famous temples of Abu Simbel in Nubia. Now, unless a miracle happens, and the money is raised through private contributions, the spectacular temples carved in the rock about three thousand years ago, to celebrate the glory of the Pharaoh Ramses the Great and his Queen Nefertari, will be flooded by the reservoir created by the Aswan High Dam. The project to save them was quite as spectacular a feat of engineering as the temples themselves. An Italian engineering firm had devised a system of lifting the temples 60 metres high by encasing them in a concrete box and lifting it by means of hydraulic jacks, thereby displacing about 300,000 tons of rock. At the moment, it is very likely that the temples will slowly sink under water as the construction of the dam continues and tourists and archaeologists of the future will use diving apparatus to go and see the temples, until they eventually melt away in the water.

But the archaeological problem is not the only one created by the Aswan High Dam. Many villages in the valley of the river Nile will disappear and the people who have been cultivating the soil fertilised by the floods of the river through thousands of years will

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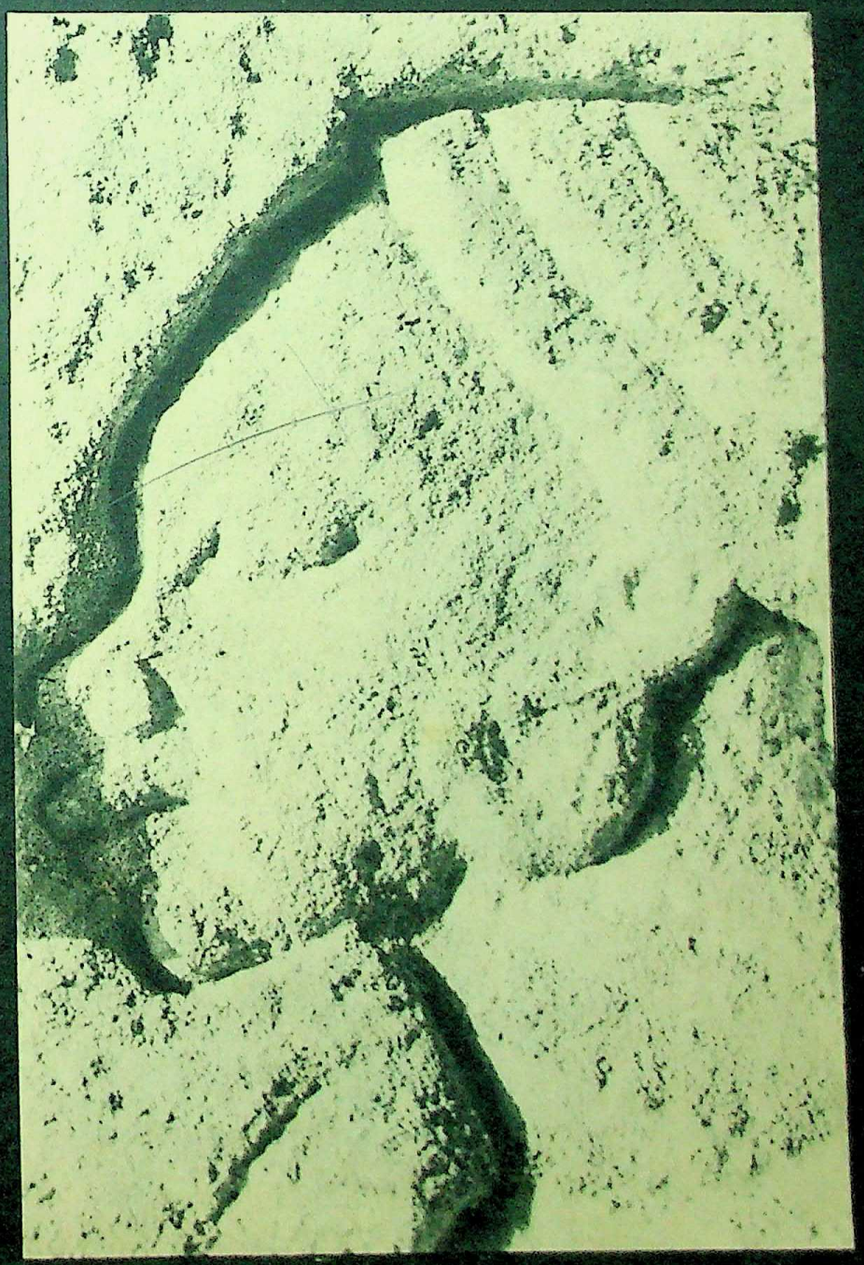

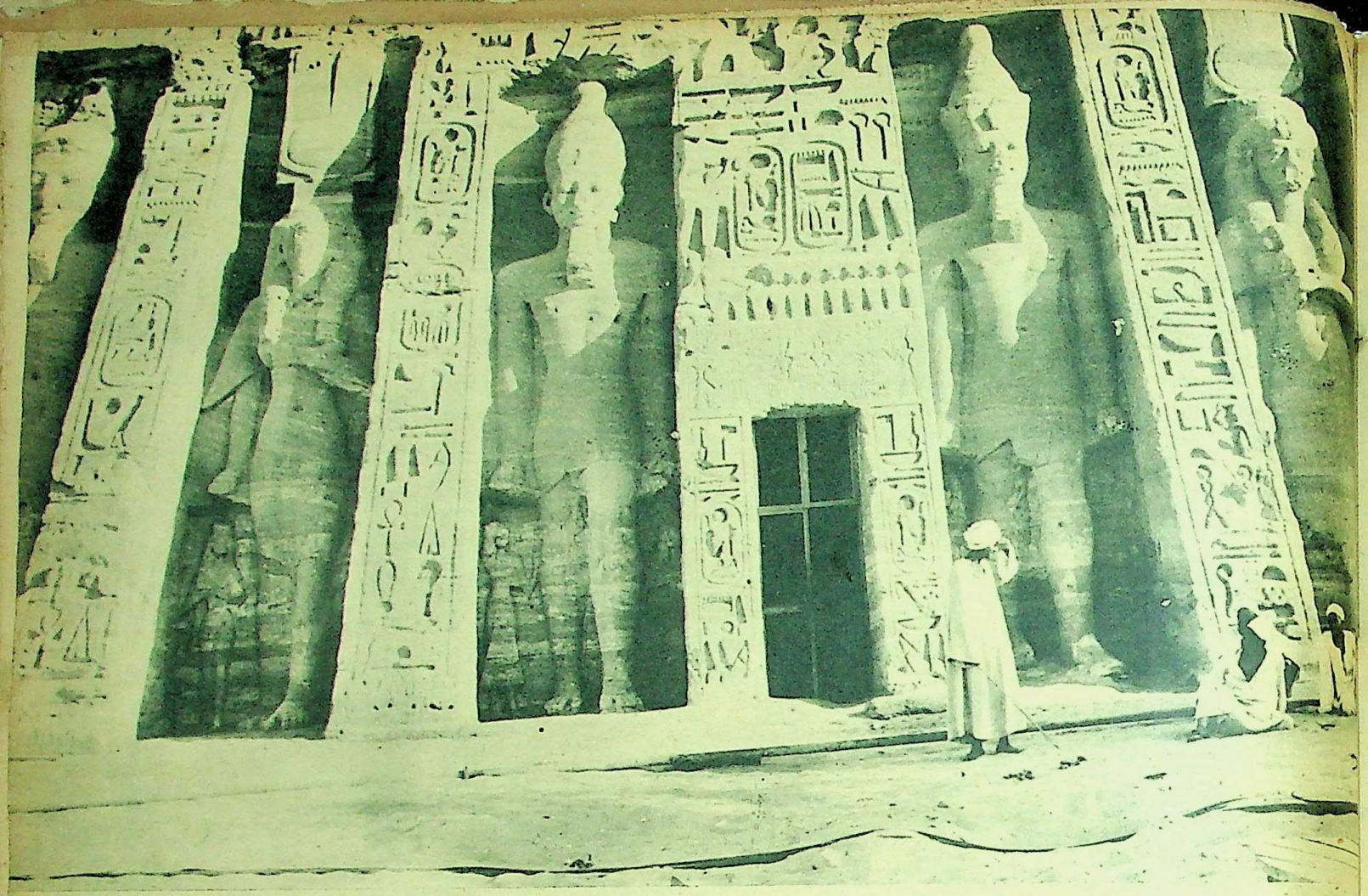

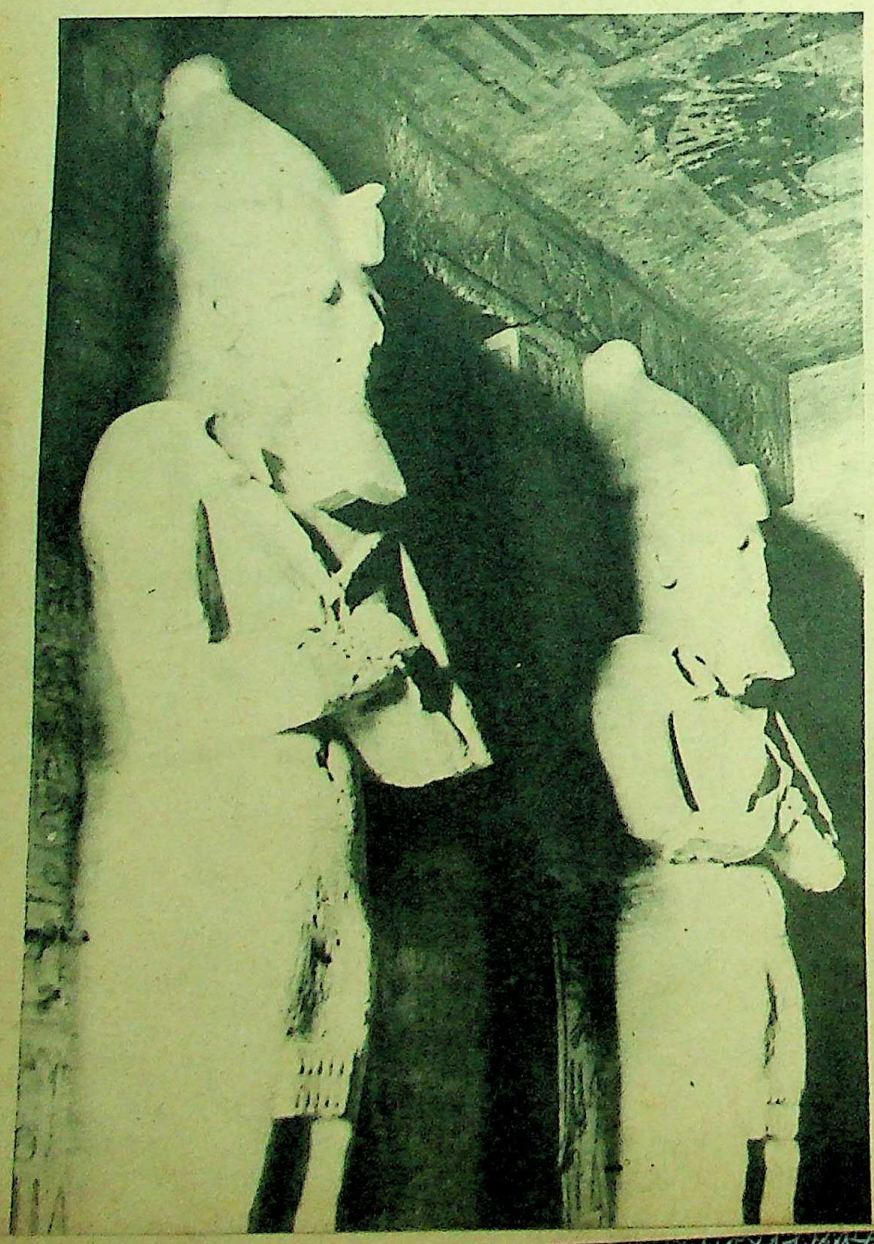

THE TEMPLE OF NEFERTARI, Queen of Pharaoh Ramses II. Left: Two of the eight statues of Ramses supporting the ceiling of the entrance hall of a temple. They are 18 metres high. Facing page: Queen Nefertari and the Goddess Hathor.

Abu Simbel Threatened

(CONTINUED)

have to move to new lands which will require many years of irrigation with the fertilising Nile water before becoming productive. A great part of Nubia will be inundated when the two and a half billion cubic metres of water are gathered in the reservoir. The Aswan High Dam will be located three-fifths in the U.A.R. and the remaining two-fifths will be in Nubia, but the Sudan won't get as much benefit as the U.A.R. will. The owners of the land which will go under water will have to be dispossessed, and neither the U.A.R. nor the Sudan is prepared to compensate them for the loss of their property. And it will probably take a generation or two before they will become adapted to the new surroundings. Therefore a certain amount of friction exists between the Sudan and the U.A.R. because of the Aswan High Dam, the building of which in the mean time proceeds in the care of the Russians. Progress, however, for many reasons, is very slow.

(For more pictures, please turn to page 12)

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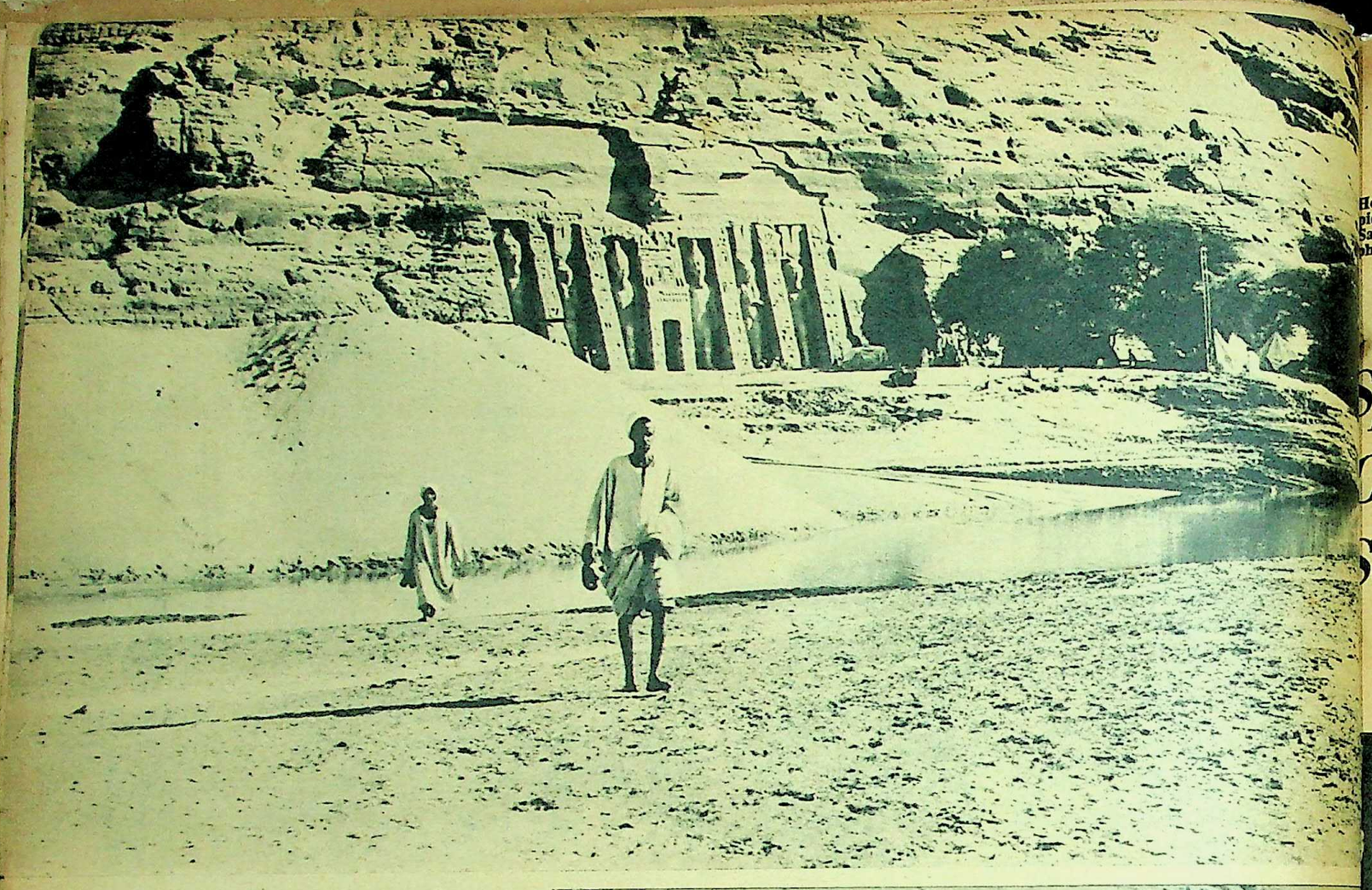

A GENERAL VIEW of the temples dedicated to Nefertari and to the Goddess Hathor. Right: A project to move a mountain: headed by Yugoslav engineers, a team of local labourers working on the site. Top, right: The fortress of Buhen, on the opposite bank of the Nile, near Wadi Halfa. It will be submerged by the reservoir of the Aswan High Dam.

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pictures on the upris
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photographs that ap
last week.

Spotlig
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Saigon

TNAMESE YOUTH de
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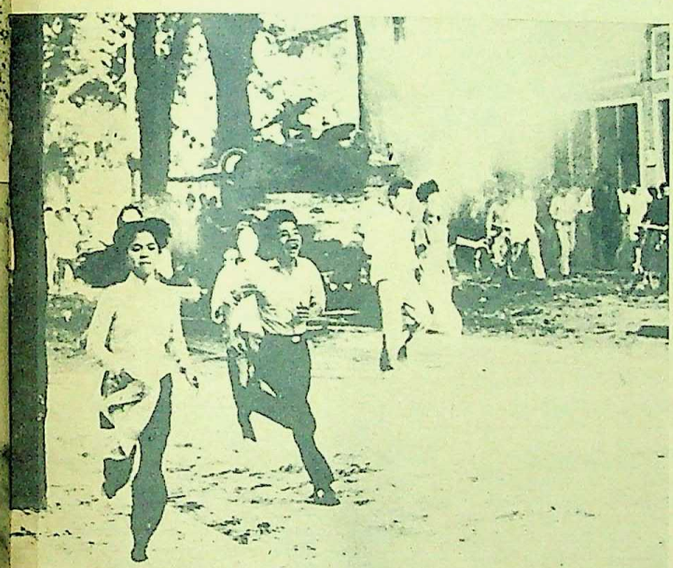
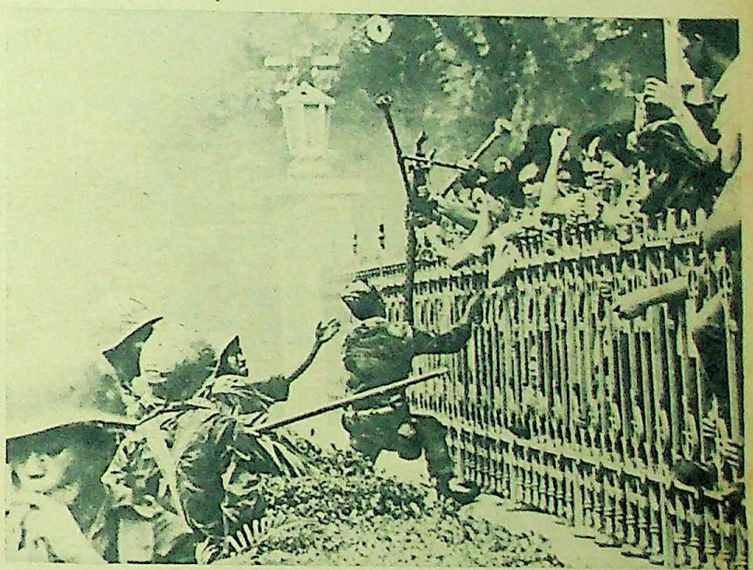
Here is a further selection of pictures on the uprising in Saigon—a follow-up to the photographs that appeared last week.

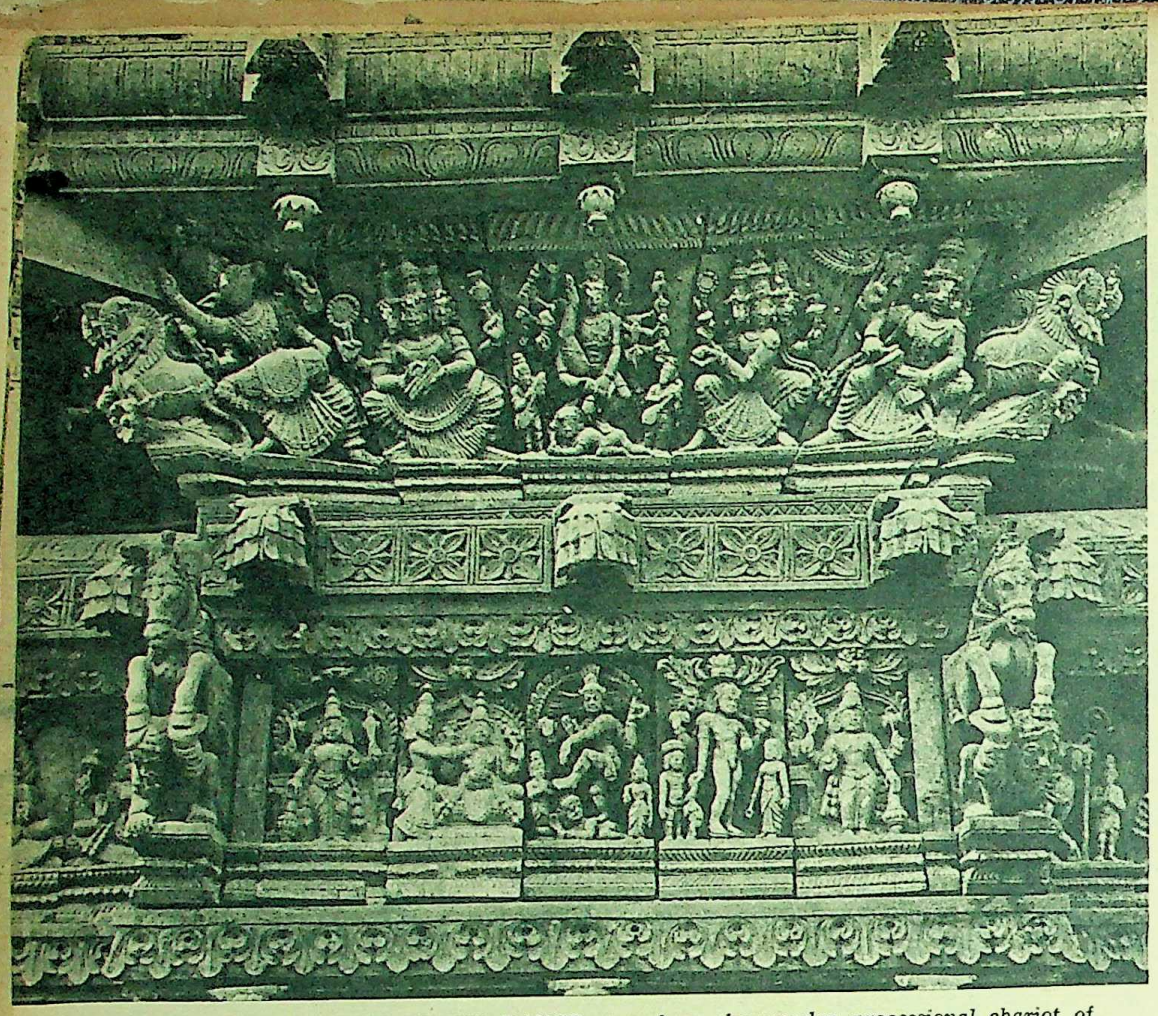
Spotlight On Saigon

A CAMERAMAN AND OTHER CIVILIANS crouch behind armoured vehicles in Saigon, during the assault on the Presidential Palace that toppled the Diem-Nhu regime. The military coup, which had the full backing of the Vietnamese civilians, was a swift success. Below, left: Jubilant citizens race towards the Palace, following news of the occupation of the building by the revolutionary forces. Below: At the Palace gates, the helmeted troops receive an enthusiastic welcome.





TNAMESE YOUTH demonstrating in support of the revolt that over-o the Government and resulted in the death of President Ngo Dinh and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu. Right: A tank stands, battered and burning, at the kerbside of an avenue in Saigon.



REPRESENTATIONS OF THE DANCE carved on the wooden processional chariot of a Tamilnad temple.

found in the Puranas. For example, the P *Purana*, which is believed to have been piled about the 4th century A.D., states "one who offers a beautiful woman to go tains Heaven for one full *kalpa*". In the Sk *Purana*, written about the 7th century Rishi Markandeya says: "In the course o supplications to Siva, as I offered oblatio fire, there came out seven beautiful mai whom I employed in the service of the L Another Purana, the *Bhavishya*, avers that who consecrates a bevy of women in ho of the Sun God, passes on to the highe gion where shines the Sun". And the *Purana*, for its part, categorically lays in connection with the building of a temp Siva that it should be provided, among things, with hundreds of beautiful girls should be proficient in the twin arts of ing and dancing.

In history, too, we find several refer to the practice of dedicating dancing-gir temples. One of the earliest of these is rec in Kalhana's *Rajatarangini;* it pertains to taditya, who ruled over Kashmir in the century A.D., and states that "while brea in horses in a waste the king came acros beautiful girls who were dancing and sin there. On enquiry the king learnt that were temple girls dwelling in the villag Suravardhamana, who performed there larly in honour of the deity." Then, from graphical inscriptions we learn that the Chola king Rajaraja I (A.D. 985-1014) h one time 400 *devadasis* attached to the t of Brihadiswara at Tanjore. History also us that when, in A.D. 1024, Mahmud of G sacked the temple of Somnath in Saura there were 300 musicians and 500 dancing attached to the shrine.

Several foreign travellers who visite dia from the middle of the 13th century wards have left records which show tha cult of the *devadasi* continued more or les abated right into our times. The Venetian veller Marco Polo, who reached India in

CLASSICAL INDIAN DANCES—3

The Role Of The Temple

by MOHAN KHOKAR

A MAHARI, a member of the Devadasi community attached to the Jagannath temple, Puri.

IN the ancient Hindu religious texts of the *Agamas* and the *Tantras* it is specifically stated that no place is fit for human habitation unless it provides earth, water and a deity. This explains the astonishing number of temples that are to be found all over India, and particularly in the South. Their number and variety are truly bewildering—a clear indication of the religious consciousness of the people of old who provided these aids to worship.

The temples were raised, we know, primarily to house the gods, but in course of time they came to assume such importance that they became the very pivot of local life in all its aspects, religious, social, economic and cultural. Many temples became great centres of learning; many, again, contributed. and in no small measure, to the development of such arts as sculpture and painting, music and the dance. Most of the temples were built by kings, who are also known to have made endless grants and endowments for the maintenance of the several rituals and services connected with a temple. And many of these kings, it should also be acknowledged, were not only ardent devotees but also great patrons of art and learning and, in some cases. themselves scholars and artists of no mean merit. All this, incidentally, has been more true of the South than of North India.

The earliest evidence we have of dancing in temples is that connected with the institution of the *devadasis*. It is not known for certain exactly how this institution came into existence, but it can be presumed that the *devadasis* came to be attached to temples mainly to provide entertainment for the Lord and to render him routine service. Among the earliest references we have in this regard are those

1250 writes in connection with Malabar "they have idols, male and female, to they offer their daughters, which whe monks appoint, sing and dance to chee idols". The historian Ferishta mentions when Sultan Alauddin Bahmani (A.D. 1358.) conquered certain Karnatak regio captured several *murlis* attached to te there and brought them for his harem Portuguese traveller Domingo Paes, who Vijayanagar around A.D. 1522, observes: feed the idol every day, for they say h eats; and when he eats, women dance him, who belong to that pagoda, and the him food and all that is necessary, and al born of these women belong to the tem

And, finally, to give one more ex the French traveller Tavernier, who c India in A.D. 1641, records in connection a temple he visited in Cambay: "Wh courtesans have got together a good money in their youth, they buy young whom they teach to dance and sing. when these young girls are 11 or 12 ye their mistresses send them to this temp lieving it will bring them good fortune and surrender to this idol."

Apart from the regions mentioned the cult of the *devadasi* was prevalent ral other parts of India as well. In Or example, *devadasis*, known as *mahari* attached to temples as early as the 9th A.D., if not earlier. The *maharis* were ed mostly to the temple of Jagannath but there are records to show that were also attached to certain Saivite in Bhubaneswar and to the temples at Jhankad and Kakatpur. In Assam *dasis* known as *natis* were attached to ber of Saivite temples, especially in and Kamrup, and to at least one te Vishnu, the Hayagrivamadhava, in district. Then, in Maharashtra, danc

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"THE GREAT RENUNCIATION". This panel represents Prince Siddhartha going forth by night from his home on his horse Kanthaka, whose hooves, it may be noted, are borne up by the devas in exactly the style found in corresponding representations at Gandhara.

burials associated with the Megalithic folk. They used iron implements such as the spear and axe. Huge stone circles mark the burial of important figures in the community. In one place in the valley a cluster of nearly 18 such burials was discovered.

A major part of the excavated material, however, belongs to the Ikshvakus. Along the right bank of the river, the excavations have laid bare an abundance of structural remains. Closely packed structures adorned the border of the river, right from its descent in the west till it leaves the valley to enter an open stretch in the south. The reddish brick foundations are a fascinating sight, with their peculiarly large bricks, three times the normal size, surmounted by precariously poised greenish limestone pillars.

With these wide and firm foundations, one can easily imagine the imposing edifices of the Ikshvakus lining the river. The buildings in the centre of the valley were sporadic only, most of them Buddhist monasteries. In general, though it has been claimed that the valley was strewn with both religious and secular structures, most of them appear to be religious.

Of the religious structures, the most important was the Mahastupa. It has been argued on the basis of the inscriptions and other literary data that this most auspicious of stupas contained relics of the Buddha. During the excavations a gold casket was recovered, containing small bones and gold flowers.

In general, the stupas at Nagarjunakonda had a circular drum in the foundations with a rectangular extension in the four directions. These extensions had monolithic limestone columns set upon them. On the pillars of some important stupas inscriptions were engraved. Behind the columns, a hemispherical dome was constructed, surmounted with a rectangular box-like structure. And above the rectangular box was an umbrella-shaped structure. Such was the normal form of a stupa.

Among the stone sculptures recovered

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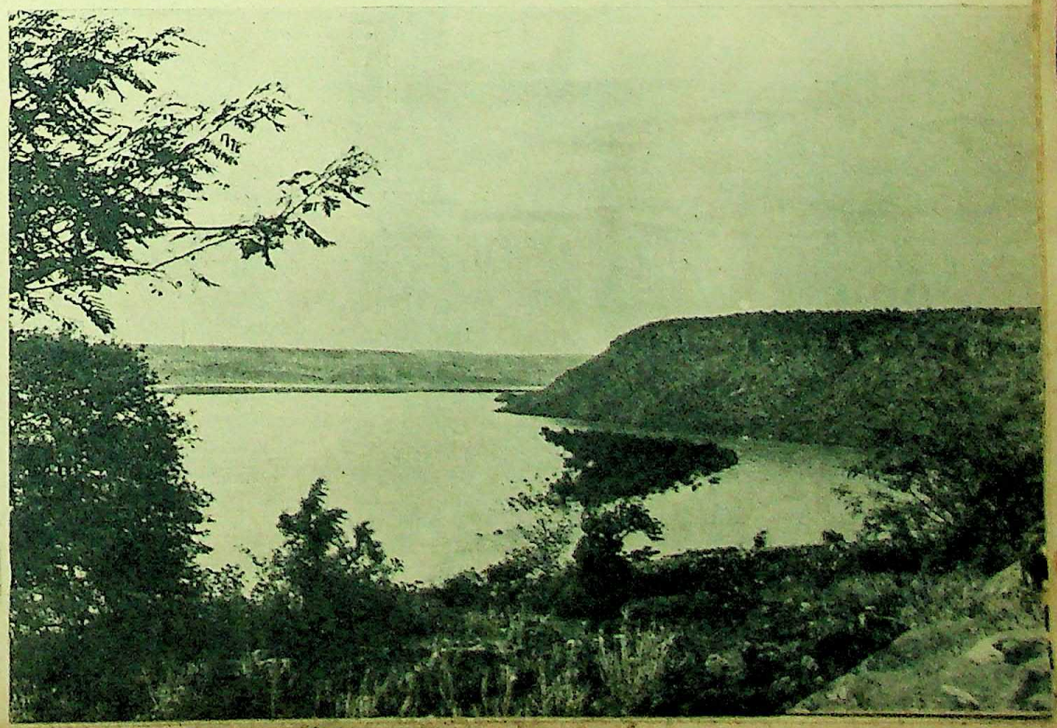
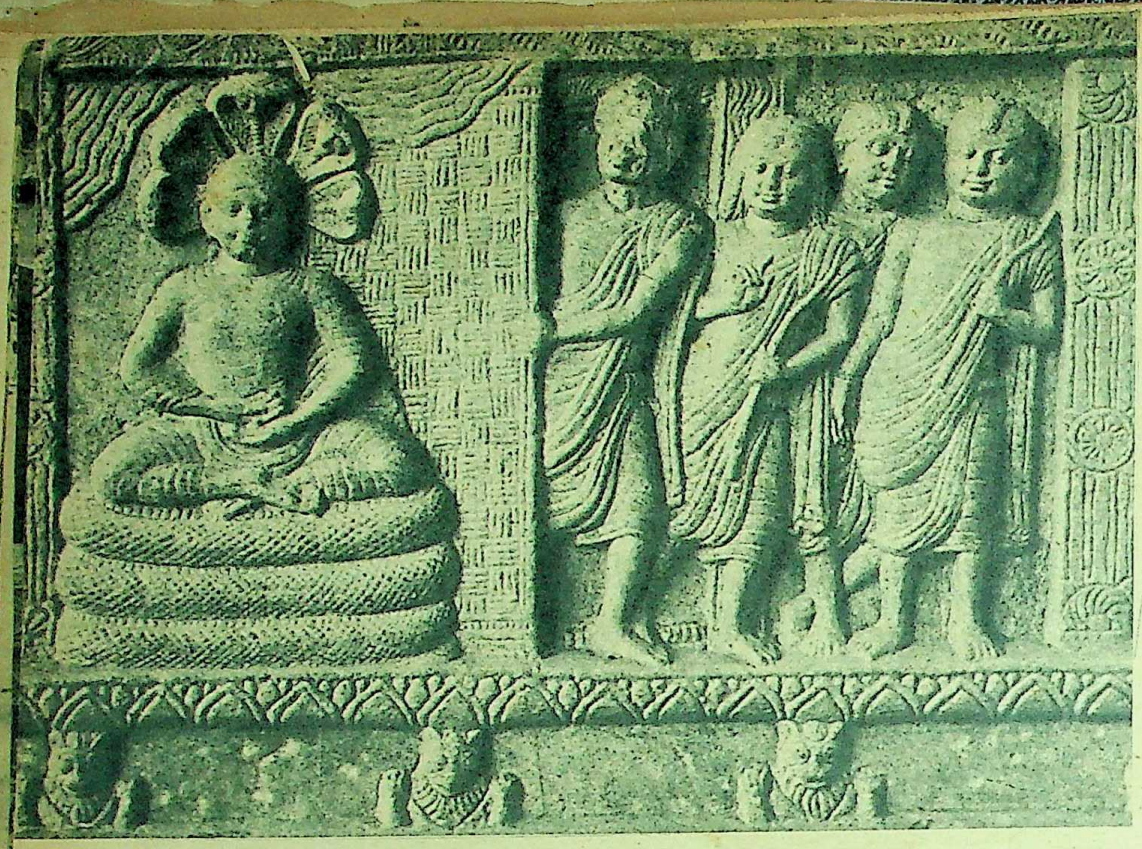


THE RIVER KRISHNA, seen from the bathing ghats of the Ikshvakus.



BAS-RELIEF carved on the cornice-stone of Stupa 9. It portrays the serpent-king Muchalinda protecting the Buddha from the rain at Gaya.

The Spell Of Nagarjunakonda

(CONTINUED)

from the debris of the stupas are huge slabs incised with the design of the stupa. These are called stupa slabs. The Mahastupa, in particular, had an elaborate stone railing running round it, with four exquisite gateways recalling the *toranas* of Sanchi.

TIVE PANEL beside the sculpture, "The First Sermon in the Deer Park".

Most of the Buddhist monks lived in well-laid-out monasteries at Nagarjunakonda. A monastic unit generally consisted of a small stupa to the fore, with three detached rectangular suites of rooms arranged U-fashion at the rear. Each room was probably meant for one monk. Some important stupas had apsidal structures—(elongated closed units with a circular bend at one end and a narrow entrance at the other). These are called *chaitya gruhas*. They are placed symmetrically opposite each other, between the stupa and the rectangular suites of rooms. Thus a miniature stupa, the *chaitya gruhas* and the three rectangular suites of rooms, arranged U-fashion, go to make up a full monastic unit. The important monasteries at Nagarjunakonda were the Bahusrutiya, the Makishasaka and the Aparamahavinaseliya.

One most important structural unit associated with Buddhism was the so-called temple of Hariti and the stadium attached to it. It was built on the slope of a hill. At the top there are three rectangular shrine chambers. From the central one a broken female statue was recovered. This was thought to be an image of Hariti, the Buddhist patroness deity of children.

Below the temple was a huge stad with sloping galleries on the four s The northern gallery was interrupte a wide and elaborate entrance. On south, a balustrade was provided in centre, opening on to a regular way t temple at the top. It was a stupen structure that was conceived by the Ik ku engineers, with what are believe have been excellent acoustic arrangem and is estimated to have provided room more than 3,000 people.

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The Karttikeya temple is also a pil ed hall lying a few metres away from in a line south of the bathing ghat. It shaped in plan, with the longer arm beside the river. According to the ins tions, this temple was built during the of one of the Ikshvaku kings, Ehu Chantamula. Structures here associ with Hindu sacrifices were the fire a and the tanks for ceremonial baths. A toise-shaped plastered pit has been tified as a *kurma chiti*. One ceremo tank had two descending flights of s running on either side to the bottom. a picturesque tank, which was elega plastered. It was provided with partic ly elaborate drainage.

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Lake Hora Abiata is accessible from the main road by a rough track. The track is not difficult. What is difficult is to recognise its beginning. After performing this feat rather accurately we were relaxing when, to our surprise, we found ourselves on the shore of the lake looking straight at flamingoes. It was a few minutes after sunrise. We left the car and as the entire shore line of the huge lake became visible to us we were rewarded with a vision of loveliness unparalleled in my bird-watching experience. All along the shore there were serried ranks of flamingoes, 20 to 25 deep. The birds were hardly astir and looked like a limitless profusion of full-blown lotuses.

With the double intrusion of the warm rays of the sun and of two human beings, however stealthy and careful, the lotuses began to stir and evolve from flowers into birds. Necks ensconced in the rounded forms slowly emerged into shapes; legs, pink and red, were stretched and appeared bent in the shallow crystal water; a few birds stood up. And then began a series of manoeuvres which were extraordinarily pleasing and delicate. A group on the left began flamingo-stepping, each step measured, unhurried and rhythmic, and with necks curved like those of thoroughbred horses; another group to the right began loosening their limbs and taking off, one by one at regular fraction-second intervals, revealing in the process jet-black flight-feathers and wings blotched with deep crimson, wheeling over the water in single file for a while and coming to rest again. In the centre several were performing solo-spinning on their own axis or duets, with two spinning in opposite directions. And all the time, slowly and imperceptibly, the entire mass was receding from the centre of the stage, to other centres slightly remote.

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THE OLD TOWN OF HARAR

It was on this climb that from a ridge across the intervening valley I saw what looked from a distance like a spiralling dust-devil. It was a gigantic locust cloud. When we entered it, thousands of locusts hit against the wind-screen and the side-windows of the car. The sun was almost blotted out and with eyes closed, it sounded like a minute hail-storm. The locusts were everywhere, crisp, earthy-brown, ugly with whiskers, in limitless numbers.

Beyond the second ridge and emerging into a higher valley we sighted an expanse of water, the seasonal Lake Ayele, shallow and muddy with over 25,000 white storks settled on its surface. The stork is a white bird with black flight-feathers and scapulars and red bill and feet. It is a winter migrant from Europe and an increasing number of them remain in Africa all the year round. Its internal movement in its habitat is controlled by food supply and the locust swarm of the first valley was obviously the remnant of a larger swarm after the storks had fed.

From Harar to Jigjiga one climbs down from the plateau on the other side. This is desert and camel country, golden, flat, warm and dry. It was in this country that one late evening I saw a goshawk sitting on an ant-hill and being baited by six hoopoes. After a while the goshawk flew away and within a few moments the hoopoes stealthily entered the ant-hill, tail first, and disappeared for the night.

During the rainy season, Bishoftu is a paradise for birds. It was here that, on an August day, I heard the unforgettable call of the barred, long-tailed cuckoo. From the rim of the crater I was going down-hill inside, to the lake, when I was arrested in my movement by the dipping flight of an elongated grey-fawn bird emitting an anguished finale to its cry. The bird returned to its perch at the top of a eucalyptus tree, rested for a while and then its call began all over again. I had heard the call before at Ngorongoro. It was in three phases. In the first phase the bird's beak pointed heavenwards, the neck was raised and lowered and the call consisted of six loud ringing notes; the second phase was made up of three mellower notes; the third phase was a hysterical cry of 24 *hwee-hwee's*, culminating in a crescendo of anguish, during which the bird jerked itself up and down on its haunches, in a frenzied manner. Then it became silent and within a matter of moments, its mate broke out in full cry. In the response, the entire call was repeated, note for note, nuance for nuance; and this went on and on till the first bird suddenly decided to dive from its perch into that dipping flight which had brought me to the scene.

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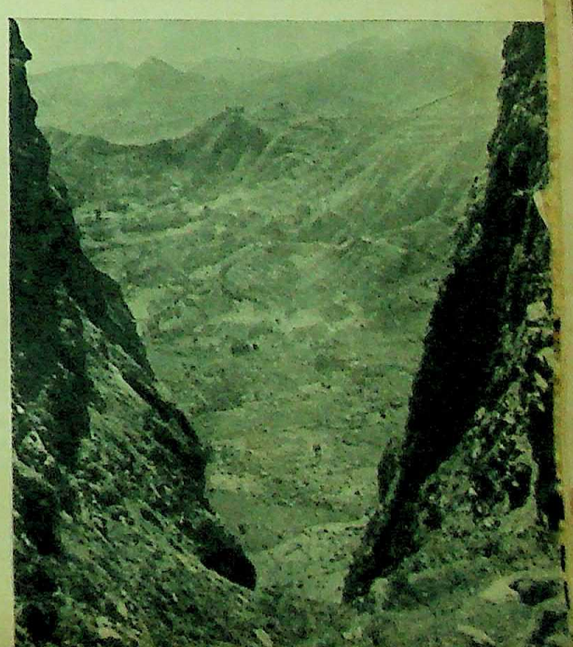
And the entire countryside—particularly the highlands—is suffused throughout the year, with a delicate fragrance of eucalyptus which is like the fragrance of cloves over Zanzibar.

GATEWAY TO DEBRA SINA



Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

BAS-RELIEF carved on the cornice-stone of Stupa 9. It portrays the serpent-king Muchalinda protecting the Buddha from the rain at Gaya.

The Spell Of Nagarjunakonda

(CONTINUED)

from the debris of the stupas are huge slabs incised with the design of the stupa. These are called stupa slabs. The Mahastupa, in particular, had an elaborate stone railing running round it, with four exquisite gateways recalling the *toranas* of Sanchi.

Most of the Buddhist monks lived in well-laid-out monasteries at Nagarjunakonda. A monastic unit generally consisted of a small stupa to the fore, with three detached rectangular suites of rooms arranged U-fashion at the rear. Each room was probably meant for one monk. Some important stupas had apsidal structures—(elongated closed units with a circular bend at one end and a narrow entrance at the other). These are called *chaitya gruhas*. They are placed symmetrically opposite each other, between the stupa and the rectangular suites of rooms. Thus a miniature stupa, the *chaitya gruhas* and the three rectangular suites of rooms, arranged U-fashion, go to make up a full monastic unit. The important monasteries at Nagarjunakonda were the Bahusrutiya, the Makishasaka and the Aparamahavinaseliya.

TIVE PANEL beside the sculpture, "The First Sermon in the Deer Park".

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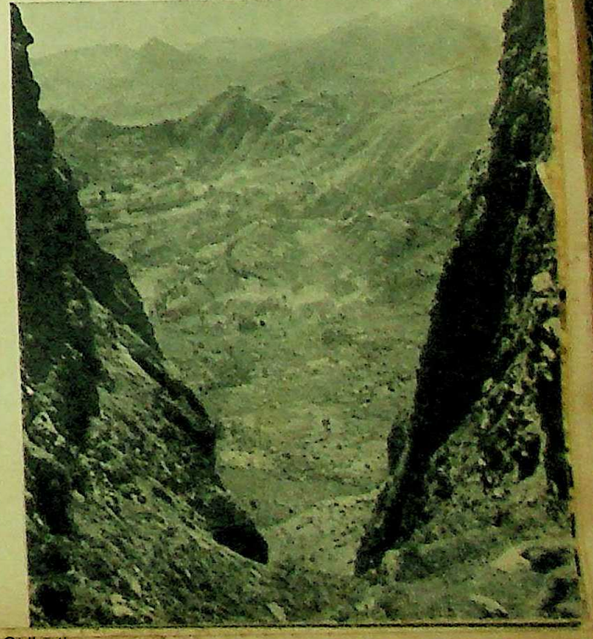

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS, MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

MITHUNA COUPLE. Decorative motif intervening between carved panels unearthed at Nagarjunakonda, depicting scenes from the life of the Buddha.

The Spell Of Nagarjunakonda

MOST great civilisations have arisen in the valleys of mighty rivers. Examples that immediately come to mind are the Nile Valley Civilisation and the Indus Valley Civilisation. One does not talk of a Krishna Valley Civilisation. But the Krishna, it must be remembered, has nurtured the civilisation of the Andhras through the centuries. Particularly Nagarjunakonda, on the banks of this river, has been a great centre of culture. It was on its banks that the Ikshvakus reigned for a hundred years or more during the early part of the Christian era.

The Satvahanas were a great power after the fall of the Mauryan Empire. Ptolemy and the author of the *Periplus of the Erythraean Sea* mention them as the lords of the whole of the Deccan, which consisted of thirty walled towns. The chief cities of this Andhra dynasty were Paithan in the north, and Amaravati in the south, in the lower Krishna valley. Amaravati was however the capital of the later Satavahana kings and it was here that they laid the foundations of classical Andhra art. The beginning of the third century A.D. saw the emergence of a new Ikshvaku power. Because of the great antiquity of this dynasty, the name Ikshvaku has become a synonym for anything old in Andhra Pradesh.

The excavations recently undertaken by the Archaeological Survey of India have thrown much light on those who held sway at Nagarjunakonda, their massive structures, their historical records, their cultural pursuits, their foreign contacts and their religion and rituals.

Before taking up in detail the unearthed by the survey, it is worth to acquaint oneself with the locatio the valley and its environs. Nagarj konda is situated in the north-ea part of the Palnad Taluka, in Guntur trict. It lies roughly six miles wes Vijayapuri South Junction, which tuated on the highway crossing the ric Palnad area from Hyderabad to tur. The valley, extending to 3,000 is relieved by small hillocks. With pitous hills surrounding it on all sides the swift-flowing River Krishna des ing from the west, it was provided natural means of both defence and port. Besides, its solitude, its s beauty and the sweet music of the flowing river caught the attention of Ikshvakus in ancient times.

Today, as a result of the multi-pur Nagarjunasagar Dam across the Kri the Nagarjunakonda valley—three up-stream—is threatened with subm ence. Hence archaeological excava have been undertaken to bring to lig much of the ancient relics as possible fore they are lost beneath the waters

The excavated material shows a tinuity of cultures on the site since pr toric times. Plenty of stone tools be ing to Palaeolithic or the Old Stone folk have been found. Their users savages who lived mainly by hunting animals with improvised stone tools

Next we see the emergence of Stone Age, or Neolithic peoples, who polished stone implements for agricul and other purposes. They were no mads like the Palaeolithis hunting They were more civilised, with a co nity and home life.

Before we come to the Ikshvak riod, we have evidence of the pe

DETAIL from the panel, "Conversion "Yaksha Alavaka", on Stupa 9. Ala shown with two of his wives.

India, March 17,

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(by INDRAJIT NALAWALLA)

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HONG KONG

A FLOURISHING ECONOMY

AT the ECAFE session in Manila, the Hong Kong delegation shocked practically everybody, especially the representatives of the so-called newly developing countries, by adopting an attitude contrary to the general one that these countries should be helped with generous amounts of aid, tariff reductions, experts and technicians.

The position taken by the Hong Kong delegates was an axiomatic one—that there is no substitute for efficient government and hard work, and that the attitude of the so-called newly developing nations, that the world owes them a living, would not take them very far.

Hong Kong's own experience has confirmed this. Hong Kong asks for no aid, no assistance, no experts, no planning bodies. All that it demands is that its products should not be discriminated against. Hong Kong stands for free competition.

Let us remind ourselves that this British Crown Colony produces no raw materials whatsoever; in fact, it has to import practically everything—even water. Even after importing all the raw materials and semi-manufactured goods, Hong Kong can compete with all other countries. In fact, Japan is showing concern over Hong Kong's transistor radio exports. This colony imports transistors from Japan, uses them in the manufacture of simple radio receivers and exports them in large quantities.

During the first three months of this year, Hong Kong exported 349,831 transistor radio receivers worth HK$10,019,112 (one HK dollar is equivalent to 85 nP). In the first quarter of this year, the United States bought 196,112 sets and the United Kingdom 113,239 sets. These figures are not of re-exports, that is radio receivers imported from abroad and then re-exported. These are Hong Kong-made radios.

Hong Kong has, today, acquired a reputation for quality. There was a time when this colony imitated, or duplicated, well-known brands of products. Today, the label "Made in Hong Kong" invariably means a guarantee of quality at an economical price.

* * *

LET us leave transistors aside. Take furniture. Again, all the fine quality timber used in furniture production has to be imported. Yet, Hong Kong has been exporting every year furniture valued at more than HK$40 million to countries as far apart as Denmark and New Guinea. Nearly half the furniture exported consisted of rattanware, and much of it went to the United States.

This colony has earned a name for carved camphorwood items as well as pieces in the Chinese style.

The manufacture of sophisticated toys by Hong Kong producers has brought about a rapid expansion in the toy industry of this colony. Last year, toys worth HK$164 million were exported.

I need hardly mention the plastic flower industry of Hong Kong. Representatives of the plastic industry of India have made pilgrimages to this colony to learn how to produce plastic flowers. There is no magic in it. It is just a question of hard and patient work. Hong Kong's plastic flowers are so realistic that you have to touch a floral sample to find out whether it is a real flower or a plastic one.

Take tobacco, also. We in India produce some of the best tobaccos in the world. Yet it is Hong Kong that is exporting cigarettes. In 1962, Hong Kong-made cigarettes were exported to 29 overseas markets. Their total value was HK$43 million. On the other hand, people in Hong Kong have asked me whether they could buy our Trichinopoly cheroots anywhere in this colony. No.

Despite an acute water shortage that has led to a curtailment of about six per cent. in the overall industrial production of Hong Kong, the colony is thriving. The population is growing very rapidly; it was 3.2 million three years ago, and today it is more than 3.5 million. But there is almost full employment. A shortage of labour is felt off and on.

The Governor, Sir Robert Black, said the other day that the purchasing power—or the per capita income at constant prices—of the people of Hong Kong has gone up by about 15 per cent. over the past two years. This represents one of the highest rates of economic growth in the world—the second highest in Asia.

Why did Sir Robert use the term "purchasing power" rather than "per capita income"? In the first place, the calculation is not the work of expert economists. Secondly, everybody in Hong Kong, the government, the industrialists and, perhaps, the people too, are against being obsessed with economics and economists and planners and experts. All that these experts are usually capable of doing is to institutionalise poverty, if I may coin such a term.

Let me explain it by giving an example. The United States, as also several other countries, have restricted the import of Hong Kong-made garments, which was the biggest export item. Some textile and garment-making units have had to curtail production or shut down. In any of the so-called newly developing countries, the usual remedial procedure would have been to refer the problem to a body of experts who would issue questionnaires, invite people to give evidence and ask for suggestions on the diversification of the industry. The result, after months of deliberation, would be a voluminous report which the government would take several more months to consider—and perhaps shelve. Like India's people's car project. After three years of work, the committee of experts came to the conclusion that a people's car was necessary. The government took three more years to come to the counter-conclusion that a people's car was not necessary.

Meanwhile, what would result is unemployment, stagnation and discontent. So, the Hong Kong authorities shun the sight of so-called experts. The motto is: Give the people freedom, economic freedom, and they will perform miracles. This is especially so with the Chinese. They are some of the most hard working and self-reliant people in the world—if they are left alone.

The Hong Kong authorities have taken the greatest possible advantage of this quality of the Chinese. There is a minimum of red-tape, a minimum of laws. When a government has the legislature at its command, the temptation is to enact laws—some of which are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. This brings the law into contempt, undermining the very basis of decent society.

The Hong Kong Government is by all standards an authoritarian one. It has the Legislative Council, which consists of a majority of officials and a minority of nominated citizens, at its command. And it could pass any number of ordinances that it might wish to. But the government is a sagacious one. Its motto is to have very few laws, and strictly to enforce them. It is neither control-conscious nor morality-minded.

Give the people freedom, especially economic freedom, and they will perform miracles—which the people of Hong Kong are performing. Despite the fact that there are bars and night-clubs every 10 yards, as it were, you seldom see a drunk on the streets. Human beings, by and large, are basically sound—morally and spiritually. It is only when you try to curb their freedom, assuming that human beings are basically bad, that they rebel against you.

So, without experts or economists, the people of Hong Kong have discovered how best to diversify production. From textiles and garments—which are still the colony's mainstay—entrepreneurs have branched off into the manufacture of transistor radios, toys, plastic flowers, cigarettes, furniture and what not.

Take building construction. Every day, nearly a million and a half dollars (about Rs. 13 lakhs) are invested here in building construction alone, leaving aside the cost of land.

Before I conclude this paean, let me sound a note of caution. While there is the greatest possible economic freedom in Hong Kong, there is an almost complete absence of political freedom. Can the two co-exist and lead to prosperity?

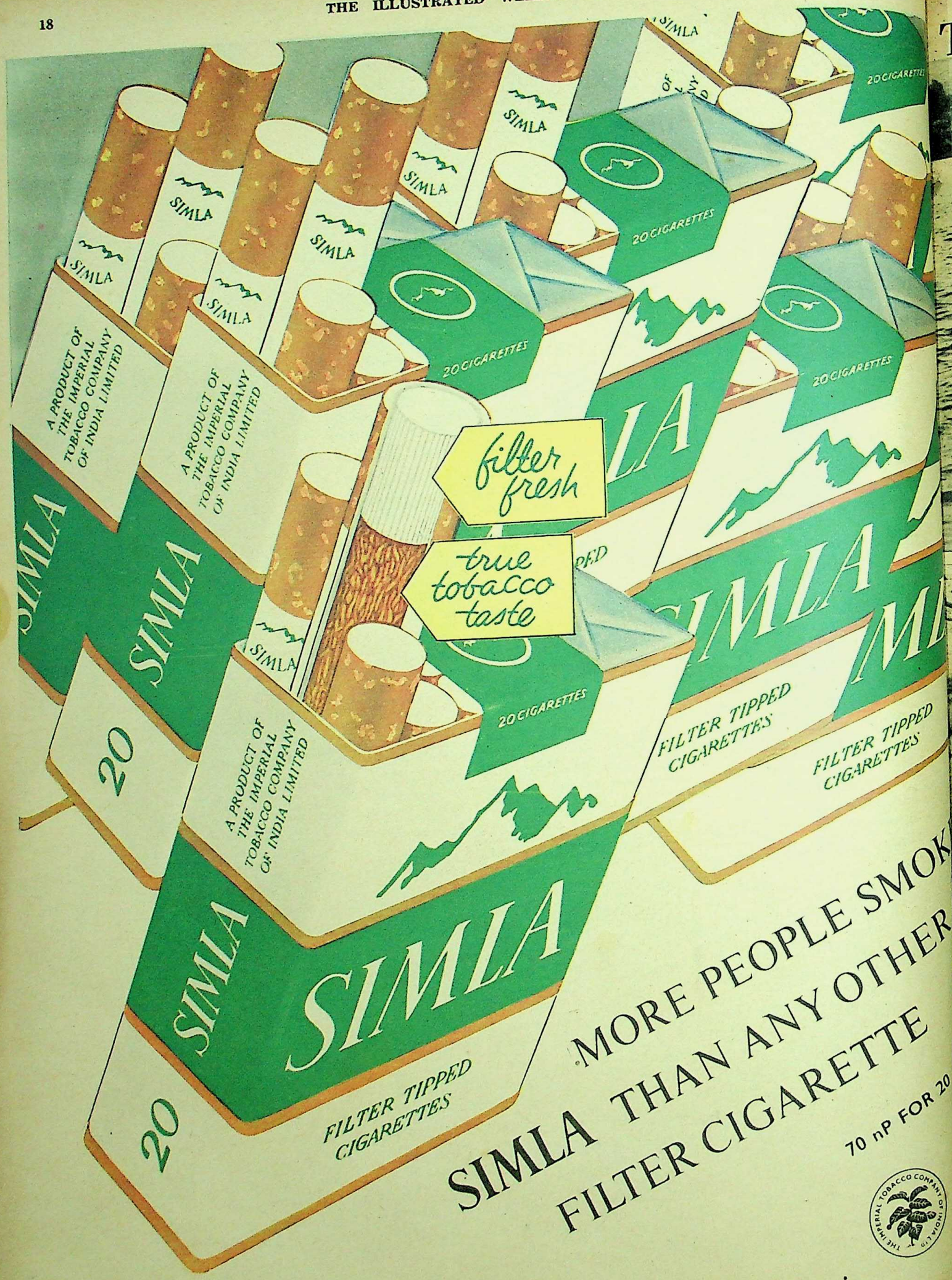
* * *

INDIANS have contributed their share to the colony's prosperity. Indian merchants were pioneers in introducing Hong Kong's garments to markets abroad. Their work has been duly appreciated. Mr. H. N. Harilela, a leading member of the Indian community, has been made a Justice of the Peace. The occasion was celebrated by his elder brother, Mr. G. N. Harilela, at a gala Chinese dinner the other day.

Mr. D. P. Sarin, manager of an Indian bank in Hong Kong, is now the President of the local Rotary Club. He was the moving spirit behind the Tagore Centenary celebrations here.

Swami Ranganathanandaji, Secretary of the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, who is a brilliant speaker, delivered a series of lectures here in connection with the Swami Vivekananda Centenary. They were personally organised by the Indian Commissioner, Mr. P. S. Kotda-Sangani.

SUDHAKAR BHAT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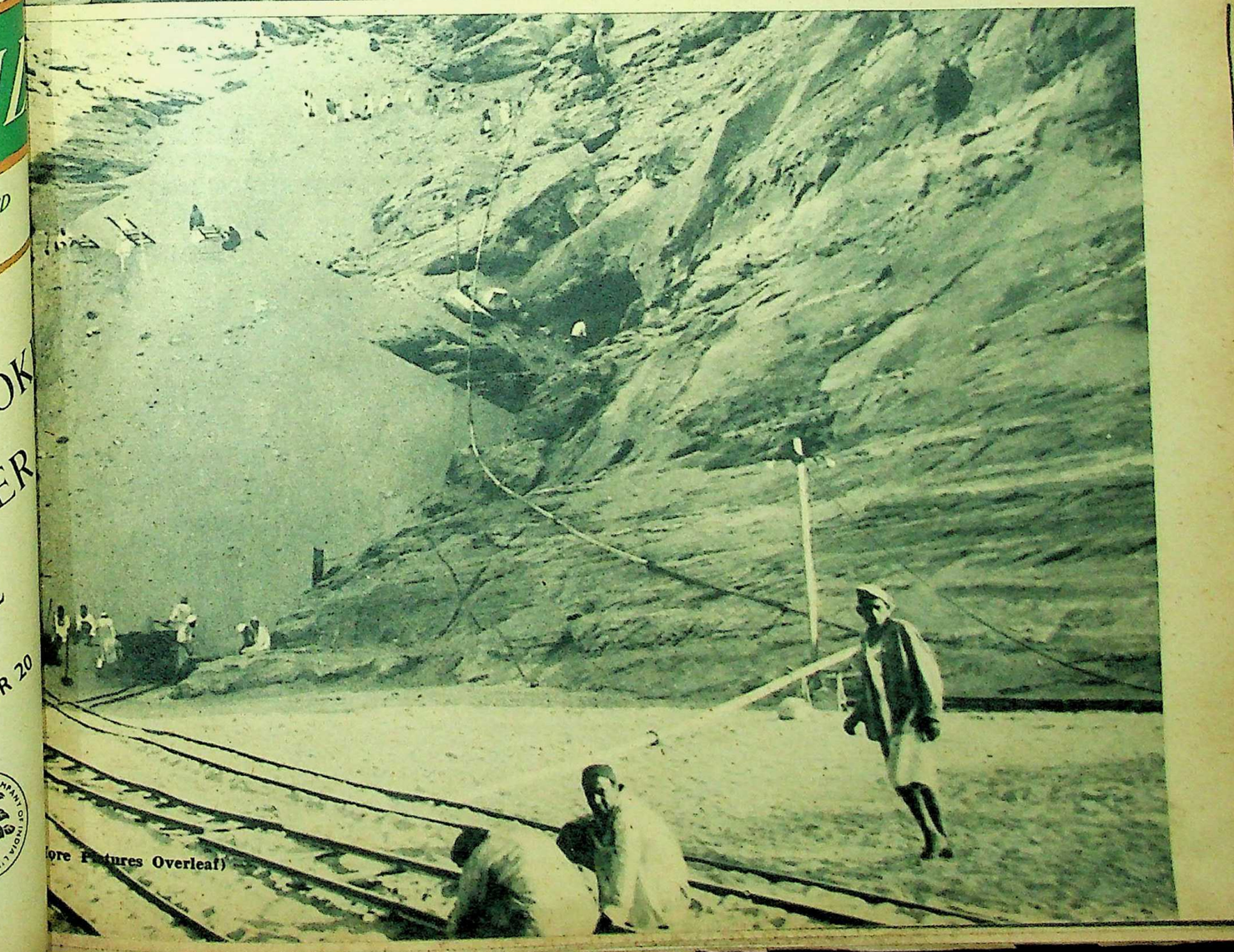
The Temples Of Abu Simbel (CONTINUED)



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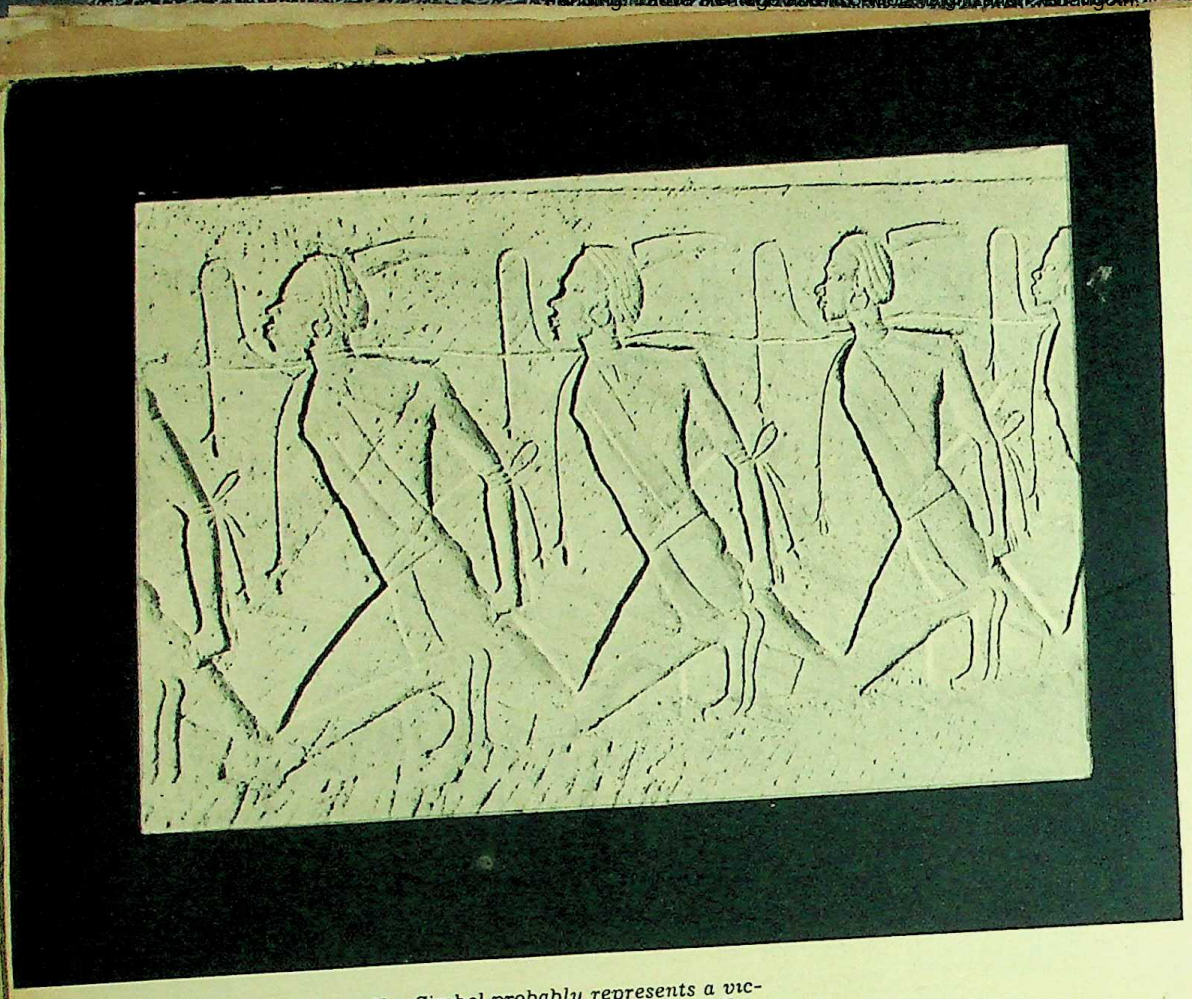

THIS BAS-RELIEF at Abu Simbel probably represents a victory of Ramses II over the people of the Lower Nile valley. The prisoners are bound together. Below: Sudanese workmen—a break for gossip?

NUBIA MONUMENTS

A Price For The Aswan High Dam?

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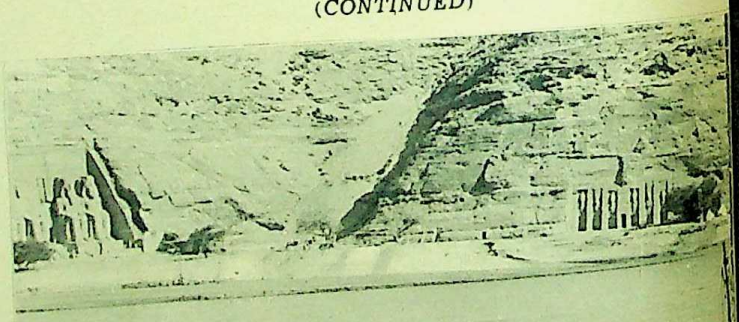
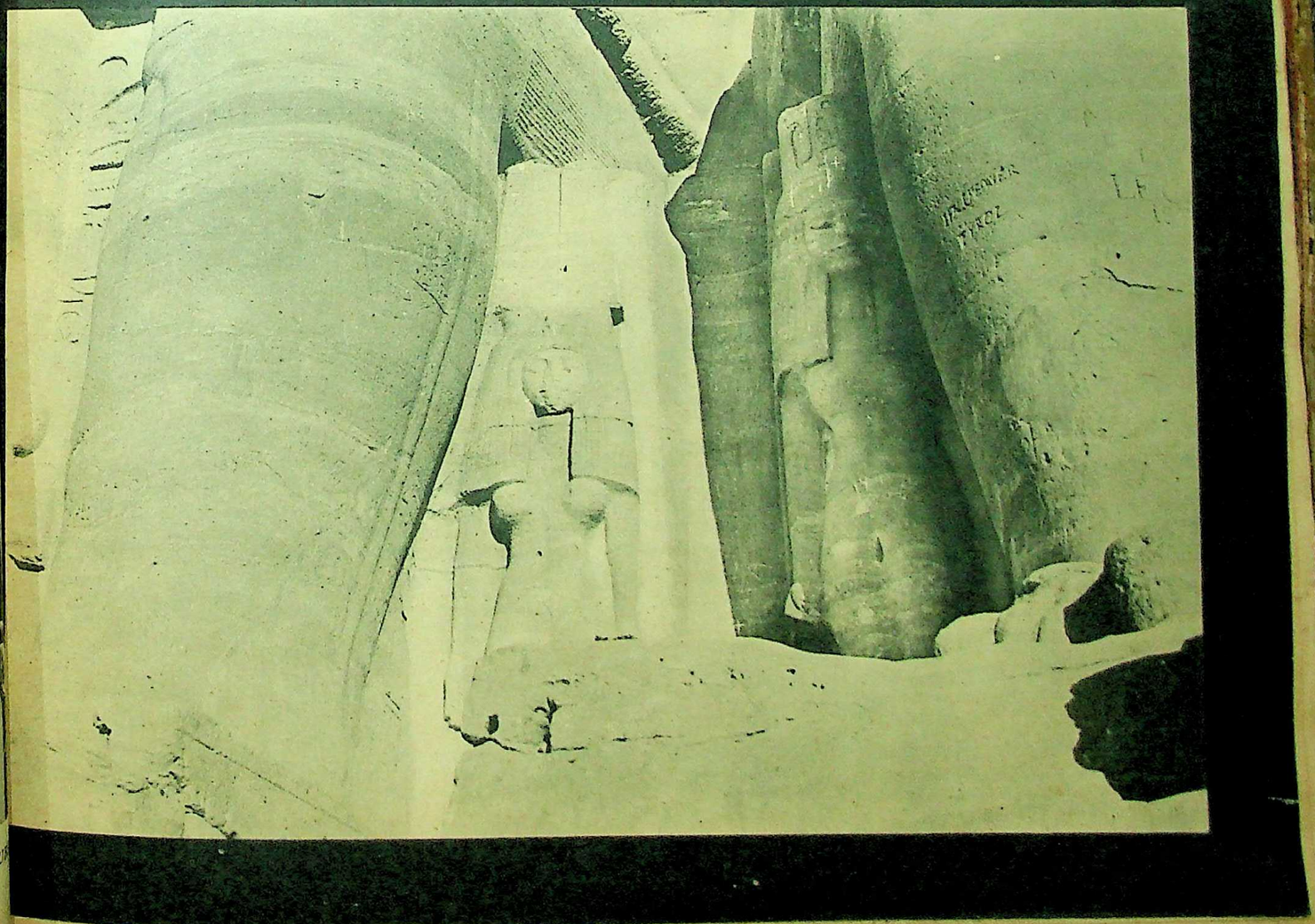
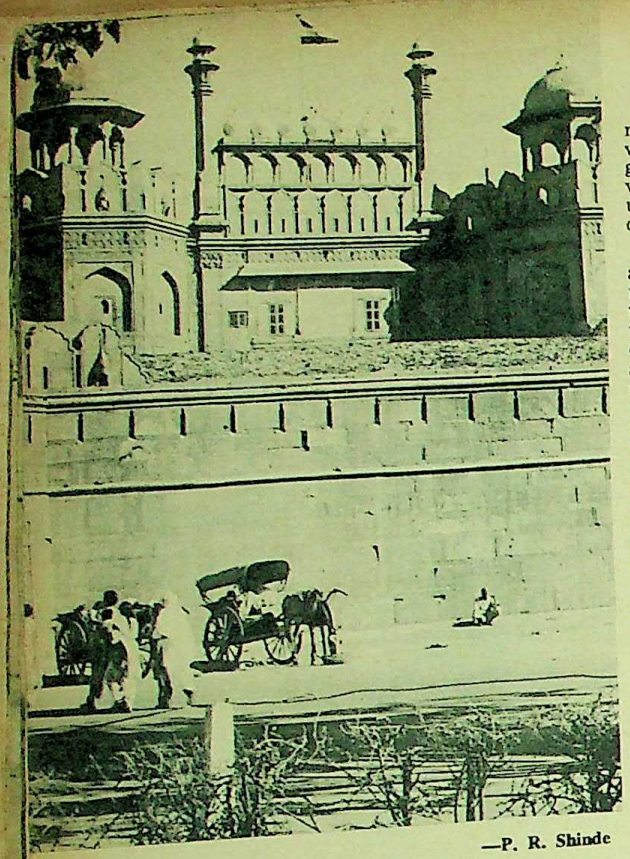


DEMOLISHING THE PAST OR BUILDING FOR THE FUTU

THE PYRAMIDS OF MEROE appear in the desert, two miles from Abu Simbel. Right: Besides their original religious carvings, the temples also bear inscriptions of different times. Below: Goddesses or queens? The statues are carved in red sandstone.





—P. R. Shinde

Newsletters

DELHI

ECCENTRICITIES OF WEATHER

IT was in the last week of June that I heard the wail of the monsoon bird; I prophesied that it would rain within the next 24 hours. The official weather man agreed with my prognostications and forecast "cloudy with showers". I heard the monsoon bird call the next day and on many days that followed. The weather man's balloon dropped messages from the skies and he continued to promise "clouds and showers". But the sky remained an expanse of grey. Thus passed the first week of Savan, belying the claim often made that our calendar is much closer to the seasons than the Roman. I gave up guessing about the weather. But not the official weatherman. To vary the tedium, one morning he forecast that for the next 24 hours it would remain "fair". That day the capital had its first shower of rain.

There was a time when all eccentricities of weather were ascribed to nuclear tests. The comrades used to wag their heads solemnly and say, "It's those Americans with their atom bombs." The anti-comrades would, with equal conviction, say, "It's those Russians exploding hydrogen bombs." It seems we now have more confidence in our own prowess to influence the heavens. The common explanation of the strange phenomenon of rain in neighbouring Uttar Pradesh and the Punjab but not in Delhi was: "It's due to the wickedness that goes on in the Capital; Bhagavan Indra is angry with Indraprastha."

* * *

THE onset of the monsoon coincides with the opening of our schools and colleges. This year the authorities have done a good job in handling admissions. The Delhi area has 1,500 schools and over 500,000 children of school-going age. Last year 18 new higher secondary schools were opened; they have absorbed a back-log of 22,000 boys and girls. Nevertheless 10,000 children have still to be provided for and thousands more are on the way. It is estimated that the Capital needs another 100 schools to be able to absorb all its children. Meanwhile city fathers had a few nasty things to say about schools without blackboards, floor-mattresses, drinking water and urinals. It would appear that some institutions receiving government grants are alfresco establishments where a *guruji* imparts wisdom to his *chelas* under the ample shade of a banyan tree. How delightfully Vedic!

Dr. Deshmukh has been able to provide an additional 1,500 seats in the University and this year only a few students have been unable to find accommodation in colleges. The University authorities are planning to set up another campus in the south of Delhi to save students' travelling long distances to the present site at the extreme north of the city. Attempts to break the unwholesome practice of ragging newcomers have not been very successful. I watched some of the horseplay with nauseated disgust: placarding novices with signs reading "first-year fool"; making them (boys as well as girls) dance or sing in public or accost strangers. No subtlety, no wit or humour. Just a lot of hoo-ha yelling in the manner of street urchins at Holi. And all this under the erroneous (and pointless) notion that ragging is in the best traditions of Oxford and Cambridge.

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A FRIEND in Scotland has sent me a brochure of the festival of music at Edinburgh. This has been an "India year". Lord Harewood, who is the driving force behind the festival does not do things by halves; he invited the very best of Indian talent to his country: Ali Akbar Khan (sarod), Ravi Shankar (sitar), Alla Rakha (tabla), Palghat Raghu (mridangam), M. S. Subbulakshmi (vocal) and Balasaraswati (Bharata Natyam). The Indian music programme began with an *aperitif* discussion at which Dr. Narayana Menon and Yehudi Menuhin explained the scope of India's participation. The festival was scheduled to hold the world premiere of Satyajit Ray's new film, *Mahanagar* (Calcutta), and a continuous showing of his trilogy: *Pather Panchali*, *Aparajito* and *Apu Sansar*. To complete the Indian picture, a Gorkha pipers' band took part in the searchlight tattoo which attracted over 10,000 visitors every night.

Most of our artists were to return home after their performances—only Narayana Menon staying on to deliver a series of talks on Indian music.

Dr. Menon's return home will be eagerly awaited. He has just taken over as Secretary of the Sangeet Natak Akademi which has been in the doldrums for the last four years. I asked Narayana how he intended to reactivate the almost still-born institution. He mentioned a number of items. The first is the National School of Drama. He has great confidence in Alkazi's ability and uncompromising standards of artistic integrity to give the country a first-rate Institute of Dramatic Art. If Alkazi succeeds—there is every reason to believe that he will—he might well start a chain reaction in the states, many of which have Tagore theatres of their own. Dr. Menon also hopes to build a national archives of classical and folk music where film recordings of celebrated dancers like Balasaraswati and Shambhu Maharaj (who are fast losing their touch) will be preserved for posterity. Narayana's own pet project—and one which is bound to have the enthusiastic approval of the Akademi's Chairman, the Maharaja of Mysore—is "to bring Indian music into the mainstream of world music without surrendering any of its national tradition".

* * *

THERE has been much talk about the National Book Trust. It would be a euphemism to say that it has failed to deliver the goods. It started off badly by publishing some very second-rate stuff, which was also very poorly printed. A similar charge could not be levelled against the new management which took over last year—the new management has produced nothing at all. The Trust gets a grant of over one lakh of rupees a year from the Ministry of Education. Judging from its output it must be the most expensive publishing house in the world. A wiseacre has said: "The name at least is well chosen; the nation takes its book production on trust."

KHUSHWANT SINGH

ANNOUNCING

OUR BUMPER DIVALI ISSUE

(November 17)

"The Illustrated Weekly of India", November 17, will be a special issue in more senses than one. For it will not only commemorate that festival of festivals, Divali, but will coincide with the occasion of Prime Minister Nehru's 74th birthday. It will also cover the season of festivals, cultural and religious, which will have by then commenced throughout the country. Naturally, it will offer our readers a veritable feast of good writing, choice colour and topical material.

HOMAGE TO SRI SAMKARACHARYA OF SRINGERI

This important number will appropriately open with a comprehensive, ten-page photo essay on His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Samkaracharya of the ancient Sarada Peetham at Sringeri, established by Bhagavan Samkara himself. The authoritative text will be written by an eminent historian and it will be accompanied by outstanding pictures in colour and black and white.

Among the other features will be:

ACCENT ON CLASSICAL INDIAN DANCES

Lively articles, with illustrations in colour, by Ritha Devi, Nayana Jhaveri, Indrani Rahman, Maya Rao, Balu Bhagavathar, Mohan Khokar, Krishnakutty, S. V. Vasudev and A. S. Raman; striking studies of Balasaraswati by Marilyn Silverstone

FICTION

Short stories by Jainendra Kumar (Hindi), Jarasandha (Bengali), Nirmal Verma (Hindi) and Nellore Kesavaswami (Telugu)

SECTION ON CHILDREN

This special issue will include a separate section on children and it will contain a number of articles, features and illustrations which will be of particular interest to our readers in the context of the Prime Minister's 74th birthday, to be celebrated as Children's Day.

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DELHI

PROBL

MEMORIES of were revived enacted by 5 the State Police. these refugees had spacious grounds of ignored all pleas, n fused to shift elsew the sympathies of D continued misuse of many forts—the site to wade through sw Humayun's library mosque and *baoli*.

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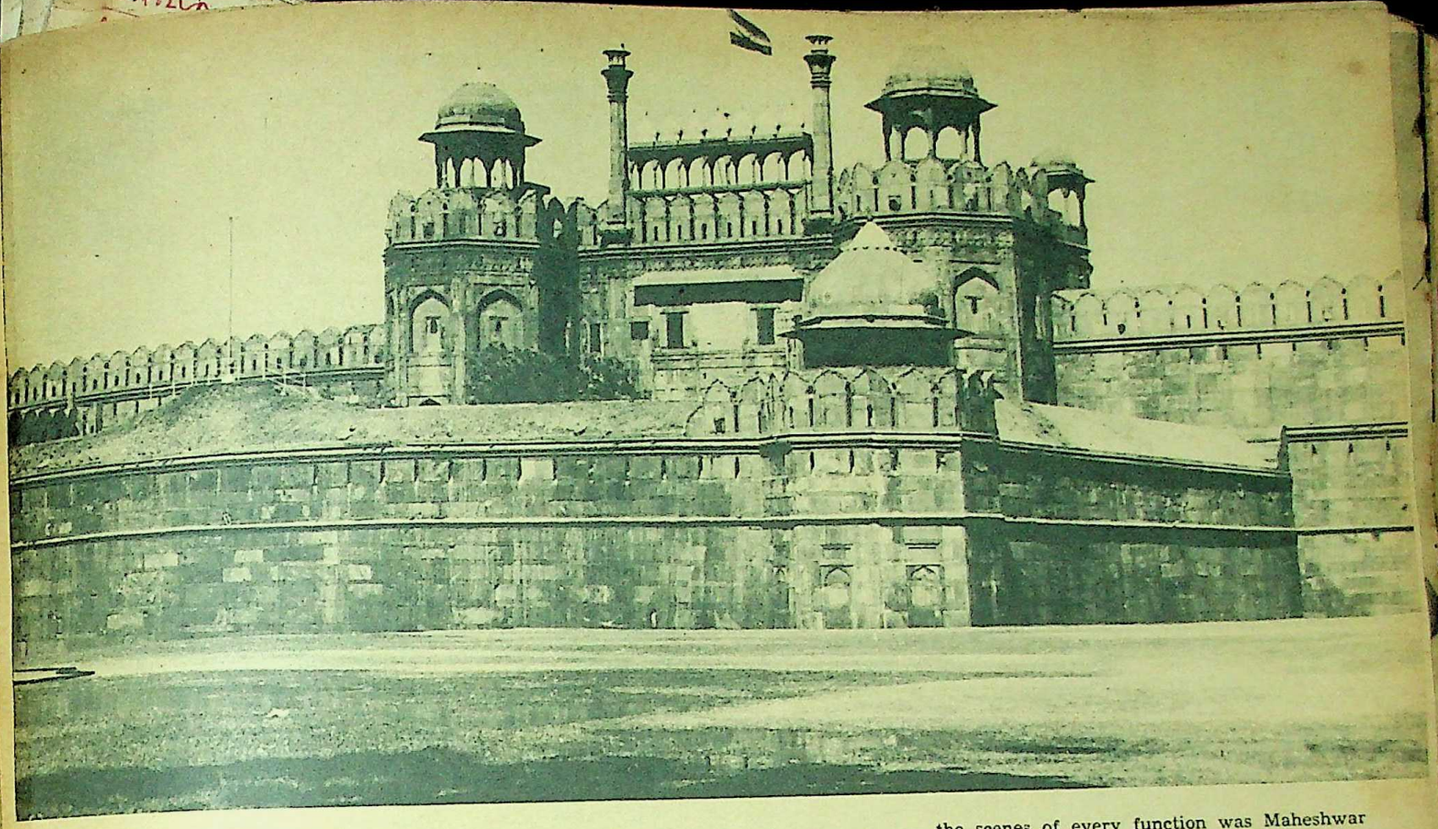


Newsletters

DELHI

PROBLEM OF THE SQUATTERS

MEMORIES of the great exodus of 1947 were revived in a sort of passion play enacted by 5,000 Punjabi refugees and the State Police. For the last 16 years these refugees had made their homes in the spacious grounds of Purana Qila. They had ignored all pleas, notices and threats and refused to shift elsewhere; they had forfeited the sympathies of Delhiwallas because of the continued misuse of the most ancient of our many forts—the site of Indraprastha. One had to wade through swarms of urchins to get to Humayun's library, Sher Shah's beautiful mosque and *baoli*.

Every time I went to Purana Qila and saw the unsightly cluster of tenements I cursed the squatters, *a la* Shakespeare, "a plague upon all your houses". But there are many ways of doing things; of these our bureaucrats only know one—the most unpleasant. In the very early hours of the morning the fort was cordoned off by the police; constables hauled the refugees out of their beds; their goods and belongings were loaded on to trucks; and while they were still rubbing sleep out of their eyes, their tenements were levelled to the ground. This gave the settlement the appearance of a riot-torn city in the Punjab during partition. The wailing of women and children added poignancy to the scene.

The resettlement of these unfortunate families was not tackled with the enthusiasm displayed in ousting them. The two sites chosen to settle them were without proper lighting or sanitation. The drinking water was muddy; no food or vegetables were available in the vicinity; no building material was supplied. Many families had to spend their nights under the stars on ground infested with serpents. Then came an unseasonable cloud-burst. The temperature dropped suddenly and a chill wind began to blow. This too was exactly as it had been in the autumn of 1947—and once more the refugees' cup of sorrow was full to the brim.

We have not heard the last of the squatters' sorry tale. The matter is bound to be brought up in the next session of Parliament. So also some other examples of misuse of power by local authorities. Amongst the most glaring was the act of the New Delhi Municipality in cutting off the drinking water of an entire block of flats because of the improper use made of it by some. The principle applied would seem to be the same as invoked by the British in bombing villages on the North-West Frontier where culprits were known to be hiding. In some matters at least, New Dehli Municipality keeps alive the Imperial tradition of the British Raj.

Meanwhile, for the umpteenth time, the future set-up of Delhi is being discussed—this time between Nanda and Dharam Vira. Current rumours are that Delhi will have a Metropolitan Council. New Delhi Municipality will remain an assembly of loyal *darbaries*.

* * *

DELHI celebrated the 101st death anniversary of its last Moghul ruler the poet-emperor Bahadur Shah Zafar. The celebrations were organised by the *Bazm-i-Zafar;* the *Bazm* itself was organised by Maheshwar Dayal, the distinguished playwright. The Red Fort where Bahadur Shah had lived, bandied verses with Ghalib and in which he was tried and condemned to death was the scene of much speech-making, *mushairas* and *Kathak* dances. Behind the scenes of every function was Maheshwar Dayal who has made the study of his native city his chief cultural pre-occupation. He is the founder of the *Bharatiya Kala Kendra* and *Bal Sahyog* which now provides shelter to over 100 vagrant children. He proposes to bring out a commemoration volume on Zafar. He is also behind the movement to have the remains of the Emperor and his consort removed from Rangoon and interred at Mehrauli in the site selected by Zafar before his deportation. All power to his elbow!

* * *

HOW ambassadorial is a person outside his own country? More than we realise. Our opinions of other races or nations are usually generalisations of personal experiences of one or two persons of that race or nation. Yet we do very little to equip our own nationals going abroad with the necessary wherewithal to smooth personal relations with foreigners. India has lost many friends because of the ignorance of simple conventions like saying "please" before a request and "thank you" afterwards; by the lack of table manners, courtesy to ladies, etc. All these could be taught in the course of a week. Similarly, despite our much publicised welcome to foreigners, we hardly invite them to our homes. Most foreign students in our universities complain of our lack of cordiality and instead of becoming friends of India end up as its bitterest critics. The lot of the coloured students from the United States and Africa can be extremely unpleasant. I heard a Negro student say with great anger that we Indians are the most colour conscious people he had ever met. This sad state of affairs may be partially remedied by the setting up of a Students Information Centre designed to put outgoing Indians through a course of 'occidentation' and arranging for the reception of foreign students in private Indian homes. The organising body will be strictly non-official; the board will consist of lawyers, educationists, doctors and business men. The project is the brain-child of a local journalist and has the enthusiastic support of a young millionaire, Kapil Mohan. Curious quirk of fate! Mohan has inherited his wealth from a firm once owned by the family of the notorious General Dyer of Jallianwala Bagh fame.

KHUSHWANT SINGH

—S. V. Satyanarayana

NEWSLETTERS (Continued)

HYDERABAD

THE CULTURAL SEASON BEGINS

AFTER a somewhat eventless spell during the monsoon, we are having a sudden spate of cultural efflorescence in this multi-lingual city—Telugu dance dramas, Kannada literary meets, Marathi folk-music concerts, Urdu *mushairas*, Bengali *puja* festivities and Hindusthani music. The festive air induced by the cultural catharsis has been heightened by the odd juxtaposition of this year's two Dasseras and Divalis. Thanks to differences among astrologers, children here are having the best of both almanacs. The city also celebrated the seventh anniversary of Andhra Pradesh, and a Radio Sangeet Sammelan featuring its top talent.

Hyderabad's tourist season has also commenced with the lifting of the seasonal wet blanket. The garden city has unrolled its green carpet for visitors. Hotels and homes are full to overflowing with holidaying visitors from other States and abroad. It is a common sight to find knots of these around the city's landmarks, beauty spots—and, of course, the bars. The fine weather beckons the family out of doors. Ambling through the Baag-e-Aam, our public gardens, the other evening, we paused awhile, on my little daughter's insistence, near a lotus pond. The scene around had a timeless quality, as we watched the swans glide by, unhurriedly, the "just-washed" green of surrounding lawns providing an idyllic setting.

Hoping to capture some of the feel of Nature's evanescent moods, we drove up the nearby Naubat Pahaad hillock, now being developed by the Hyderabad Corporation as a kind of "white boudoir window on Hyderabad". The city's skyline was darkening, lights were appearing one by one like sequins, and it was tranquil except for the distant crackling of Divali crackers and an occasional burst of fire rockets hurtling down the sky.

* * *

PERHAPS it is an incurable romantic vein in me which makes me attribute all the gaiety and activity to the passing of the Monsoon. A friend of mine, a doctor, to whom I mentioned the changing face of Nature dismissed my words as "romantic popycock". "For me," he said, "'my washerman test' tells unerringly when the rains have receded. When the dhobi resumed coming regularly, I knew the Monsoon was over." Knowing a little of the "pedestrian's plight and the dhobi's delight" during wet spells, I tend to agree.

During the deafening and shaking experience of Divali fireworks, one is tempted to ruminate on sounds and vibrations. Curiously, in a different context, it was sounds and vibrations of words which figured prominently in an interesting talk given at the Central Institute of English here by S. Raja Rao, the well-known author. Speaking on the potentiality of English, Raja Rao described how his search for the *mot juste* in his writings had led him to a study of languages like Latin, Sanskrit and his native Kannada. His theory is that words correspond to certain vibrations and that communication between writer and reader is easy and natural when the same words evoke the same vibrations in both. In the search for the right vibration for words, he urged teacher-trainees at the Institute to study the big Oxford dictionary, Shakespeare, the Bible and Sanskritic root words. Shakespeare had a vocabulary of 23,000 words which he utilised with telling effect, he said. His speech which began with a bang about vibrations, however, ended on a whimper when, proposing a vote of thanks, a trainee-teacher clarified that at the Institute the whole effort was to train teachers to increase the average student vocabulary in India to a minimal 1,000 words so that they could follow their courses.

One of the reasons for this poor word-equipment is clearly the growing emphasis on regional languages, and the "dethronement" of English. But here, perhaps, the experience of Soviet Russia is a pointer. According to Dr. D. S. Reddi, Vice-Chancellor, Osmania University, who has returned from a three-week tour of Russian universities, the regional medi has been successfully pressed into service higher education in the Tashkent and Ashk bad universities. Osmania, incidentally, was dia's first university to experiment with regional medium (Urdu) for all faculties, mixed results. It was only 15 years ago the experiment was abandoned for political academic reasons.

Dr. Reddi's advice to aspirants for hig education in science and technology would pear to be "Young man, go north!" He said Patrice Lumumba Friendship University Moscow, which had 5,000 students, mostly fr Africa and South America, was keen that m Indian students should come there for scie courses. At present, Indian students numbe a bare 110 there.

* * *

AFTER their successful showing in Bomb five Andhra painters held a group show Delhi, early this month. The encouraging re ponse in these cities has gladdened the hea of art-lovers here, and may be said to pr vide solace to the souls of the pioneers, Dame la Ramarao and Adivi Bapiraju, who stro much to place Andhra on the artist's map India. Critics here tell me that while mo Andhra painters have "gone modern", they a eclectic and have an open mind in discoveri new vistas and modes of self-expression. facility for periodic artists' exhibitions b been provided for art-lovers at the Americ Culture Centre here. I went round two delig ful shows here recently. The one by Jagdi and Kamla Mittal, both of the Shantiniketa school, depicted the rhythm, refinement a "Indianness" so characteristic of the Beng school. The other, by the 25-year-old medic Dr. S. D. Parwatikar, had 25 compositions, so of which were notable for fiery colours a bold symbolisms. A "sunday-painter", Dr. Pa watikar is leaving for the United States shor ly to specialise in psychiatry.

"Can't the Moon wait?" was the catch caption of an interesting one-hour program held at the Rotary Club here as part of the Un ted Nations Day celebrations. The novel featu was a mock session of the U.N. General A sembly, complete with crest, chairs, Presid and Secretary-General. "India" moved a r solution asking the super-powers to stop th expensive Moon projects and help the U spend the huge outlays for humanitarian pr jects on earth. The stage was imaginative laid out and the "Ghanaian, Indian and Indo nesian" delegates were dressed for their pa The voting on the resolution revealed a t and when it was put to the audience's voice vo the noes predominated. Moon or no moon was a delightful evening's fare. The Lion's Cl and several academic institutions also cel brated the day with eclat.

MAVIN KURU

To Readers ...

THE STATE OF THE NATION: A QUESTIONNAIRE

Closing Date Extended

(1) If you were asked to sum up, just in one sentence, your vision of India, what would be your answer?

(2) Similarly, if you were asked to comment on the reality as you see it, how would you do so in one sentence?

(3) What, according to you, are the three main barriers that stand between the vision and the reality?

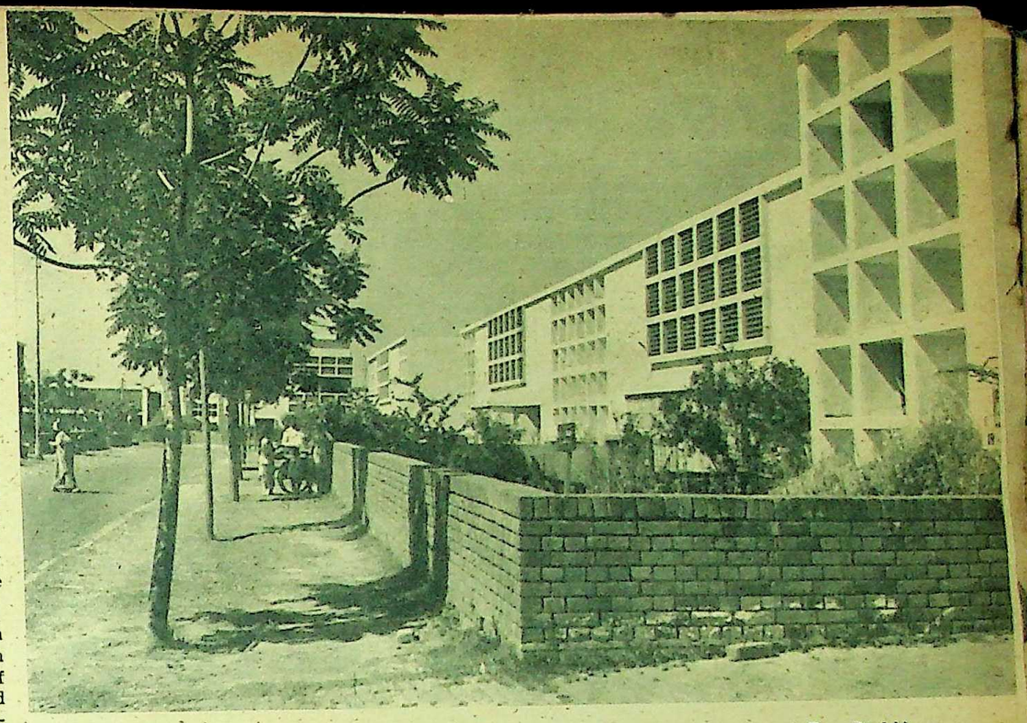
(4) Are you satisfied with the over-all progress India has made since Independence? (Yes or No)

(5) What is our most outstanding achievement in recent times? Why do you consider it so important? (30 words)

(6) Likewise, can you name our saddest failure? On what grounds do you regard it as so tragic? (30 words)

Readers' replies should be accompanied by a cutting of this announcement and the envelopes, marked "The State of the Nation Questionnaire", should arrive not later than Friday, December 20, 1963. Cash Prizes, each of Rs. 50, will be awarded for the top ten entries. These, as well as a selection from the remaining answers, will be published in our issue of February 9, 1964.

—Editor



—Ram Panjabi

CHANDIGARH

MATERIAL PROGRESS Vs. CULTURE

THE cultural health of a people depends on their economic vitality. It is only a certain state of civilisation based on material well-being which makes for a climate of culture. This is, of course, not to suggest that only an affluent society can release our spiritual and imaginative energies. A purely materialistic attitude in the end always causes a steady deterioration of the mind and the soul. But if runaway affluence is in danger of producing synthetic values, grinding poverty is in danger of perverting all values *per se*. For, though an island of *elite* culture (such as our Indian princes helped create even in periods of national decadence) may manage to exist precariously amidst a sea of squalor, it cannot become representative of communal life. Thus, when a people start climbing out of endemic poverty to a state of relative freedom from hunger and want as the Punjabis are endeavouring to do at the moment, one naturally expects to witness a parallel upsurge in the field of culture as well.

And to be sure, one does find signs of such an efflorescence, though the blossoms are soon in the dust. Maybe, it is characteristic of adolescent cultures as also of newly-oriented economies to produce more baubles and marbles. As it is, the Punjab, unlike some of the Southern States, has no deep-seated or far-reaching classical traditions to draw sustenance from. No school or movement in dance and drama, in art and music, in sculpture and architecture has emerged over the centuries to give a formalised, disciplined expression to the bullient and opulent spirits of its people. Isolated efforts to tame their wild fantasies continue to be made, but in view of their limited and local value, no tradition appears to strike root. The thinness of cultural life therefore is a painful contrast to the energetic economy of the State.

• • •

OF course, since Partition, the State Government and educational authorities have taken considerable pains to revive our folk art, dance and song. Witness, for instance, the enthusiasm generated by the zonal competitions in dance, drama and music, and the annual University Youth Festivals (which incidentally synchronize with the cool, crisp and fresh post-autumn days). But all said and done, there is still a cultural hiatus which needs to be bridged. For the *Bhangra* and the *Gidha*, our dance forms, notwithstanding their lusty abandon and athletic appeal, or the *Tappa* and the *Mahiya*, notwithstanding their impish and lusty improvisation, are after all elementary forms of aesthetic expression. Only the *Heer* and, to some extent, the *Mirza* with their haunting melody and perennial human interest appear to have graduated to a kind of para-classical status, though even they are more the outcome of sustained virtuosity than of any real training or discipline. I suppose, sooner or later, we will have to turn seriously to classical traditions, so far as dancing is concerned. The *Bharat Natyam* (which, as Shirin Vajifdar observed during her recent performances in Chandigarh, Patiala and Ludhiana, was once much native to the Land of the Five Rivers as it is today to the Southern States), in particular, not only defines the mystic beauty and grace of the human body, but also the ineffable music of the Indian soul. Until we establish a few centres of training under the guidance of *Gurus* from the South, classical dancing will not become a part of our cultural life.

Such visits, therefore, as those of Madame Vajifdar and the Manipur State Cultural Troupe are highly welcome. The former had come along with her two charming pupils, Kumari Sunita and Kumari Pallu, to raise funds for the proposed Professional Theatre in the Punjab. Kumari Sunita, in particular, appears to have a great future before her. She has a unique control over her disciplined limbs which even as they throb with the poetry of life, or pass from dalliance to devotion, retain a touch of artlessness.

Talking of the cultural scene, it would be pertinent to touch upon the lack of reading habit in the Punjab. Generally, people here are not book-minded. I do not think this has much to do with our literary output which undoubtedly is mostly meretricious, derivative *pastiche*. The real reason, I guess, is the innate philistinism of the neo-rich. It is amazing how the expanding upper middle class, which is queueing up for cars, scooters, refrigerators, tape-recorders, transistor radios and other gadgets, does not care for books. A leading Punjabi publisher told me sadly the other day that he had accumulated a dead stock of books worth about Rs. 3,00,000 in 10 years or so. It appears that a book in Punjabi, whatever its merit, has no future, if it fails to be prescribed as a school or college textbook. Thus, we have the depressing and degrading spectacle of authors dancing attendance upon our educational "politicians" and executives. No wonder there is a joke about the ease with which anyone capable of scribbling can claim the status of a writer. All that one needs is an investment of a few hundred rupees. Whereas talent elsewhere has to struggle for a "break", our potential writers have only to put pen to paper!

The *Mushaira* and the *Kavi Darbar* have declined in the State since Independence. The *Mushaira* was bound to come to grief with the virtual passing away of Urdu in these parts. It is a great pity that the generation which has now reached the age of reason is a total stranger to this beautiful and sophisticated language, the language of their literate forbears. As for the *Kavi Darbar*, it continues to be held on religious, festive and political occasions, though it has lost its pristine glory. Poetry now has become under Western influences more personal, in fact "a private country", to use Lawrence Durrell's phrase. It is no longer written to order, and it has ceased to be hortative and declamatory. In short, it does not lend itself to any kind of public performance. Naturally, therefore, the traditional poetic symposia draw mostly versifiers and rhymesters. Poetry is out; the noise continues.

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THE successful completion of free India's biggest and most spectacular project, the Bhakra Dam, was the occasion last month for national rejoicing. Mr. Nehru, who had inaugurated the construction work on Nov. 17, 1955, was present along with the Ministers, engineers and high-ranking officers to perform the opening ceremony. As he pressed a button, the impounded waters from the Gobindsagar Lake cascaded down the mighty concrete walls to fill the canals below. The ceremony was held on the 1,700-foot long and 30-foot wide bridge on the top of the dam. Thousands of people from the neighbouring countryside had collected on the hills around to watch the official commissioning of the world's highest straight gravity dam.

Though the master mind behind the project was the famous American dam expert, Mr. Slocum (who unfortunately died some time ago), it is primarily Indian engineers and workers who are the architects of this stupendous "temple" of modern India. I do not know how far the idea of installing a commemorative monolith in bronze has progressed, but I hope care is being taken in the selection of the model for which entries were invited last year. It should indeed be any artist's dream in this country to be commissioned to catch the spirit of Bhakra in all its travail and glory!

Another milestone in the rapid industrialisation of the State was the establishment of the third unit of the Hindustan Machine Tools at Pinjore, a picturesque site near Chandigarh. Its inauguration by Mr. Nehru marked the beginning of a new industrial era in the Punjab.

If art and literature could keep in step with technology in the State, it would be a happy marriage between what C. P. Snow has so aptly termed "the two cultures". At the moment, however, the prospects are none too bright.

DARSHAN SINGH MAINI

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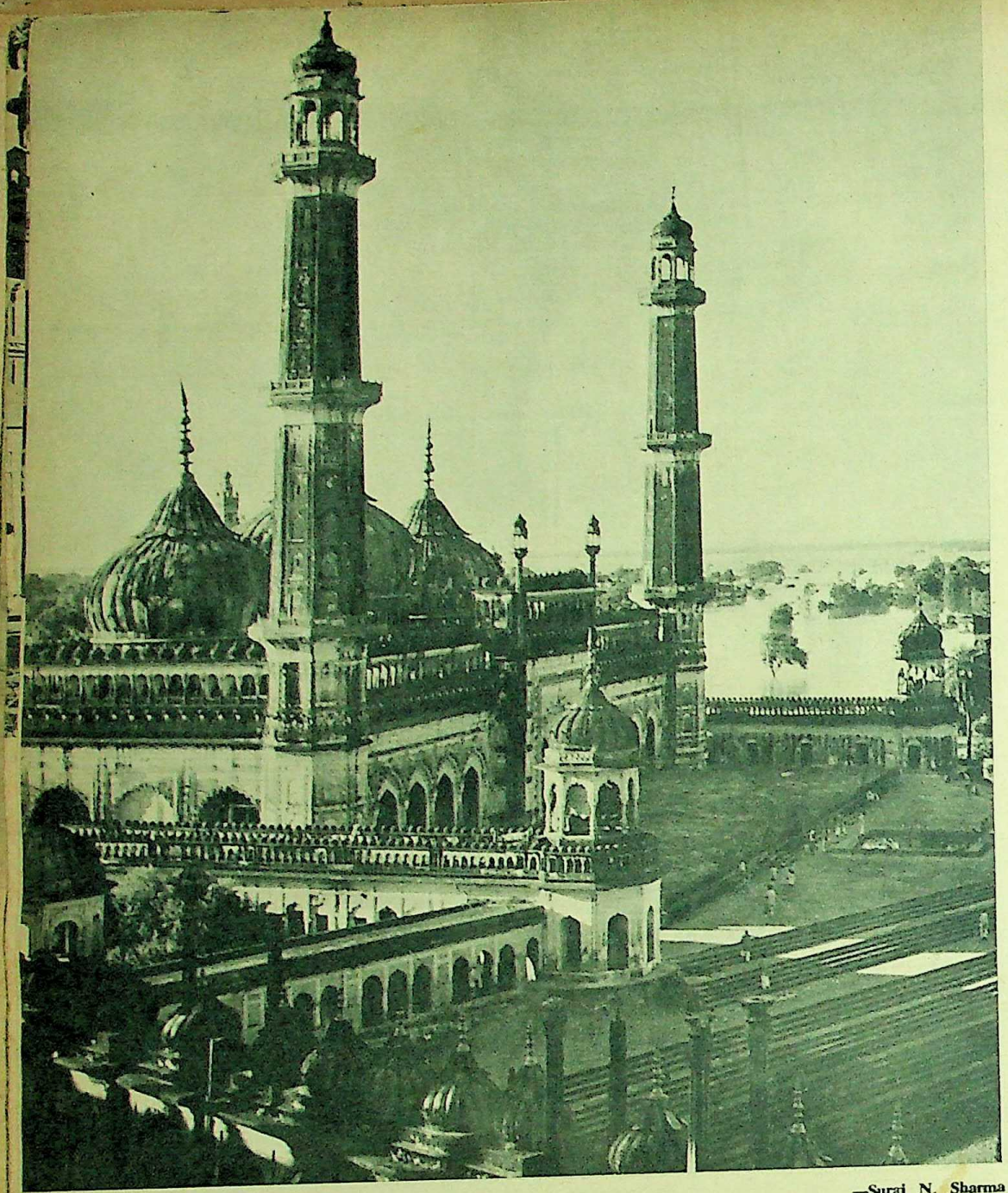

—Suraj N. Sharma

LUCKNOW

NEWSLETTERS (Continued)

THE PERFUME INDUSTRY

CONNOISSEURS of scents the world over prize perfumes manufactured by firms in Lucknow. The oldest of them was established in 1839. It has been exporting perfumes to Zanzibar, Ceylon, Malaya, Burma, Singapore, Bahrein, Mauritius, England, France and other European countries.

The perfume industry in Lucknow can earn valuable foreign exchange if the Government helps it to grow and overcome some difficulties. It cannot procure all its requirements of sandalwood oil, the basic material used by the industry, from the Mysore Government's factory and some other distillers which export sandalwood oil to China, Russia and the U.S. Perfumers have to pay black market prices for oil bought from other suppliers. The steep rise in sandalwood oil price from Rs. 7 to Rs. 74 per pound has compelled the industry to raise the prices of its products. Efforts to modernise the industry have not succeeded because the centre is reluctant to grant licences for importing fancy bottles, labels and packing paper. Attempts to push up exports are hampered because the Reserve Bank's permission has to be secured for granting trade commission to importers every time a consignment is sent abroad.

The ingredients of the perfumes manufactured in Lucknow are sandalwood oil, which is the base material, camphor, musk, Spanish saffron, aromatic spices like cardamom and cloves, essence of roses, varieties of jasmine (*Juhi. Chameli, bela, harsinga-*), *mogra, keora, nargis* and *motia* flowers. The perfumes are manufactured according to formulae which are closely-guarded family secrets. It takes about six months to prepare a perfume.

Itre Hina, which is extracted from *lawsonia* (*mehndi*) flowers, is sold five years after it is manufactured. During this period it is processed and matured. The older *Itre Hina* is, the more it is prized. But pure perfumes made from flowers deteriorate with the passage of time.

The costliest perfume manufactured in Lucknow is *Rooh Gulab*, rose essence in its purest form. It costs Rs. 300 per tola. Only 20 tolas of *Rooh Gulab* are manufactured per year by the most famous firm. One tola of rose essence is extracted out of 100 maunds of rose flowers. The firm has several mobile dist- ies which are sent to various parts of country to extract essence out of flowers

The countryside in Aligarh district is home of a rich variety of the rose, *Chaiti* or *Desi*. Roses are cultivated as a crop in the district and one can walk thr miles and miles of fields under rose cul- tion.

During the short flowering seasons spring (March-April) and in late summe mobile distillery is sent to Barwana villa Aligarh district, and essence is distilled about 4,000 to 5,000 maunds of rose flo Each maund costs Rs. 60

The process of extraction of rose per is simple. Rose petals are put in as mas 200 huge copper containers which are he by firewood, especially *dhak* wood which with a steady flame. Vapour produced in air-tight container passes through a tube nected to another container under cold The vapour condenses into a mixture of and an oily substance. These are separ carefully. The water is sold as *Gulab Jal* water) which is used for mixing with and cold drinks. It costs Rs. 8 per seer. oily substance is the essence used for ma perfumes.

The firm sends distilleries to Ganjam trict in Orissa, the home of *Keora* flower *danum*), to Kannauj where *Chameli, Bela* and *Harsingar* thrive, to Bharatpur in Ra than where roots of *Khas* (vertibert) wee collected, to Jaunpur and Ghazipur which famous for *Chameli*, a variety of jasmine.

The *Keora* flower is large-sized. Each er costs 10 nP. Its fragrance attracts which in turn attract snakes. As one *Keora* flowers, one is exposed to the being bitten by snakes. Hence, sometimes firm pays 25 nP. per flower.

Rose and *Keora* water are transporte Lucknow in huge barrels while the pure sences of the rose and the *Keora* are bro in bottles. They are cooled and kept in u ground cellars. By a process which is jeal guarded as a trade secret, sandalwood used as a fixative and base, is denuded odour. Then essences, aromatic spices and tracts of herbs and flowers and musk are ed to it at different stages of manufac Musk is not added to some perfumes made flowers.

The slag left after making perfumes is ed *gad*. It sells from Rs. 8 to Rs. 20 per and is used by tobacconists to flavour tob

A Lucknow firm takes pride in *Itre Gil* fragrance of which resembles the odour ted by the parched earth when it receives first monsoon shower. It is a favourite with men.

Though the perfumes manufactured Lucknow are very fragrant, their n are dull, almost prosaic. *Itre Hina, Itre G Itre Khus, Itre Motia* and *Itre Chameli* s in comparison with such exotic name "Evening in Paris", "Night in Tokyo", chief", "Black Magic" and "Oriental Cha

Lucknow perfumes exude fragranc hours after being applied, because their sa wood oil base does not evaporate. which is used as a base in Europe, is no by Lucknow perfumers. To European pe ers, saffron has associations of the culinar They do not favour its use. But in Luck saffron is prized for its rich fragrance.

Lucknow perfumers preserve the co trated quality of essences of flowers their European counterparts dilute thei ducts with absolute alcohol or rectified No wonder Lucknow perfumes are heav rich while European perfumes are lighte milder.

In order to maintain high standards rity and preserve the distinctive individ of perfumes, reputed firms never use s tic perfumes or substitutes for sandalwo

Some firms have been asked by cus in West Asia to send them perfumes in bottles manufactured in Europe. But so eigners insist that the firms should them perfumes in traditional Indian bottles.

S. C.

"I came to the dar music. And no one cou in those days that Bha had any bright future. surprised that the art popular. I never thou would command such ences here and abroa

"But what brought forward were the va in the mind I felt wa pore Gauri Amma. S dress, the flowers and atmosphere of the dancer practised mad child, sit for hours w lapore Gauri Amma hind her."

I am sure a host flooded Balasaraswati there was the softnes girl's voice in her spe

"When did you con training in dance?"

"I began my lesson of four, and I consi a student till 21.

"My guru was Tanj pa Pillai."

Balasaraswati's reg pect for Guru Kanda more than mere rev teacher. He lives in is a stern, godlike be or all his strictness h er a legacy and a li nd hid his kindness reat.

"He was a lion," n a tone of fright ighteous pride of on onfidence to meet th ng demands of d old me of the rig he faced learning am under him. It earning, learning ar hroughout the day.

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But from all the oments Balasar ost clearly the eacher with a ca arly in the morn er to recount th ad committed dur ay before.

The teen-age g efore him dutifu ooked around o bhinaya sequence

One hard strok e palm of the ou

"I came to the dance through music. And no one could have said in those days that Bharata Natyam had any bright future. I am really surprised that the art has become popular. I never thought that it would command such large audiences here and abroad."

"But what brought me further forward were the vague stirrings in the mind I felt watching Mylapore Gauri Amma. Somehow the dress, the flowers and the changed atmosphere of the room as a dancer practised made me, as a child, sit for hours watching Mylapore Gauri Amma or trail behind her."

I am sure a host of memories flooded Balasaraswati's mind, for there was the softness of a young girl's voice in her speech.

"When did you commence your training in dance?"

"I began my lessons at the age of four, and I considered myself a student till 21.

"My guru was Tanjore Kandappa Pillai."

Balasaraswati's regard and respect for Guru Kandappa Pillai are more than mere reverence for a teacher. He lives in her memory as a stern, godlike benefactor, who for all his strictness bequeathed to her a legacy and a life of her own and hid his kindness to make her great.

"He was a lion," she said, not in a tone of fright, but in the righteous pride of one who has the confidence to meet the most exacting demands of discipline. She told me of the rigorous routine she faced learning Bharata Natyam under him. It was, in short, learning, learning and re-learning throughout the day.

"Sometimes certain people watched the students dancing. And if anyone among them later uttered a word of praise for me I used to be afraid.

"I knew what would follow. My guru would repeat the praise slowly in measured tones, standing beside me, and at the end of it give me a resounding slap, and shout, 'Donkey!'

"He instilled in me a fear of praise. And, looking back, I understand the correctness of his attitude.

"One should not have anything to do with a classical art if one seeks self-glorification. The art is always greater than the artiste."

* * *

One may say this is an easy statement for a reputed artiste to make, but there is no doubt that Balasaraswati sincerely believes in nurturing a sense of humility.

She was still talking of Guru Kandappa Pillai and she narrated how at a performance he put her to shame when she missed a note of music and told her to go away from the stage if she could not be aware of her own mistakes.

But from all these remembered moments Balasaraswati recalls most clearly the vision of the teacher with a cane in his hand, early in the morning, summoning her to recount the mistakes she had committed during practice the day before.

The teen-age girl would stand before him dutifully and say, "I looked around once during an *abhinaya* sequence."

One hard stroke would fall on the palm of the outstretched hand.

"I did not sit in the correct posture during a movement."

A second stroke from the cane.

"I omitted a syllable in the *theermanan*."

A third stroke.

"I forgot an *adavu* and shook my head wrongly."

Another stroke. The caning punishment continued till no further mistakes could be counted.

I did not notice when the glint appeared in Balasaraswati's eyes. But, when I saw it, I knew she was about to recall some "mischievous" behaviour.

"What do you think I did when I did not remember any major faults? I would enumerate a routine list... But no one could cheat the Guru. And I received the usual punishment for a different reason."

If Balasaraswati recalls the rigours of training without any remorse, it is because she has grasped fully the role of a teacher.

So one may conclude that the students learning the classical dance under Balasaraswati in the school she conducts in Madras are fortunate in their choice of a teacher.

"How do you find the experience of teaching?" I asked Balasaraswati, mainly to draw forth some points pertinent to a discussion of the outlook that could be termed proper for professional artistes when training youngsters.

No one, of course, will dare say that Balasaraswati is not entitled to the qualification of a teacher. But I was thinking of the fashion the training of children in the classical dances has become and the almost stereotyped kindergarten pattern of schools run by several noted artistes.

The first relevant point that Balasaraswati made to my question was: "I am teaching the art of Bharata Natyam. I am not teaching the children."

* * *

This attitude is totally praiseworthy, for with the emphasis on art one need not have to bother about those pupils who come to the classes to acquire not the fundamentals of the art but the snobbish distinction of having gone to a dance school.

"The classical dance art cannot be mechanically transferred from a teacher to a student. Years of practice or study may mean nothing, if one does not have what I will call God's grace.

"If a certain inborn talent or gift is not there, and the spirit of devotion to the art is absent, then the meaning of the art can never be captured.

"Again, if incessant rehearsals can by themselves help one present a show successfully, then anyone with the time and money can be a dancer.

"As a teacher, I tell my students that they will make mistakes. They *will* make—everyone makes—mistakes on the stage. And a good dancer is one who knows instantly when a mistake has been committed."

Balasaraswati stressed the point when she remarked: "*Bhava* cannot be reflected by repeating the lessons learnt from a teacher."

What is the dance but a meaningless display of physical movements if the feeling is absent? Yet how many institutions that have sprung up in our cities and towns in recent years, and claim to train the youngsters in classical dancing and, perhaps, even issue diplomas, attempt to underline the need for intellectual discipline and the enlargement of the mind on a plane of spiritual awareness, if the student aims to be a classical artiste.

Balasaraswati went back to the point of how a dancer must be alert to accidental mistakes and try her best to correct them in the course of a rendering.

"Personally, I will not dismiss an error merely because the audience has not discovered it.

"I remember a programme at which Sir Julian Huxley was present. I still wonder how he caught the point, but after an item, in which I returned to a movement since I had faulted, he came backstage and congratulated me, saying that he was glad that I was conscious of my faults.

"We must know our mistakes. Otherwise one can never hope to improve."

* * *

I was meeting Balasaraswati after having witnessed a programme of hers, so I asked her whether she would act as a critic of her own show.

"Certainly. But the points I would make will not offer the kind of criticism you want.

"But I can tell you of a golden rule I follow on the advice of my mother. There will always be one 'madman' in a crowd of a thousand who knows what you are doing.

"I have followed this advice so faithfully that I prefer a little light falling on the audience. When I am rendering a programme I must be able to spot the one or two 'mad' persons in the hall and be able to discern the impact.

"But, on a general level, a dancer must be able to convince even the most ignorant of the validity of the classical dance style.

"A successful programme should captivate the mind of both the critic and the lay appreciator."

"You studied Kuchipudi under Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastri. What interested you in this style?"

"I was mainly interested in the *abhinaya*. Also I like the Kuchipudi padams—especially those composed by Kshetrajna—for they suit my style of *abhinaya*."

I sought to discuss the merits of the individual interpretations of certain gurus, but Balasaraswati maintained, in general terms, that the classical dance art is in the nature of an ocean—it can mean many things to many people.

"All I can say is that a certain style of interpretation suits certain artistes and, having found it, or acquired it in training, one should stick to that style and never attempt anything that one cannot master."

"When did you give your first performance?"

"1926, at the Kamakshi Amman Koil, Kanchipuram."

I was suddenly seized with the funny thought that so many in the audience today watching Balasaraswati on the stage must have been in the cradle when she had her *arangetram*. This also heightened the feeling of gratitude one feels inwardly to Balasaraswati for her years of dedication to the classical dance.

The point I want to stress here is that, among those who enjoy the limelight today on the dance stage, Balasaraswati deserves the full glory of it all, for she never sought it.

Naturally, we came to discuss the modern techniques of stage lighting adopted by certain artistes.

"At one time we danced by moonlight, then by candlelight, then in the glare of the petromax. Today we have footlights, spotlights, flashlights...and we have to dance."

The tone of her reply and her gestures made it clear that she was evading a direct answer to the question. In the uncommitted manner of the wise old folk, dismissing a pointed question of a younger person by just reminding him that times have changed and would continue to change and that this is not their concern, Balasaraswati refused to comment directly on the topic.

But the query found an indirect reply when she told me of the stipulations that governed an *arangetram* in the olden days.

"At one time the danseuse was subjected to a severe appraisal of her knowledge and talent before she had her *arangetram*. A student had to dance first in the morning before a gathering of women—and usually the programme lasted from 9-30 to 1.

"Then, the next day, the danseuse danced before a gathering of erudite men and others directly interested in the art. This was in the evening hours. In both groups there would be many persons with an intimate knowledge of the tradition and the texts. And the danseuse would be submitted to a clever form of criticism, if she had erred. Someone who had a barbed comment to make would very casually after the festive meal enquire why such and such a movement was made to interpret a particular passage, as if wanting to be enlightened.

"Such criticism was loaded with sarcastic undertones and only if the performance was up to the standard did the danseuse get her *gajjai* and arrange her *arangetram*.

"One could pass such tests only if one had deep devotion to the art—if the dancer considered her knowledge and talent as blessings from above."

"But," I asked, "what will happen to the classical dance in course of time when such attitudes are swept aside?"

"No one can predict the future."

* * *

Balasaraswati was humming a line of melody. Then, suddenly, as if she had remembered something she had forgotten to say, she announced: "*Sruti* is *bhakti*... There is no meaning in melody, but there is *Nadhabrahma*."

The cycle of thought had turned full circle, and I felt that whoever had chosen the name Balasaraswati for her should be congratulated.

As I rose from my chair I asked her what the Government could do for the artistes. I was sure she would give me an answer in one sentence, which I would not have to note down. She put it in the form of a question: "Can the Government, however much it strives, produce a Ramakrishna Paramahamsa?"

Obviously not.

Neither can the Government produce a Balasaraswati.

S. V. V.

Funding: Tattva Nidhi and IKS-MoE Digitization. eGangotri.

—Govind Vidyarthi

VENKATALAKSHAMMA rendering an ashtapadi *from the* Gitagovinda

CLASSICAL INDIAN DANCES—5 (Continued)

The Mysore Tradition

by B. V. K. SASTRY

COMPARATIVELY little is known about the history of the dance tradition of Mysore. Our knowledge of it mainly derives from legends such as that concerning the Hoysala queen, Santaladevi, a peerless dancer who used to worship Lord Channakesava by dancing in the temple, and who probably inspired some of the *Madanika* figures in Belur temple. The history of the region's dance tradition can be adequately traced only up to the early decades of the 19th century, when peaceful conditions returned to the area after the fall of Srirangapatnam.

During the reign of Mummadi Krishnaraja Wadiyar, there was a cultural flowering in the State. He was a contemporary of the great trinity of Karnatak music—Tyagaraja, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri—and was a great patron of art and literature. Under his patronage, eminent teachers developed the art of dancing to a refined form of expression. At the same time, incidentally, the famous quartet—Ponnayya, Chinnayya, Vadivelu and Sivanandam—were enriching the traditional dance forms at Tanjore. The pioneers of innovation at Krishnaraja Wadiyar's court were Mugur Subbanna, a reputed magician as well as an outstanding musician, and his brother, Amritappa. They were followed by Dasappa and Bangalore Kittappa (brother and Guru of Bangalore Nagaratnamma).

The dance forms evolved by them differed from the Tanjore forms and bear little re... blance to those popular today. No longer ... fined to temples, the art of dancing be... popular under the discriminating patronag... Krishnaraja Wadiyar. With his encourage... some dancers blossomed into first-rate art...

Bangalore Chandravadana, a well-k... dancer of that period, was reputed as ... for her seemingly inexhaustible repertoi... for her infinite grace and artistry in ex... sion. It is said that she never repeated ... self. She once retorted that it would be a... sult to a creative artiste if she was aske... repeat the same nuance, however thrilli... might be. This was in answer to a reque... her patron, Krishnaraja Wadiyar, that sh... peat a particularly fascinating moveme...

Her profundity in the art was well kn... She knew both the Karnatak and Hindu... music systems and could interpret a *tum*... *abhinaya* as effectively as a *padam*. Her k... ry was full of Sanskrit, Kannada, Telugu, T... and even Urdu and Persian works. She al... stood by tradition and above all by the ... nity of the artiste, which she zealously ... tilled in her students."

Venkatalakshamma was rather hesitat... discuss the art of the dance, especially cont... porary trends in Bharata Natyam. Explai... she said, "After all I belong to an entirely ... ferent age. I grew up when the art was ... considered as a mere display of talent. ... was viewed more as a form of worship. It ...

her *abhinaya*. At the climax of her disting... ed career, a unique honour—the *Uttarac... pavita*, three lines of gold thread worn ... *yajnopavita* fashion—was conferred on he...

Tirumakoodlu Sundaramma, another ... puted artiste, was known for her erudition, ... Some other well-known dancers of Mys... who later took to music were Bangalore Na... ratnamma, Kolar Nagaratnamma and ... Tayamma who was hailed as *Natyasaras...* Incidentally, these dancers were not me... gifted exponents, but also were learned in ... art of dancing to a degree that enabled th... to participate in a *vakyartha* or debate on ... subject.

Venkatalakshamma, the senior Vidush... Mysore Palace, was one of the best-known a... istes of her day. Nearing 60 now, she is ... the doyen of the dancers of Mysore. She ... disciple of Jetti Tayamma. A slight tremor ... always discernible in her voice whenever ... remembers and speaks about her guru. "T... amma or Tayakka as she was affectiona... called," says Venkatalakshamma, "was the o... standing exponent of the dance in her ti... She was indeed an artist in the real se...

even treated as a b... thought of as an ... or escapism. The ... almost draconian. ... liminary courses, w... slowly bend backw... embedded in wax ... lids! The body ha... suppleness.

"Similarly, eac... atmosphere of sa... tability. The audie... inspiring and an in... cer. Vidwans, sc... *rasikas* used to be... suddenly get up ... form the *abhinay*... might not even ha... grasp the import ... mediately. Otherw... ruined.

"Those were ... dancer, but it wa... the intellectual sa... with the body, th... high degree of pe... on very high stan... not be easily co... generation which ... proach to art.

"I can recall ... tion: One of the ... went to Baroda. ... the Gaekwar pre... *gejje*. On happi... scheduled to give ... *gejje*. But the Da... not allow this. ... her eligibility fo... competence to da... assembly of schol... the Mysore *durb*... to a rigorous tes... ed to satisfy ther... wear those silve...

IN HER GRA...

even treated as a branch of yoga. It was never thought of as an instrument of exhibitionism or escapism. The codes of training, too, were almost draconian. In fact, in one of the preliminary courses, we had to stand upright and slowly bend backwards and lift up a needle embedded in wax on the floor, with our eyelids! The body had to attain that degree of suppleness.

"Similarly, each dance performance had an atmosphere of sanctity and also of unpredictability. The audience itself used to be both an inspiring and an intimidating sight to any dancer. Vidwans, scholars and well informed *rasikas* used to be there. One of them would suddenly get up and ask the dancer to perform the *abhinaya* for some verse which she might not even have heard before. She had to grasp the import and interpret the theme immediately. Otherwise her reputation might be ruined.

"Those were trying times for a dedicated dancer, but it was all the more enjoyable for the intellectual satisfaction it gave one. Along with the body, the mind was also trained to a high degree of perfection. The accent then was on very high standards, which I am afraid cannot be easily comprehended by the present generation which has an entirely different approach to art.

"I can recall an incident in this connection: One of the celebrated dancers of Mysore went to Baroda. Pleased with her performance, the Gaekwar presented to her a pair of silver *gejje*. On happily returning home, she was scheduled to give a recital, wearing the silver *gejje*. But the Dancers' Guild in Mysore would not allow this. She was challenged to prove her eligibility for this unique honour and her competence to dance wearing them. At a large assembly of scholars, vidwans and pandits from the Mysore *durbar*, the dancer was subjected to a rigorous test. But unfortunately she failed to satisfy them entirely. She could not again wear those silver ankle bells."

IN HER GRANDMOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS

Venkatalakshamma said with a sad voice "It is really amusing now to see young prodigies performing *abhinaya* to pieces which we always viewed with awe. I admire the boldness of these children who attempt *abhinaya* for some pieces from the *Gitagovinda* or a *padam* of Kshetrayya the full meaning and possibilities of which defy even lifelong study. It seems absurd for these children to attempt this even before the basic elements of *rasabhava* have deloped in them.

"The accent in our training in the dance at Mysore was on *abhinaya*. Not that the *nritta* part was ignored. It was developed to such a degree as to pose a challenge to the most accomplished dancer. But it was considered as just an adjunct to *abhinaya*.

"The sequence of our programmes, too, differed much from the standardised pattern of today. We used to open with a *tatkara*, or a combination of the sound of *mridanga* and *tala*, to build up the atmosphere. Then followed *Ganesaprarthana, mangala*, the entry of the dancer, *sthanika, sabhapuja, churnika*, or more often the celebrated eulogy to *natya* of Kalidasa,

SUBTLE NUANCE

pushpanjali, alarippu, swarajati, varnam, etc., and *abhinaya* for verses from the epics, classical literature, the *Gitagovinda* and the *padams* of Kshetrayya.

"Popular attitudes and tastes have been so vulgarised today that I hesitate to interpret such pieces," she said, when I requested her to perform *abhinaya* for a verse from the *Amarusataka*. "I hesitate to interpret these verses because I feel that the audiences of today are not very receptive to them. However, I shall dance to my guru's favourite verse which embodies all the *rasas* and in the *abhinaya* of which she always went into ecstasies.

"Before that I shall ask Sakuntala to execute a couple of items of pure dance to set the mood and build up the atmosphere," Venkatalakshamma said. With impeccable and mercurial movements, Sakuntala, Venkatalakshmma's granddaughter, presented a *padavarnam* of Mysore Sadasiva Rao and a *tillanam* of Veena Seshanna.

Referring to the favourite verse of her guru, Venkatalakshmma remarked, "Even when she was old, Tayamma would repeatedly perform *abhinaya* for this verse from the *Bhagavatam*." Venkatalakshmma sang the opening passages of the verse—*Mallai Sailendra Kalpaha*—with glowing eyes and cheeks. By the time she had concluded, Venkatalakshamma had sufficiently warmed up and I again requested her to perform *abhinaya* for a verse from the *Amarusataka*. Blushing, Venkatalakshamma said that in the old days she used to perform it as an overture to pieces derived from the verses of Kshetrayya and from the *Gitagovinda*. She slowly unfolded the theme of the stanza in question—a *sakhi* asking the *nayika* why she should suffer such pangs of sorrow when her lord went away and why she should shed tears. Venkatalakshamma effectively portrayed the picture of a lovesick maiden. Her looks displayed a whole range of emotions—coquetry, coyness, concern, passion and sorrow—with beautiful subtlety. She virtually lived the role.

JOYOUS MOMENT

Breathless after the *abhinaya*, Venkatalakshamma said, "I am happy that it was like old times. In fact I would like to perform the *abhinaya* for some of the delightful pieces from the *Gitagovinda*. But I am exhausted now." Reminiscing, she added, "*Natya* is like a *tapas;* to comprehend and enjoy it fully, even an entire lifetime of dedication seems insufficient. I only hope that a more enlightened generation than the present one will strive to restore the true value and glory of this great heritage."

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—Editor

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The Illustrated Weekly

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CLASSICAL INDIAN DANCES — 5 (Continued)

The Manipuri Technique

by NAYANA JHAVERI

MUSIC and dance in Manipur, though deeply influenced by Vaishnavism, have a close connection with Manipur's day-to-day life. Manipuris consider themselves to be the descendents of *gandharvas*, traditionally proficient in dance and music. Innumerable legends have grown up around this belief.

The nature of Manipuri dancing is reflected in the analysis and classification of various body movements and *abhinaya*, which conform to the basic factors of anatomy, psychology and aesthetics.

Vaishnavites preach the philosophy of universal love through the Love of Radha and Krishna. Through the manifestations of all the human emotions, the highest sentiment of love is to be realised. Ancient texts on *abhinaya* codify human emotions in nine distinct categories. In the Manipuri dance, *sringara*, the sentiment of love, predominates and naturally the other eight *rasas* become integral entities of the supreme sentiment of love (*sringara rasa*). *Sringara* has two main aspects—*vipralambha* (separation) *and sambhoga* (union). The variations of the sentiment of love originate from these two aspects. Vaishnava scholars have classified the eight *nayikabhedas* into as many as 64 sub-variations of the sentiment of love.

Apart from studying the various *sastras* on dancing, Manipuri dancers must develop an insight into the sentiment of love, in accordance with the traditional classification.

All the four aspects (*angika, vachika, aharya and satwika*) of *abhinaya* are presented in one of the following three ways: 1. *Swanugata* —in which *angikabhinaya* (body movement) is important. The interpretation of the exact meaning of the complementary songs is considered irrelevant. It is most suitable for *holikrida* (festival of colours), *kandukakrida* (ball game), etc. 2. *Anugata*—in which *vachikabhinaya* is important and through *angikabhinaya* the exact meaning of *gita* (song), *prabandha* (poem) and *vakya* (words of the text) is interpreted. 3. *Gamaka*—in which, though *vachikabhinaya* is important, the meaning of *gita, prabandha* and *vakya* is only suggested through *angikabhinaya*. Any dance composition and its choreography evolved in any one of the above ways, is called *nritya bandha*.

According to *Govindasangitalilavilasa* (one of the most important texts on Manipuri dancing), *natya* is divided into *rupakas* (drama) and *rasakas* (dance-dramas) and not *rupakas* and *uparupakas* as mentioned in other Indian texts. *Govindasangitalilavilasa* elaborately specifies the manner in which *raslilas* (Manipuri dance-dramas) like *maharas, vasantras, nityaras, kunjras, goshta* and *utkhalras* are to be performed.

Apart from *raslilas*, other dance-dramas based on the epics (*Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*), legends and folk tales are presented during social and religious festivals. Some forms of *rasakas* (dance-dramas) existed in Manipur even before the impact of Vaishnavism; one of the most important is *laiharoba*, depicting a primitive concept of cosmology.

All the individual items, short dance-dramas and long *raslilas*, are presented in forms such as solo, duet, group, mime, operetta, opera, ballet and dance-drama. There is an adequate range of hand gestures (*hastas*); *Govindasangitalilavilasa* elaborately explains them.

Though *abhinaya* is important in Manipuri dancing, the distinguishing feature of the Manipuri style is *angikabhinaya*. Through this a delicate balance is achieved between movements of the different parts of the body. It is a style of dance which pre-eminently embodies delicate and graceful movements.

But the lyrical quality of Manipuri dancing is reached only through long and intensive training. Immense patience and hard work are needed to master the intricacies, complexities and subtleties of the seemingly easy movements. Though essentially of a decorative character, Manipuri dancing has immense interpretative possibilities.

The dance is divided into two main types: *Lasya* (the feminine) and *tandava* (the masculine). Though *lasya*, the delicate and graceful (*sukumar-naubathotpa*), and *tandava*, the forceful and virile (*uddhata-akhanba*), are counterparts of each other, each is independently and distinctly developed into a variety of forms.

In *lasya*, body positions and body movements strictly follow definite principles and disciplines. The body must remain natural, soft and supple. No movement must be exaggerated. No part of the body should be stretched to its extreme possibility. While executing any movement, feet and knees must remain close to each other. The hips are moved vertically rather than horizontally. The torso also moves upwards and downwards and slightly bends to the sides. The positions and movements of the hands do not go above the head or below the knee. They are executed diagonally, always at an angle of 45 degrees. The eyes follow the movements of the hands; hence the neck and the head also move diagonally and follow the swing of the body.

Lasya is further divided into two aspects: *smitangam* and *sphuritangam*. *Tandava*, in which the movements are freer, involves sitting and jumping movements. It has three aspects: *gunthanam, chalanam* and *prasaranam*.

Chali is one of the most important traditional compositions revealing the essence of the Manipuri dance style. Another traditional dance composition is *bhangi pareng* or *bhangavali*. Each *bhangavali* involves different *bhangas*—body flexions or attitudes—such as *abhanga, samabhanga, vibhanga*, etc. When the body movements flow from one *bhanga* to another, this is called *gatibhanga*.

There are five *bhangi parengs* (three *lasya* and two *tandava*). *Achuaba bhangi pareng, Brindavan pareng* and *khurumba pareng* are of the *lasya* type. *Goshta bhangi pareng* and *goshta Brindavan pareng* are of the *tandava* type. *Chali* and *bhangi pareng* serve not only as the alphabet of the Manipuri dance language, but offer the dancer a key to the understanding of the true form and spirit of the art.

Though the *talas* are traditional, the individual genius of Manipuri gurus is allowed freedom for innovating dance compositions on new time measures and intricate rhythm patterns. This has not only brought about the rich store-house of *talas*—time measures—but has prompted creative artists to innovate new dance steps and body movements without impairing the purity of the dance style.

Manipuri *talas* are derived from 4 to 68 *matras* or time units. Time variations, in which all possible rhythm patterns are evolved in all possible permutations and combinations of *matras* within the specified time measure, are known as *prastaras* (*alankara punglol*). Dances composed on such *prastaras* are known as *nrittalankaras*, and these are recognised by the name of the *tala*.

When two or more *talas* and their *nrittalankaras* are incorporated in a single composition, it is known as a *talaprabandha*. When any one or more of the following elements are introduced to these time variations and rhythm patterns, it is called a *nrittaprabandha*, or composition.

Telena: One of the six types of *nirgita*, a dance based on word arrangements suggested by the beats of the drum, sung in a particular melody. *Swaramala*: A dance based on complicated arrangements of *swaras* and notes sung in a particular melody. *Chaturanga*: A dance composition based on a combination of poetry and song (*swaramala* and *nirgita*). *Kirtiprabhanda*: A composition created in praise of a *nayak* or *nayika* (a hero or a heroine) incorporating poetry, song and *nirgita*. The dance is of a *nritta* type which does not seek to interpret the meaning of the song or poem but is inspired by its rhythm patterns. In this composition, the poems are either sung or spoken in rhythm. In both cases, the *mridanga* follows the song or rhythm of the spoken verses; the first type is called *sheigonnabi* and the second is known as *chingonnabi*.

Music in Manipur is essentially complementary to dancing. Though it is influenced by both North and South Indian Music, it has its own individuality, and the manipulations of the microtones of the musical notes create a peculiarly different effect.

Songs of devotional poets like Jayadeva, Vidhyapati, Chandidas and others are sung in Sanskrit, Bengali, Braja, Maithili and Meitei. The musical instruments are the *mridanga*, cymbals, flute and conch, while *dholak, duff*, gong and *pena* (*pena-ki-beena* or stringed instrument) are used during the festival dances.

Costume, ornament and make-up are evolved to suit the particular dance form to the nature and spirit of the occasion. These help to recreate and communicate any particular *rasa* and *bhava*.

The dimensions and decor of the Manipuri theatre are determined by the nature and purpose of its art form. Dances are held in the *nat mandap* (dancing hall), built in front of the temple. In Manipur, every temple has a *nat mandap*, and every village has at least two or three temples. They have a traditional code, specifying definite rules and regulations with regard to the dimensions of the stage, the auditorium, the decor and the arrangement of seats according to social status.

Dance in the Manipuri tradition expresses an aesthetic experience through an intelligent and disciplined manipulation of rhythmic body movements. Being three-dimensional, the dance is perhaps the only art which can incorporate the essential elements of all the other sister arts into a complete, integrated and unified work of art.

A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

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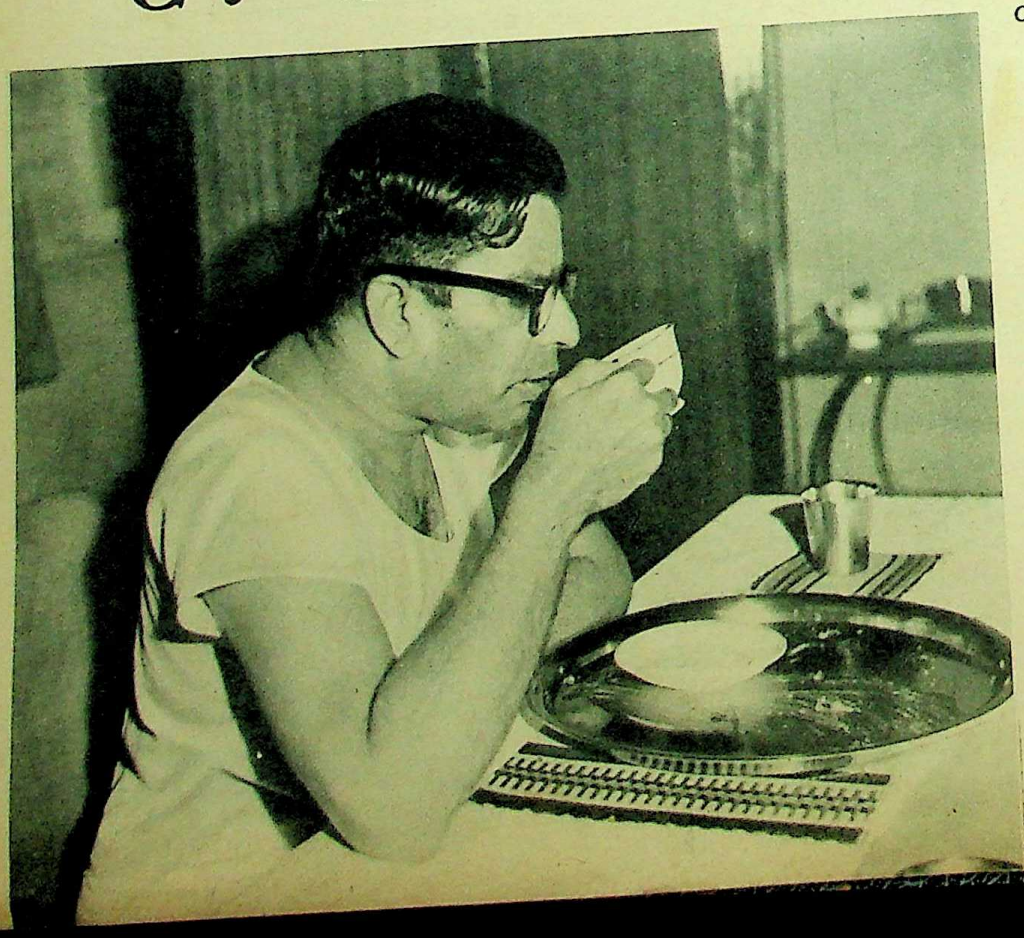

COFFEE—the South Indian brew. Below: Back from a stroll on a misty morning.

Photographs
by
MAHENDRA
K. KHANNA

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known as *murlis* were consecrated in honour of Khandoba, a form of Siva worshipped in Jejuri. In the South, *devadasis* were found in practically every region and were known by various names, such as *alicheri pendugalis*, *basavis*, *bogams* and *tevadiyals*.

The *devadasis*, then, were dancing-girls attached to temples, and one of their principal functions was to dance before the Lord of the temple. The dance they performed varied from region to region, but the one for which they are most happily remembered, undoubtedly, is the Bharata Natyam. This was performed in temples of Siva, primarily in Tamilnad and, to a lesser extent, in Andhra and Mysore. The entire dance was conceived as a form of votive offering, and for this reason strict and orthodox rules governed every aspect of the art, including the training of the dancer and the method of presentation.

In Tamilnad, apart from Bharata Natyam, the *devadasis* used to stage another type of dance as well. This was the Kuravanji, and, unlike the Bharata Natyam, which was rendered solo, it was intended to be performed by a group of four to eight women. Like the Bharata Natyam, the Kuravanji was also conceived in a spirit of devotion and was strictly a feature of the temple. The Kuravanji, however, was not presented frequently, but only at the time of the annual festivals of certain shrines. Some temples, such as the Brihadiswara at Tanjore, had special platforms meant for presentation of the Kuravanji alone.

The Orissi is another dance which owes its very genesis to the *devadasis*, in this case the *maharis*. The practice of dedicating *maharis* to temples was started by Chodagangadeva, who ruled over Orissa from A.D. 1077 to 1147. He began the construction of the temple of Jagannath at Puri, and it was here that *maharis* were employed for the first time and it is here that the Orissi dance found its roots as well as its fullest flowering.

The Bharata Natyam, Kuravanji and Orissi represent only three of the several forms of classical dance and dance-drama in India. And while none of the other modes is in any way connected with the *devadasi* tradition, each of them, without exception, has either had its birth directly in the temple or stemmed from observances connected with temple worship.

Take the Kuchipudi, for instance. This art, it is said, came as a revelation to an ascetic, Siddhendra Yogi, and he, it is further believed, taught it to the male members of certain Brahmin families of his village. Seeing this, Lord Krishna, it is said, was immensely pleased with Siddhendra Yogi who, in gratitude for this acknowledgement, took a vow from all the boys who had participated in his play that they as well as the male members of their successive generations would continue to pursue the profession of dancing as a sacred obligation. The Kuchipudi art is so called because it was born in the village of Kuchipudi, and for several years the plays were performed only in front of the temple of Ramalingeswara here, where Siddhendra Yogi used to offer regular worship. Later, Kuchipudi plays also came to be performed, mostly in connection with temple festivals, in such places as Srisailam, Alampoor, Banganapalli, Marampalli and Mandapeta.

Closely allied to the Kuchipudi is the Bhagavata Mela Nataka, a form of dance-drama that has been in existence for about 300 years. The Bhagavata Mela is, in fact, a counterpart in Tamilnad of the Kuchipudi of Andhra, and it owes its existence to the initiative of the Telugu Raya Achyutappa Nayak who presented the village of Melatur, about 10 miles from Tanjore, to 501 Brahmin families, for the avowed purpose of serving and promoting the Bhagavata Mela art. Since then the Bhagavata Mela plays have been presented more or less regularly, year after year, in Melatur and, off and on, in five other privileged villages—Soolamangalam, Saliyamangalam, Oothukadu, Nallur and Tepperumanallur, all in the district of Tanjore. The plays are enacted in connection with the annual festivals of the Vaishnavite temples in these villages.

KERALA'S CONTRIBUTION

Kerala has, through the ages, contributed a number of classical dances and dance-dramas, such as the Chakiar Koothu, Kudiyattam, Krishnattam and Kathakali. The Chakiar Koothu is so called because it is performed only by Chakiars, who constitute a caste of hereditary temple servants of Kerala. The Koothu is a very orthodox type of entertainment, for, traditionally, it can be performed only inside certain temples which are provided with a permanent theatre, known as *koothambalam*.

When, instead of a solo performance, a dance-drama is presented by a group of Chakiars, this is known as Kudiyattam. A Kudiyattam performance is a very elaborate and long-drawn-out affair, involving a number of orthodox preliminary rites. Like the Chakiar Koothu, the Kudiyattam is also intended to be performed only in the *koothambalam*. The Krishnattam, which was created in the middle of the 17th century A.D., was designed as a votive offering, and till quite recently it continued as such, being performed once every year, on the occasion of Krishna Jayanti, in the temple of Guruvayoor, in North Kerala. The Kathakali, too, was formerly performed at the time of temple festivals, and a number of temples maintained their own permanent Kathakali troupes. And, even if Kathakali was not born directly in the temple, it certainly evolved from forms which belonged strictly to the temple.

Of the other forms of classical dance and dance-drama in India, the same holds true. The Kathak of today evolved from the simple mime and gesture used by the *kathakars*, or story-tellers, and also from the Ras Leela plays of Braj. In Manipuri, the several Ras Leela dances were conceived as forms of worship and every temple was provided with a *nat mandap* to hold such performances. Even today, in Manipur, performances of the Ras Leela take place only in *nat mandaps*. Another form of classical dance in Assam, the Sattriya, which came into existence about the middle of the 16th century A.D., has, since its inception, been performed only in the *sattras*, or Vaishnava monasteries, founded by the saint and reformer Sankaradeva. Then there is the Chhau dance of Seraikella, which is performed every year in connection with the worship of Arddhanariswara at the local temple of Siva. And finally there is the Yakshagana, the dance-drama of South Kanara, which has from the outset been performed in connection with temple festivals and mostly in the courtyards of temples or in any open space adjoining them.

The temple, thus, has played a vital role in the evolution and development of every form of the Indian classical dance. But there are other ways, too, in which the temple has made a contribution to the art. The countless sculptures we have of dance poses were all originally made to adorn temples, and though the bulk of the poses represented are probably imaginary, there are temples, such as those at Chidambaram, Tanjore, Kanchipuram, Bhubaneswar and Konarka, which carry carvings based on recognised dance techniques.

Many temples in South India, and particularly in Tamilnad, maintain their own ritual chariots for carrying the deity in procession at the time of the annual temple festivals, and these chariots are invariably studded with ornamental wood carvings of high artistic merit, representing dance attitudes and mythological characters. The dance has also found extensive representation in iconography, which has given us such celebrated pieces as the Nataraja bronze. Paintings of the dance, too, have found a place in our temples, but as a result of continued neglect and wanton vandalism there are not many examples which survive today.

All things considered, it can indeed be acknowledged that whatever traditions we have of classical dance today have been bequeathed to us by the temple. And for this we have to be thankful to those who built the temples, and even more so to those who had the wisdom to recognise the dance as a path to spiritual exaltation of the highest potency.

Bharata Natyam: Tradition vs. Experimentation

by VASANTI RAMANIAH

BHARATA NATYAM is a timeless art, in which the artiste has to keep time with her feet. Whether the art should keep pace with the times is a question that deserves a careful analysis.

This art represents a vast and comprehensive system, which has been developed for at least two thousand years, with its theory and practice elaborately analysed, codified and systematised. It has been traditionally performed in sacred temples, pompous courts and people's festivals, appealing to all alike in a world so diverse in its tastes. The great Kalidasa has described the dance as the noblest and sweetest of sacrifices to the Gods. After fading into oblivion for nearly a century, it was revived and regenerated about three decades ago, thanks to the untiring efforts of a few people, among whom the name of E. Krishna Iyer stands out as unique. After independence, our national government's encouragement, too, has been responsible for a remarkable wave of awakening and renewed enthusiasm. With advances in scientific techniques and changes in taste, experiments are now being attempted, with varying degrees of success, in the choice and presentation of themes.

Bharata Natyam was originally taught on the basis of the *Natya Sastra* of Bharata Muni. The *Natya Sastra* is a comprehensive treatise, dealing with dramaturgy, inclusive of poetics and the production of dramas, the dance, music, make-up, the stage and so forth. It treats of the manifold aspects of the dance, ranging from the physique needed, the bends of the body and the highly formalised poses, to the gestures of the hands, the types of dress to be worn, and other details. Nothing has been left to chance. Every minor element has been given its place. The dancer is required to execute, with precision and perfection and with the help of a guru, what has been laid down in the *Sastra*. Indeed, the book is so complete and its glory so great that it has been accorded the status of a Veda. The offering of *natya* was till recently included in the daily ritual of a temple. It enables everyone thoroughly to grasp the significance of this art and an appreciative audience was thus created all over the country.

Just as the various languages of India have their origin in a single source—Sanskrit—the various dance-forms of India, such as Bharata Natyam, Kuchipudi, Kathakali and Manipuri, have all sprung from the *Natya Sastra*. Pressing the analogy further, one can suggest that just as the differences of languages are due to regional experiments over the centuries, experiments in Madras, Andhra, Kerala, Assam and Rajasthan have given shape to Bharata Natyam, Kuchipudi, Kathakali, Manipuri and Kathak, respectively.

Bharata Natyam is an eternal, classical and universal art. It is the synchronisation of *bhava* (emotion), *raga* (melody) and *tala* (rhythm). It is the artistic co-ordination of the gestures of the hands, the expressions of the face and the postures of the body. And all the movements have to be synchronised with *raga* and *tala*. For generations, the Bharata Natyam style has been preserved in its pristine glory and improved in its presentation by successive lines of Bhagavata Melas (Guilds of Brahmins), Nattuvanars (of the Devadasi community) and exponents in the temples of South India.

Detailed the tradition may be, but there remains a lot of scope for experimentation in this art. In common parlance, Bharata Natyam refers to the solo dance consisting of *alarippu*, *jatiswaram*, *sabdam*, *varnam*, a few *padams* and *tillana*. The art is indeed considered as Karnatak music made visible. It can portray any human emotion; that is, it can depict all the nine Rasas: Sringara, Karuna, Hasya, Vira, Raudra, Bhibhatsa, Bhayanaka, Adbhuta and Santa, i.e., the moods of the erotic, compassion, contempt, valour wrath, disgust, fear,

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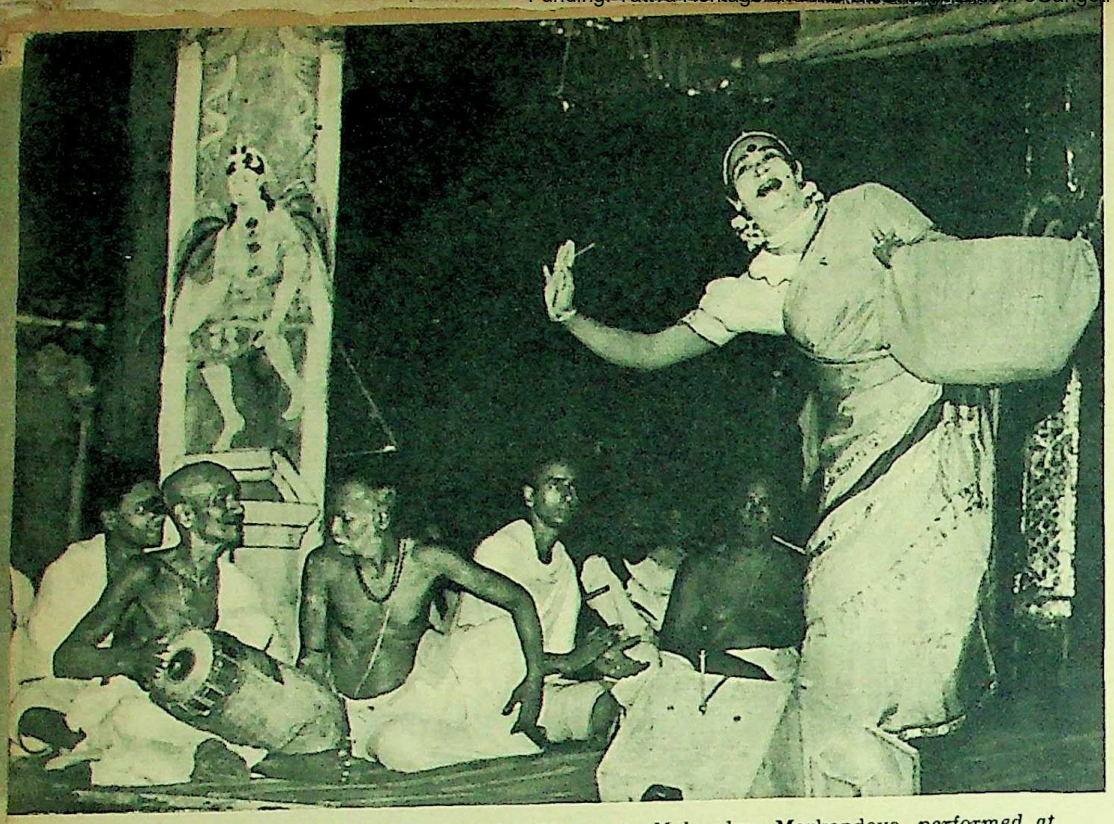
Funding: Tata Trusts Digitization by eGangotri



THE GYPSY WOMAN sings in the Bhagavata Mela play, Markandeya, *performed at Melatur, in Tanjore district.*

CLASSICAL INDIAN DANCES—3 (Continued)

wonder and serenity, respectively. It is so comprehensive that every physical movement can be brought into its fold, just as any given musical situation can be represented in the score of a symphony.

Life is a continuous process and change is the sign of life. Bharata Natyam is a live art and, however traditional it may be, there is bound to be change as there is in all spheres of evolution, and this may be termed experimentation—the utilisation of the old art in new settings and new spheres.

Tradition is the accumulation of experiments, and experimentation is made on tradition. The enacting of dramas with *adavus* (steps, or footwork) and *mudras* (gestures) of the Bharata Natyam style is a worthy experiment and in course of time it has become traditional.

A SCENE from the Kuchipudi play, Usha Parinayam. *(Photographs by Mohan Khokar)*

Another instance of this type is to be found in the Kutrala Kuravanji, which has now become traditional.

According to the traditional concept, music is to be sustained in the throat and is sung and heard by the spectators. But now one finds dancers singing *padams* in Bharata Natyam, Kuchipudi and Kathakali—in verse *kabhinaya*, that is—and this is a change as such an experiment.

Where the meaning of a song is depicted there itself experimentation can be introduced by the ingenuity and *manodharma* of the artiste, in the *abhinaya* portions. Similarly, in the *nritta* portions, too, depending on the artiste's ability, complicated dance patterns can be performed.

And in accordance with the theory suggested in regard to gestures and other technical matters, if a dance is composed to Hindustani classical music, this is an experiment worth trying. A scholar went to the extent of saying that even a German epic could be produced in the Bharata Natyam style. Of course, at the same time, care should be taken not to change the basic technique itself.

Every dance sequence is capable of evoking a particular sentiment through its rhythm and through *abhinaya*, which is the conveyance of meaning by mimetic representation. Just as a huge palace built on firm foundations can be modernised with electrical fittings, modern flooring, and so forth, so Bharata Natyam can be modernised on its traditional foundations without damaging these.

A WORD OF WARNING

Nowadays, the trends in experimentation on Bharata Natyam, especially in the films, necessitate a few words of caution. Showing a dance item in Bharata Natyam costume in a film does not imply that the art is pure. About two centuries ago, the maharajas began attracting the cream of the dancing talent, the *devadasis*, to their courts. There, many unhealthy trends developed, culminating almost in the extinction of the art. Care has to be taken to see that the story is not repeated where the films are concerned.

In *aharyabhinaya* also, there is good scope for authentic experimentation. The original dress—pyjamas with a sari wrapped around them—has given place to a more elegant and ready-made type of Bharata Natyam dress. Again, nothing is mentioned in the texts regarding the decoration of the palms, but nowadays one commonly finds them decorated in red with a lotus, by means of the beauty aid *mehndi*. Modern make-up and the powerful electric lights of the stage are also recent developments, consequent on the advances of modern life.

Though, traditionally, dancing is supposed to be performed before *vidwans*, in the present age of specialisation we meet with cosmopolitan audiences. The classical character of the art, as well as the taste and quality of the audience, is changing with the times. However, the tendency of not sticking to the rigorous classical discipline and of not maintaining the purity of the art, under the pretext of experimentation, is much to be deprecated. Of course, in the traditional theories of the dance itself there are divergences—the hand-gestures or the *mudras* in Bharata's *Natya Sastra*, for instance, are different from those in Nandikewara's *Abhinaya Darpana*.

Bharata Natyam is not a lost art and its future is immense. It is not merely a museum curiosity, but is eternal and universal, and the few new factors entering in do not uproot it from tradition. In the field of the fine arts anything that is classical is necessarily traditional. When one speaks of Bharata Natyam as a traditional art, the adjective does not much connote superstition and a smother of narrowness, as a form of dance that had its origin long ago and has been perfected over a period of centuries. Bharata's basic idiom lends itself to endless variations. But these are possible only when one understands the art properly and applies one's imagination in a creative way, without going against the spirit or genius of the dance.

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Kathakali Today

by KRISHNAN KUTTY

"YOU must go to London, New York or Paris to see and appreciate the great art of Kathakali!" When I heard this comment. I was at first perplexed, or rather dismayed, and felt highly insulted. However, after having covered two-thirds of the world as a Kathakali dancer, I have been able to sense the truth behind the observation. Why is it that Kathakali is more respected as an art in Europe than in the land of its birth? I feel that it is the approach—the correct approach to any art—of the Westerner, which is behind this.

We in India are dazzled by the costumes for some time and then do not at all bother ourselves to study and appreciate the finer points of Kathakali. The moment we are not able to follow the intricate *mudras*, we stamp the dance as grotesque and unrefined and so dismiss it. In this connection, let me recall an experience.

It was on the eve of my first night, with my partner, Shirin Vajifdar, at the Comedy Theatre, in London's Haymarket. We were especially anxious because a renowned company was due to open at the same time in the West End of London. In competition with their production cost of several hundred pounds, our troupe members thought our chances of a hit were meagre. However, I felt that, with our thorough practice of Kathakali and the experience of over two decades in this great art, success was undoubtedly ours. After the show, we went to bed dispirited, despite encores and curtain-calls and long queues outside the dressing-room. Next morning, our manager, Fernau Hall, woke us up to show us heaps of papers: "Look, what the Press has to say about you, Guruji. 'Shirin and Kutty are a hit... a great art... the ballet form of dancing in India... the suggestive costume and significant make-up of the great art of Kathakali'." Thus, the success was less ours than that of the ancient art, as the headlines revealed.

EMPHASISING THE TRANSCENDENT

On many occasions, in London, I have been asked penetrating questions about Kathakali. The most oft-repeated related to the make-up. What is the significance of the different types, such as *pachcha, kathi, thadi, minukku*...? I answer that the idea behind these elaborations is to emphasise the supernatural element. Through Kathakali, we depict the life of the Gods, and the make-up of the Gods has to be different form that of a normal human being.

Besides, Kathakali is not a cheap art for popular entertainment. It is a medium intended to impart a high philosophy. Through the variations of make-up, we show the different types of characters—*pachcha* (green), *kathi* (knife), *thadi* (beard), *kari* (black) and *minukku* (smooth). *Pachcha* is the green make-up used for *satwik* or divine persons, good kings and virtuous people. In *kathi*, there is a red patch, representing *rajasik* personages who are influenced by evil desires. *Thadi* means beard, and this is used again in three colours: white suggesting the monkey characters, the black depicting hunters, and the red colour depicting demons.

Another common query related to the gesture language. The fact that, within the small compass of 24 radical "letters" and roughly a thousand essential "words" and ideas, a basic dance language could be formed, stupefied English audiences. The English are a conservative people and reserved in their attitudes. But, being an intelligent race, they know what to choose and what to reject. It was the Kathakali presented by Uday Shankar in England that awakened the interest of our people in this branch of art, which had been neglected till then.

Kathakali is the only dance form in India which is perfectly adapted to the ballet. Its dramatic quality, its changing vigour, its variety of themes and richness of poetic charm are themselves the very things that go to make a successful ballet. No other dance form in India has such a codified grammar of the gesture language. The abundances of different stories adds another unique element to its popularity. The message that in the long run the good and the virtuous prevail over the bad and the evil in this world gives it its final finish.

But with all its greatness, nowadays I observe that the Kathakali presented on the Indian stage, in general, and in Kerala, in particular, is fast losing ground. I often ask myself: Is this a consequence of the sudden absence of royal support to the art? Is it because people these days lack the perseverance for a thorough training of at least twelve to fourteen years under the ancient *gurukula* system? Is the audience, which now has no time to sit through the night to watch pure Kathakali, responsible for its present plight? These may perhaps be some of the factors responsible for its seeming degeneration in recent times. But there are of course other reasons as well. The foremost among them is the indifference of the gurus, the actors and the drummers. They are often heard to say: Who could make out if we omit or skip this, and forget that? In this connection I remember the remark of one of my gurus, who often used to say before I entered the stage, "Krishna, first think that you are the best of artistes, thoroughly trained and out to show the very best you know; but, at the same time, bear in mind that you cannot always bluff. Think that there is one man among the audience who is a real *vidwan*, and if you but make one slip, he will pull you by the ears!"

Then, there is the eternal curse of factions and fights, the regional differences of Kathakali. Intrinsically speaking, Kathakli is one and the same. In North Kerala, more stress is laid on beautiful designs and costumes and on engaging good *maddalam* players, while in the South, where the Kathakali stories were mainly created and maintained, there is a healthy tendency to enter into details, which helps to preserve the pure tradition. However, it is a sorry spectacle when, because of local differences, a talented Kathakali artiste from the South may perhaps not get encouragement and scope in the North and *vice versa*. Further, the *kalari* system, of Kathakali training-schools, meets with a miserably meagre response throughout Kerala. There is nowhere a centralised school of Kathakali, imparting instruction in all aspects of the art. The only honourable exception is the Kerala Kalamandalam, founded by the late great Poet Vallathol at Cheruthuruthy. Since, however, the passing away of this great figure the school is no longer much heard of these days.

Nowadays there is scant scope for new blood in the fold of Kathakali artistes. The old practice of the *kuttitharam* giving scope to the talented beginner, the *edatharam* giving scope to the talented advanced artiste and, finally, the *adyavasanam* giving scope to the guru and the expert, has been done away with. The upshot is that, at the present day, opportunities for Kathakali shows go only to influential favourites. These and similar blemishes set me thinking and I felt that something needed be done to improve the lot of Kathakali.

Even in these days of awakening and renaissance in the fields of art and culture, we often see around us people with an utter ignorance of our traditions. One fine evening, a lady entered my studio in Bombay with a tiny tot of three-and-a-half years, exclaiming: "Oh, Master Kutty, my daughter is a child prodigy! You should indeed watch her perform. When our radiogram is on, she dances superb Kathak or Kathakali, whatever you call it (as if there were no difference between these two schools). However, I want you to teach her the Marathyam dance."

I was puzzled and queried: "You mean the Maharashtrian dance, or *lavni*?"

She said, "No, no."

"Oh, you mean the Bharata Natyam Dance?" I paused and pondered.

"Yes, that is it—that dance with those beautiful peacock feathers. Is it not charming?"

"My dear madam, do you mean Kathakali?"

"Yes, exactly..."

Thus, our first endeavour must be to dispel this ignorance of the masses about at least the four representative schools of Indian dancing. Interested students should then know where and from whom these four forms of dances can be reliably learned.

CONSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS

Restricting my remarks to Kathakali, I have to say that every student and artiste must take a sacred vow to be faithful to the art. No Kathakali student should try to dance unless he or she has undergone a thorough training in the art for a minimum period of five years, under the most rigid training system. Every true aspirant should preach and encourage others to pursue the art in its pure form and not to encourage corruption in it for the sake of a name. Be honest with yourself, giving truthful statements of your knowledge, so that people may not misjudge the art. The Government should curb the growth of mushroom dancers and dance teachers. They should give recognition to an artiste by finding out what he has learnt and what he is capable of and grade artistes accordingly. The unqualified individual must be prevented from claiming to be an *asan* or a guru. The Government must constitute a committee consisting of important experts to test and certify artistes.

As a member of an old Travancore palace troupe of Kathakali artistes, before I came to Bombay, I remember that no one, irrespective of age, was allowed to become a palace dancer unless and until he gave a trial of his ability as a Kathakali dancer for a continuous ten days! The trial was most exacting. I now realise and appreciate the utility of such tests.

The technique of Kathakali must not be altered when one is staging "pure Kathakali". In fact no concession at all is to be made when presenting or learning the traditional art. However, one cannot be a puritan where showmanship and modern stage requirements are concerned. Nowadays, one has to start on time and finish on time. Artistes cannot unduly occupy the stage for long periods and try the patience of the audience. The study of the audience and its psychology in modern times is absolutely essential.

I feel that traditional Kathakali schools have to be opened in all the parts of the world, with thoroughly trained teachers to form pupils and give regular demonstrations and lectures. This will help to awaken an interest among the public and make people more conscious of this ancient, interesting and intricate art.

Whenever artistes become commercial-minded, the art ceases to be an art. Today a student approaches you and says that he would like to learn the art of dancing for a month or two, because later he or she is leaving for Europe! The teacher has to make a choice between art and money, and he invariably chooses the latter and takes up the tuition. This two months' old student in a very short while turns into a guru and starts teaching others, with results which can be imagined. All this amounts to prostitution of the art and it is high time that we put a stop to it. Dancing is a dedicated and religious art and it is our sacred duty to maintain its pristine glory and divine purity.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS Mor... Gangotri.

AS RAMA in the Ramayana Varnam. Above: Being shy.

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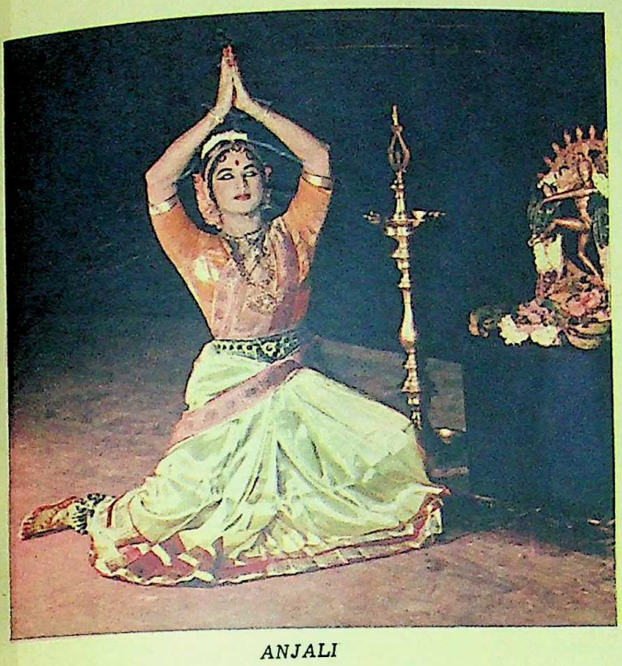

ANJALI

Kamala

AS SHIVA

Photographs
by JITENDRA ARYA
(Our Special Photographer)

TELLING THE PARROT

Face to Face

ANY classical artiste, given the freedom, would perhaps prefer to gain critical appreciation as a perfectionist rather than win paeans of popular acclaim. Yet the Natya Sastra stresses the importance of the approval of the audience and considers a public endorsement of a performance as a verdict vital and valid for the art and the artiste.

True, the criterion was laid down at a time when, for instance, Bharata Natyam was a "collective art", and the spectators knew fully the fundamentals of the dance form, possessing the same degree of awareness as the artiste of the subtleties and refinement of the stylised language of gesture and the intricate method of expression.

Thus it is, today, all the more imperative that, if one quotes the hallowed texts on the art of Bharata Natyam, one should, to be fair, seek the definitions that determine the exacting qualifications demanded both from the artiste and the audience. Especially so I felt when meeting Kumari Kamala, and I was inwardly aware of the disapproving looks of pundits to whom classicism lies eternally entombed in antiquity and, therefore, can only be expounded to select coteries and cannot mean the same if it appeals to large audiences of the kind Kamala has been commanding for several years.

What are the qualifications to be sought in a danseuse?

The *Abhinaya Darpana* of Nandikeswara (as translated by Ananda Coomaraswamy and G. K. Duggirala) says: "It is understood that the *nartaki* should be very lovely, young ... self-confident, charming, agreeable, dexterous in interpreting the critical passages, skilled in steps and rhythms, quite at home on the stage, expert in posing hands and body, graceful in gesture, with wide-open eyes, able to follow song and instruments and rhythm, adorned with costly jewels, with a charming lotus face, neither very stout nor very thin, nor very tall nor very short."

(Please Turn To Page 43)

Funding: Tattva Vichaar and eGangotri

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OPEN TO ALL READERS CLOSES: { 5 P.M., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1963. } **CONTEST OF SKILL**

CLUES ACROSS

1 English poet and critic

4 "Very good packaging. Makes you look like a —— or something."

6 "No, I don't think I'll —— them."

7 He laughed: "Didn't you know I had a —— intelligence service?"

9 Words that modify or qualify adjectives, verbs, etc.

15 Slip of memory

17 On or to one side

19 "It's a ——, but I still don't get it," she said.

20 'All the same, get a mop and ——.'

21 A —— with a startling amount of money in it.

22 But when he is —— the spurs are nothing to him.

CLUES DOWN

2 An excuse

3 A —— bevy of ladies rustled out as I came in.

5 Light bladed poles for propelling boats

8 'Arduous, sir,' I replied ——. 'You can see it better from up the road.'

10 I mean the others. The two —— with the pretty ladies.

11 Two hundred —— were piled on the rocket deck.

12 The —— returned from the village, followed by numerous peasants leading mules and asses.

13 A space or piece of ground

14 The girl took hold of the —— angrily.

16 Loud ringing of bell

18 An image of a god

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN. 12; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN. 19.
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"QUOTES" No. 83

ALL THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE QUOTATION CLUES ARE TO BE FOUND AMONG THE WORDS GIVEN BELOW IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

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BOOTS	MILLER
CLIP	POET
CORD	POP
DOURLY	POST
DUDES	SELL
DUKES	SLIP
DULL	SOURLY
FULL	TAME
GAG	TELL
GAME	TILLER
HOP	WORD

Here's "QUOTES" No. 83, with the new look! This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a one-word solution. There are two types of clues:—

(1) The regular type, the solutions of which are to be found in any standard dictionary.

(2) Quotation Clues, printed in thicker type, the answers of which when filled in complete the square.

These Quotation Clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and, therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in the original work

PLEASE NOTE that the QUOTATION CLUES used in "QUOTES" are exact reproductions of the sentences drawn from the books used for the purpose by our Compiler.

Important Announcement

The sources of the quotation clues of "QUOTES" NO. 83 will be published along with the Correct Solution in the "WEEKLY" of January 12, 1964.

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FACE TO FACE (Continued)

And what about the audience?

"The *Sabha* shines like the Wishing-tree, when the Vedas are its branches, scriptures of art and science (*sastras*) are its flowers, and learned men the bees; where men of truth are found, shining with golden qualities, famous for virtuous conduct, honoured by kings, adorned by the Vedas; where the Vedanta is expounded; when distinguished by the voice and *vina*; possessing heroes of renown, ornamented by resplendent princes..."

One need not go further with quotations from the learned commentary—certainly it would be considered blasphemous to enumerate the requirements of the Chief of the Audience (*Sabha-nayaka*)—to realise that while the dancers may meet some of the stipulations of the texts, the audience of today will be hard put to claim even a single qualification.

This does not mean, of course, that an artiste can be forgiven for lack of passion, precision or perfection in the art displayed. There should be no compromise in standards, but, at the same time, no hasty criticism or conclusions either.

In the case of Kamala one need not have had any thorough acquaintance with the dictionary of the Bharata Natyam language to have considered the early part of her career on the stage as inclusive in her training period. But in recent years she has gained a certain poise, fully reflective of the serenity of the classical calm, and reveals a reassurance of knowledge gained by frequent recitals.

"When did you first appear on the stage?"

"At the age of five, on Sri Ramanavami Day."

The answer could, perhaps, have been correctly guessed, for Kamala has boasted an "infant reputation" of several years as "Baby Kamala".

"Will you give a brief outline of your training?"

"I first learnt Kathak, while my family was in Bombay, under Lachhu Maharaj, Shambu Maharaj and Professor More. But the Second World War upset the initial plans, and, when we finally moved South, there was never any doubt about my choice of a dance art form. It was Bharata Natyam from then on.

"I received my basic training under Muthukumarappa Pillai—Ram Gopal was also his student—and had my arangetram at Mayuram, my birth place.

"Later Vazhuvoor Ramayya Pillai guided me and till recently he composed new pieces for my repertoire."

"What would you consider the first recognition of your talent?"

"The Music Academy honoured me by scheduling my dance recital as the main programme in 1947 in Madras..."

• • •

Roughly, therefore, Kamala's meaningful contribution to the classical dance covers a period of a decade and a half, and in these years she has travelled with her troupe not only the length and breadth of India but also across the seas.

In 1957 Kamala visited China, the next year she was in Japan; in 1961 she went to Europe and established her name in several other lands when she undertook a world tour last year.

"Outside India, where did you find a keen appreciation of the Bharata Natyam tradition?

"I should think in Paris. The Parisians, for all their modernist outlook in the arts, love classical dancing."

"What has been your recent achievement as a creative artiste?"

"Apart from the varnams such as the Ramayana varnam, I have enjoyed rendering the *Nauka Charitram*. I have toured Andhra Pradesh with this ballet as the main attraction. The tour was organised by the State Government for raising Defence Funds.

"There are several old compositions that can be presented in classical grandeur and which should satisfy the force of creative expression.

"I don't take too many dancers with me on the stage. Then, the presentation would become a drama."

It is, perhaps, proper at this stage to revert back to the point why Kamala's contribution as a youngster is not relevant to the dance art. No juvenile mind can grasp either the force of expression or the feeling of art. But, in this case, the early years on the stage have served the purpose and, today, Kamala need not worry over the fact that her period of training was but nominal. Thinking over the quotations from the *Abhinaya Darpana*, one can also maintain that the lay public has also now served a period of apprenticeship and has instinctively gained a critical sense. Thus it is that Kamala has emerged on a new plane as a mature artiste.

The inner confidence that Kamala has acquired makes her nowadays not only "quite at home on the stage", as the *Abhinaya Darpana* would prefer, but also allows her to dismiss from her mind, while at home, the fact that she was ever on the stage. She can, I noticed, forget all her stage charms and be a simple-minded South Indian girl, extremely naive in her reactions.

"Suppose I ask you to be your own critic..."

There was a slightly embarassed smile.

"Oh, that's a difficult question."

"Not so difficult at all, if you try. After all one should be aware of one's mistakes."

"I'll try..." There was again a smile on her lips. "I suppose all I can say is that at times I don't feel quite satisfied after the performance of a number. I feel vaguely dissatisfied, when I feel that the way I rendered a piece was not exactly in the manner I had visualised, but I never allow myself to be distracted the moment I go on to the stage. I try my best to bring to my renderings the fullest concentration. I go through the *adavus* in my mind to be sure that I have all the movements correctly memorised. There are some dancers who feel perturbed if any jewellery or costume trinket drops to the floor, but I ignore all such happenings. In other matters, like being punctual with the show, I never let anything go amiss."

That was, of course, not the sort of reply I expected, but at least it showed her as one willing to listen to criticism.

"You said your first training was in Kathak. Considering the other classical styles, what do you feel about Bharata Natyam? Also have you ever felt like dancing in more than one style?"

"From the time I learnt Bharata Natyam I have firmly felt that it is an art that deserves to be called 'a sacrifice to the gods'. Bharata Natyam is certainly not to be looked upon as entertainment.

"Turning to Kathak, it is by all standards a well-defined dance form. In fact I've no prejudice against any of the classical styles. But if one is asked to weigh them in the balance, I will say nothing is superior to Bharata Natyam.

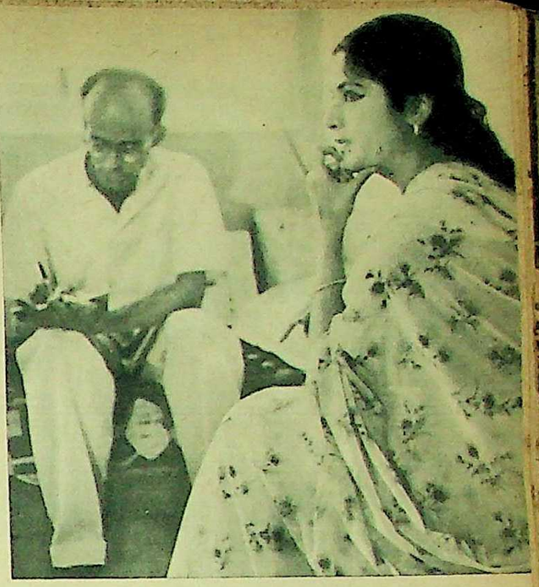
"I personally feel that it is better to master one style and devote oneself completely to meeting its demands of practice and perfection."

There is a pertinent point in Kamala's conclusion that an artiste must seek to explore singlemindedly the ends of one particular dance style, for the classical Indian dancing it is mainly a question of exploring of art. One can speak of evolving a personal idiom through stages of study that embraces several 'isms' in painting or sculpture, but in dancing it is mainly a question of exploring the dimensions of thought and theme by repetitive flights. Even the most competent artistes, who have assiduously studied allied styles, shine their best only in a particular style.

It must, however, be pointed out here that Kamala was in no way critical of any of the contemporary dancers. On the other hand, she is a singular exception among dancers in being ready to appreciate the contributions of others.

While we were on this subject, I thought it advisable to ask her how the gurus felt about each other's viewpoints.

"I suppose they don't approve of anything that they don't do."



"Now, the audiences. How do you find them in the cities?"

"I've no complaints as far as Madras and Bombay are concerned. The people who attend the dance performances appear intensely interested in the dance art. But, to some extent, in Delhi there is a tendency to look upon a performance as light entertainment. In Calcutta also there is not so much of an appreciative audience for Bharata Natyam."

"I understand you are conducting a school. How many students have you? And, in this connection, in what ways do you think the State can help?"

"The school is named Bharatanatyalayam, and I started it late in 1960. There are about 10 students—I cannot possibly manage my own dancing career and also teach more youngsters.

"The Government cannot, perhaps, do anything but give financial assistance to deserving students who cannot afford to pay for their dance education. But, as so often happens, the needy persons do not get the grants, and parents who have the necessary contacts wangle the scholarships for their children, even when they can well afford the fees.

"And while we are discussing schemes for the encouragement of art, may I voice a special plea that the Government restore immediately the train concessions that were allowed to artistes prior to the emergency. The travel concessions to school children, I believe, have been restored. What, I wonder, will the Government lose, emergency or no emergency, by extending a one-way concession to artistes. This increased expenditure has now to be passed on to the Sabha and eventually to the admirers of the art."

The discussion veered to Akademis and such institutions. Kamala's reaction was what every artiste will endorse: "Almost everyone in such set-ups is prejudiced against someone or the other by hearsay reports. Nobody appears to take the trouble of judging anything for themselves. When it comes to art and such important questions, we must have the best men, capable of correct judgment and with an absolute sense of impartiality to take decisions."

• • •

Meeting an artiste is not the same as meeting a guru. To the one on the stage, the dance poses a personal challenge; to the teacher, however, it remains in the realm of knowledge. So, in the case of the artiste, one measures the degree of devotion to the art, by the amount of sincerity, the broad approach and the level of humility in the face of praise and applause, to gather a proper perspective of the person concerned.

Kamala, it can be maintained without any fear of contradiction, has all the essential attributes and attitudes necessary for an exponent of classical art. And the requisite knowledge, too.

The simplicity of her mind struck me as one of the chief characteristics of her personality. When I had asked her for some details of her training and background, the first information she gave me was her date of birth! Such a mind, free and frank, is indeed a fit repository for the wealth of art.

S.V.V.

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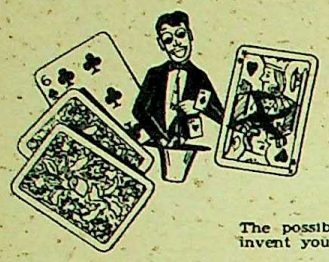

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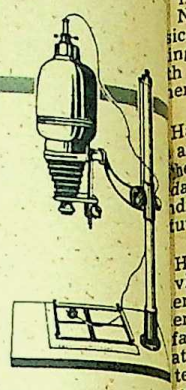

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fallen upon him, and he has ably unswervingly carried on his mission erpetuating the name "Pandanallur", which now become synonymous with Bha- Natyam at its noblest, purest and most ical. For many years now he has been im- ing training to girls of good birth, both th and South Indian, in this art that was ierly the monopoly of *devadasis*.

Hailing from a hereditary family of music- and *nattuvanars*, he was born on Chitrai 1 he Hindu year Nandana (April, 1882) at danallur, in the house of his maternal dfather, the well known Kumaraswami tuvanar.

His paternal ancestors belonged to a near- village called Ammachatram, his grand- er being Subbaraya Nattuvanar and his er Pakkiriswami Nattuvanar. Having lost father at a very early age, he was brought at his maternal grandfather's house. From tenth year he began to learn music and *uvangam* from Natyakalavidwan Meenak- undaram Pillai, and subsequently he mar- his daughter. Assiduously continuing his y of the art, he remained his Guru's right d man for over 40 years, assisting him at is performances.

In those days, no *nattuvanar* felt competent ake on pupils independently, till he had pleted long years of rigorous training under puted Guru and had also acquired profi- cy in the playing of more than one instru- t. This is one of the reasons why Chokkal- m Pillai remains outstanding among the ent-day *nattuvanars*, with this background igid discipline, arduous study and intense otion to work. Not only has he maintained discipline in his life, but inspired his ils likewise. This austerity marks not only personal behaviour, but also his attitude ards art, and the flame he kindles in those come to sit at his feet and glean a few ns from his vast store of knowledge re- ns unshaken even by gusty winds, of which e is no dearth in this cinematic age!

In the year 1934, when Meenakshisundaram ai was invited to teach Rukmini Devi of Kalakshetra, the first Brahmin lady to tise and perform the art, he took with him son-in-law, at her special request. From time till 1943, he remained at the Kalak- ra as Instructor in Bharata Natyam, two is particularly noteworthy pupils being ha Sriram and Chinna Sarada.

In 1943, he left the Kalakshetra and join- he Indian Institute of Fine Arts at Egmore, ras, and has remained its Principal and ling spirit to the present day. And only have students come to it from all the country, but also from different parts the world, enamoured of the art and vn by the great name of its illustrious ter. The Government of India too, has re- ised the merits of this Institute and has some of its scholarship holders for train- there, among them being Roshan Vajifdar Nana Kasar of Bombay, and Kanchanmala Masulipatnam. While some of the foreign ents have started schools in their respec- countries, among them being Anne Brun- (Anjali) of Switzerland and Gina Blau and a Mark of the United States.

• • •

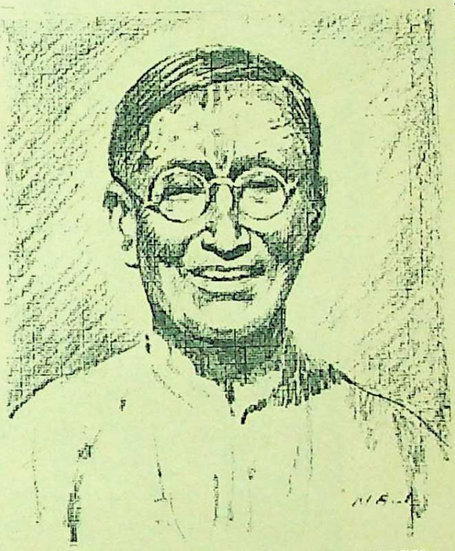
Among the honours Chokkalingam Pillai received are the title of Natyakalavisarada, ferred upon him by the Jagannatha Bhakta ha, at the hands of the great Sangitavidwan gitakalanidhi "Tiger" Varadachariar, then ncipal of the Kalakshetra, and the title of yakalanidhi, conferred upon him at the enth South Indian Natyakala Conference. sequently he was elected a member of the dras State Sangeetha Nataka Sangam for eminence in the artistic sphere. The Sangam lf has honoured him by choosing him as t dance teacher of the year 1961, and at a lic function convened by it at the Rasika tjani Sabha Hall at Madras, the Governor Madras decorated the Guru with a gold dal awarded by the Sangam as a token of honour bestowed on him.

Chokkalingam Pillai has inherited a noble acy, and has not once faltered in his respect for it through the many years he has dedicated to imparting this great and glorious art to those who have come with faith in him. This kindly, genial soul, whose spare frame can hardly contain the strength of his personality, is yet generous to a fault, giving more than many lesser teachers. His choreographic magnificence, his masterly manipulation of rhythmic intricacies, his incomparable artistry in the build-up of *adavu* sequences and *tirmanams*, remain something uniquely his own, to be envied but not emulated. His humanity, conscientiousness, and kindly understanding, and not least, his impish sense of humour, remain a beacon-light with those who have come to know, respect and love him.

His son, Subbarayan Pillai, is following in the footsteps of his great father, yet, is it too much to hope that now, when this art is on the point of near-extinction, or worse, hybridisation, aspiring teachers and dedicated students will make the fullest use of his last precious years and take what he has to offer from the fathomless depths of his knowledge?

• • •

STEEPED in tradition, orthodox to the core and austere in his technique, Guru Howbom Athomba Singh holds a unique position among the teachers of the Manipuri dance. He was the first to reveal to a yet ignorant world



GURU HOWBOM ATHOMBA SINGH

the exquisite beauty and sensuous charm of this most lyrical of dance forms.

For many years, this enchanting art had been kept confined within the mountain fastnesses of Manipur, that picturesque little State on the borderland of India and Burma, lending its name to this dance style. Difficulty of access, the general indifference of the other less isolated regions, and the unawareness of the universal appeal of their own art, were some of the factors that imprisoned this dance-form within the darkness of the centuries. It remained the Sleeping Beauty of the Indian dance, till Poet Tagore, in his quest for the inherited glory of our many art forms, touched it into splendid wakefulness.

•

Closely associated with him in the renaissance of the Manipuri dance was Guru Athomba Singh, whom Tagore saw dancing, then as a young man, in the course of his travels through Assam. No wonder that this dance style cast its magic spell upon him, for in the plastic grace and fluid lines of its movements, Tagore found an echo of what he himself had tried to speak through his music, popularly known as "*Rabindra-sangit*". It seemed to him the ideal vehicle for the lilting melodies and soothing cadences of his songs, the apt technique to give visual form to the abstract fantasies of his creation and the fanciful flights of his imagination. The soft, supple undulations of the body, the swaying, gliding, lightly turning movements, the unobtrusive yet infinitely varied footwork and the petalled beauty of fingers forming naive but delicately expressive *mudras*—all these charmed his senses and appealed directly to his heart.

The young Athomba Singh went with him to Santiniketan to be the first instructor there in Manipuri dancing. Many were the songs he translated into corresponding dance movements, conveying their sense and giving them tangible shape, yet maintaining undefiled the basic purity of technique. Remaining there for 15 years, he gave many pupils the benefit of his immense repertoire and vast knowledge, among them being Nandita Kripalani, the Poet's grand-daughter.

Over 75 years of age now, Guru Athomba Singh has behind him a long and illustrious career. The dance in Manipur is a twin of the child's first consciousness, and he acquires it almost as naturally, spontaneously and unquestioningly as the other daily necessities of life, spelling out with his feet the preliminary syllables of "*dhinte-yengta khitta dhenta*" simultaneously with the lisping of his first letters. Athomba Singh also started dancing at a very tender age, celebrating with song and dance each ritual, each festive occasion, each event that broke the even cadence of life lived amidst the sylvan surroundings of his idyllic home State.

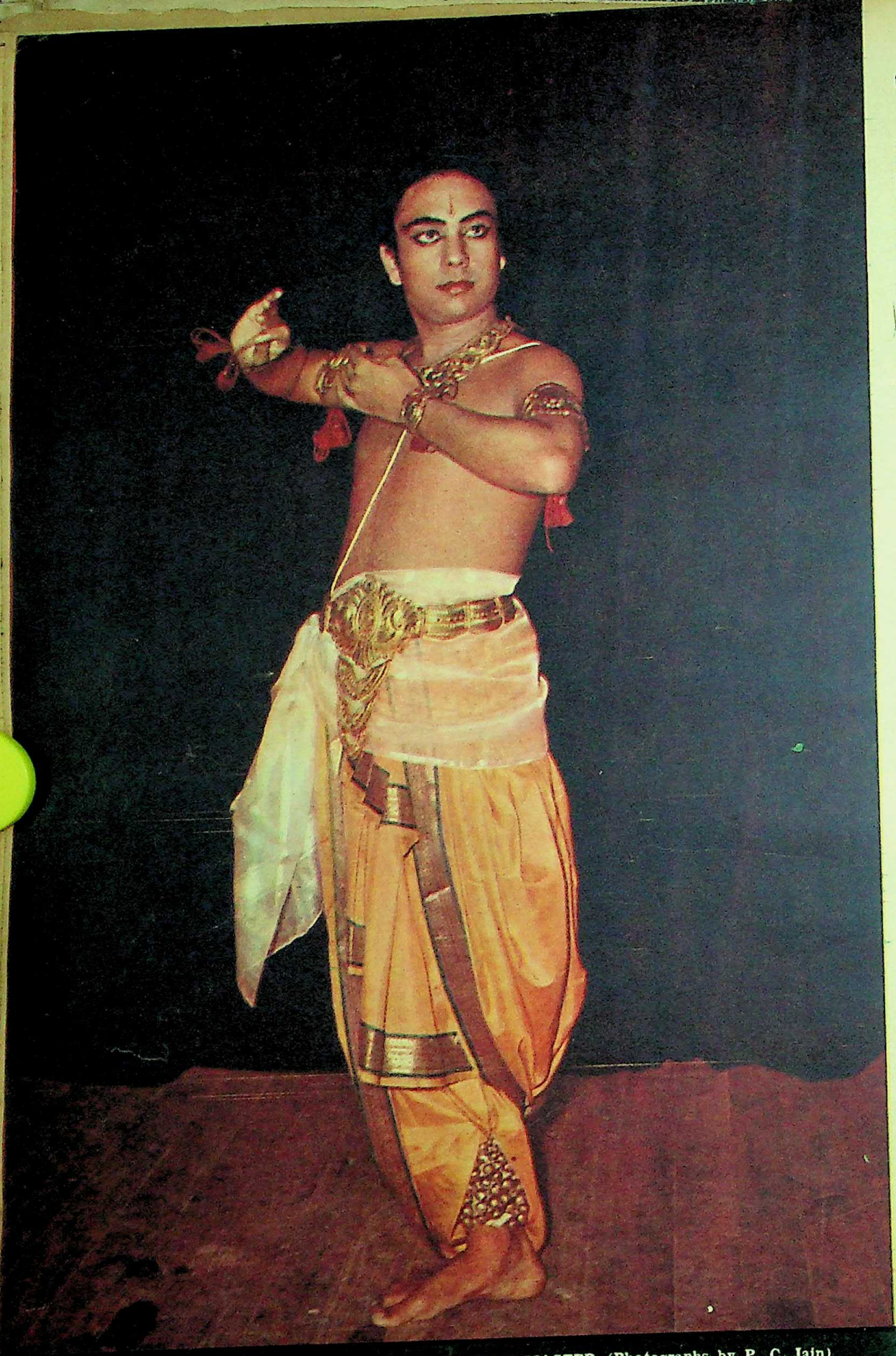
His actual student life, however, began at 17, when he started his training under such reputed masters of the art as Thokchom Anganghal Singh, Huidrom Ludro Singh and Huidrom Jhunonmocha Singh. After eight years of arduous study and rigorous discipline, he began assisting these masters at their classes. During this period and even after, he toured Assam a number of times. This was prior to his departure, first for Calcutta, where he stayed at the ancestral Tagore home, Jorasanko, then for Santiniketan.

• • •

After the long span of instructorship at Santiniketan, he returned home to spend a few uneventful years, quietly teaching pupils who came to imbibe knowledge at his feet from all parts of Manipur and outside. He was then brought to Shillong in 1948 by certain enthusiastic devotees of the dance. In association with his friend, assistant and accompanist, Arambam Yaimabi Singh, himself a competent dancer and an incomparable performer on the mridang, who later rose to eminence as a teacher in his own right, combining a modern mind that was constantly experimenting, recreating and seeking new forms, with a sense of and respect for the abiding values of the classical technique, Guru Athomba Singh started a school in Shillong. After a couple of years there, he returned to Manipur, finding the hill climate uncongenial.

He was then brought to Calcutta by a batch of his devoted pupils, and he continued returning there for short periods off and on for a couple of years. By this time the Central Government had provided facilities for the commencement of a college for the teaching of Manipuri dance and music, and when the invitation was extended to him to be the Senior Professor there, the Guru accepted, as it meant a continued, uninterrupted stay in his beloved Imphal, amidst the gentle care of his devoted family, in the serene precincts of his home, which is almost like an ashram in its sanctity of atmosphere. He continues to remain there, imparting his inexhaustible knowledge to aspiring students, delving into ancient manuscripts to unearth dance codes and compositions long neglected, adding to his already vast repertoire.

Two years back, the Government recognised his outstanding contribution to the revival and perpetuation of the art of the Manipuri dance by conferring on him the President's Award. Despite this highest of honours, he remains as simple, unassuming and retiring as ever. Seldom has one seen a person with knowledge so measureless, so utterly free of all ego, bombast and self-publicity, to the extent that one wonders if he himself realises his own worth! He is to his pupils a guide, preceptor and father, in one. His benevolent, generous nature, his kindly considerate attitude, and, above all, the warmth of his affectionate, guileless smile light the dance-aspirant in his first, confused wanderings through the bewildering realm of the dance. Containing boundless energy within his stocky, spare frame (at 65, he was demonstrating somersaults to his pupils!), spreading warmth upon all those who come within his orbit, he remains a Guru in the true sense of the word.



BIRJU MAHARAJ, KATHAK MASTER (Photographs by P. C. Jain)

CLASSICAL INDIAN DANCES – 4 (Continued)

The Kathak School

by MOHAN KHOK

THE word "Kathak" comes f
katha, which means a st
Kathaks were originally a c
tellers and rhapsodists who
ed to temples in certain regions o
Probably they recounted the s
purely orally, but later on, in c
their interpretation more effective
mime and gesture to their recitat
evolved a simple form of expre
and this dance came to be known

The next stage in the evolut
as a distinct mode of dance came
and 16th centuries A.D. when, w
larisation of the Radha-Krishna
the consequent emergence of the
bhakti, a form of operatic play k
Lila came into existence. The tra
Ras Lila developed mostly in Br
plays to a large extent took their
from the rapturous effusions of the
poets, particularly Surdas, Nandad
nadas. In course of time, the Ras
loped into a distinct form of folk
rying a judicious blend of song,
acting and dance. And the dance
consisted, for the most part, of
and amplification of the simple,
and gesture of the Kathak story-

With the advent of Muslim
Kathak dance was taken from th
the court, and thenceforward it d
two different milieus, one repres
Hindu courts of Rajasthan and
the Muslim courts of Delhi, Agra a
Under court patronage Kathak tra
self into a highly technical and st
the delectation of the few. In bot
Muslim courts Kathak came to be

a sophisticated form of entertain
the emphasis almost entirely on
former.

In Rajasthan the *nritta* (or
aspect received much importance
resulted in making the Kathak
a matter of mechanical display a
pyrotechnics. The Muslim patrons,
hand, had no patience with mere le
tuosity, however, dazzling it mig
wanted to see an art which
in all its moods, which projected
its passions. Hence the Kathak wh
ed under their aegis began to lay
on *nritya* (expressional dance)
(mood), and eventually came to be
ed as a dance which was gra
tive, suggestive, expressive and

Kathak came to be recognis
two schools or *gharanas*: the Ja
famous for its *layakari*, or rhyth
and the Lucknow *gharana*, the f
was *bhava*, the exposition of mo
tions. The Jaipur *gharana* had its
ponent in Jailal, who died a fe
and whose work has since be
mostly by his younger brother, S
and by various disciples. The Luc
came into existence in the time
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In our time, the principal upholders of this *gharana* have been Kalka Prasad's three sons, Achhan Maharaj, Lachhu Maharaj and Shambhu Maharaj. Of these, Achhu Maharaj died in 1947, and since then the tradition of the Lucknow *gharana* has for the most part been maintained by his two younger brothers as well as his only son, Birju Maharaj.

The Kathak dance we see today is far different from the art it must have been in its early formative years, for it carries the imprint of both the temple and the court. From the time it was taken to the court, Kathak developed as a chamber art, intended for performance before an intimate gathering. Whether it is mere technical skill or the projection of emotional nuances, whatever is presented in Kathak is treated intensively and with much elaboration and ornamentation. Kathak today has lost much of its original devotional import, and though Krishna and Radha are still its principal characters, they survive more as symbols of love than as deities to be worshipped. It also deserves to be pointed out that though the two *gharanas* of Kathak are still recognised, today the distinction persists mostly in the minds of the orthodox, for in actual practice there is no rigid line of demarcation between the two styles and technical features of one *gharana* are found freely used by the other.

Let us visualise a pure Kathak performance in progress to understand the different facets of its technical structure.

The audience is seated on the floor. The dancer is amidst the assembly, say, in the centre, or on one side. Before beginning the dance, he makes sure about the music which is so important for his work. But it is no special or elaborate music that he requires. He needs just two players: one for the tabla and the other for the sarangi. These two instrumentalists, and the bells on his ankles—that is all a Kathak needs. And more than that a true Kathak will not ask for or have. He does not need the added glamour of make-up or costume or orchestra or stage to present his work to better advantage.

OPENING TREATMENT

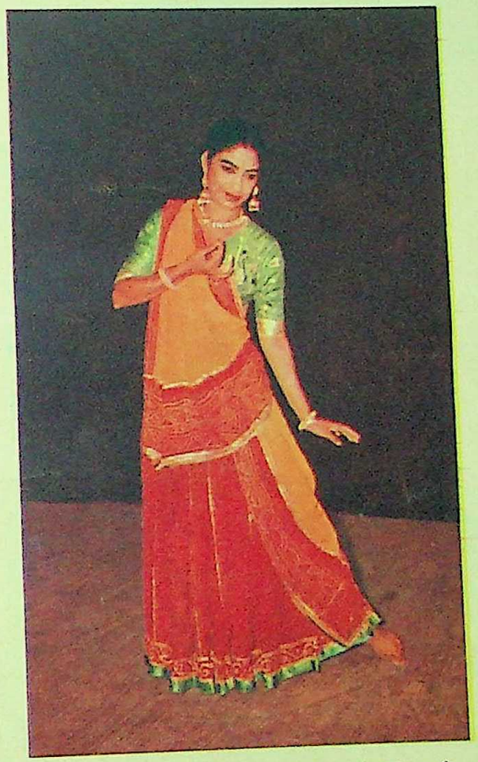
The sarangi and the tabla properly tuned, the 200 or so *ghunghroos* or tiny bells around his ankles properly secured, and the audience alert, the dancer can begin his work. He signals to the sarangi player to begin the *lehra* or *naghma* in the *tala* in which he wishes to dance. This *lehra* or *naghma* is simply a line of music composed to conform to the number of beats in the *tala* under treatment. The line, based on a particular *raga*, is played again and again, endlessly, in the form of a refrain. Kathak consists mainly in devising and executing varying compositions of time-beats, and for this purpose it is necessary to have some unit of "time-length" within which the different compositions can be and have to be made and shown. The *lehra* or *naghma* serves this purpose.

When the *lehra* has been played a few times and the proper atmosphere for the dance has been thus created, the dancer begins to perform. At first he does *that*. In this he tunes his body, as it were, for the performance. To do so he strikes a number of graceful attitudes and embellishes these by doing soft, gliding movements of the neck and the wrists and by punctuating them with abrupt darting glances of the eyes. All this is, of course, done rhythmically. The *that* is followed by the *amad* and the *salami*, and after these come the *tatkar*, *torahs* and *gats*.

To a large extent, Kathak concerns itself with rhythm and timing; hence footwork, which controls rhythm and timing, is a predominant element of Kathak. The *tatkar* is the basic footwork of all Kathak dance. It is the simplest form of footwork in any *tala*. In *tatkar* the feet strike flat and in a small space only. All *talas* have their *tatkars* and these are invariably shown before the dancing in any *tala* is executed. *Tatkar* is done in at least three speeds—single, double and quadruple—but sometimes higher speeds are taken up. The emphasis in *tatkar* is on the feet, and the position of the hands or the arms is unimportant. However, in slow speeds the hands generally remain in front, near the chest, and move with a deft motion from the wrist forwards in unison with the beats of the *tatkar*, while in fast speeds the hands mostly remain at the waist, or the arms are folded. When the basic *tatkar* in any *tala* has been shown in various speeds and before the *torahs*, it is customary for the dancer to perform variations in the *tatkar*, and these are known as *paltas*.

A *torah* is a composition of time-beats made in such a way that it usually has its beginning at the first beat of the cycle of any *tala* and always ends on the first beat of any subsequent cycle in the same *tala*. This ending is usually done by including in the composition of the *torah* any rhythmic pattern three times in succession, and such a composition is known as a *tahai*. Various kinds of *tahais* are used by dancers to adorn their *torahs*, and in a way it can even be said that the real worth and beauty of a *torah* lies in the manner in which a *tahai* is introduced into it and used.

While executing the *torahs*, the footwork is accompanied by movements of the arms, hands, head and neck, but there are no special rules governing their use. An outstanding feature of *torahs* is the way in which most of



MAYA RAO in the Jaipur style of Kathak. (More Pictures Overleaf)

the *tahais* are manoeuvred—by spinning the body on the vertical axis three times, or nine times, or even twenty-seven times, or more, in rapid succession on one spot. The beauty of these spins or *chakars*, as they are called in Kathak, lies in the lightning speed at which they are performed, followed by the performer's composure of body and mind.

The syllables representing the different beats in a *torah* are known as *bols*, and they usually sound musical when recited. The recitation of the *bols* of a *torah* while showing the beats of the *tala* by clapping the hands is known as *parhant*. It is a part of the traditional technique of Kathak to present a *torah* first in *parhant* and then in dance. Sometimes, in lieu of the *bols* representing rhythmic syllables, words of poetry are used and recited in the same way as *torahs*. Such thematic *torahs* are known as *kavita torahs*, and they are generally composed in Brajbhasha. The *amad* and *salami* are also varieties of *torahs*. *Amad* means "arrival", and is presented at the beginning of a performance. This is done in the form of a quick flourish, and as it comes after the *that*, it succeeds in making the audience alert and in preparing it for the more complicated work that is to follow. *Salami*, meaning salutation, is presented either as a part of, or immediately after, the *amad*. It constitutes a graceful way of greeting the audience.

We may now turn to the *gat*, which is a variety of mime used in Kathak to tell a story. In it there is no special footwork; but the play of the hands and face and a few other movements of the body must be noted. When performing *gats*, the *tabla* and the *lehra* keep functioning at a fast tempo, but the dance itself is done at a much slower speed. The *gats* have some story or theme to expound. They generally relate some episode in the life of Krishna or describe such everyday incidents as going to the well to fetch water, dressing the hair, or preparing *puja* for the Lord. However, it is to be noted that it is not binding on the dancer to have any special sequence while doing *gats* consecutively. One *gat* may tell of something and immediately after that the dancer may show another *gat*, which may have no link whatsoever with the preceding *gat*.

Let us now return to the dancer and his *that*. He has now begun to warm up. We know all his subsequent acts—the *amad* and *salami*, the *tatkar* and *paltas*, the *torahs*, *kavita torahs* and *gats*. The interesting thing to note in this connection is that apart from the preliminaries in the form of *that*, *amad* and *salami*, the dancer is at liberty to do anything at any place, according to his fancy. Kathak is invested with no special sequence by which the dancer must abide. In fact with every *torah* or *gat* or any other item in the limited range of his technique a Kathak dancer begins a new dance, and with each such item he ends that dance.

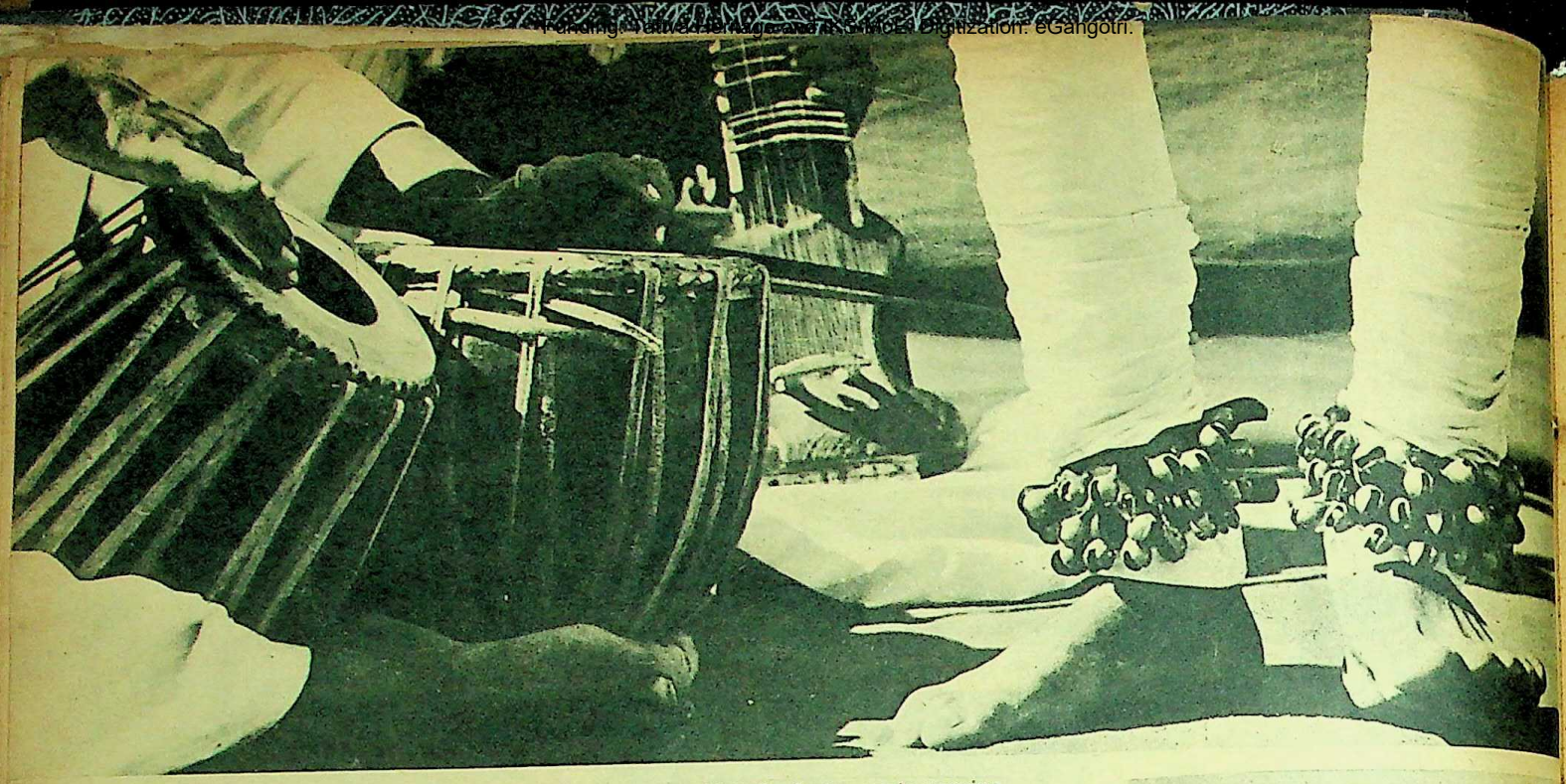
ART OF IMPROVISATION

Another important thing worth noting about Kathak is that it is, to an appreciable extent, an extempore art. This implies that the dancer is expected to do a lot of improvising work, both in the *nritta* and *nritya* aspects. In *nritta*, his work can be likened to that of the player of a percussion instrument such as the *tabla* or *mridanga* who has to keep creating fresh patterns of rhythmic beats as he plays along. A good Kathak dancer has certainly to have a very alert and calculating mind, for he has constantly to experiment with varying fractions of that most elusive and evanescent of all elements, time. In *nritya*, too, an accomplished Kathak dancer is always capable of giving a fresh interpretation to his rendering, no matter how many times he may have performed the same item before.

While *gats* use only elementary mime for their portrayal, in Kathak there are also items of *nritya* in which expressional dance is done to the accompaniment of songs. The most important item in this category is the *thumri*. The *thumri* is a style of music, rather a style of singing in Hindustani music, and it came into existence towards the last phase of the Muslim hegemony in Northern India, apparently to suit the temperament of the leisurely and sensual Nawabs of the time. A *thumri* has only three or four lines of poetry, but each phrase is repeated again and again, and every time with a new grace, a new lilt, a new musical nuance. When rendering a *thumri* in dance, a Kathak performer generally sits before his audience, covering his legs and feet with a shawl. He sings a line or a phrase of the song, and at the same time portrays its *bhava*. He sings the same piece again and again, modulating his voice to suit the different *bhavas* he wishes to create and project. The *thumri* gives ample scope to the Kathak dancer to do spontaneous improvising, and it is not uncommon for a good artiste to convey the meaning or import of a single line of song in scores of different ways. *Thumris* are invariably full of amorous significance, but sometimes they also lean towards frivolity or even vulgarity. Apart from the *thumri*, there are also certain other types of love lyrics used in Kathak for *bhava* exposition, and of these the *dadra* and *ghazal* are the most popular.

Kathak, as we have seen, is an intricate and highly stylised form of dance, with a code of technique and mode of execution all its own. Though it may appear merely intriguing to one who knows nothing of it, Kathak is sure to yield intense aesthetic satisfaction to one who has grasped its implications and realised its purport.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

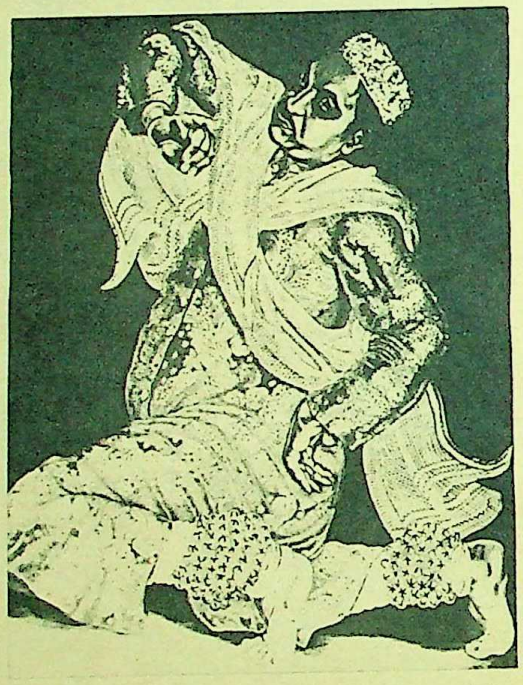


THE TATKAR, or basic footwork of the Kathak style, in which the feet execute varying rhythmic patterns to the accompaniment of the tabla. (Photographs: Mohan Khokar, 3)

CLASSICAL INDIAN DANCES—4

Kathak

(CONTINUED)



ACHHAN MAHARAJ, famed master of the Lucknow gharana, as painted by the American artist, H. J. Stowitts, in 1929, and (right) his brother, Shambhu Maharaj, another noted teacher of our time. Below: The brothers Maharaj Binda Din (left) and Maharaj Kalka Prasad, who brought the Lucknow school to perfection at the court of Wajid Ali Shah, the last Nawab of Oudh.

DAMAYANTI JOSHI enacts Radha filling her syringe with coloured water to sport with Krishna at Holi.

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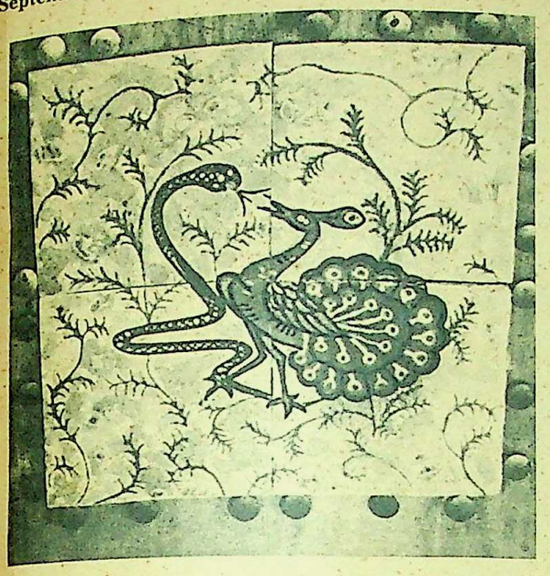


DECORATIVE TILES, each one of them hand-painted, are prominent among the ceramic materials made in West Bengal. Right: These articles, prepared from Gangetic silt and common clay, reveal craftsmanship of a high order.

Ceramics Of West Bengal

THE College of Ceramics Technology, run by the Government of West Bengal in Calcutta, has proved itself to be of immense utility in partially meeting the State's staggering unemployment problem by turning out skilled and unskilled workers, about 90% of whom have been absorbed elsewhere. It also helps to save and earn a fairly sizable amount by way of foreign exchange for the country.

The basic role of the college is to modernise and reorientate the structure of ceramic industries in the State in the light of recent technological advances, in processes and products, recorded by the progressive countries of the world, and to furnish, in diverse ways, the country's various ceramic organisations with technical know-how.

The College runs a four-year course in B.Sc. (Tech.) in Ceramics, and the Degree is awarded by the Calcutta University. Its well-equipped laboratory investigates systematically into the complicated problems of the industry in and outside West Bengal, and maintains liaison with pure science to enable it to apply its discoveries and inventions successfully to the industry and assimilate them into the factory organisation.

To help in augmenting the production of ceramic goods in India, it is absolutely essential to have trained and qualified ceramic technologists and engineers in far larger numbers. In filling this lacuna, the college has come to the industry's aid.

A proud achievement of this institute has been the production of Bone-china, for the first time in India, utilising purely indigenous raw materials, completely independent of foreign collaboration. Wares made of Bone-china are of such exquisite quality and design and have attained such perfection of execution that one is apt to confuse them with the best English Bone-china and Japanese translucent china.

Apart from the highly translucent Bone-china dinner- and tea-sets produced here, the attractive milk-white translucent figures, mounted on suitable base, give a magnificent look to the lobby. Each one of them is hand-painted, in a rainbow of colours, by girl students trained in imparting delicate artistic touches.

The symmetry of the drawings is something that will put in the shade any machine-made product. Both Western and Oriental designs are displayed suitably on these wares. Mr. Asoke Sen, Union Law Minister, and Miss Padmaja Naidu, Governor of West Bengal, were so greatly impressed by the excellent workmanship of these goods that they placed a substantial order with the institute for Bone-china ware.

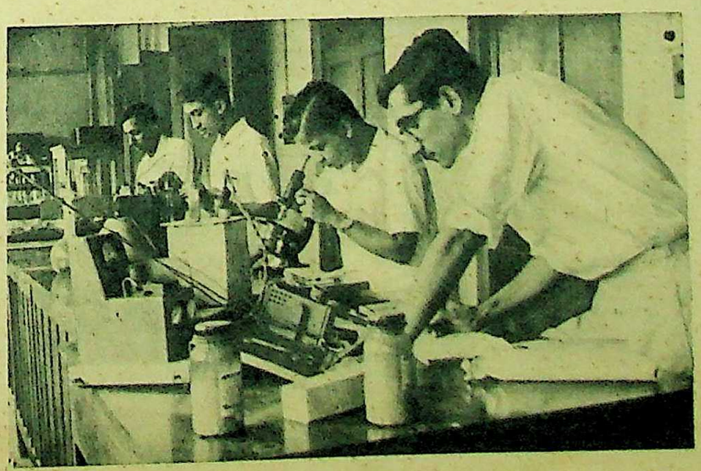
The manufacture of Bone-china articles, which involves application of high technique and the services of skilled workers, has been on the regular production schedule of the college, along with fine earthenware dinner-sets, etc. With the installation recently of an electric tunnel kiln (one of the very few in the country), both the quality and quantity of the goods produced have considerably improved. In fact, it is expected that Bone-china articles will find an export market in the near future.

Another notable stride taken by the institute has been in the industrial utilisation of Gangetic silt and common clay in the field of ceramics. Systematic investigations in this sphere have revealed that the inexhaustible Gangetic silt of West Bengal has immense potentialities. As such, a new technique has been evolved, again for the first time in India, to harness common clay and silt in the manufacture of glazed-white and multicoloured tableware, such as tea-sets, flower vases and ash-trays. The cost of production being low, these articles are well within the reach of the common man.

A significant feature of this college is the encouragement it gives to ex-students to launch cottage units on a co-operative basis. About a hundred such ancillary units have sprung up around the mother institute, employing usefully and gainfully over 600 workers. The college extends all possible technical help in organising and producing articles of commercial value, conforming to standard specifications.

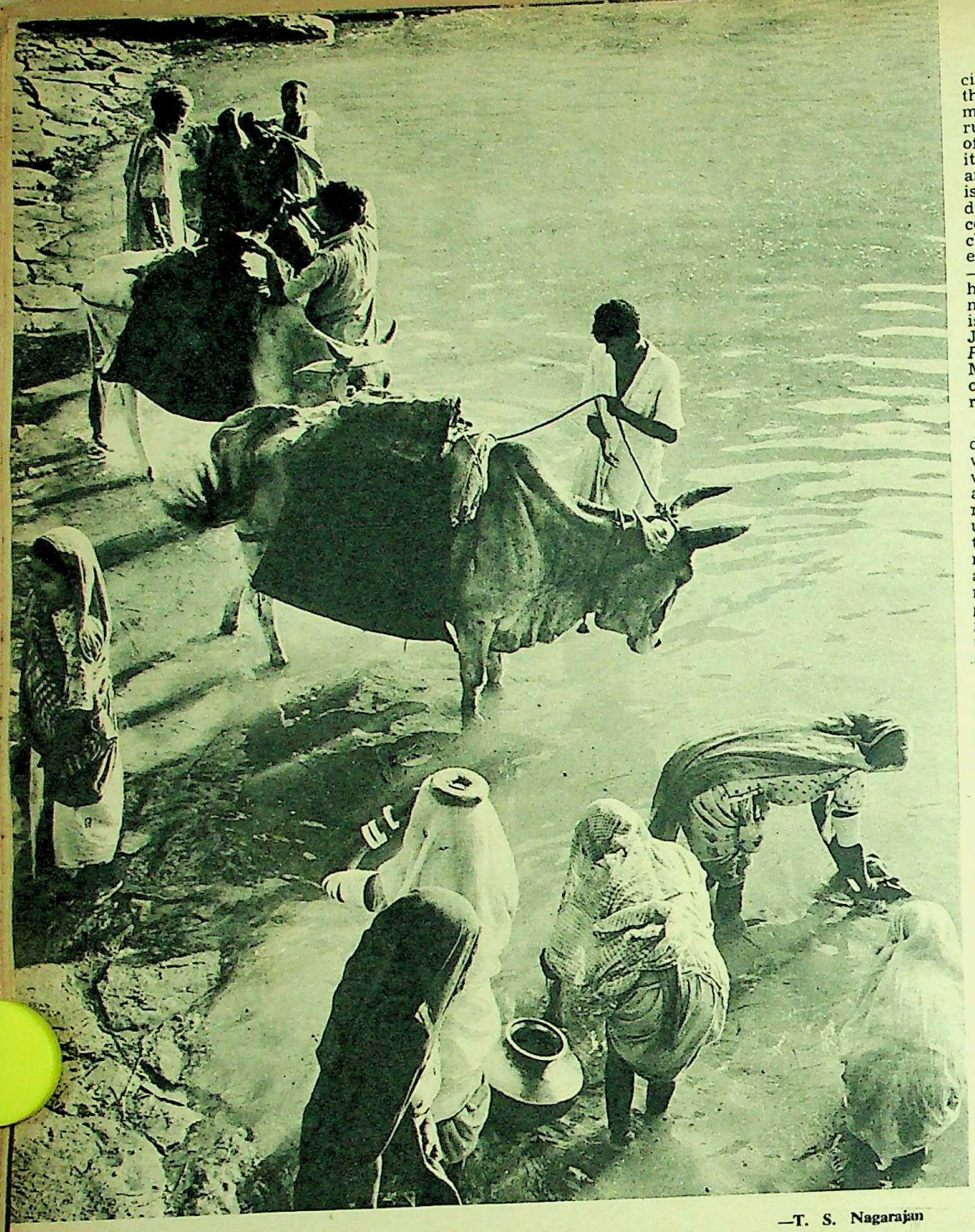
The College of Ceramic Technology has thus grown into quite a big training-cum-production centre, for which much of the credit must go to its Principal, Mr S. Roy. No raw material of any kind, not even in the smallest quantity, has ever been imported by this institute since its inception in 1941; and yet it is proudly competent to produce all kinds of ceramics, comparable to those produced in advanced countries and requiring high technique of manufacture.

VICTOR GHOSE



STUDENTS engaged in research work in the laboratory attached to the Government-run College of Ceramic Technology, Calcutta.

Funding: Partial funding for digitization is provided by Arcus Foundation, Google.



—T. S. Nagarajan

SYMPOSIUM : RURAL THEMES IN INDIAN LITERATURE — 3

Hindi

by UMA RAO

This is the concluding instalment of our Symposium.

WHEN journeying through India, you will not be able to traverse any considerable distance without coming upon a small cluster of mud huts, a well amidst them, men sitting on charpoys smoking the hookah, women attending to their daily chores, children playing—the whole picture set against a background of green fields, mango groves and cattle browsing idly to the tune of a cowherd's simple, sentimental song. This is the Indian village. Similarly, taking a stroll through the highway of Indian literature—I shall speak only of Hindi, but I imagine what I am saying is true of all Indian literatures—you cannot but come across realistic portrayals or fleeting glimpses of the rural scene at fairly frequent intervals.

In Hindi, it has been the novelists and short-story writers, rather than the poets, who have painted the rural scene, in brilliant as well as subdued colours, in styles ranging from idealised romanticism to brutal realism and modernistic, sophisticated cynicism. The poets, for reasons we shall try presently to understand, have found inspiration in themes more subjective, thoughtful and urban. But even in fiction, the state of literacy being what it is, the village is inevitably presented in such a manner as to attract and appeal to the cultivated urban mind. Modern urban sensibilities give little scope for the reader to identify himself with the characters through whom lives the Indian village in works of fiction, complete with its values, its beliefs and social customs, its ideals and aspirations, its simple joys and sorrows.

In Hindi fiction, it is to Premchand that we turn first—for the most loved and lovable characters, each delineated with imagination, affection and skill, even if somewhat romanticised. These are uncomplicated characters, they are not set in known and represent- moulds. They are the media used to vivify rural edifice and fibre, the joys and priva- of peasants, the hierarchy of the vill- its simple but arduous existence, its na- and its touching faith. Even though Premch- is now looked upon as somewhat "dated" dominates the Hindi literary scene whe- comes to graphic descriptions of rural life characters. He must indeed enjoy a place eminence in Hindi fiction for all time to c —if only for his vignettes of rural life. his pen that has created some of the memorable characters and scenes, whether is the experiences of Algu Chaudhri Jumman Sheikh in the story entitled *Parameshwar*, the adventures of Heera Moti, the two brother bulls, the peppery of Dhania in the novel *Godan*, or the help resignation of Hori.

Premchand's village was a village not dominated but overwhelmed by the zemin- who himself remained a shadowy pres- while the village suffered his scheming and cruelty and the greed and chicanery of minions. The village money-lender thr- upon the simple trust, ignorance and nee- the peasant. The social hierarchies of caste money co-existed, as did family jealousies attachments. The village community suff- many a natural calamity and shared ma- gay and hilarious moment together, and mained through it all a well-knit, homogen- unity. Such was the village Premchand l- and loved and cherished.

The village dialect is used by Premch- but sparingly, just to give the story a l- flavour. Even so, the correct, educated la- age used by his rustics sounds neither affe- nor the least bit unconvincing.

While Premchand gives us a pulsating p- ture of the village community, Bhagwati C- ran Varma depicts the zemindar's house- its life of wasteful plenty, its leisure and s- and ambitions and aspirations and its blin- self-satisfaction. These are the backdrop for *Bhule Bisre Chitra*, a saga of the era. So- moves forward at various levels, social, po- cal and cultural. Every now and then an in- gets deeply imprinted—the open-mout- wide-eyed wonderment of a raw rustic rec- ed to the zemindar's household of deca- urbanity, clandestine intrigues, feudal riva-

We are still in the same era, much th- the face of the village may appear cha- There has been no very striking change say, rural architecture. The peasant has yet begun to participate actively in polit- except at the village level. He is not yet adequately conscious of the social responsi- that the power of the vote has caused to volve upon him. True, the village was use- Premchand and succeeding writers to serv- the living theatre of applied Gandhism; the rural scene does not show any very m- ed difference.

But, before we pass on to more mode- trends, mention must be made of Siyara ran Gupta's short novel, *Nari*. It is the story of a simple village woman, Jamuna lives for the day on which her husban- return from distant Calcutta. The slow of village life, the little games the children invent for their amusement, th- escapable, grasping money-lender, the and slanderers, above all Jamuna's blem- character, her loving heart and her str- bearance, are all put down in *Nari* simplest of language and without the effort at stylisation or embellishment. truly the novel of the Indian village *cellence;* none other quite touches th- level, none lays claim to anything l- same ineffable beauty, the beauty of sha- adorned truth.

The really notable new turn is pro- the first novel, entitled *Maila Anchal* which Phanishwar Nath Renu burst u-

Hindi literary scene This book came lik- fresh air. Rural the- had been converted so-called Pragativa- the exploiter-exploit- to tatters, from Na- Gupta. The exploite- isan had been ideal- had been reduced to- drop.

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POETIC

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Poets and poet- ished in *darbars* a- urbanised. This ma- motif has been son- advent of modernis- prominent, but as stock-in-trade, rev- Krishna. Court po- in its expression life, with it com- postures, its tangl- its obsession with mental processes a- the poet more and- more "urban". The any real sense a- backdrop or symb- of the modern po- and self-expressio- The unchanging te- tle poetic response

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Hindi literary scene less than a decade ago. This book came like a breath of crisp, cool fresh air. Rural themes and the rural setting had been converted into a set formula by the so-called Pragativadis ("progressives") and the exploiter-exploited motif had been worked to tatters, from Nagarjun to Bhairav Prasad Gupta. The exploited village peasant and artisan had been idealised and the rural setting had been reduced to a sort of synthetic backdrop.

Renu, hailing from the same part of the country as Nagarjun, changed everything with one deft touch of the pen. His style was highly individual, his portrayal rather stylised, but he did make his village and villagers live. Renu makes free, and rather deliberate, use of dialect, and he tries to impress upon the reader's mind not only word-pictures but sound-pictures as well. Sounds of birds and animals, tractors and typewriters, and even the sounds of the elements make many of his pages look like experiments in replacing the written word by a sound-track. He has created some unforgettable characters, like Baba Bawandas, for instance, and many a scene painted by him lingers long in the mind, but he has not the artistry of a master such as Premchand, who can evoke in half a dozen sentences what Renu may sometimes need a whole chapter to bring out. But, his weaknesses and shortcomings notwithstanding, Renu has undoubtedly made the Indian village of *today*—with all its signs of progress, its doctors and medicines and machines and politicians—live in a way in which the old-time village never lived in fiction.

POETIC INTENSITY

But in modern Hindi poetry, with the sole exception of Sumitranandan Pant, who has given us beautiful glimpses of the Kumaon countryside, the village has inspired almost nothing truly memorable. Even Pant's treatment of rural themes, other than those pertaining to his native Kumaon, has been somewhat flat, the creation of a mind going through a "progressive" phase. But the hills and dales of Kumaon, its flora and fauna, the music of its rustling trees and running brooks, the village swain wooing his nymph with a song or a tuneful melody on his flute, the village belle walking gracefully by, the changing moods and hues of the hillside, sunrise and sunset over snow-clad mountain peaks—these are impressions etched deep into Pant's poetic sensibility and recollected in tranquillity with true poetic feeling.

Poets and poetry have traditionally flourished in *darbars* and have, therefore, become urbanised. This may be a reason why the folk motif has been somewhat neglected. Before the advent of modernism, the folk motif was fairly prominent, but as a synthetic, literary kind of stock-in-trade, revolving round the exploits of Krishna. Court poetry was sophisticated, both in its expression and its sensibility. Modern life, with it complexities, its stylised pagan postures, its tangled emotional responses and its obsession with interpretations of involved mental processes and sensual reactions, makes the poet more and more subjective, more and more "urban". The village is not "modern" in any real sense and can provide no suitable backdrop or symbols for the self-expression of the modern poet. Preoccupation with self and self-expression is a distinctly modern trait. The unchanging tempo of rural life excites little poetic response from minds in ferment.

Another reason may be the voluminous and rich folk poetry that exists in the various dialects of Hindi. This has proved a fertile source of the word-images and word-music which have found their way into the writings of some modern poets. It is particularly prominent in poets of the "progressive" school, giving them, perhaps, a keener sense of belonging to the soil. But, by and large, rural themes and rural images are only vague and indirect influences on modern Hindi poetry.

"A VISIT TO MELATUR"

This feature by A. S. Raman, announced for the present issue, will appear next week.

Urdu

by FIRAQ GORAKHPURI

URDU is distinctly and decidedly a language and literature of manners. It marks unmistakably the urbanisation of the speech, the interests and the idiom of thought and expression over the largest area of India. It was suckled and cradled in the most urbanised parts of India, with Delhi as its centre. This took place nearly three centuries ago, when Delhi could claim to be one of the biggest, richest and most colourful centres of urban life in the world. In polish, refinement, tone and temper, Urdu provides perhaps the finest example of the graces of civic life. Urdu gave a new dimension to life and literature in our country.

There were, besides Delhi itself, many miniature Delhis dotted all over Northern India, nursing the speech, the manners and the culture of Delhi. Till about a generation ago, there was the simultaneous impact of urban, suburban and rural associations on the lives of millions of families in Northern India. This impact is reflected in Urdu literature in various ways. The Urdu world was not entirely divorced from rural India. Even in the earliest Urdu poetry, along with a distinctly urban emphasis, we catch glimpses of rural life and rural people.

In the poems of the great poet, Nazir Akbarabadi, we get numerous pen-pictures of rural life and labour, of fairs and festivals, fasts and feasts, games and sports, of the sights and sounds of scenes and landscapes which have the aroma and the features of the countryside. The bear-man (*bhaluvala*), the snake-charmer, the vegetable-seller, the *bandarvala* and many other characters who gave performances in the city of Agra, but who were denizens of the suburbs and villages, are portrayed. Similarly, in the *Shikar-namah* poems of Sauda, Mir and several other poets, we are transported for a while into the countryside. There was a constant two-way traffic between the countryside and the cities, and we catch glimpses of this in Urdu literature from the very beginning. In recent times, with the rise of Urdu prose, we get wonderfully vivid word-paintings of suburban and rural life in the famous novel of Pandit Ratan Nath "Sarshar", *Fasana-e-Azad*. Azad is the Don Quixote of Urdu literature. We smell the earth in many specimens of Urdu literature from the earliest times.

Premchand is the laureate of rural India. His tales, *Kafan* and *Marham*, and most of his novels and other short stories have an authentic flavour of rural India. The portraits and scenes have the stamp of datelessness on them. His work has transformed the very climate of the country's literary life.

Majnoon Gorakhpuri, inspired by the Wessex novels of Thomas Hardy and by Premchand, wrote his famous novel, *Sogawar-e-Shabab*, which has been done into Hindi by the present writer, under the title of *Kuwar-Kot*. This novel is a landmark in recent Urdu fiction. A none-too-prosperous middle-class rural Muslim family is portrayed in it, with all the homely vicissitudes of its domestic life. "The natural sorrow, loss or pain which hath been and may be again" are unforgettably delineated in this novel. Again, the most famous Urdu novel of recent times, Ruswa's *Umrao Jan Ada* which has recently been translated into English and many Indian languages, is a masterly creation, portraying the two-way traffic between the urban, the suburban and the rural life of India.

We are now treating of the 'thirties of the present century and the subsequent years cutting across the decades and reaching up to our own times. Premchand had led the way. He had a host of talented successors in Urdu fiction. Azam Karevi was a sedulous imitator who walked in the master's footsteps. Ali Abbas Husaini, who is happily still with us, in story after story has brought to life the many facets and aspects of our village life with the sincerity of creative imagination which has made him a central figure in the fiction literature of Urdu. Often his stories take us to the very heart of rural life. These stories are examples, sometimes very remarkable, of mass contact in Urdu fiction. There is a solidity and a three-dimensional substantiality in his creations.

Many forms and features of rural life are glimpsed in the work of Upendra Nath "Ashk". The most famous classic portrayal of rural life and labour is the grass-cutting scene in Krishan Chandar's novel, *Shikat*. This scene touches, or all but touches, the heights. His other novel, *Jab Khet Jage* (When the Fields Awoke), is another masterpiece and a most notable example of the literature of power. His short stories, or pen-pictures, of village life in the countryside of Kashmir, his dynamically-written portrayals of the gipsy life of the wandering tribes, cannot be ignored in any account of rural life in Urdu fiction. In a considerable number of Urdu short stories, urban, suburban and rural life have been skilfully telescoped. Rajindar Singh Bedi's *Ek Chadar Maili Si* is a novelette of germinal power and quiet strength which takes us from depth to unplumbed depth of some vital aspects of the rural scene. Mumtaz Mufti's story, *Bhanja Dooj*, is an immortal creation which gives us the undying core of rural life. Ismat Chughtai's novelette, *Ziddi*, and her short stories, *Chauthi Ka Jora*, *Do Hath* and several others, have a haunting quality, lifting rural themes to unprecedented heights. Balwant Singh's deservedly famous classic, *Jagga*, and Ahmad Nadin Qasmi's stories of the wild and untamed strength of some of our rural characters are creations which we shall not let willingly die. In passing, mention must be made of Ram Lal's story, *Bheriye* (The Wolves), and his other story, *Ek Aurat Thi Ilaje Ghame Duniya To Na Thi*, which portray the rural scene from a new angle. This survey of rural themes and rural life in Urdu fiction is by no means an exhaustive one. The contemporary Urdu short story has brought to Indian literature a new realism, a heart- and mind-searching psychological analysis and a new technique of characterisation. "The pathetic contentment" of the Indian masses, as Mr. Montagu expressively phrased it, has now been succeeded by a dramatic discontent. What distinguishes the Urdu short story from its opposite number in other Indian languages is the

(*Please Turn Over*)

—A. L. Syed

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SYMPOSIUM ON RURAL THEMES

wit, the suggestiveness, the flexibility and suppleness of expression, the silken-gloved sharp-pointed claws.

What about rural themes in contemporary Urdu poetry? It has been said that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. If by nature we mean natural phenomena, the world of hills and streams, fields and forests and the striking colours of the Indian landscape, as also if we include the world of birds and other animals, nature poetry in Urdu interweaves into a unity which has a powerful appeal. The familiar names in this realm of creative poetry are Hali, Ismail, Chakbast, Salim Panipati, Jagat Mohan Lal, Durga Sahi Suroor, with a host of others. The most striking poem of rural life is Josh Malihabadi's *Kisan*. The ploughman's avocations have been treated in this poem with unrivalled imaginative power. Also, Josh's poem on The Village Market and his other exquisite poem, entitled *Jamunwalian*, are superb creations. Nadir Kakorvi's *Dharti Mata* (Mother India) is another instance in point.

The most powerful poetry about the life and labour of the villages which supply the labour force for work in fields and factories is to be found in the brief but unforgettable work of Mattalabi Faridabadi. The present writer was one of the audience which heard Mattalabi recite *Hiya Hiya*, which thrilled and shook the audience to its depths.

The music in my heart I bore

Long after it was heard no more.

The new Indian political and cultural renaissance has made many Urdu poets village-conscious. A new earth-feeling has entered Urdu prose and poetry. Urdu writers of ... have repaid the debt which the over-urba... Urdu poetry owed to our countryside. Ma... present writer be permitted to mention hi... humble contributions? In many quatrai... *Roop*, in the poem entitled *Dharti Ki Ko...* (The Earth Takes a Turn), in "The Sto... Man", in "Midnight" and in several other p... the spirit and the familiar scenes of the c... tryside and the life therein have been ... trayed. Azmatullah, Akhtar Shirani, W... and several others in India and Pakistan ... brought about in Urdu poetry a revival of ... songs and of the poetry of rural themes.

This incomplete survey can fittingly ... closed with the honoured mention of ... Tabai's *Gor-e-Ghariban*, the most fa... translation of Gray's "Elegy Written ... Country Churchyard", which has taken ... of millions of readers, young and old, infla... them like a forest fire.

Kannada

by K. S. KARANTH

MANY of the present-day Kannada writers were born in the villages. Their cultural background is derived from the villages. Their faiths and beliefs are still of the village. They may dislike the discomforts of a village, but they cannot escape the rural make-up of their mind. With all this, it cannot be said that their writings really depict the life of the villages, even when they write about them. But why so? It is not because our rural life has not been rich and beautiful, but because the writer has not cared to draw inspiration from it.

I have to make this point clear and in doing so I had better talk about myself, instead of criticising others. I began to write in Kannada in my twenty-third year and for about ten years I went on writing and writing, arming myself not with experience but with my good intentions and imagination. I had seen enough of life since my childhood, but my writings did not reveal this. I was creating fiction and drama out of my imagination and sentiments. These sentiments, in themselves, were good, but were they real? For an adventurer like me, how could real life and its experience be of any help? I created my dragons, and successfully laid them to rest with my imaginary sword. It was only after I had learned to look at things objectively, straight in the face, that my entire attitude to life changed and, with that, my attitude to literature also. Instead of attempting to change life, through my sentimental writings, I began to learn what real life is. I slowly began to discover its beauty as well as its ugliness.

It dawned on me, then, that I have to understand life first, before I could even dream of changing it. It was then that my past experiences began to acquire real significance, and the desire for new experiences began to grow. The numerous elders that dominated the scene of my rural childhood, their problems and struggles, began to acquire a deeper meaning and they became the basis of my later-day writings, such as the novel, *Marali Mannige*. Since then, I have cast away the role of the preacher and teacher and assumed the humbler role of a student, trying to learn at the feet of life. Life in India has meant to me rural life. The so-called city life has yet to acquire a comparable richness and beauty, so far as I am concerned.

Now, speaking about a few of my contemporaries who have chosen to depict rural themes in prose, mention must be made of K. V. Puttappa, the poet. His *Malenadina Chitragalu* sets out to give pictures of rural life, as observed in the "Malenadu" area of Shimoga district. His first big novel, *Kanuru Subbamma Heggadithi*, presents a larger canvas, on which the author paints the varied scenes of the rural Malenadu. He brings in numerous characters, all belonging to the villages. They contribute to the life and struggle of the novel. People of all ages, all castes, men and women of all rural professions, contribute their humble share in revealing to us the life of the district. Puttappa has spun this story round the life of a girl called Subbamma, who becomes the third wife of a village landlord and slowly gains importance in the novel.

The other characters come and go, hate and love, gossip and beguile one another, hunt and fish, eat and drink, revealing rural life in many details. We admire the author's intimate knowledge of the scene in which he himself was born. And two trends are clearly observable here. One is the subjective attitude revealed in the descriptions of nature and the character of Moovayya, the hero. He looks to me too unreal to be true, in this setting. On the other hand, the objective pictures, as revealed by the numerous situations and characters, are thoroughly convincing.

Another novelist Mirji Anna Rao's first novel, *Nisarga*, impressed me very much. It sets out to depict the life and struggle of two young people, Anantha and his sister Tara. The story begins with their child marriages; then they grow up. The scene is set in the villages of North Karnataka, and the two chief characters grow into manhood and womanhood in the full gaze of the rural society into which they have been born. They are in the midst of men and women who talk unsparingly of them and of the life around them. Colloquial Kannada is very effectively used by the author in depicting their conversations. The idioms and expressions used by Anna Rao are never superficial. They reveal an insight into the life behind them. But towards the end the novelist fails us, when he spins a melodrama out of his story.

A GRIM CHRONICLE

The rural life of North Karnataka is also given to us by another author, Raobahadur, in his *Gramayana*. This is a recent work. *Gramayana* is the Ramayana of the village called Padalli, situated on the banks of the Krishna. In contrast to Valmiki's story, here we have mainly rakshasas, always fighting one another, either singly or in groups. We need hardly look for a village Rama, Lakshmana or Sita. They are simply not to be found. It is a very grim picture of village life. The village headman, Shanubogue, the sannyasin of a math, an ex-chieftain's family and many people of sufficient means take a full share in the ever-increasing conflicts of the village. They are mean and they are corrupt. There is no limit to which they will not go to establish their sway. In the story, we have loot, rape, murder, bribery, perjury and so forth. And to add to the misery of this dismal drama, as if the tragedy is not sufficient, nature enhances it with pestilence, famine and flood.

Well, Padalli also is a village, and a village need not always be a heaven on earth.

I should not fail to mention the contribution of Gorur Ramaswamy Iyengar—"Gorur" for short. Gorur is a village on the banks of the river Hemavati, a tributary of the Kaveri. Gorur's writing dates back three decades. His *Namma Oorina Rasikaru*, *Vayyari*, *Malliya Chitragalu* and other works deal with the villagers living in and around Gorur. These ... ges lie on the border of the real Malena... Hassan district. The rivers Hemavati and ... chi meander through their rolling hills ... plains. These rivers are the very life-bloo... the villages. They are like Mother Gang... them. The villagers go to them to wash ... clothes, bathe and gossip on their *ghats* ... gives them pleasure to take a cool dip in ... waters on a summer's day. These same ... vers strike terror, when they become swo... with the monsoon rains. The villagers re... them too, as, indeed they should.

Gorur has depicted numerous incidents ... events from the lives of these village pe... He comes from an orthodox family of pr... Brahmins, but he can poke fun at his own ... ple and show immense sympathy towards ... so-called lower classes. Almost every typ... character born in these villages receive... due from the pen of Gorur. What to a c... observer may seem dull and drab is made ... lively setting, in which the humblest of ... also count. Gorur makes us sympathise ... their misery and laugh at their meanness ... rascality.

It should not be presumed that I have ... every Kannada novel or short story w... about the villages. I have mentioned only ... authors whose writings I have read and w... work has appealed to my sense of values.

In giving pictures of rural life, it is ... to use the colloquial forms of language ... in the various parts of Karnataka. In fac... part is without its particular dialect. ... caste and community has its own varia... this, and there are a number of writers ... cannot express themselves in any other ... So the mere use of a dialect does not g... significant rural touch to one's writing. ... touch assumes meaning only when one is ... able of representing the picturesquene... one's objective observations and experie...

So far, I have spoken only of prose ... poet has greater freedom to strike a subje... attitude towards life. Hence, in poetry we ... have to seek indirect influences rather ... direct pictures of rural life. Bendre's p... convey to me a very rich rural influence ... musical patterns are deeply inspired by ... music. In his *Yarava Iva Cheluva*, he ... a village maid in love. In his *Mudala M... Muthina Neerina* song, he seems to ... to rural life a tenfold gift.

Narasimhaswamy, the author of *K... Mallige*, has given us very many songs ... and life that convey to us our rich rura... tage. His song, *Nammuru Chandavo, Ni... Chandavo* (Whose Village is More Be... Mine or Yours?), conjures up in my ... rural beauty, in all her innocence.

G. P. Rajaratnam has given us his *R... Padagolu* and *Nagana Padagolu*. His lang... richly colloquial. The people who s... songs are the products of a rural culture ... when Ratna expresses a modern sen... such as his love of the Kannada langu... see in him an unsophisticated villager.

MODIGLIANI'S DAUG... famed painter Amedeo ... rt as a profession, ha... teacher at the ...

MISS INTERNATIO... year-old beauty from ... as she is named ...

RAMAHANSA Sri S... Ramdas passed awa... nandashram, Kanha... in South India.

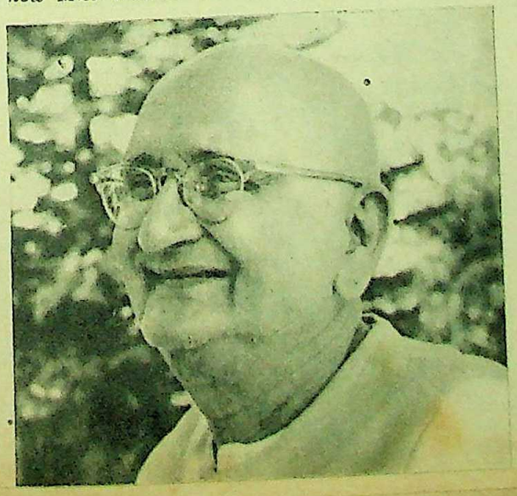
Social And Personal

MODIGLIANI'S DAUGHTER. Jeanne, daughter of the famed painter Amedeo Modigliani, who now pursues art as a profession, having given up her position as teacher at the French National Centre.

PROVISIONAL PREMIER of the former French Congo, Mr. Alphonse Massamba Debat, meets press reporters in Brazzaville soon after being nominated head of an eight-man interim cabinet. A new constitution is being drafted, and it is expected to be approved in three months.

MISS INTERNATIONAL. Gudrun Bjarnadottir, 20-year-old beauty from Iceland, wipes away a tear of joy as she is named the new Miss International.

HINDU WEDDING in New York. Agehananda Bharati, an Austrian teaching at Syracuse University and an ordained Hindu priest, conducts a wedding in Vedic style in New York to solemnise the marriage of an Indian couple.



RAMAHANSA Sri Swa- Ramdas passed away at handashram, Kanhagad, in South India.

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"A shrine beyond the dreams of men and gods." (inscription in Cave 3)

BADAMI

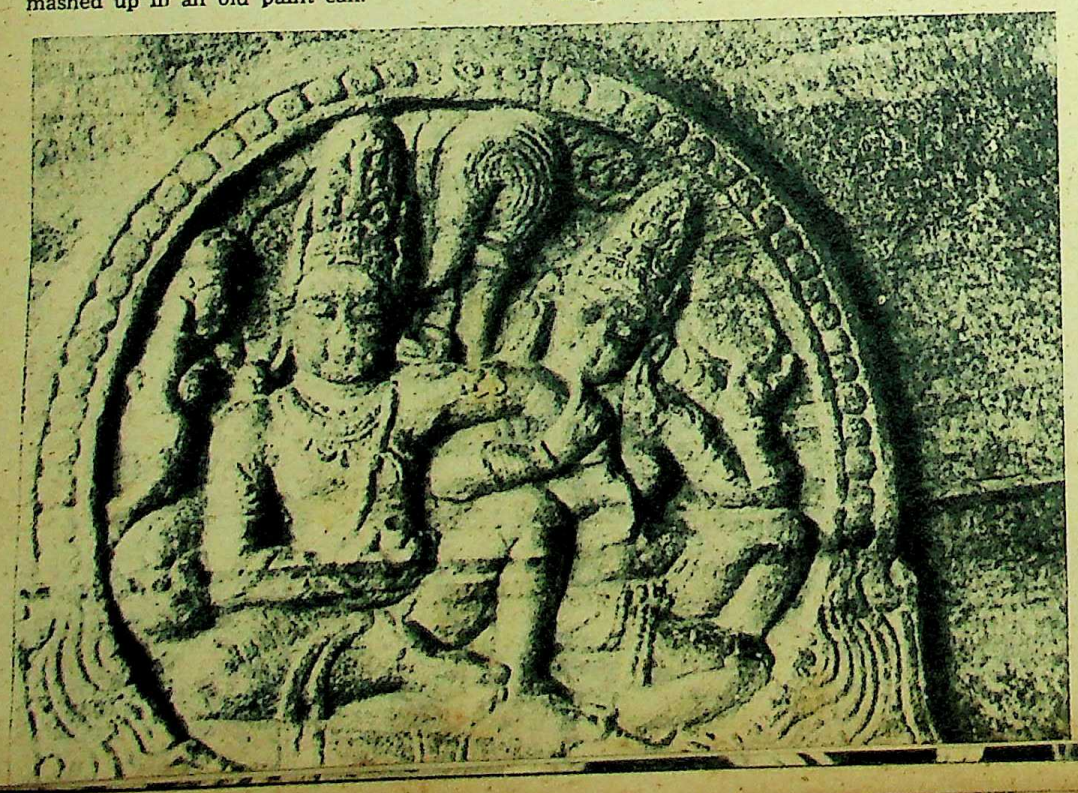
A SLIGHT mist rising from the water of the Agastya tank, and woodsmoke drifting across the little town from countless smoke-holes, were now transfixed by the darts of the rising sun, and became a sudden golden haze in which the scene lay bedded. The effect was of a Campagna landscape by Poussin or Claude, in which distant battlements or ruins, such as those we now saw on the far headland, appear yellow in sunlight, and trees are etched with feathery brush-strokes in the tenderest green. Other trees and buildings nearer our viewpoint stood silhouetted against the smoky radiance, dark patches in the brilliant mosaic. We were standing on the terrace of Cave 3.

Badami was returning to life. Already a few women were at work on the ghat, and the regular thud of pulpy wet washing slammed onto stone rose through the vacant air as the first sound of morning. The ghat stretched like a strung bow across the valley. The bow, drawn between the two headlands, held back the waters that threatened, like Indra's wrath, to overwhelm the little town. Had they risen up they would easily have swept it away, for it was nothing but sticks and mud.

Angular Kannada women in faded dark green and purple saris began filing towards the wells, moving into sunbeams at street corners, the brass water-pots they carried on their heads winking back the sun's rays like knowing heliographs. Conversation-pieces then arranged themselves. Below the parapets of grey mud-houses rows of stubby drain-pipes projected, sloping downwards like old ships' cannon half-fallen from their gunports. On the flat, papery housetops lay black cooking-pots, large broken potsherds were scattered, and langur monkeys ran swiftly along the low parapets, tails uplifted. The sun rose in power, shedding his heat onto the circumjacent rocks. They kindled, blazed cadmium red and chrome yellow; they had the churned, ragged shapes of bits of fresh shrapnel, or of stale paint mashed up in an old paint can.

The Western Chalukya sculpture of Badami inherits the stylistic features of classical Gupta art, and is therefore sister to the contemporary Vakataka school of Ajanta. But whereas Ajanta sculpture is marked by a peculiar lassitude of form, the figures appearing to languish in a state of "mental stupor and drowsy exhaustion" (as S. K. Saraswati puts the hands of the Badami sculptor this dev ed tradition immediately picks up streng blossoms into a new and audacious mode pression. The large Vishnu images are what crudely cut, but with a violent, attack, startingly unlike the moderate ism of the mature Gupta mode. The s handles gigantic energies—pent up in figure as the seated Vishnu of Cave 3, ed into furious movement in the huge rama and Varaha panels. "The live rock forth," exclaims Saraswati, "... under press of a superhuman and aboriginal vi and indeed it is as though these figures tearing themselves away from their on the placental stone.

NATARAJA—outer wall, Cave 1, Century A.D.



RELIEF MEDALLION on pilaster, Cave

The iconographic range is unprece In the case of the Varaha reliefs of C and 3, the authoritative portrayal in th shelter at Udayagiri in Madhya Prade ing from the early 5th century A.D., is doubt the source of their inspiration. other hand, the presentment referred t showing Vishnu seated in *maharajalila* World Serpent Sesha, wilfully reject iconography established by the U Seshasayi Vishnu and the celebrated panel, and is an original and non-Purani tion. And where are we to find anto for the other famous tableaux, the p gathered together for the first time at

in such operatic splen dancing Siva in the for legs striking the *chatu* flailing about in a casca tion that recalls some the Italian Futurists, an armed uncrowned Gane type—this presentment, been an original creatio

In the chapel next d we find a dynamic re killing the Buffalo De side walls by her two s Karttikeya on her right dini, inside the veranda an intricately composed narisvara, opposite wh Cave 2 contains an tableau on the right sid and a Varaha on the s precisely the deploym Cave 2 at Mamallapur of the forecourt of Cave sal Trivikrama scene, plastically successful liefs. Inside the verand cave, is a version site which is the un Vishnu already discusse of the verandah, to le lared entrance to the

Text and P
by WILLIA

Harihara are again por works may be dated t 6th century on the evi scription of A.D. 578 i date guarantees their inventions, almost wit

Without the achie true to say, there wou quent triumph at El Selecting his themes *Harivamsa*, and other Badami sculptor seems then and there into plastic embodiments w adopted by the later birthplace of the medi mi must surely be in which were cast th of mediaeval Saivite sculpture.

IT may be seriously can do much t understanding or ap visual experience, an one's powers of intu The critics who have been those with the thinking at the mom suspect it was the gl ing invested those him most (he was n dian art as it happen see the things he w compare my reaction thing which could prose must be well

When a critic is art *in situ*, as is usu sculptures, he will q our his picture by e

(Please

wall, Cave 1, ry A.D.

K. Saraswati puts ni sculptor this der ly picks up streng nd audacious mode ishnu images are t with a violent, ike the moderate upta mode. The sc gies—pent up in ishnu of Cave 3, ur ment in the huge els. "The live rock swati, "...under th and aboriginal vig hough these figures way from their mo e.

range is unprece Varaha reliefs of C ive portrayal in th in Madhya Prades h century A.D., is their inspiration. entment referred to ed in *maharajalila* ha, wilfully reje shed by the Ut d the celebrated P nal and non-Puran e we to find anto s tableaux, the p r the first time at

N on pilaster, Cave

in such operatic splendour? The imperious dancing Siva in the forecourt of Cave 1—his legs striking the *chatura* pose, his 18 arms flailing about in a cascade of continuous motion that recalls some of the early essays of the Italian Futurists, and attended by a two-armed uncrowned Ganesa of a very primitive type—this presentment, too, seems to have been an original creation of the Badami genius.

In the chapel next door to the dancing Siva we find a dynamic representation of Durga killing the Buffalo Demon, attended on the side walls by her two sons, Ganesa on her left, Karttikeya on her right. Beyond Mahishamardini, inside the verandah of the main cave, is an intricately composed portrayal of Arddhanarisvara, opposite which we have Harihara. Cave 2 contains an enormous Trivikrama tableau on the right side wall of the verandah, and a Varaha on the same scale on the left—precisely the deployment found in Varaha Cave 2 at Mamallapuram. On the right wall of the forecourt of Cave 3 is displayed a colossal Trivikrama scene, the most ingenious and plastically successful of all the Badami reliefs. Inside the verandah, on this side of the cave, is a version of Narasimha, opposite which is the unconventional Seshasayi Vishnu already discussed; and on the back wall of the verandah, to left and right of the pillared entrance to the main hall, Varaha and

Text and Photographs
by WILLIAM WILLETTS

Harihara are again portrayed. All these masterworks may be dated to the second half of the 6th century on the evidence of Mangalesa's inscription of A.D. 578 in Cave 3, and this early date guarantees their priority as iconographic inventions, almost without exception.

Without the achievement of Badami, it is true to say, there would have been no subsequent triumph at Ellora or Mamallapuram. Selecting his themes mainly from the *Matsya*, *Harivamsa*, and other Vaishnava Puranas, the Badami sculptor seems to have translated them then and there into permanently satisfying plastic embodiments which were unhesitatingly adopted by the later schools. If Aihole is the birthplace of the mediaeval temple, then Badami must surely be regarded as the foundry in which were cast the iconographic prototypes of mediaeval Saivite and Vaishnavite thematic sculpture.

• • •

IT may be seriously doubted whether the critic can do much to augment the layman's understanding or appreciation of art. Direct visual experience, and the tireless exercise of one's powers of intuition alone can do that. The critics who have influenced me most have been those with the gift of enthusiasm. I am thinking at the moment of Roger Fry, and I suspect it was the glamour in which his writing invested those works of art that excited him most (he was not very responsive to Indian art as it happens), that made me want to see the things he was talking about, and to compare my reactions with his. I felt that anything which could invite such distinguished prose must be well worth looking at.

When a critic is talking about a work of art *in situ*, as is usually the case with Indian sculptures, he will quite naturally tend to colour his picture by evoking something of their

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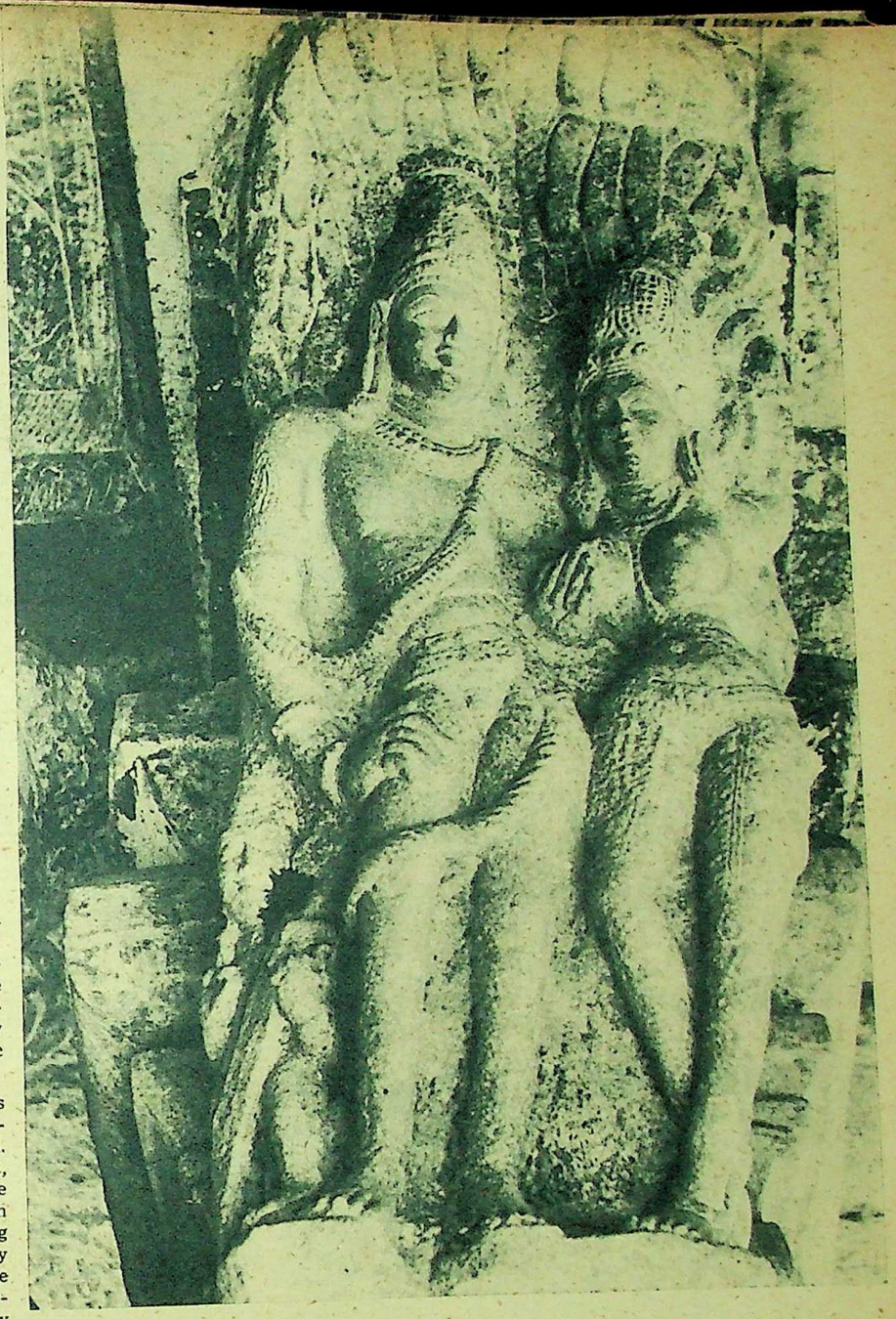


MITHUNA FIGURES from Cave 3

PILLAR DECORATION, Cave 3

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

KAMA AND RATI (left) with Garuda, at right. ("...where the brackets of the capitals of the verandah pillars half catch the light, jewelled and garlanded figures sport beneath flowering trees...")

Badami *(CONTINUED)*

physical ambience, the actual surroundings and situation out of which they take their shape. I am not sure whether it was Kenneth Codrington's poetic grasp of India itself, or his enthusiastic response to its half-forgotten, long-since realised monumental arts, that first introduced me to an India of the imagination. Or perhaps it was a water-colour sketch or so, made by my father nearly fifty years ago when he came to Bombay as a naval rating during World War I. Codrington employs the same stock pictorial "shots" that I have used in describing Badami, speaking for instance of the "soft but fugitive beauty" of the old vegetable dyes that coloured the costumes of women gathered at the village well. But he spoke with such intensity of feeling, with such a note of personal identification, that even a stray allusion to the car-park at Ajanta sounded significant and indeed exciting. It made me want to see Ajanta for myself.

TRIVIKRAMA PANEL, Cave 2.

Codrington's description of Badami is beautiful and sustained. Sentence after exquisite sentence flows serenely across the humble pages of *The Legacy of India*,* the symposium to which he contributes the section on art; sentences that help to crystallise for the reader the mysterious, maddening beauty that lies beneath the surface dirt of India, giving body to the peculiar Indian fantasy that sensitive foreign minds from time to time dream up about the country—a body veiled and feminine, capricious, infinitely varied, lying sprawled in a barely awakened somnolence from the Himalayan foothills down to the southern cape. Here he is speaking about Cave 3:

"Looking back towards the verandah from the shrine door two worlds lie before one, the green quiet of the tem the brilliant sunshine of the courtyard with the chatter of monkeys pelting eac with figs. Midway, caught between da daylight, where the brackets of the cap the verandah pillars half catch the light led and garlanded figures sport beneath ing trees... It is obvious that our ide strangely and strictly conditioned by t vocabulary we inherit... We (Europea course, object to bracketing divinity w fugitive. Protestants at heart, too often the doors of our religion against delight dia loves decorate the temple and the worthy of deeper consideration than the of academic theses on *erotische Kunst* Of this class of Indian sculpture no mor examples exist than the little couples o that adorn the Badami pillar-capitals."

They are not so very little, each pa over three feet high, but they are c among the most idyllic images of m ever conceived. Stylistically they are the older and more sophisticated Gupta tradition, and have little in with the forceful statements made by dami Vishnu masterpieces. The female in their positively Parisian elegance seem to shed a light perfume, a scarcely ble femininity—a "tender voluptuousn Zimmer notices, "approaching celestial uality".

Badami, to come down to earth, miles by rai from Bombay *via* Sholap 441 miles from Madras *via* Guntakal a dag. Take the metre-guage railway from pur or Gadag if you are proceeding t The nearest Inspection Bungalow tolerable food, whether Indian or We Bagalkot, the second station up the li Badami; but this I do not recommen would suggest rather the little District low by Badami station, which has a fr restful atmosphere, though you will send out for your meals.

**I refer readers to this little book, ed G. T. Garratt, in which a coterie of In English scholars writes, each on his theme, with professional brevity and most delightful prose—perhaps the be posium of Indian life, arts, and lette put together.*

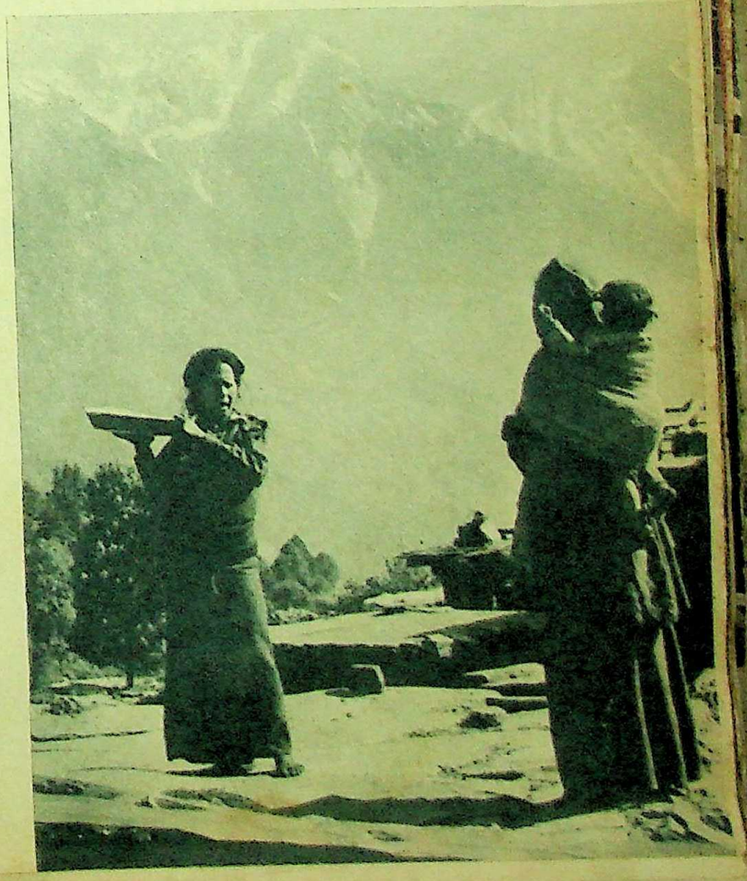
THE PEOPLE

MOTHER AND CHILD FROM DARJEELING

That blissful delight that exists between lotus and vajra,
Who does not rejoice there?
In the triple world whose hopes does it fail to fulfil?

—from Saraha's Treasury of Songs

A TIME FOR GOSSIP



(More Pictures Overleaf)

Himalayas

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

"DAUGHTER OF HIMAVAN"

The Hallowed Himalayas

(CONTINUED)

With a face like the moon, shining brilliantly, unconquered, with a yellow garment,

The great Maya, quite white, most strong and heroic...

—from a Buddhist text

Photographs

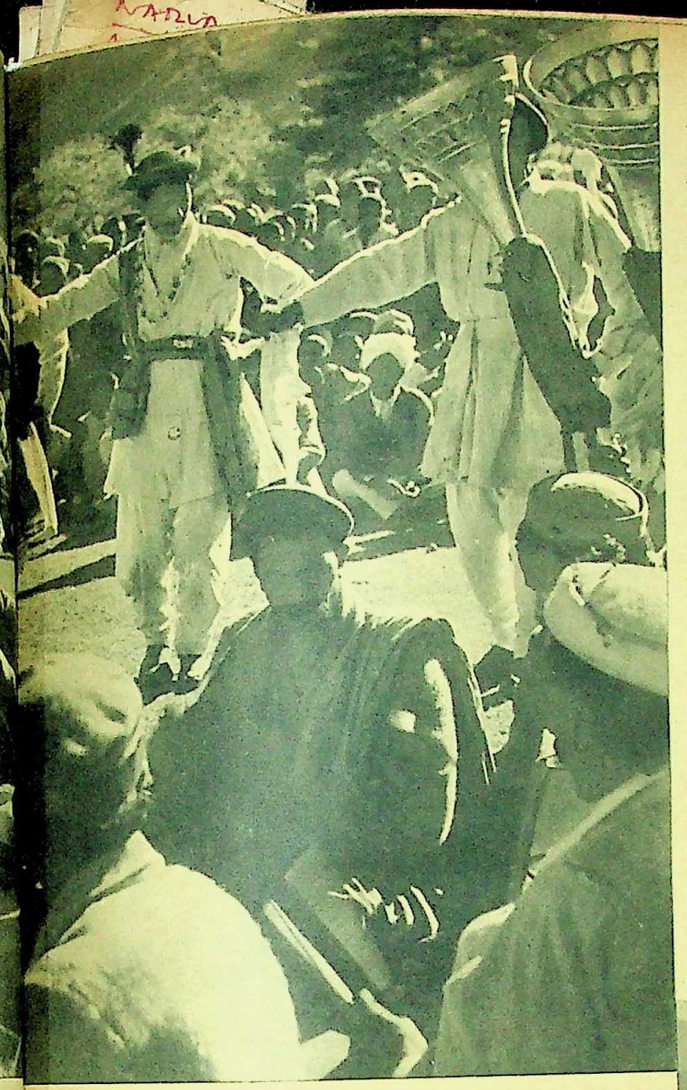
P. N. MEHRA (4); R. R. BHARADWAJ (2); VIDYAVRATA (2); R. J. CHINWALLA (1)

A FOLK-DANCE IN KULU

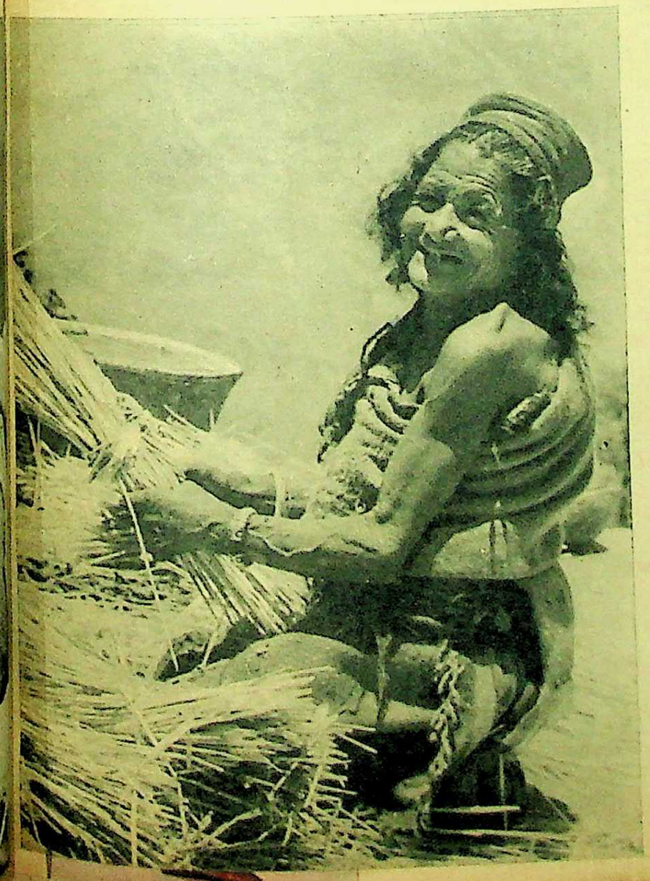
HAPPY TO BE YOUNG...

IN KULU

YOUNG...



...AND TO BE OLD



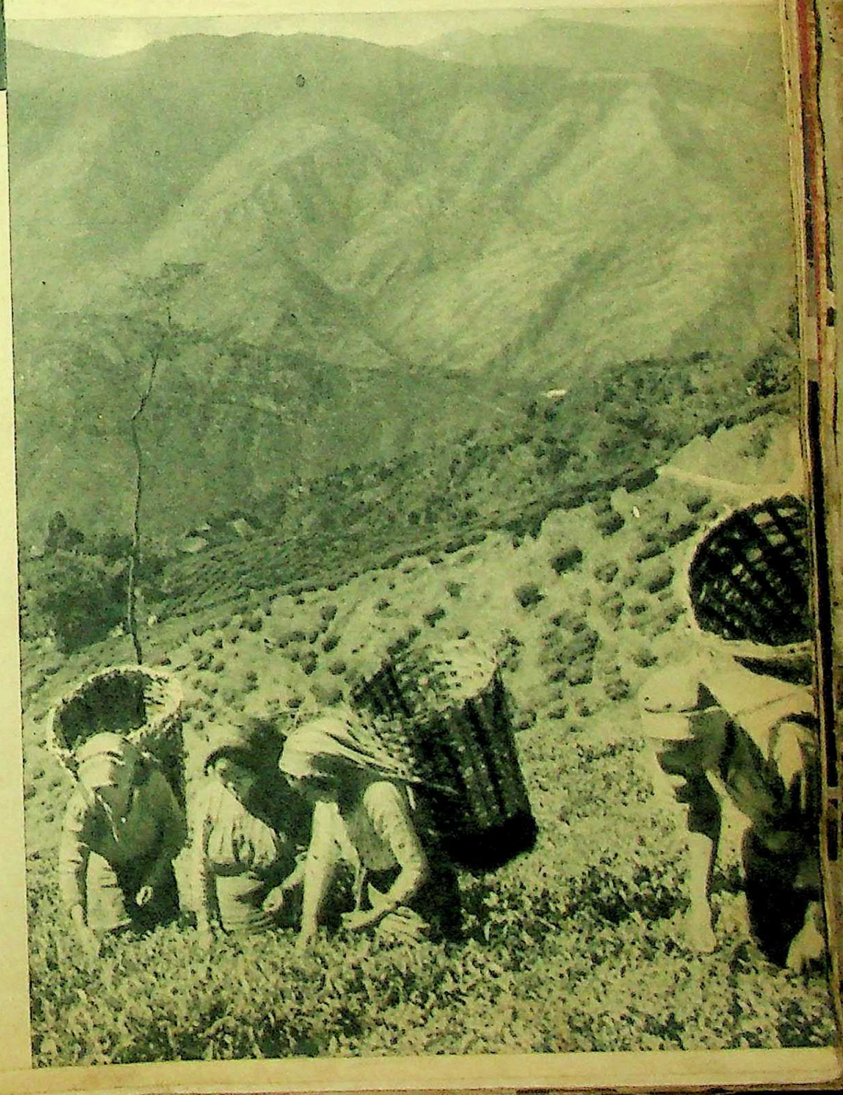
PICK-A-BACK—at Harsil village, on the way to Gangotri.

Abandon thought and thinking and be just as a child.

Here there is no beginning, no middle, no end,
Neither samsara nor nirvana,
In this state of highest bliss
There is neither self nor other.

—from Saraha's Treasury of Songs

TEA-PLUCKERS IN DARJEELING



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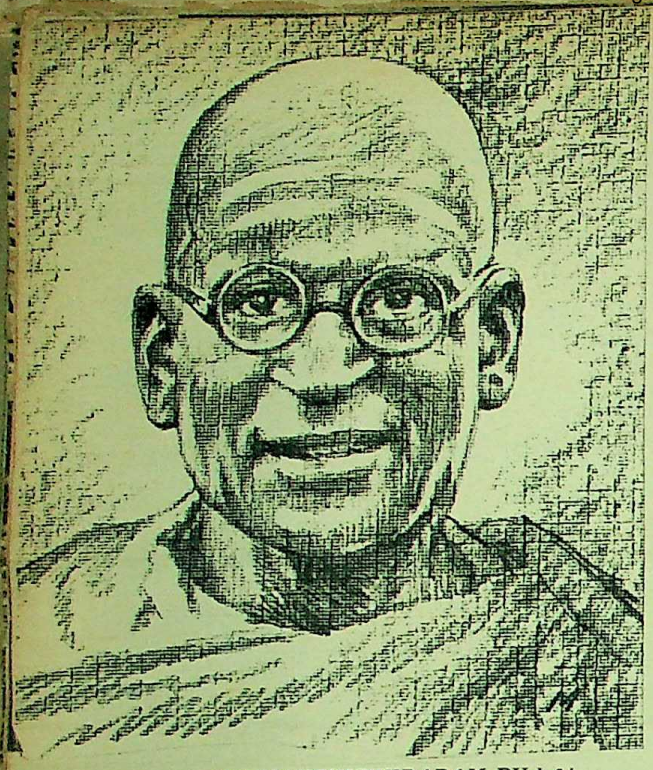


MEENAKSHISUNDARAM PILLAI

CLASSICAL INDIAN DANCES—4 (Continued)

Great Gurus Of The Ar

by RITHA DEVI

A FEW miles from Tanjore lies the little village of Pandanallur. Arid, bleak, hard of access, it had languished in blissful obscurity for centuries. Suddenly, a little over thirty years ago, the spotlight came to be fixed upon it, and Pandanallur, undistinguished in every way, except for one dominant feature, sprang into fame almost overnight. E. Krishna Iyer, the great critic and connoisseur of art, in his ardent campaign for the renaissance of Bharata Natyam had discovered within its dusty precincts the great genius of the late Vidwan Meenakshisundaram Pillai.

Many legends have been created, nurtured and cherished round this eminent Guru, whose name will be venerated wherever Bharata Natyam has carved out a place for itself. Greatest of *nattuvanars* in recent times and lineal successor of the four famous brothers, Ponnayya, Chinnayya, Sivanandam and Vadivelu, who systematised this style of dance and gave it its present compact character and sequence of presentation, he belongs to a family in which the art has been maintained in its purest and most austere classical form. For years living in comparative obscurity and teaching only *devadasis* from his own and nearby villages, his great worth was realised when the rest of India became aware of the richness and beauty of Bharata Natyam.

In their eagerness to acquire this noble art-form, dancers from all over the country thronged to him, and his humble home became a place of pilgrimage for lovers of the art. Many and famous are the dancers he has trained, some of them having achieved world renown, such as Rukmini Devi, Shanta Rao, Ram Gopal and Mrinalini Sarabhai.

Meenakshisundaram Pillai was born at Pandanallur, on September 22, 1869, corresponding to Purattasi 8, of the Tamil calendar. His father, Suryamurti Nattuvanar, a reputed musician and hereditary *nattuvanar*, came from a family of Sangita Vidwans and dance teachers, and his mother was a daughter of the great Ponnayya. Suryamurty Nattuvanar, himself a scholar in Tamil and Telugu and possessing an extraordinary gift for composition, took pains to see that his son became a master of the Tamil, Telugu and Sanskrit languages, under competent teachers. The result was that Meenakshisundaram acquired not only a proficiency in music, especially the violin, and an eviable command of the dance art, but also an unsurpassed gift for composing *padams, jatiswarams* and *padavarnams*.

His initial training in the dance was under his aunt's son, Pandanallur Kumaraswamy Nattuvanar, according to the ancient *guru-shishya sampradaya*. Subsequently he went to Tanjore to complete his training under Mahadevan, son of Sivanandam, of the Tanjore quartette. He eventually became his son-in-law.

Thus thoroughly well equipped with knowledge of music and the dance, both theoretical and practical, he became a much-sought-after teacher, *nattuvanar* and adviser in musical matters. The great musician Koneriajapuram Vaidyanatha Bhagavatar used to consult him in musical problems, and Sangeetakalanidhi Maharajapuram Vishwanatha Iyer used to ask him for his accompaniment on the violin during his concerts.

The Vidwan, along with his illustrious predecessors and contemporaries, is responsible for the maintenance and continuation, in an almost pristine purity of form, of the Pandanallur school of Bharata Natyam. Inflexibly rigid in its adherence to tradition, the name "Pandanallur" is sufficient to recall vividly to mind an austere precision of movement, a strong, meticulous command over rhythm, with brilliance and vivacity of expression.

The Gurus of this school, one and all, have remained unsurpassed in their mastery over choreography. In breadth, vision and variety, the three essential choreographic requisites, the dance-patterns of their compositions have yet to meet with peers. The rich, harmonious, beautiful arabesques of movement they weave are reminiscent of a series of temple frescoes come to vibrant, joyous life. The fire, crispness and vitality, the noble angularity of line, the unfettered, free and expansive manner of taking the rhythmic sequences that are such characteristic features of Bharata Natyam, are to be found in ample measure in the style of dance taught by this school.

Authentic in style and visual form, uncompromisingly classical in tone, mood and content, highly erotic in sentiment and expression, though all are addressed to the Deity, the Pandanallur school of Bharata Natyam furnishes a direct, vital and precious link with the precepts laid down in Bharata's ancient treatise on the twin arts of drama and dance, the *Natya Sastra*.

Meenakshisundaram's art remains alive to this day in the dances he taught and choreographed for his students. His inimitable manner of framing *tirmanams* with appropriate *adavus*, his devising of new dance-patterns to suit the individual requirements of each pupil, his constant quest for wider vistas in his art, all these have defied the ravages of Time. His musical compositions also remain memorable, especially his *padavarnams* in Vachaspati and Todi ragas. his Telugu compositions in Bhairavi and Todi and the *ragamalika kriti* on Venugambika Ambal in the Pasupatiswaraswami temple at Pandanallur.

Among those who learnt *nattuvangam* under him are Kandappa Nattuvanar (the Guru of Balasaraswati), Chokkalingam Pillai his son in-law, Tiruvalaputhur Swaminatha Pillai and others.

In 1934 he came to Madras at the invitation of Rukmini Devi, and not only taught her the art but was associated with her institution, the Kalakshetra, for a long time. Besides her and the other dancers of international fame mentioned earlier, he also numbers among his pupils the Tiruvalaputhur sisters Rajalakshmi, and Jeevaratnam, Pandanallur Jayalakshmi, Tara Chaudhri, Krishna Rao, Chandr and a host of others.

On December 19, 1943, the oldest a respected music *sabha* in Madr Jagannatha Bhakta Sabha, conferred u the title of Natyakalanidhi, and on May he was publicly honoured at Kumbako presented with a purse.

To his last, he remained humble, and unassuming. Never egotistic, alw lieving that many existed more learn he, tirelessly and wholeheartedly devot entire energy to his work (a story has he would start work at 4 a.m., and sometimes come to his pupil at midnight her to dance this or that sequence!), h on October 14, 1954, at the ripe old ag deprived the dance world of an outs figure.

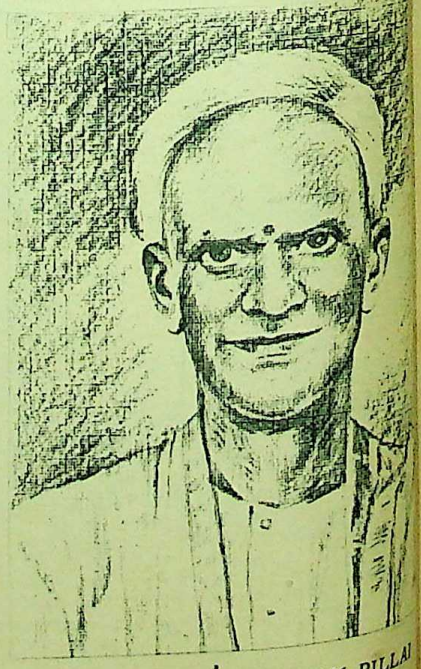
When I had the privilege of pay respects to him at his village home, tw before his end, he was old, feeble and less, yet one had only to stamp out the *taihi* the (preliminary steps with wh pupil commences her lessons) to see th er in him awaken to instant response. him, one could not imagine that with frail body reposed knowledge so vast an sureless. His art was creative within the work of tradition, and to each pupil parted something new and special, sc

intensely her own. The most exacting masters, the rule of his stick during hours was stern and relentless, but his time saw him a kindly, amiable old ma haps a little tired of life's unending st

His son Muthiah Pillai is continui tradition in Bangalore, and his son Chokkalingam Pillai in Madras, but he replaceable, and his supremacy rema challenged. There never was and nev be another "Tata", as he is seen now tionately referred to by all who came with him. He was unique.

* * *

DOYEN of the present-day maestros ancient dance-style, the name of nallur Chokkalingam Pillai is a ho word in the world of Bharata Natyam the death, some years back, of his fat law, the redoubtable Natyakalavidwan nallur Meenakshisundaram Pillai, the



P. CHOKKALINGAM PILLAI

MANIPUR has b tional home of most part mou by a people fon Their heritage of danc puri style, is includ forms of India.

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The Manipuris a people, claiming desc the demigods of musi ing to anthropologis Grierson, Dr. Brown long to the Mongolia Suniti Kumar Chatte nipuris are members ing his view on refer texts. He describes th Kirata" type.

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consisting of dancer King Pong of Burm and mridanga playe Manipur a "Ranasin

The origins of t be easily traced. I that it perhaps assu tween the fifteenth ries, under the infl was Vaishnavism tha in the culture of th after he had ascende Vaishnavism under Santidas Adhikari (ananda school) did own new faith in p "Maithais", which decay. He ordered historical records o denounced their lan

The majestic "J with its doom at thi reformed Manipuri that developed in The school of Ram of Chaitanya. Prer of Gouranga, came of King Bhagyach Pamhaiba—he reig 1789. The cult of itself. The Bengal and in course of t alphabet. Bengali felt in all the loca

King Bhagyach and it was he who of dance. An inte Once, after being King of Burma, B the court of the thought that by g be inviting the wra so devised a strata Bhagyachandra wa phant, which woul The unfortunate and on the night b front the elephan Krishna to come t ed to him in a dr proach the beast w It was thus that

—Sambhu Banerjee

THE AUTHOR in a Manipuri pose.

The Manipuri Tradition

by GAYATRI DEVI

MANIPUR has been for centuries a traditional home of art and culture. For the most part mountainous, it is inhabited by a people fond of music and the dance. Their heritage of dancing, known as the Manipuri style, is included among the classical forms of India.

A tale is told to link Manipur with the dance. Once, it is said, the Lord Krishna was performing the Ras-Lila with Radha, and Siva acted as a sentry. Siva was so charmed by the dance that he forgot everything else and failed to notice the entry of Parvati. Parvati was so much enraptured by the Ras-Lila that she prevailed upon Siva to conduct a similar dance of their own. So Siva and Parvati danced on the Kabru peak for seven days and nights to the accompaniment of music provided by the gods and the *gandharvas*. Pakhamba, the god of snakes, emerged on the scene from Patala with a jewel on his head which illumined the whole area. Now a jewel is *mani* in Sanskrit, and that is how Manipur, where the divine dance was held, acquired the name.

The Manipuris are a simple and devout people, claiming descent from the *gandharvas*, the demigods of music and the dance. According to anthropologists such as Sir George Grierson, Dr. Brown and Dr. Hudson, they belong to the Mongolian "Cooki-Chin" tribe. Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterjee believes that the Manipuris are members of the "Kirata" race, basing his view on references in ancient Sanskrit texts. He describes their culture as the "Aryan-Kirata" type.

A copper plate which has been assigned the date of A.D. 154 is the oldest witness of Manipuri culture to have come down to us. From it we learn the name of King Kwai-Thampak, who was a patron of dance and music. In the year 707, King Kho-Lo-Fen of Burma invaded Manipur and sent a cultural delegation to China consisting of dancers drawn from this area. King Pong of Burma invited skilled dancers and mridanga players to his court and sent to Manipur a "Ranasinga" player in exchange.

The origins of the Manipuri dance cannot be easily traced. It may however be stated that it perhaps assumed its present form between the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries, under the influence of Vaishnavism. It was Vaishnavism that brought a radical change in the culture of the land. In 1714, Pamhaiba, after he had ascended the throne and embraced Vaishnavism under the influence of Goswami Santidas Adhikari (who belonged to the Ramananda school) did his best to introduce his own new faith in place of the religion of the "Maithais", which was already in a stage of decay. He ordered the destruction of all the historical records of the Maithi religion and denounced their language and alphabet.

The majestic "Jagoi" style of dancing met with its doom at this time. It gave way to the reformed Manipuri style of dancing and music that developed in the wake of Vaishnavism. The school of Ramananda lost its lead to that of Chaitanya. Premananda Thakur, a disciple of Gouranga, came to Manipur during the time of King Bhagyachandra, grandson of King Pamhaiba—he reigned between A.D. 1764 and 1789. The cult of Gouranga soon established itself. The Bengali alphabet became popular and in course of time replaced the Manipuri alphabet. Bengali influence also began to be felt in all the local arts.

King Bhagyachandra was a man of letters and it was he who introduced the Ras-Lila type of dance. An interesting story is told of him. Once, after being defeated in battle by the King of Burma, Bhagyachandra took refuge at the court of the King of Assam. The latter thought that by giving him refuge he would be inviting the wrath of the Burmese king and so devised a stratagem to get rid of his guest. Bhagyachandra was asked to tame a mad elephant, which would have meant his sure death. The unfortunate king accepted the proposal and on the night before the day he was to confront the elephant he prayed to the Lord Krishna to come to his aid. The Lord appeared to him in a dream and advised him to approach the beast with the divine *tulsi* garland. It was thus that Bhagyachandra tamed the elephant; and not only did he tame the beast, but he rode on it to Manipur and regained his kingdom.

After re-establishing himself in his capital, Bhagyachandra built a temple to Krishna and on divine promptings, again, dedicated his daughter to the Lord. The King learnt all about the Ras-Lila dance in his dreams and passed on his knowledge to his daughter. Whether this story is true or not, it can be safely presumed that King Bhagyachandra was the originator of the Ras-Lila dance.

King Chandrakirti did much to revive the *Lai-Harauba* dance, in the "Jagoi" tradition. This dance is in praise of Siva and Parvati. In spite of its Saiva origin it came under the influence of *Bhangi-Pareng*, one of the main components of the Rasa dance. Khamba and Thaibi, the Manipuris believe, are the incarnations of Siva and Parvati. Their tale of love is narrated in the Manipuri epic called *Mairang-Purba*.

Khamba, a poor but brave youth of the village of Mairang, fell in love with Thaibi, a princess of the Mairang dynasty. They had their meeting at a spot where men were forbidden to enter according to a royal proclamation. The king came to know of his daughter's love for Khamba and disapproved of it. However, after a brief period of troubles, the lovers were united.

After their marriage, Khamba became suspicious of his wife and desired to test her chastity. One day he told Thaibi that he was going out of the village and would not return before sunset next day. On the very night of his supposed departure he managed to keep a spear in the room of his wife. According to the local custom, if a woman retained the spear so kept it meant her assent to an immoral approach. But Thaibi was a pious and chaste woman. When she discovered the spear she was seized with a fit of rage and cast the spear outside. The weapon struck Khamba in his breast and he let out of a scream. On hearing it, Thaibi came to the spot and grasped the situation immediately. She then embraced death by plunging the spear into her own heart. The tragic story of Khamba and Thaibi is enacted even today in a ritual dance in the village of Mairang in April-May.

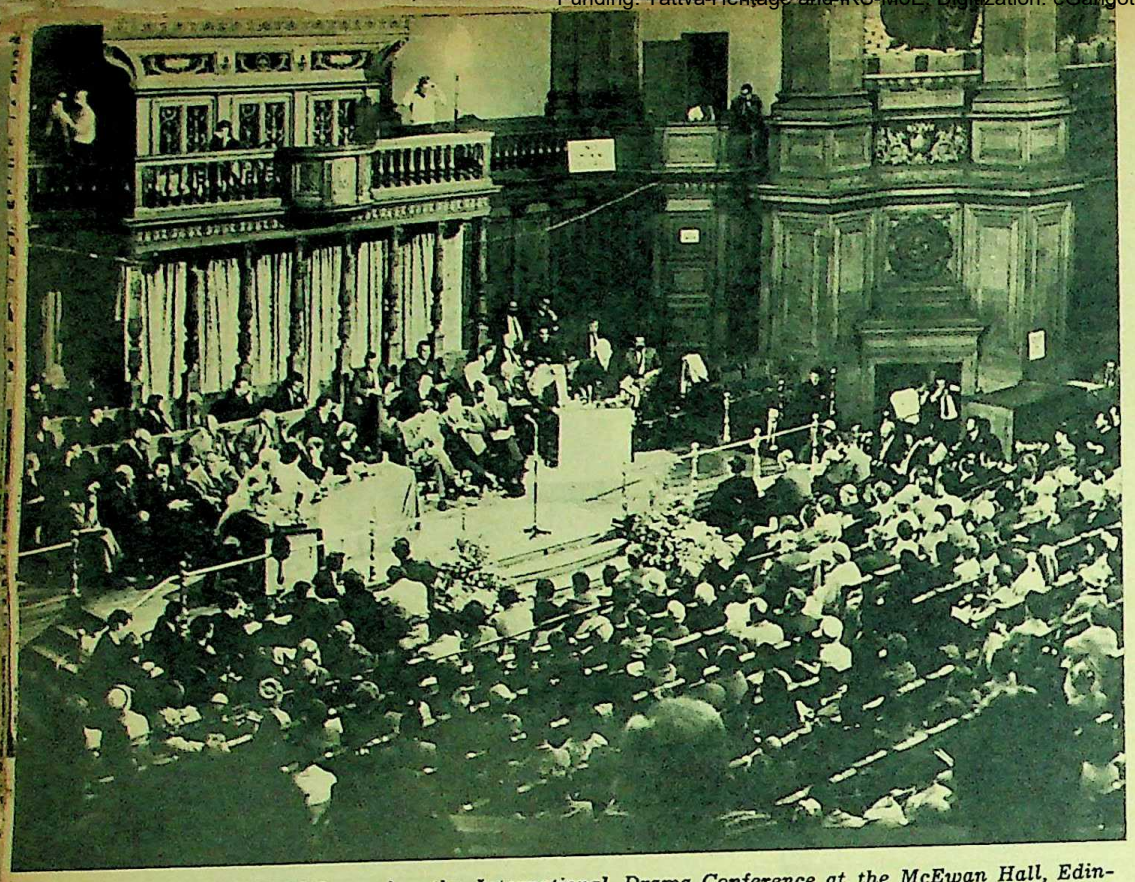
The Rasa dance of Manipur is broadly classified in four groups: *Maharasa*, *Basantarasa*, *Kunjarasa* and *Nityarasa*. Except for the last, all the dances are performed on a full-moon night. *Nityarasa* is danced every day. There is another type, called the *Dibarasa*, which is generally staged at noon. Well known among other Manipuri dances are the *Khabal-Chowmbi*, *Khubak-i-sai*, *Mandira*, *Kartal*, *Kartali*, *Pungchalan* and *Naga*. The *Naga* dance is primarily religious in character, but it is also notable for representing the martial character of the aboriginals. It is full of boldness and vigour. Slow at the start, it becomes tempestuous at the end, accompanied by a frenzied beating of drums and high-pitched songs.

The *Chari* dance is a compusory lesson for any student of dancing in Manipur and is locally familiar as *Chali*. The circumambulation in the Manipuri style is anti-clockwise: this is based on a hymn in the Rigveda. Five canons, called *Bhangis*, are the guiding factors in all Manipuri dances. Dancing is an act of worship to the Manipuris and in the costumes of the dance (*fonek*, *kumi*, *krishnangi-fijet*) the emphasis is on simplicity of decoration. The musical instruments used are the *pung*, *pung-jao*, flute, *mandira* and *sananda*. Recently the sitar, sarod and harmonium have also been introduced.

It was Rabindranath Tagore who brought the Manipuri dance to the notice of the world. During his tour of Manipur, he was so impressed by the beauty and elegance of the Ras-Lila dance, that he engaged Guru Nabakumar Singh to teach this style at Santiniketan. Later, Guru Sinarik Singh Rajkumar, Nileswar Mukherjee from Silchar, and Guru Athomba Singh were appointed teachers. It was as a result of the untiring efforts of these masters that the Poet was able to produce dance-dramas in the Manipuri form. There exists a unique harmony between *Rabindrasangeet* and the rhythm of the Manipuri dance.

In conclusion I must mention the names of Amoubi Singh, Pryagopal Singh, Nadia Singh and Guru Bepin Singh, in addition to that of Guru Athomba Singh, for their rich contributions to the Manipuri tradition.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



J. B. PRIESTLEY opening the International Drama Conference at the McEwan Hall, Edinburgh. Next to Priestley is Kenneth Tynan, the Chairman of the Conference.

The Clash Of Dramatists At Edinburgh

NOW that the International Drama Conference at Edinburgh is behind us, and the noise of the B.B.C., the television and the newspapers has subsided, it is possible to view the events of the stormy week in their proper perspective and sift the genuine and the significant from the melodramatic.

The Conference took off at a dull pace with unedifying speeches about "Who Makes Today's Theatre: Actor, Director or Playwright?" This was the day when the well-known English director, Joan Littlewood ("Oh, what a lovely war!") made her plea for a Fun Palace, where both authors and audience would be abolished, and only the actors would create and have communal celebrations.

Next day's debate on subsidy and censorship brought forth two memorable observations. One came at the very outset from the chairman of the day, Mr. Harold Clurman, the distinguished American director and critic, when he neatly summed up the situation in a nutshell: "The theatre has to be successful. But it does not have to make money. It must fulfil its purpose, which is to interest, to inspire, to excite, to animate. It should no more have to make money than a museum, or a library, or an orchestra."

The other statement, made by actress Joan Plowright ("Saint Joan"), was even more loaded with substance and sense. She said, "I believe that subsidy for the arts is a recognition of the artist's right to fail, which is essential to his development. Millions of pounds are spent on the right of scientists to fail, and the creative artist should be accorded the same right that is granted to the man who experiments with nuclear warfare."

The third day's debate, regarding "The Playwright's Dilemma", in which the relative importance of socially committed theatre and the "Theatre of the Absurd" was discussed, gave us our fundamental division of the conference into two main camps, of Brechtians and non-Brechtians, or Marxists and non-Marxists. The debate culminated on the last day with the nude show, sprung upon the audience as a parting kick by a young American director, Kenneth Dewey.

by HABIB TANVIR

The debate itself began with a furious clash of views between young English playwrights and the drama critic, Mr. Bernard Levin, who dropped a brick at the very opening of the debate: "Politically, Brecht had the mind of a nine-year-old child." The situation worsened when the conflict got translated into appalling action, as a result of which we got the so-called "Happenings" during the debate on "The Theatre of the Future" on the last day of this eventful week.

The first "Happening" began with a fake brawl between a speaker and his interlocutor; upon which the platinum-blond Carrol Baker, Hollywood actress of "Baby Doll" fame, threw her mink on the stage with a dramatic gesture, revea her skin-tight gold suit, jumped from platform and began blundering across hall, not up the aisle, but clambering the rows of chairs and people's shoul Shadows of men flickered against glass panes of the dome of McEwan H A piper in his Scottish kilt crossed gallery playing a lament on his bagp A nude glimmered briefly on the bal over the platform. A sheep's skeleton peared. And with a sudden crash on McEwan Hall organ, rows and row death masks were unveiled on the form.

The other "Happening", organise another young American director c Alan Kaprow, was a kind of ritual which people walked in a procession side the McEwan Hall, each carrying his shoulder an old car-tyre, climbing piles of tyres symbolising imagined tacles, while Mr. Kaprow sat over on drum beating time on another. Be him stood a placard with an impr version of Rousseau's words: "Man is free, but is everywhere seeking the fort of chains".

I denounced these "Happenings" two grounds: 1. If audience partici

was sought for, as the organisers decl it was, then the "Happening" with C Baker and the nude had failed. But had succeeded, the conference could turned into a riot, and Carrol Baker w have run into a delicate situation the shoulder of some hot-blooded onl er. 2. The "Happenings" contradic themselves. They were supposed to form of protest against politically mitted theatre, which, it was confer should not have been even discussed the Conference. Yet they themselves committed to the immediate political pose of denouncing the Conference a the delegates who believed in politi committed theatre.

Mr. Kenneth Tynan, distingui British critic, one of the organisers the Chairman of the Drama Confer angrily commented, "There is no th in America except a few entertain booths round Times Square. And Americans are out to abolish drama b they have theatre." In his view, should impose order on chaos, not m reflect it. Art is an organisation of ci stances: what distinguishes mankin the capacity to rearrange environ and great art is the expression of thi arrangement. "Is this a development alternative to it?" he asked.

Mr. Dewey replied, "Classificati your job, not mine."

Mr. Tynan: "You have conduc controlled experiment. We are entitl ask what you hoped to achieve."

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Mr. Dewey explained that his kind of theatre was like jazz. It was held together, not by law, not by control, but by the rapport between collaborators. "We are trying", he said, "to give back to you, the audience, the responsibility of theatre—performing your own thoughts, building your own aesthetics. Maybe you will get most out of it by disliking it."

This was dismissed as "Boloney" by the Scottish actor, Duncan Macrae, who called the contrivance amateurish. Johan Hristic, from Yugoslavia, said, "If you improvise something you must know what you are aiming at. It is no good just to shock people, simply because they are inert. It is better to have three intelligent men understand you than that 300 idiots shocked".

An American delegate challenged Tynan's remark that is was "infantile" by suggesting that we should all sometimes be children. Tynan retorted that it was obviously a good thing to retain a sense of childish wonder in adult life. "Of course we should all be children—but let us not keep congratulating ourselves on what beguiling tricksy little children we are."

"The Impromptu Theatre," he added, "is essentially totalitarian and apocalyptic. It tries to destroy the past, to tear everything up and start afresh. That is totalitarianism."

Some time during the debate, Mr. Kaprow had declared, "The Nuremberg allies were immoral, but they were great theatre—they were real 'Happenings'!" I thought of the Pageant of Hiroshima and the Epic Riots following the Partition of India.

Even Ionesco, famous French protagonist of "The Theatre of the Absurd", sulked and left the hall. Art, he had pointed out earlier, is an improvisation, *which remains.*

CONFLICT OF VIEWS

This basic conflict of views regarding the social commitments of contemporary theatre had begun to manifest itself in various shades from the very beginning.

Mr. Bernard Levin, opening the debate on the "Playwright's Dilemma", had stated that Brecht's plays were interesting not because of their social or political commitments, which ruined them, but in spite of the political bias. On the other hand, Arthur Adamov, the French playwright and critic, described Brecht and Sean O'Casey as two of the greatest playwrights of today. He expressed his dislike for plays, including Garcia Lorca's, which take place nowhere in particular. He said, "The reason why Absurdist Plays take place in No Man's Land with only two characters is primarily financial." The Theatre of the Absurd was attacked by Mr. Tynan, who heard in it "a note of privileged despair". "Until everyone is fed, clothed, housed and taught," he argued, "until human beings have equal leisure to contemplate the overwhelming fact of mortality, we should not indulge in the luxury of privileged despair."

This line of argument was totally rejected by the French writer, Alain Robbe-Grillet, who, during the debate about "Theatre and it Rivals: The Cinema, Radio and T.V.", said that Art was not a medium of expression. He called it "the medium of discovery." Upholding the Theatre of the Absurd, he added, "The artist has no message to give. When he writes, he is trying to find out why he wants to write."

These were the poles of the argument. Most of the delegates crowded to one side or the other. But some preferred to remain on the margin or in the periphery.

Arnold Wesker (Author of "Roots" and "Chips with Everything") complained of an indifferent society, which would not listen to artists anyway. "And this is why revolutions in England would never happen." John Arden, another young British playwright, author of the controversial play "The Workhouse Donkey", declared that he was only interested in the Theatre of the Theatrical. Calling theatre a religion, he said, "I think the god of the theatre is and always has been Dionysus. It began in Athens as a temple of celebrations of the forces of light and a lament over the forces of darkness—comedy and tragedy." He did not think that theatre was ever of any use to a changing society.

STARTLING EXPLANATION

Almost disdaining the whole controversy and resenting being categorised at all, Harold Pinter (author of "The Caretaker") came out with the startling discovery that the only reason that playwrights came to such conferences was because they really wanted to be film stars. "But," he added with a great pause and a solemn expression, "however, so what?"

The two opposing views were reconciled by Martin Esslin (British critic, author of *Theatre of the Absurd* and *Brecht—Choice of Evils*), who saw in the Theatre of the Absurd and Brecht's theatre but two sides of one and the same picture. He said that both have the same fundamental purpose—that of presenting different aspects of contemporary reality.

But when words were exhausted, the main debate continued in near silence, in thought, or in conversations in the late-evening cocktail parties till it flowered into the last day's "Happenings".

What was not considered at all, however, were the theatres of Asiatic countries and the influence of the theatre traditions of the East on both the Theatre of the Absurd and Brecht's theatre. Besides Dionysus, no other god of the theatre was mentioned; besides Athens, no other source. The effect of the *No* plays on Samuel Beckett, and of Chinese, Burmese and Indian traditions on Brecht, was never discussed.

FUNDAMENTALLY PAROCHIAL

Though nationalism and internationalism were discussed, the Conference seemed to be European-American. Among the delegates, I alone was from Asia; Soyinka represented the whole of Africa and the Negro world. Out of the total of about 100 delegates, 38 came from Great Britain; 13 from the U.S.A.; 7 from France; 5 from the U.S.S.R.; 8 from the Communist countries of Europe; 17 from other European countries; and 7 from English-speaking countries like Canada, Brazil, the West Indies and New Zealand.

At a time when the wealthier countries of the world are facing a general crisis in their culture, when doubt assails all, and most writers and artists of the West are preoccupied with death, and when the question of total annihilation *versus* universal affluence has already been posed for man, it is very strange indeed that artists and writers should still remain fundamentally parochial and refuse to come to terms with the so-called quaint cultures of the world. Colonialism is gone or is going. But its cultural legacy —"Western arrogance", in the words of Soyinka—still survives.

SOME OF THE PARTICIPANTS: Wolf Mankowitz, the English playwrigt, Dorothy Tutin, the actress, Kenneth Tynan, the drama critic, and J. B. Priestley.

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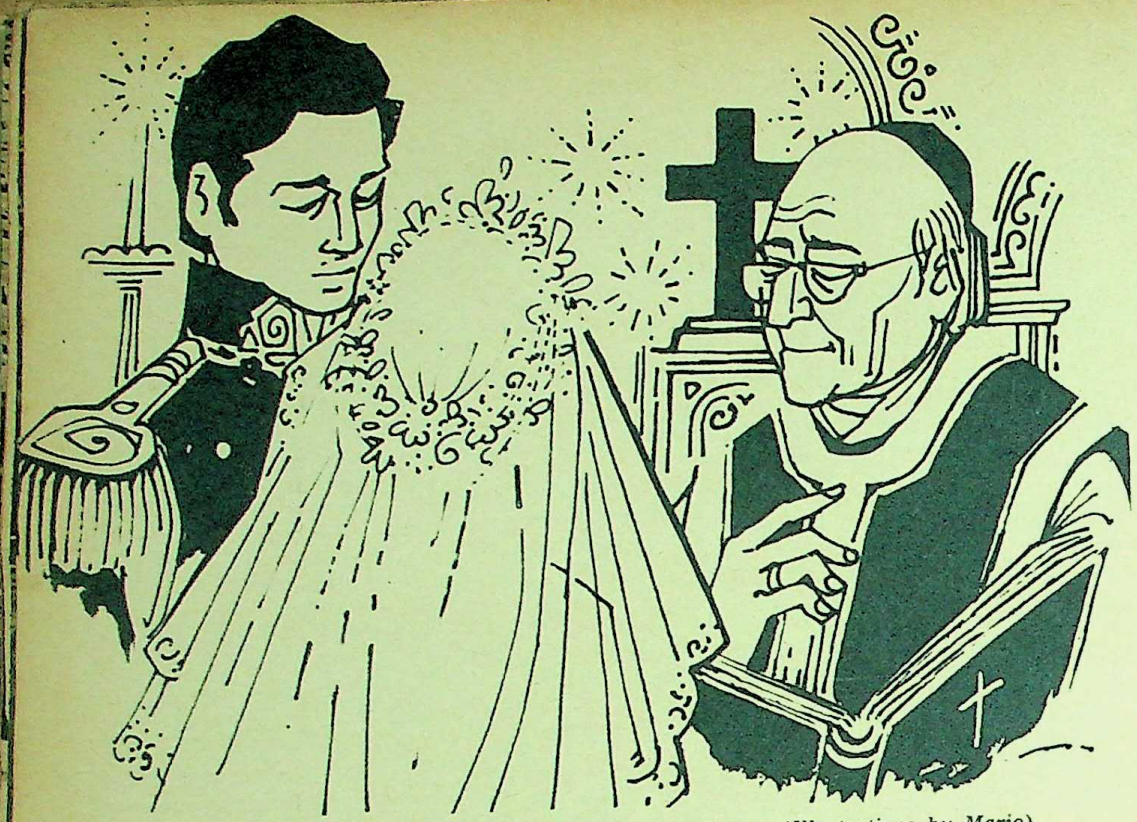

It was our wedding day... I have given him my pledge. (Illustrations by Mario)

marguerite—7

SYNOPSIS

On her return from her studies at the convent, Marguerite d'Arvers renews her acquaintance with the family's neighbours, the Countess de Plouarven and her two sons, Dunois, Count de Plouarven, and Gaston. The Countess affectionately invites Marguerite for some days at Plouarven Castle, but before she goes, her parents receive a visit from the young Captain Louis Lefevre, in whom they have taken a warm interest since he lost both his parents. Subsequently, her father proves secretive about letters from Louis Lefevre, but informs her that the Captain will be visiting them again in October. When he comes, he unexpectedly makes her a proposal of marriage, which she finds it impossible to accept, because her heart is given to Dunois de Plouarven, and she then discovers that her parents had very much wished for her marriage to Louis Lefevre. The Countess invites her again to Plouarven Castle, where Dunois, deranged by passion, shoots and kills his brother, Gaston. He is sentenced at the trial to fifteen years' hard labour. Afflicted by these developments, Marguerite falls seriously ill. She lingers near death and, on her recovery, Louis Lefevre visits her during her convalescence and, yielding to his constancy and her parents' wishes, she decides to become his wife.

MAY 11: Mother is ever so busy with my trousseau these days. I cannot help her—Papa forbids it altogether. Louis and I were sitting by the river today; I was leaning against the trunk of a tree, and Louis was lying near me on the thick grass.

"So, when shall we be married?" he laughingly asked. "The question is always running round and round in my mind." He looked half ashamed of it.

"Why—the day after tomorrow!"

"Yes. But..." He looked at me. "Would you like to postpone the date, my sweet?"

"No, no, please no..."

At this point, someone pushed aside the bushes and appeared. It was Miss Goserelle, followed by a gentleman who seemed to have just stepped out of a bandbox. Louis stood up with a start. Miss Goserelle began to giggle, extremely amused.

"I come at quite the wrong moment, Captain, don't I?" Then she turned to me.

by TORU DUTT

"I went to look for you at your place and was told you had gone out." Then she added in a lower voice, bursting with laughter, "If I had known whom you had gone with, I wouldn't have come to disturb you!"

Louis was becoming impatient. Miss Goserelle took me by the hand. "But how you've changed! You are so pale! Have you not been keeping well?"

"No."

"I see. I never knew it. I was away in Paris. Have you ever been there, Marguerite?"

"Only once."

"D'you hear, Monsieur Valines? This child has been to Paris only once!" Then she introduced him to us and said in a low tone, "A big fellow, the only s to his father who is a merchant, as as a Jew!"

Monsieur Valines smiled politely suggested, with a deep bow, "If Made selle comes to Paris I am at her ser to show her everything that is to be there."

At this moment, we heard sev voices coming closer.

"Ah, here they are!" cried Miss G relle. "This way, Sylvia!"

Three ladies and two gentlemen peared.

"Come, my dear," said Miss Gosere addressing one of the ladies. "This is Breton friend." Then, turning to me, these are my friends from Paris: Miss teve, Miss Mariton and Madam Carn Then she introduced the gentlemen. this chattering was too much for nerves. I began to feel exhausted.

"Tomorrow we're going to have a pl sure trip at the seaside. Would you to come with us?"

"No."

"Why such a clear-cut *no*? Ind you must come!"

"It will be a strain for her," Louis tervened.

"Then you will come, won't you?" said to him.

"Not I, either, Mademoiselle. must please excuse me."

"Oh, Captain! You're always so fe cious!" giggled Miss Goserelle. "But, the same, I'd be so pleased to have at our party. Won't you come? What a difficult man you are!"

They left us after shaking ha From a distance Miss Goserelle blew kiss with her gloved hand.

* * *

MAY 14: It was our wedding day yes day. I have given him my pledge. W the priest joined our hands, I felt v nervous and was praying to God th might become a wife worthy of Lo When we came out of the church, we w greeted by the waiting crowd who th flowers at us on our way. All of a sud a poem—perhaps the lines of a son occurred to me. I must have read th somewhere:

The path must be strewn with flow
Because the pretty dead will come!

The closing refrain is ever so sad:

All the paths must mourn in silen
Because the pretty dead will come!
They must mourn and they must
Because the pretty dead will come!

Is that what will happen to me? Only knows. And He will do whatever is our good.

Papa and Mummy had gone befor to receive us at the entrance.

What a jostling there was all aro Some old people were blessing us in tones. They all love me so much and seen me grow up. And Louis at once quered all hearts with his frank, looks.

"We are entrusting you with our child, Louis," my parents told him, tears of joy in their eyes. "We know

—Jitendra Arya

—M. R. Jain

Face to Face

—Jitendra Arya

Yamini Krishnamurti

—Dhiraj Chawda

CLASSICAL art does not evolve from a code of aesthetic formulations. Art is classical first and foremost in its content. That is why classical art is beyond the range of time and is not really confined, as one hastily assumes, to the achievements in a period of history. But, to be precise, the classical content is not sharp, defined or pragmatic, but only adumbrative of what can be realised in the vastness of a creative mind and on multiple planes of perception, thus lending itself continuously to interpretations and reinterpretations and revaluations.

In other words, the aesthetics of classical vision are not so centrally concerned with the problems of style and technique as with the meaning of art—though this is not to say that one can be equally profound in any hastily constructed vocabulary.

The meaning of art is eventually to be sought in the art itself, for the meaning of creation is to be found in the act of creation, in the endless repetition of process and

(Please Turn Over)

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FACE TO FACE *(CONTINUED)*

pattern. This has to be so, for if finality is ever achieved in art, all creation will cease, and, if creation ceases, there will be no art.

The emphasis on style and technique in our time makes one presume that we are engaged in a search for new values; yet, on a deeper level of appreciation, one can be certain that the fundamental force behind all creative activity has been the same ever since Man took up the role of a creator. Mannerisms and models may change from century to century, but life remains the same, basically, in every scene and setting.

There is an aspect of classicism that makes the uncorrupted moment before the decadence worth recreating in whatever slender impact one can obtain. This is the universal and total perception that classicism aims at and achieves in the best of a heritage preserved.

Today, since we have discovered or cultivated our complexes and inhibitions, we stress the sickness of our minds. But classical art came into being when the creative spirit was engaged in a great voyage of discovery.

Who does not understand the classical art of any nation? If one fails to feel its impact the reason must be sought in the total neglect of poetry and philosophy and the loss of the sense of rhythm of life.

Too loosely also is the term classical applied to boost the appeal of something that boasts of a history. But where there is no overwhelming discipline of thought, no intense profundity of perception, no true depth of vision, no exhilarating poetry of being, then, one can be sure there is no classicism.

* * *

Thus, when one turns to the classical Indian dances, one realises that the dance art is always far above the reach of all the performances of all the top exponents.

No dancer is born great. No dancer can acquire greatness, as one feels mistakenly, living in a world of grand delusions, pampered by the pomp of power or wealth. And, of course, in the context, there is no question of greatness being thrust on anyone.

Then, again, to revert to the earlier observations, Bharata's *Natya Sastra* is not the same as Bharata Natyam, for this classical system of dance is an apotheosis of all knowledge and not a resultant product of a scientific formula of *mudras, hastas* and *karanas*.

As the *Natya Sastra* puts it: "Thus, recalling all the Vedas, the Blessed Brahma framed the Natya Veda from the several parts of the Four Vedas, as desired. From the Rig Veda he drew forth the words, from the Sama Veda the singing, from the Yajur Veda gesture, and from the Atharva Veda the flavour."

In this broad perspective of philosophy, religion and mythology does classical Indian dancing seek meaning, and it becomes imperative that an artiste should have, if not the scholarship of the sages, the selfless devotion and dedication of a *sishya* of olden days, with immeasurable reverence for knowledge.

If Yamini Krishnamurti has, ever since her first appearance on the dance stage, in 1957, in Madras, been able to command praise and respect for her art, it is no less a tribute to her unassuming character than to the fact that she is an expert exponent of the classical dance.

There is not a wide disparity in style and technique amongst the top dancers. But what makes certain artistes stand out sharply is the *bhava*—in the widest sense of the term—the force of expression that cannot spring from any cultivated attitude of the moment but must soar from the depths of one's being to reflect the sublime grandeur of classicism. This is also the reason why one notices fluctuations in standards from number to number and performance to performance.

Perhaps it is too demanding to approach a dancer today with such exacting views, but even so it is proper. Only when both the audience and the artiste strive to reach beyond the success of minor achievements can one hope to realise great art. That awareness is there, certainly, in Yamini, and that is what makes one keenly interested in her career and in her future progress.

* * *

"Let's start at the beginning," I suggested.

"I was at the Kalakshetra for 5 years, from 1950. I have taken part in Rukmini Devi's ballets.

"Later I received a government scholarship and studied Bharata Natyam under Conjeevaram Ellappa Pillai and Kittappa of Tanjore. During this four-year period I also learned Kuchipudi under the guidance of Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastri, Pasumarti Venugopala Krishna Sarma and others.

"I gave my first performance in Madras in 1957, in the presence of Ellappa Pillai.

"During 1958-59, I was mostly in Delhi, and I danced before almost all the international conferences held in the capital.

"I have toured throughout India. I have been to Pakistan, Nepal, Burma, Australia and New Zealand..."

"Europe?"

"No, I have not been to Europe. I feel it important to make a name first in our own country."

"On an average, how many performances do you give?"

"Four to five in a month."

"Nowadays your recital programme includes Bharata Natyam, Kuchipudi and Orissi. What do you find are the main stylistic features of these systems?"

"Bharata Natyam, Kuchipudi and Orissi are closely linked and form basically one tradition. The regional variations of the tradition are perhaps more interesting to study than the basic unity.

"In the main Bharata Natyam is liturgical and devotional; Kuchipudi is romantic; and Orissi is lyrical and decorative.

"In movement Bharata Natyam tends to fall into straight lines; Kuchipudi has a predilection for the curve; and Orissi for the bend —the *bhanga*. All together, these styles exhaust all possible lines of movements."

"I remember vividly such items as 'Amrita Manthan' and 'Nava Sandhi', which you have presented in recent years. And I wonder whether you have ever thought in terms of a ballet?"

Yamini, I thought, will always have a certain difficulty in visualising a creation in this direction—for she goes on the stage alone. Her sister, Jyotishmati, evidently finds music a more absorbing art than the dance, and, with her captivating voice, she certainly heightens the appeal of Yamini's renderings.

While I was waiting for a reply, M. Krishnamurti, Yamini's father, said: "This reminds me of a question posed some time ago—whether the days of solo dancing were over?"

"What do you think?" I asked him.

"The genius of Bharata Natyam is in the solo exposition—just as in Carnatic or even Hindustani music—in the exposition by a single artiste. In this aspect the musical and dance tradition differs in the West.

"Just as we cannot think of two or three vocalists singing together or alternatively rendering the *ragam, thanam,* and *pallavi*, we cannot think, within the heritage, of two or three artistes combining their talents in an artistic exposition.

"The one basic reason is that every dance even on the stage is a creative act and not merely a perfect execution of set choreography.

"The dancer is his or her own choreographer. The classical dance, as everyone knows, used to be part of the ritual offered in the temples and the best exponents, I should think, still reflect in their performances this impersonal attitude—the dancer seeks neither to please nor to edify."

There is no purpose in discussing the point here as to how much in fact our classical systems of the dance owe to religion and ritual and, thus, to the temple, or whether the dance as an art form can be analysed in terms of objectives, even if one were to make a negative statement. But one would do well to remember that the temple gained the status of a separate institution only in later times, when religion became dissociated from philosophy and that in earliest thought god and knowledge are almost synonymous.

Granted that Bharata Natyam as it stands today is what had been preserved in the temples. Yet it cannot be disputed that as a sector it has its real place in a circle, the circumference of which cannot be determined except in the conundrums of Upanishad-like sayings. Thus one may say, for example, that Bharata Natyam is an art, because it is an art, yet not an art because it surveys the realms of thought far beyond the compass of art in the limited sense. In any case the classical dance in India, properly placed, would evoke, from the days when the Godhead personified the Trinity—Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara.

—Jitendra Ar

The main reason why I have sought to deliberate on Krishnamurti's remarks in the general context of classical Indian dance is because he, as a scholar, has his own strong opinions, which, as a parent, he has apparently passed on to Yamini. The new compositions that go to make Yamini's repertoire invariably reveal her father's preference for ancient compositions.

Going back to my first questions, I had to ask Yamini about the essential appeal of Kuchipudi. It is in this style that she distinguishes herself most, and, evidently, her temperament and personality are ideally suited to explore in this direction the intricacies of art, without any loss of individuality.

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the alignment of thought with studied and stylised movements.

"In Kuchipudi the integration of mind and movement is the most intimate, when one broadly considers the various systems of the classical dance, and so it holds the greatest appeal to me.

"In a Bharata Natyam item like the *varnam*, the movement and the mind stand somewhat apart, but this is not so in the Kuchipudi style. Here thought and action, so to speak, are so integrated that they cannot be separated. This is the most felicitous aspect of the Kuchipudi style."

Whatever Yamini achieves or does not achieve in the future—and there is no reason to doubt that she will not fulfil to the full the promise she has held out to dance lovers all these years—she will always find a prominent place among the exponents of the classical dance for the pioneering work she has done, in our time, to win for the Kuchipudi style a commanding status on its own merits.

"In which particular composition have you found absolute identification of art and self-expression?"

"I would say in 'Bhama Kalapam', as Satyabhama."

Perhaps the admirers of Yamini may have their own answers to this question. But, taking a general view, I suppose, Yamini is correct in naming Siddhendra Yogi's great composition in the Kuchipudi tradition as the one appealing the most from her wide repertoire. Here, in this piece, there is the unified stress on *sringara* and *bhakti* and the major appeal in classical Indian dance lies largely in revealing the spiritual and sublime thought, not from an unreachable level of learning but through a plane of awareness on which one can ascend upwards by stages of perception. Thus it is that the art does not lose meaning at any stage of one's life or restrict itself to any section of the spectators.

Yamini, it must be mentioned in connection with her contribution to the Kuchipudi tradition, has also resuscitated certain dances which were not performed for quite a long period, such as the Arddhanariswara Nritya, Mandooka Sabda and Tandava Ashtaka.

• • •

"What have you found in the Orissi heritage?"

"We have already discussed briefly the points of technique. Returning to the items, there are quite a few major compositions that can be added to one's repertoire—for instance, the Panchanya theme, which was till recently the prerogative of a *harana*.

"I presented this for the first time in Delhi, and the task of portraying the five Kanyas—Ahalya, Draupadi, Kunti, Tara and Mandodari—can be very exciting as a challenge.

"I find it rewarding to recreate the rarely presented dances—and here I may mention the Nava Sandhi dance in Bharata Natyam. I have found the public appreciative of such items, even when the content is weighty."

"How, in general, do you find the audiences in the cities?"

"Fairly appreciative, in general. But I suppose one cannot always be as contented as when performing Kuchipudi in Vijayavada, Bharata Natyam in Madras or Orissi in Orissa. The dancer feels a certain amount of extra satisfaction when facing an audience that can claim even vaguely a sense of possession of the art presented.

"This slightly critical appreciation means more than all the polite applause at international gatherings. In the midst of a public that, say, has some connection with Kuchipudi, one feels when dancing in that tradition as if one were conversing in Telugu, in a common language, and not through an interpreter.

"What are your reactions to Kathakali, Kathak and Manipuri?"

"I have studied Kathakali at the Kalakshetra and respond keenly to this classical style. But as far as Kathak and Manipuri are concerned I will not say that my reaction to them is so passionate as to be positive."

"Now, what is your main approach to the dance as an art form?"

"The classical dance is as spiritual as it is physical and any emphasis on either aspect will, I feel, present a lopsided view of the art.

"But, whichever way we look at it, the dance is a perfect form of artistic expression and offers the artiste the greatest sense of personal fulfilment, because it calls for a total expression of mind, body and spirit.

"Only when the entire personality is involved do we find harmonious expression in a presentation."

• • •

"How much of painstaking research goes into the creation of a new item?"

"It all depends on how dedicated one is to the art. The less eager artistes can very well repeat from the general stock of items and perform any number of times. But if one takes the trouble, one can certainly gain the delight of creating new patterns from the surviving remnants of ancient compositions."

"But all this presupposes a public alert to the intricacies, and well informed on the art..."

"Certainly. If one were to dance without seeking a *rapprochement* with the audience or not feeling its effect, then the whole performance would sink to a low level of impersonal approach and the *bhava* would suffer immeasurably.

"But it is also irritating to find that an artiste is forced imperceptibly to arrange a programme with some minor items, merely because the prevailing mood of the public demands such pieces.

"Thus the whole progress of classical dancing depends on the steady emergence of an enlightened public, which will seek to educate itself in the art as much as the artiste.

"So many good *varnams* one may say, wait their turn. The dancer cannot put an item across when feeling hesitant about its reception."

This statement, throwing the blame entirely on audiences for any lack of enterprise or for offering mediocre fare, even if it be a matter of thinking aloud, has to be criticised. One has heard it so often in relation to the stagnation of vision in the film medium, but, certainly, when it concerns classical art, there should be no plea advanced for inefficiency or incompetency in any quarter. One understands the difficulty the artiste faces today; still no one should seek an excuse for any concession. Only when the more serious-minded among the exponents adhere to their mission can there be any meaningful progress in terms of both artistic achievement and critical appreciation by the public in general.

The fact remains that only recently has the classical dance gained a "permanent stage". And it is the task of our dancers to preserve the purity of style and enhance the appeal of the art in all the richness of classicism, until the period when at least a whole generation can claim more than an evening's acquaintance with the art. If, after all such noble efforts, an artiste of unmistakable talent cannot win due acclaim, then there may be a point in the protest against lack of appreciation.

But even from the beginning of a movement if one craves for accolades and gives an undiscriminating public what it asks for, then, surely, the artistes are doing the greatest disservice to art.

"How important do you think is music to the dance art?"

"One need not be a vidwan. But all classical dancers must have a good grounding in music and be able to sing. Singing and dancing simultaneously may appear technically feasible and correct, but in practice, it does not succeed: either the singing or the dancing is bound to suffer. Such attempts will only result in a sort of opera.

"Balasaraswati sings and does *abhinaya*, but does not sing and dance."

Talking of *abhinaya*, I thought of how several of the inexperienced or ill-tutored dancers appear to confuse it with a subdued manner of stage acting. The facial expressions, then, reflect not the force of emotions in studied style but only speak in the crude phraseology of cliches.

"How would you state the difference between *abhinaya* and acting?"

"*Abhinaya* as understood in the classical dance is highly stylised and studied expression. Acting is merely a projection of contemporary gestures."

• • •

It is not that any young artiste needs definitions on any term concerned with dancing. The learned commentaries on the art have outlined fully all aspects of the dance, for instance, classifying *abhinaya* under four heads—*Angika, Vachika, Aharya* and *Satvika*—and proceeding thence to the "inner life" (the *antah prana*) of the dancer, and detailing the *Navarasas*.

Yet certain definitions have to be gathered, again and again, merely to stress the fact that several dancers seem to assume that the commentaries were written by some leisured men of learning, trying to split hairs in argumentative zeal.

Fortunately, however, Yamini has the necessary knowledge of Sanskrit and the full command of Tamil and Telugu to appreciate the literature, poetry and songs that have contributed to the growth and refinement of Bharata Natyam and allied styles.

I had one last question—the stock query—that one has, perforce, to pose for an answer to all artistes, to elicit views on how the state, in particular, and the art-loving public, in general, can help the dancers overcome any prevailing obstacles. (I had decided to call again the next day after witnessing a recital Yamini was giving that evening, for a more direct criticism of prevailing trends in performances.)

In Yamini's case, she has received some governmental support in the form of scholarships. But how far we have yet to clear the stage for dancers was evident when she said: "The state gives scholarships to deserving students, but eventually leaves them to their own resources. Thus there is no attempt to use the talent encouraged.

"There is no national theatre. There are no impresarios. If the classical dances have survived through all these years of disgrace, it is mainly due to the music and dance sabhas, and the support the few thousands of art-lovers have extended to these associations."

• • •

Calling again on Yamini, after having witnessed a programme of Bharata Natyam, Orissi and Kuchipudi items she gave before a huge audience in Bombay, the questions uppermost in my mind concerned mostly the art of classical dance as presented on the modern stage.

It was clear that the a "mixed" programme diffuses all the impact of a performance. Considering it on the basis of Yamini's own statement of how a dancer feels performing Kuchipudi in Vijayavada, I wondered how a spectator can in the course of three hours be asked to shift between Andhra Pradesh, Madras and Orissa.

Yamini and her father agreed that such programmes do break the mood of a spectator. It also affects the artistes just "warming up" in a particular style to have to abandon it and switch to the next. "But," said Krishnamurti, "the choice is between two evils."

There is little argument, I feel, in this reply. Evidently there is a lot of misapprehension about what the public wants, and, perhaps, all the societies and cultural associations have fallen a prey to thinking in terms of the financial success of a show or giving his "money's worth" of art to a ticket-holder.

Another aspect of dance presentations today that calls for a radical revision of ideas is the dramatic lighting employed. The use of colour spotlights, the fancy effects sought by covering the footlights with multi-coloured paper are, to say the least, distracting and only mean catering for a different effect, not in consonance with the mood of classical art.

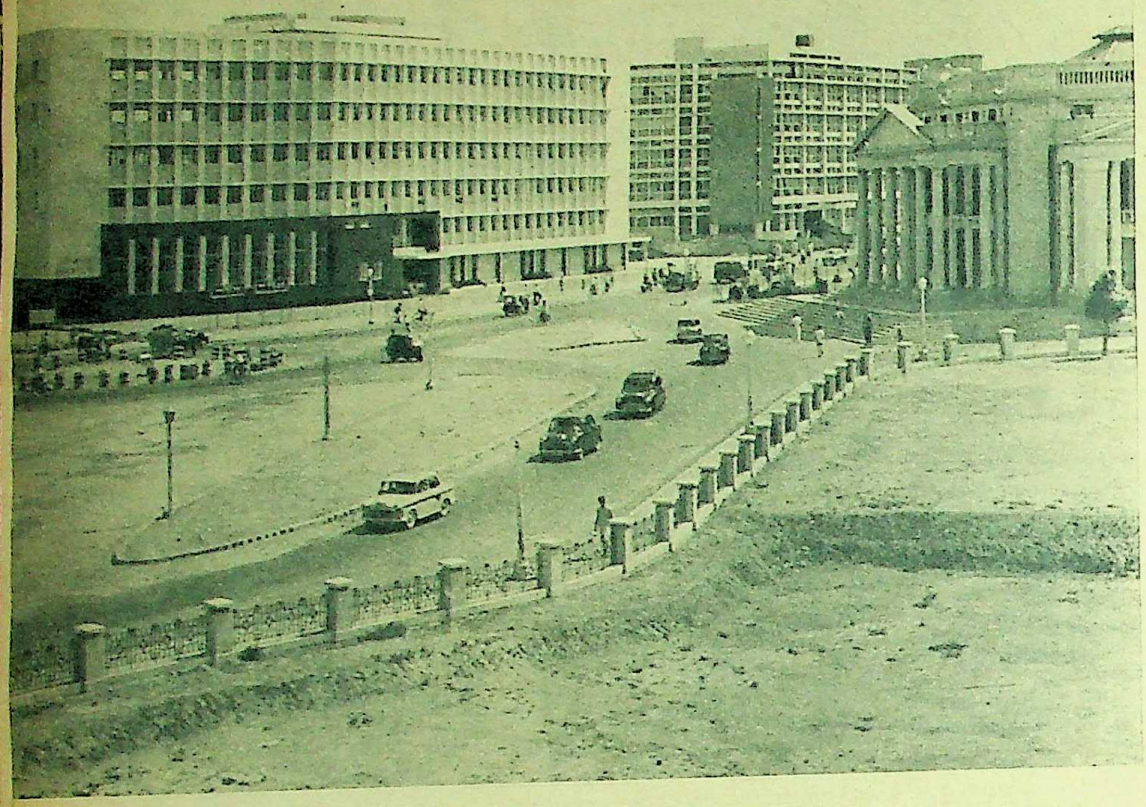
Still another valid criticism is the indiscriminate increase in the number of musicians providing the accompaniment to the dancer, and, especially, the inclusion of the clarinet among the instruments.

Unfortunately, the answers I received on these points of protest only underlined the fact that we must arrive at a clear distinction between presenting classical art and modern entertainment programmes on the stage.

Few, it is certain, would willingly undertake to sacrifice popularity for the prestige of the art. But if Yamini has made a name even in a brief period, it is because she has always looked at herself in the mirror of art, and, naturally, one expects her not to compromise classicism, under any condition.

S. V. V.

Funding: Indian Institute of Advanced Study, Shimla. Digitization: eGangotri.



Newsletters

BANGALORE

RAJA RAO'S NOVEL CREATES STIR

RAJA RAO'S *Kanthapura* had remained largely unread in his home state till recently. First published in 1938, *Kanthapura* hit the headlines in Mysore this year when the book was prescribed for the B.A. class of Mysore University and subsequently evoked a controversy on its suitability as a text-book. The debate about the "Indianness" of its English and the frank treatment of questions of sex is still going on in the columns of local newspapers.

According to literary critics, the book has pioneering qualities in its style and content. It has a typically Mysorean flavour and is written in what has come to be known as "Indian English". English, according to Raja Rao, is the language of our intellectual, but not of our emotional, make-up. "We cannot write like the English. We should not. We cannot write only as Indians. We have grown to look at the large world as part of us. Our method of expression therefore is to be a dialect which will some day prove to be as distinctive and colourful as the Irish or the American. Time alone will justify it." All this is generally acceptable to the common reader who will not deny a writer his right to evolve his own manner of writing.

But critics have their own way. According to one of them, *Kanthapura* is unsuitable as a text-book because of the frank treatment of sex in the manner of James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence. Joining issue with this critic, a correspondent in the Press remarked: The fact "that *Kanthapura* presents the vulgar facts of life need not be the cause for its withdrawal... It is necessary for adolescents to know the facts of life... and to guard against the evil..."

And what kind of English should be taught to our college students? Is it enough if they learn to speak and write simple, correct English or should they be exposed to writings of the type of *Kanthapura*? These questions figure in the controversy and, almost every day, the correspondence columns of newspapers carry letters on the issue.

• • •

THE Union Ministry of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs proposes to construct an attractive building at Srirangapatna to house the "period museum" devoted to Tippu Sultan.

Started by the Directorate General of Archaeological Survey in 1959, the museum contains Tippu's family portraits, robes, personal articles and other relics. Microfilm copies of the documents pertaining to Tippu are also preserved there.

During the last four years, substantial money has been spent on repairs and maintenance of the two principal palaces at Bangalore and Srirangapatna. The wall paintings of Darya Daulat Bagh in Srirangapatna have been chemically treated.

Tippu's Bangalore palace has been closed to the public for over 12 months now. The most important and delicate part of the renovation work here, as in Srirangapatna, inv... the preservation of the exquisite painting... pecially those found on the border plank... the wooden roof. The palace, we are tol... the largest and finest example of its kin... the city.

Before it was damaged by a fire some... ago, it was a fine two-storeyed building... a darbar hall on the first floor. There... large, pillared verandahs on the north... south. The living rooms were situated on... west, connected by a long corridor; the... beautifully carved wooden pillars ran f... the basement to the ceiling, giving an app... ance of grandeur to the structure. Thoug... walls were of mud, they were thickly decor... with paintings and false gilding. The ap... ches to the palace were laid out beauti... Much of the former grandeur and trace... paintings will be there after the repairs... renovation.

• • •

THE exhibition of contemporary pottery, ganised by the Central Handicrafts D... opment Centre, turned out to be one of... rare experiences that art lovers of Bang... will remember for a long time. For the... time, works of ceramic art from various p... of the country were brought together, und... lining the increasing use of clay as a me... of artistic expression. More than 30 artists... institutions were represented.

The occasion brought Kudike Bevoo... hitherto obscure hamlet near Chennapatna... public attention. The village derives its n... from the word *Kudike* which in Kan... means a miniature pot. Small bells made in... village out of a special clay have been... in worship. They give the same sound as m... lic bells. Each bell costs just 12 nP.

The Director of the Central Handic... Development Centre has announced... *Kudike* bells are to be exhibited at the... Fair in New York.

Defective stage fittings can spoil even... most scintillating performance. And this... precisely what happened to Shivaram Kara... reputed Yakshagana ballet in the T... Memorial Theatre.

There was doubtless an air of expect... as crowds gathered at this newly-built t... tre. Karanth had just returned from Bo... where his ballet received a warm recep... "Karanth is our man, Yakshagana is our t... tion, let us go and see the revolutionary i... vations he has introduced in it," many a t... tre-goer had said to himself.

Many spectators confessed to a sen... disappointment not because they were u... to appreciate Karanth's creative genius be... cause the acoustics, and to some exten... lighting system, were far from satisfact... am sure Karanth also shared this disap... ment when there was a clamour from the... ence for the removal of microphones. ... seemed to prefer feeble music rather tha... sic that poured forth through a defective... tem.

The ballet itself had irresistible a... tions. The gorgeous costumes, the refin... in presentation and techniques and the s... of the play were a treat that more than... up for the loss of music.

The Tagore Theatre, grandiose as it... been much criticised, particularly regard... yawning proscenium and low stage. Yet... minor alterations and additions, there is... possibility of making the theatre more s... able to producers and theatre-goers.

H. KUSUM...

THE well established ... cocktails suffers a b... starts again in Octob... Plon entertain authors ... 18th-century houses, others ... their modern buildings and ... in Left Bank hotels. Flamm... the season in a very origin... tion was given in a launch... on a special occasion—the la... book on India, *Radjpoutana* ... ventures of ten students dr... Bombay. They were anxiou... like most students, they w... travel without paying any ... good fortune to find an o... adapted to its new role. The ... students to undertake a long... ple not meant for such a j... Begum Yavar Jung, the ... Ambassador in Paris; she ... godmother of the Bombay ... then officially baptised by ... broke a bottle of champag...

The party left Paris on ... experiences have been wr... of the young travellers, Gu... film they brought back ... screen of the Seine launch... His Excellency, the Indian ... Yavar Jung and the India... Mr. Pouchpa Dass. The vi... Fatehpur-Sikri were partic...

It is to the Far-East, t... that Parisians are indeb... leces at the Petit Palais. S... religious art are gathe... a Western public (which ... that the Japanese artists ... ian creators) prehistoric ... refined design and shap...

Opposite the Petit Pa... Palais, the traditional an... *Automne* has been reopene... bition lives up to its bes... main sections are devoted ... some of our best contem... Dunoyer de Segonzac, ... Michel de Gallard and Bu... ration in the ancient ... ents of Paris; models o... built are also seen at the...

• • •

UNLIKE the case of pre... plays of the season ar... the excellent comedy, *Et l*... What About Hell, Isabel? ... successful Parisian w... ve a long career at the ... Ysees. Francoise Christ... ain part; the attractive ...

To Readers ...

THE STA...

(1) If you were ask... what would be...

(2) Similarly, if yo... would you do ...

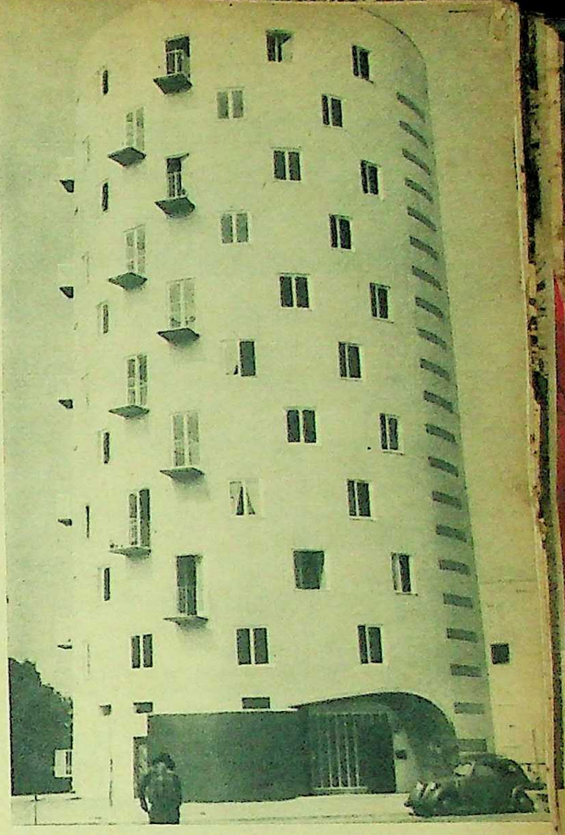
(3) What, accordin... the vision and ...

(4) Are you satisfi... dence? (Yes or ...

(5) What is our m... consider it so ...

(6) Likewise, can ... regard it as so ...

Readers' replie... and the envelopes, ... arrive not later th... will be awarded fo... remaining answers...



PARIS

TRAVELOGUE ON INDIA PUBLISHED

THE well established custom of literary cocktails suffers a break in July, and starts again in October. Publishers like Plon entertain authors and critics in their 18th-century houses, others like Gallimard in their modern buildings and gardens, and some in Left Bank hotels. Flammarion has reopened the season in a very original way (the reception was given in a launch on the Seine) and on a special occasion—the launching of a travel book on India, *Radjpoutana*. It tells of the adventures of ten students driving from Paris to Bombay. They were anxious to visit India but, like most students, they were also anxious to travel without paying any fare. They had the good fortune to find an old bus which they adapted to its new role. The daring idea of the students to undertake a long journey in a vehicle not meant for such a journey appealed to Begum Yavar Jung, the wife of the Indian Ambassador in Paris; she accepted to be the godmother of the Bombay-bound bus. It was then officially baptised by its godmother who broke a bottle of champagne over the bonnet.

The party left Paris on July 10, 1962. Their experiences have been written about by one of the young travellers, Guy de Brebisson. The film they brought back was shown on the screen of the Seine launch in the presence of His Excellency, the Indian Ambassador, Begum Yavar Jung and the Indian Cultural Attache, Mr. Pouchpa Dass. The views of Jaipur and Fatehpur-Sikri were particularly enchanting.

It is to the Far-East, to Japan particularly, that Parisians are indebted for the masterpieces at the Petit Palais. Seven thousand years of religious art are gathered there, revealing to a Western public (which had always thought that the Japanese artists were better copyists than creators) prehistoric Japanese pottery of refined design and shape.

Opposite the Petit Palais, at the Grand Palais, the traditional and annual *Salon d' Automne* has been reopened. This year the exhibition lives up to its best traditions. The two main sections are devoted to Parisian scenes. Some of our best contemporary painters like Dunoyer de Segonzac, Carzou, MacEvoy, Michel de Gallard and Buffet have found inspiration in the ancient and modern monuments of Paris; models of monuments to be built are also seen at the exhibition.

* * *

UNLIKE the case of previous years, the best plays of the season are by French authors. The excellent comedy, *Et l'Enfer, Isabella* (And What About Hell, Isabel?) by Jacques Deval, the successful Parisian writer, will probably have a long career at the Comedie des Champs Elysees. Francoise Christophe interprets the main part; the attractive and dangerous heroine is suspected of having killed three husbands. The comedy has been rightly compared to a French version of *Kind Hearts And Coronets*. Another successful comedy is *Le Systeme Fabricci* by Albert Husson, now running at the Theatre Moderne. The mysterious Fabricci borrows money at 30%, and lends it at 3% interest. He is both a philanthropist and an amiable swindler. Sacha Pitoeff makes of this clever and amusing comedy the greatest success of the season.

Jusqu'a Bethanie (at the Theatre Montparnasse), a film scenario by the late Jean Giraudoux, has been adapted for the stage by his son. Many who had seen the film, *Les Anges du Peche* (Angels of Sin), have received coldly this play which is about a nun trying to rescue criminal women. For me it was an interesting and moving performance, not only because of the qualities of the play and its interpretation, but also because of Lila de Nobili's marvellous scenery. Too much importance is often given to stage arrangements, but in this case the level of perfection reached by Lila de Nobili deserves particular praise.

However, it is Montherlant who, once more, bears the palm at the Mathurins Theatre. *Fils de Personne* (Nobody's Son) was written after the last war. It deals with a father's difficulty in understanding his son. The father is full of bitterness and contempt—not without great depth of feeling. Montherlant has added to the original work a scene from *La Ville dont le Prince est un Enfant* (The Town whose Prince is a Child), and a short play, *L'Embroc*. The play is about educational problems and the abyss separating successive generations, as the author's own voice explains to the audience before the curtain rises. However, the play is not a bit didactic: it is penetrating, intelligent and moving.

* * *

THE deaths of Edith Piaf, the well-known singer, and Jean Cocteau, the versatile creative genius, have left a vacuum in the French cultural world. Jean Cocteau achieved fame as a poet, a dramatist, a novelist, a painter, a musician and a script-writer. The son of wealthy parents, he was 20 when his first volume of poetry brought him recognition; he was associated with artists and writers like Diaghilev, Stravinsky, Picasso, Proust and Apollinaire. Once Diaghilev told the budding poet: "First, surprise me!" After the death of his friend, Radiguet (the author of *Le Diable au Corps*), he took to opium; later on, he led a campaign against drug addiction. Cocteau's death was mourned by the entire country. Academicians, artists, writers and political figures attended his funeral at Milly-La-Foret, a little town some 35 miles from Paris. He was buried near the chapel which he himself had decorated.

His most important plays are *Orphee, Les Parents Terribles, La Voix Humaine, Renaud et Armide* and *L'Aigle a Deux Tetes*. But, perhaps, the world will remember him best through his films: *La Belle et la Bete, L'Eternel Retour, Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* and *Le Testament d'Orphee*. Writers have coined such phrases as Cocteau the Magician, the Prodigal Adolescent, the Eternal Poet, Cocteau the Bird-catcher, etc. But most of the articles on him that appeared in the French Press praised him excessively.

More objective and interesting is the essay which Pierre de Boisdeffre (a young critic with an important work to his credit) has devoted to Cocteau in his book, *Metamorphoses de la Litterature*. He calls him the "Disillusioned Magician" and writes: "The young cock was not 10 years old when people already granted him genius. Like Oscar Wilde, he put talent into his work and genius into his life. In 1936, as he journeyed around the world, he went through Greece, Egypt, India, China and Japan; tragedy, explosions, earthquakes and famines were everywhere and he only saw the sun, the flowers, youth processions and folklore ceremonials. The characters he creates have neither depth nor social or metaphysical meaning. They are sylphs, archangels and wax statues. For Cocteau, a human life seems fulfilled if it has the shape of a work of art."

In the same book, Pierre de Boisdeffre has written studies of some great contemporary writers like Proust, Sartre and Camus.

ANNIE BRIERRE

To Readers ...

THE STATE OF THE NATION: A QUESTIONNAIRE

Closing Date Extended

(1) If you were asked to sum up, just in one sentence, your vision of India, what would be your answer?

(2) Similarly, if you were asked to comment on the reality as you see it, how would you do so in one sentence?

(3) What, according to you, are the three main barriers that stand between the vision and the reality?

(4) Are you satisfied with the over-all progress India has made since Independence? (Yes or No)

(5) What is our most outstanding achievement in recent times? Why do you consider it so important? (30 words)

(6) Likewise, can you name our saddest failure? On what grounds do you regard it as so tragic? (30 words)

Readers' replies should be accompanied by a cutting of this announcement and the envelopes, marked "The State of the Nation Questionnaire", should arrive not later than Friday, December 20, 1963. Cash Prizes, each of Rs. 50, will be awarded for the top ten entries. These, as well as a selection from the remaining answers, will be published in our issue of February 9, 1964.

—Editor

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Down South...

THE RAMASWAMI TEMPLE

EVERYONE knows that Pachimiriam Adiyappiah composed the famous *ata-tala varnam* in Bhairavi—an undoubted masterpiece. He also has some other compositions to his credit, but it is for this *varnam* that he is so widely renowned. In the traditions of our fine arts, one memorable achievement is sufficient for immortality.

An indigent poet from the obscure hamlet of Saththimuththam wrote the Address to the White Stork celebrated in classical Tamil. It is doubtful if the one other brief verse ascribed to him is really his—and we do not even know his name—and, as Shakespeare pointed out, the human mind is unable to fully apprehend anything unlabelled (I have always held that the entire point in the rose by any other name smelling as sweet lies in the need for it to have some other name before we can appreciate its perfume). So, he was called Saththimuththa-p-pulavar (that is, the Poet from Saththimuththam), and his poem was duly celebrated. Classical Tamil knows other such poets, famous for a single stanza, and some others named after their sole surviving poem.

But who carved the black pillars of the Ramaswami Temple in Kumbakonam with such zestful, masterful verve? You want a better-known example? Very well, let us go back to the authentic beginnings of that long and widespread verve. Who carved the shrines and the Throne Platform at Hampi with figures that still sing and dance in spite of the mutilations inflicted on them by victorious hate, who endowed them with a vivacity surpassing formal death?

SIGNIFICANT LACUNA

We do not know, and that is the truth. The historian, the archaeologist, the epigraphist and the iconologist (and these have been our recognised art critics so far) gloss over this significant lacuna by dividing our classical sculpture into periods and categories based on dynasties and kings, dates, the deciphering of inscriptions, and the identification of gods and lesser beings by their conformation to prescribed celestial morphology. Virupaksha II, we are told, had the Hazara Rama temple built. Very likely, but he did not build it or carve it. Nuniz, the Portuguese horse-trader who spent some years at Vijayanagar, says of this king that "he was given over to vice, caring for nothing but women, and to befuddle himself with drink". Is it likely, then, that Virupaksha II went in for the strenuous and time-consuming occupation of carving hard stone? And I have not the slightest doubt that Rajaraja Chola and Rajendra Chola were no sculptors either, nor even the Pallava kings, Rajasimha and Mahendravarman.

How come that the men actually responsible for all this magnificent wealth of depictive stone have remained anonymous, while the potentates who commissioned them have been remembered? The answer seems to be that artists and sculptors in our country did not enjoy the status that many poets and musicians attained. The point may be elaborated, since, so far as I know, it has not been made by any other art critic.

It was a meritorious thing to build a temple, but once our temples had acquired a certain size, tremendous organisation, expense and authority were needed to have one built; only a king or a near-king (and the more powerful religious institutions were near-kings) could afford to do so. The plinth, the outer walls, and the basal superstructure, had to be built of stone, often fetched from quarries miles away. The architectural problems involved were considerable and well understood, and there were experts who specialised in temple construction. Many different styles of temple architecture were evolved, and our art critics go more by these architectural peculiarities than anything else in deciding the period of a temple, when no clear date is available.

ROLE OF THE CARVER

The carver came in last, but he was not called a carver or a sculptor—he was called a stone-mason ("stone-carpenter" is the literal translation of an old Tamil name for a carver). Perhaps he was treated well, being a specialist, but he was not recognised as an artist, but only as a skilled artisan, as a craftsman. The art of carving in stone was probably limited to a few families, as a heriditary calling, as the weaving of mats of superfine texture was at Pattamadai, in recent times. Strictly speaking, the carvers belonged to schools, and to groups within these schools. No doubt, when a shrine was nearing completion, pundits learned in iconography and the Puranas supervised the work of the "stone-masons", and told them what features were important, but that was in the *sanctum sanctorum*.

And it is well outside the *sanctum sanctorum* that the main body of South Indian classical sculpture is to be found, in the outer halls and on the outer walls. And here, from remote times to the present, carvers, painters and even lesser men have had certain licence. The pillars of the o halls are often carved in an or formally-decorative style, and the lar-panels often depict scenes figures from mythology, but quite a also derive their verve from contem ary pageantry or life, and even whe panel is commemorative (in that it picts some past event, such as a battle draws its detail from life—though necessarily from strictly contempo life.

Take, for example, the far-flung of Vijayanagar. It is as given to de tions of contemporary life as it is scenes and figures from the Purana nobleman riding an elephant, a dancer a group of Kolattam dancers, a shepherd with his *kumbli* over his head in a ra proof cape (as shepherds still wear th *kumblis* in the Tungabhadra areal soldier twirling his moustachios brav or a foreign mercenary in a suit of bro ribbed corduroy (as a subsidiary figure a decorative group featuring a rear horse). These carvings from life beca motifs typical of the school in due cour

ART OF VIJAYANAGAR

With the spread of the Vijayana Empire southwards, its art reached V lore and Kanchipuram and other pla the art spread farther, to Madurai a Thanjavur, where it became, for histor reasons, the Nayaka School, more or and more realistic in its apprehension form. But note that its spread did not low only the expansion (or retreat) kingly power—as the "stone-masons" grated with their patrons, or beyond t patrons, it spread.

So we find the bull-elephant pu stone, originated at Hampi, in Vellore Kanchipuram and in shrines on the skirts of Kumbakonam; we find the fi

HUMPLESS CATTLE

PLAYING TH

of a man tearing a bi by its mandibles in pla at Madurantakam and Temple in Kumbako These two are exam hand motif, and a lege are other realistic mo man on elephant back his moustachios, sir And even when, in from Hampi, the carv observation to depic the trappings of hors dress of a human fig Vijayanagar. That is tails... not necessari temporary life".

MODEST

To return to the I was captivated by moment I saw it, c afternoon. Even bef many squat, black fancifully carved, I some 20 people, c stretched on the flo ness of the main h watchman of the sh loud shouts and sen is time to be up by 4 (as I confirmed by could find shade and this hall. And thou sonal gods, and my literature is Saivite not help feeling a s the conviction tha God in any temple, concept of godhead shelter, without sa

PLAYING THE VEENA

of a man tearing a bird (a swan?) apart by its mandibles in places far from Hampi, at Madurantakam and at the Ramaswami Temple in Kumbakonam, for instance. These two are examples of a sleight-of-hand motif, and a legendary one, but there are other realistic motifs, such as a nobleman on elephant back or a soldier twirling his moustachios, similarly transmitted. And even when, in some place remote from Hampi, the carver has used his own observation to depict a scene from life, the trappings of horse or elephant, or the dress of a human figure, may go back to Vijayanagar. That is what I meant by "details... not necessarily from strictly contemporary life".

MODEST SHRINE

To return to the Ramaswami Temple, I was captivated by its modest shrine the moment I saw it, on a hot, sunny July afternoon. Even before I could notice the many squat, black pillars, richly and fancifully carved, I noticed the sleepers—some 20 people, obviously very poor, stretched on the floor, in the cool darkness of the main hall. At 4 o'clock the watchman of the shrine roused them with loud shouts and sent them packing, but it is time to be up by 4 anyway, and till then (as I confirmed by subsequent visits) one could find shade and shelter and repose in this hall. And though I worship no personal gods, and my reading of religious literature is Saivite in the main, I could not help feeling a sense of welcome, even the conviction that if there could be a God in any temple, it was here—for what concept of godhead can there be without shelter, without sanctuary?

The pillars were fantastic. Carved with the dynamic gusto typical of Vijayanagar, but obviously later in its decadent decorativeness and formal propriety, the Ramaswami Temple is a treasurehouse of Nayaka art. Only in an occasional Vijayanagar motif or figure is there any confession of derivative verve; for the rest, the carvings are the work of artists skilled in a most expressive and liberal tradition, and free to use their imagination. Scenes from the Ramayana, and from Vaishnavite lore anterior to the Ramayana, crowd the pillars, varied with individual figures obviously studied from life, and floral and animal designs edging the panels. And everything is in a dark stone, blackened by a thick coat of some oily stuff, very like the axle-grease of bullock-carts, to a uniform glossy black—the minute particles of dust scattered thinly over this adhesive coating only lend sombre depth and solidity to the blackness of the carvings.

The Dasavatara figures were there, of course, and Rama and his brothers and Sita, and *rishis* with their locks not matted but piled high in a coiled coiffure. But what interested me were the isolated figures, the subsidiary panel-figures, and the animal carvings. Very little work has been done, in spite of the authoritative tone of our art-critics, in identifying or assessing the fauna and flora of our classical stone; they are often ludicrously wrong, where they have tried to do so.

ANIMAL CARVINGS

This is not the place to detail those animal carvings, but they were good. I took a set of photographs specially for this note, calculated to yield black-and-white prints in which the detail would be clearer than in the carvings themselves. Here is a fair sample, to prove the substance in my words, a pair of bullocks (or perhaps cows, but certainly not buffaloes—our carvers knew the low-to-ground length of the buffalo's barrel and its lack of dewlap at the throat) listening, along with a cobra (and other animals not shown here) to Krishna playing the flute. What is there significant about these bullocks? The naturalness of their listening attitude and their upraised heads? But that is natural, not significant. The length of their tails? You have a point there, but some strains of Indian cattle have long tails. What is so remarkable about those beasts is their utter lack of hump. The hump of our cattle is a thing well understood by our carvers, as depictions of Nandis and cows being milked (and the cow-and-*lingam* motif of Vijayanagar art) prove. Why have these bullocks no hint of a hump? Was there a strain of humpless cattle in the South long ago? The question is less absurd than might be thought.

And who is this bigamist? Some king or chieftain, most likely—or is it Krishna? There are a number of such interesting human figures, among them two separate feminine figures each with a small, primitive veena, the one with a broken arm perfect in her proportion and the timeless grace of her stance.

There was an interesting sequel to my visit to the Ramaswami Temple. When I returned to Madras from Kumbakonam, I was invited to attend the *Shashtiabdapurti* (celebration of the 60th birthday) of a respected friend the next day. And what better present could I take him, on the occasion, than a picture of Rama from the Ramaswami Temple? I had to do the enlarging in a hurry, and looking quickly through my negatives, chose one which showed Rama in action, not standing stiff and erect with his arms at his sides, but bending his mighty bow. And only when I had made the enlargement did I realise, just in time, that the figure was not Rama's, but that of another celestial, ill-suited to presentation at *Shashtiabdapurtis:*

'Brahma is white of face, and Vishnu's heart split red,

Siva, from head to foot, is black in half his frame;

And Indra has acquired, besides two facial eyes,

A thousand eyes set in his kingly body—

Who can evade my aim, should I but speed my arrow!'

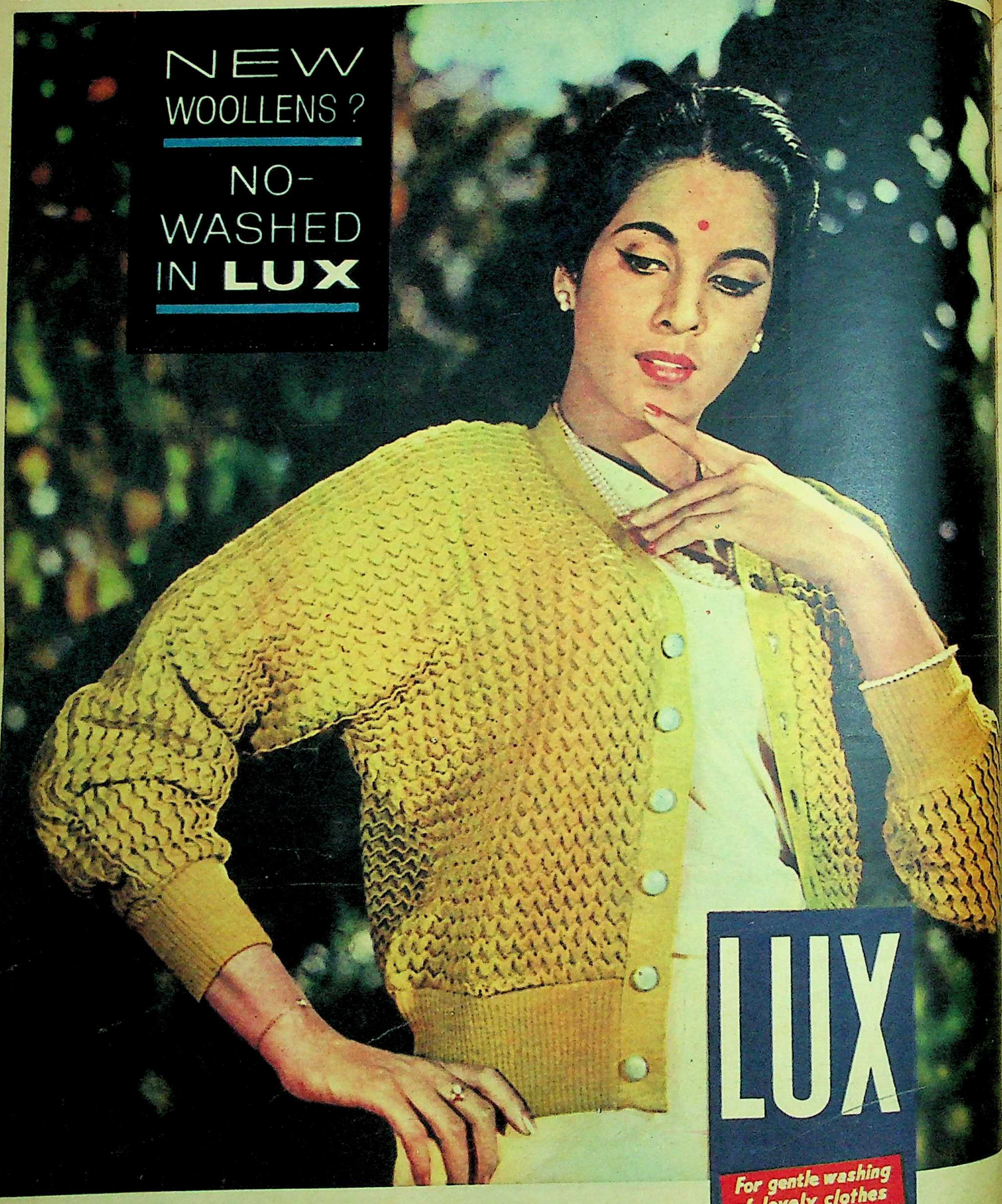
(From *Mei-Gnana Villakkam*)

It was Manmatha, the God of Love, no less! Hastily I made an enlargement of one of the statuesque figures of Rama, and saved myself from a notable gaffe.

M. KRISHNAN

MANMATHA, THE GOD OF LOVE

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



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A HINDUSTAN LEVER PRO

LX. 19-481

Aley Hasan: To start ... would like to ask you, Dr. ... bee, about the present world ... tion, which for quite a lon... has been threatening our ex... What, as a historian, do yo... of this situation?

Toynbee: I may say I am ... pessimist. It is obvious we ... far more damage than w... ever had it in our power to ... fore, but I think just for th... son we are probably not g... have a third world war ... means we shall have other ... ties, but perhaps not that ... shall not put an end to histo... haps.

Aley Hasan: But you wi... that tension is there and ... elements exist that might ... situation grow into a more ... sive one. What remedies ... suggest?

Toynbee: Remedies—for ... sion? I think, getting to ... each other. I am in favour ... of many summit meetings ... of many meetings betw... kinds of different people ... sides of the Iron Curtain ... hope we are moving towar...

Aley Hasan: Don't you t... idea of non-violence mig... this situation in some way...

Toynbee: I think it is alw... right idea, but particular... right idea when we have su... dangerous weapons in ou... I do not think relations ... India and Britain, and the i... dence of India, would have ... in the comparatively happy ... which they did but for ... doctrine and policy of non-... I can see other countries ... might be applied now.

Aley Hasan: Do you th... international conflicts coul... solved and the nuclear...

An Inte...

arrested through a sort ... government?

Toynbee: In the past th... been partial world gove... haven't there: the Chinese ... the Roman Empire? And t... all been imposed by force ... can't do that in the future ... trying to impose it by for... destroy everything it wa... upon, so, we shall have t... world government by cons... have one at all. I am n... clined to think it will ... piecemeal, in various ... ways. I think, for instance ... authority to control atom... is one of the most urge... and another one to deal ... problems of population ... perhaps, and I suppose ... persuade the world to g... authorities power in pro... they feel the need urge...

Aley Hasan: Do you ... government of such a ... possible?

Toynbee: I do, myse... think the world is gradua... ing itself to co-operate i... ing itself. Look at all the ... organisations of the Un... tions—how people of all ... work together in the a... tion of them—things lik... and Agriculture Organi... which an Indian, by the ... head, Mr. B. R. Sen.

Aley Hasan: We hav... world of ours long end...

An Interview With Professor Toynbee

THE FAMED HISTORIAN in his study, with well-known B.B.C. interviewer Aley Hasan. Professor Arnold Toynbee is expected in India shortly. He will be delivering a series of lectures in North India, Pakistan and Afghanistan.

Aley Hasan: To start with, I would like to ask you, Dr. Toynbee, about the present world situation, which for quite a long time has been threatening our existence. What, as a historian, do you think of this situation?

Toynbee: I may say I am not a pessimist. It is obvious we may do far more damage than we have ever had it in our power to do before, but I think just for that reason we are probably not going to have a third world war. That means we shall have other anxieties, but perhaps not that one. We shall not put an end to history, perhaps.

Aley Hasan: But you will agree that tension is there and certain elements exist that might help the situation grow into a more explosive one. What remedies do you suggest?

Toynbee: Remedies—for the tension? I think, getting to know each other. I am in favour not only of many summit meetings but also of many meetings between all kinds of different people on both sides of the Iron Curtain, and I hope we are moving towards that.

Aley Hasan: Don't you think the idea of non-violence might help this situation in some way?

Toynbee: I think it is always the right idea, but particularly the right idea when we have such very dangerous weapons in our hands. I do not think relations between India and Britain, and the independence of India, would have shaped in the comparatively happy way in which they did but for Gandhi's doctrine and policy of non-violence. I can see other countries where it might be applied now.

Aley Hasan: Do you think that international conflicts could be resolved and the nuclear threat arrested through a sort of world government?

Toynbee: In the past there have been partial world governments, haven't there: the Chinese Empire, the Roman Empire? And they have all been imposed by force; and we can't do that in the future because trying to impose it by force would destroy everything it was based upon, so, we shall have to have a world government by consent if we have one at all. I am rather inclined to think it will happen piecemeal, in various practical ways. I think, for instance, a world authority to control atomic energy is one of the most urgent needs, and another one to deal with the problems of population and food, perhaps, and I suppose we may persuade the world to give these authorities power in proportion as they feel the need urgent.

Aley Hasan: Do you think a government of such a nature is possible?

Toynbee: I do, myself; yes. I think the world is gradually teaching itself to co-operate in governing itself. Look at all the technical organisations of the United Nations—how people of all countries work together in the administration of them—things like the Food and Agriculture Organisation, of which an Indian, by the way, is head, Mr. B. R. Sen.

Aley Hasan: We have had this world of ours long enough to be sensible about it and it seems to me that we are not. Can't some general historical laws be deduced from the past and be applied to produce, shall we say, a better pattern of living?

Toynbee: Well, I think we always learn by experience. We do in our private life and I suppose we can in our public life, too. But in human affairs you cannot predict the future on the basis of the past, as you can in, say, astronomy, because, I think, in human affairs there is a very large element of freedom and choice and you cannot forecast that. So, though you can perhaps see what the patterns have been in the past, you can't project these into the future and say that they are bound to recur. Still, it is undoubtedly very useful to study the patterns of the past. It's the only light we have on the future.

Aley Hasan: It seems to me—as an ordinary person, of course—that the ultimate criterion is political interest, and history is full of it. In fact, it has been said that all history is past politics. Do you agree with that?

Toynbee: No, I don't agree with that. I think history is much broader than that. I think history is the story of all the different activities and interests of human beings and politics is only one of a number of these, isn't it?

Aley Hasan: Well, I am personally a bit worried about the cultural aspect of life, which I think has been dominated by political interests. How to save it from such vested interests?

Toynbee: Fortunately, people are not exclusively interested in politics, and though, it is true, history has to a certain extent been distorted by political points of view, people are also interested in religion, in art, in making their living and so on.

Aley Hasan: I mean, a history book, to my mind, talks more about politics than culture.

Toynbee: They have in the past, and that has been a great limitation in the past writing of history, I believe. Don't you think in recent times people have been taking into account the history of, well, all sides of human life? Someone like Sir George Trevelyan in Britain has been rather good at that.

Aley Hasan: From your writings, particularly from *An Historian's View of Religion*, one gathers that you are a religious man.

Toynbee: Not an orthodox one!

Aley Hasan: Yes, but if religion is still an important factor in so far as shaping the human destiny is concerned, can it really contribute to man's well-being?

Toynbee: I would think it is always important. It can contribute to his well-being or his ill-being, according to what kind of a religion it is and according to the way it is taken. But it is always there, I believe, and it is always important. I am not talking about particular orthodox forms of religion, but about religion in a rather broader sense, which is very kaleidoscopic and always changing and has many forms.

Aley Hasan: Yes, but all believers, no matter what religion they believe in, think their religion is the best.

Toynbee: Perhaps Hindus and Buddhists are more—they think theirs no less the best—but are they not a bit more comprehensive and tolerant than the Christians and Muslims and Jews? That is my impression.

Aley Hasan: Do you really think that Hinduism is more tolerant?

Toynbee: More tolerant intellectually. It may not be in social things, like caste, but I would have thought it was more tolerant in accepting the idea that there are more roads to the truth than a single one. I should have thought Hinduism had a good deal to teach the world at present.

Aley Hasan: Yes, but haven't you got something to say about the way we have quarrelled in India and killed one another in the name of religion.

Toynbee: Yes, also. Yes.

Aley Hasan: Which religion would you say is more practicable and more for the good of the human being?

Toynbee: My guess would be that there are many different types of human character and psychological and spiritual make-up, shall we say, and I should think different religions are more suitable for different psychological types, to use Dr. Jung's expression. So I should think all the leading religions have their special value for particular kinds of people. Therefore I expect to see most of the main religions of the world survive for a long time side by side.

Aley Hasan: Would it not be better to have one religion—I mean, in order to ward off these conflicts, religious conflicts?

Toynbee: If human beings were completely like each other and uniform, I think it would be, but, as human beings differ a good deal from each other, probably we want a choice of different religions. But I think in the future it will become much more a matter of personal choice and much less a matter of where you happen to be born. In other words, anyone in any part of the world will be able to choose between being, for instance, Protestant or Catholic.

Aley Hasan: You said once that those Hindus who have adopted western culture on the planes of technology, science, language, administration and law and so on—where it is most alien to them—have an extreme tension in their souls, presumably as a result of this living in two different worlds, and you have said that they must find some means of discharging this...

Toynbee: Yes, I think—well—the world is growing together, isn't it?

(Please Turn To Page 69)

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Books

This Week's Gossip

THE Anouilh boom is still on. Ten of his plays had already been rendered into English in the last ten years or so. Now we have the eleventh—an English version of *Le Voyageur sans Bagage*, a play he wrote twenty-four years ago, *Traveller without Luggage* (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). I don't know whether he regards it as a *piece noire*, a *piece rose* or a *piece brilliante*. These are the categories into which he divides all his plays. The colour does not really matter. Each is a slick piece in its own way.

Life may be a fever, a mystery or a dead-end. That's no reason for anyone to miss his meal. Anouilh never misses his. He wears his despair as a rose in the buttonhole. Whatever view of life he has to sell he puts it into elegant little packages. *Traveller without Luggage* is a neat little package of a play. How nice to do away with the past and live in the present! This not too bright idea catches the fancy of young Anouilh and at once he sits down to make a play of it. *Traveller without Luggage* is the result.

Gaston (formerly Jacques Renaud), the hero of the play, has lost his memory in the war. He spends eighteen years in an asylum in this blessed state, not knowing who he is. Taken at last to the home of a rich family which claims him he begins to recover his memory. But he cannot bring himself to face his dreadful past as a sadistic and lecherous young man who raped a maid, made a cuckold of his brother, crippled a friend and killed birds just for the fun of it. He wishes to escape this past. He chooses another family which consists only of a ten-year-old boy. But he is doomed. We know that his past will pursue him wherever he goes. As Valentine, his brother's wife and his former mistress, warns him:

> You may get rid of us but you'll never lose the habit of letting your thoughts show in your eyes. No, Jacques, no. Even if you kill me to get an hour without pursuit, you'll be caught... It's not only I who pursue and want to hold you. It's all men and all women, and even the dead who dimly feel that you are about to snatch yourself from them. You can't escape from the whole world, Jacques. Whether you want it or not, you must belong to someone. Or else go back to your asylum.

The elegant package is inviting. We take it home and open it. *No one can escape his past.* That's all there is to it. We feel cheated. But we cannot be very sore about it. We have had our two hours of fun. Anouilh is apt to be over-smart at times. But he is never dull. He wears his despair like a rose in the buttonhole. It may be a paper flower. But from a distance it looks more attractive than a real rose.

* * *

The sore point with the British radicals today is the absence of an organised force to counter the all-pervasive influence of what has of late come to be called the Establishment—the public schools, the army, the church, the civil services, Parliament and the city. Even the upper layers of the hierarchy of the Labour Party have by now become part of the Establishment. The irony of the situation is that even those who are most bitter about it also belong to the Establishment. This is true of most of the contributors to a recent symposium *The Establishment*, edited by Hugh Thomas (Anthony Blond, 21s.)

"The idea of the Establishment is concerned less with the actual exercise of power," writes Mr. Henry Fairlie who contributes an essay on the B. B. C. to the symposium, "than with the established bodies of prevailing opinion which powerfully, and not always openly, influence its exercise." There is much in the book in this professorial vein. But often the writers leave the rather ponderous generalisations for details and then they are delightful. I for one thoroughly enjoyed the account of the typical public school product in Mr. John Vaizey's essay. This is what a pupil of Mr. Vaizey has to say about the average public school boy:

> Their faces tend to be long and lean, or fleshy; in every case they seem to be permanently twenty-five years of age. Their hair is longish, and either very fair and straight or dark and curly; their lips are slightly bulging, their voices loud and confident or soft and penetrating. They are always very well shaved, never blue-jowled or side-boarded; they tend to look very clean and to smell of Imperial Leather soap and bay rum. Their clothes do not include zip-fronted knitted garments, gaberdine raincoats, bright blue or brown suits with stripes, brown shoes with toecaps, Y-fronts, suspenders, tie-pins, lapel-badges, leopard skin bathing trunks. they hold cigarettes between the index finger and the second finger and can smoke pipes without over-much affectation. They are deferent but somewhat equal in dealing with older people...they call anyone of twenty-eight 'Sir' but they talk about the same things: how masters, winter sports and common acquaintances, etc. (as Lord Attlee always says). With their lower orders they have a 'man' attitude—frequent use of 'please' and 'thank you', with an expectation of instant compliance with their wishes, all overlaid with an air of considera-

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS

ary 31, 1960

and Comment

Nepal Today

AN UP-TO-DATE account of Nepal is particularly acceptable at the present time and this has been provided by Tibor Sekelj, a Yugoslav anthropologist and explorer, in his *Shadow on Nepal* (Robert Hale, 25s.), which has now been translated into English by Marjorie Fulton. Here is a good and popularly written introduction to a country which has remained largely unchanged for centuries, an exciting country with a dramatic political history, an artistic land, deeply religious in its own way and capable of exquisite forms of art and architecture.

Mr. Sekelj writes in a style which recalls a journalist rather than an anthropologist, for he is fortunate in being able to carry his scholarship lightly. He gives simple but useful accounts of Hinduism, Buddhism and Tantrism, describes festivals and weddings and has an important chapter on the modern economic situation. It may not be generally known that India gives Nepal postal communications with other countries so that the Nepalese stamps are used only in the country and for India, while for other countries Indian stamps are used. India has also assisted Nepal in many practical ways, though probably the United States, "the rich uncle of the poor world", has done more than anyone else to assist in the development of the country. Nepal certainly seems to be poor and Mr. Sekelj says that the average salary of an educated Nepali is only Rs. 60 a month, while a civil servant with a university degree starts at a salary of only Rs. 200. Yet, he says, in spite of all this, "when I think of the Nepalese, I do not think of a wretched people, or even of a very poor people. Objectively, their poverty is a fact. But they do not feel it. They do not complain, and gaiety is much more a part of their lives than among other peoples who objectively live much better."

He concludes: The wheels of progress that have begun to turn will go on turning and the land will develop. "But I hope that the development will not take away its charm... this infinite charm that fills the heart with feelings of nostalgia when one leaves, and makes the parting guest repeat, in most sincere tones: *'Au revoir, Nepal!'*"

T. P.

Bridging The Gulf

THE author of *Unbounded Worlds* (Ark Press, 10s. 6d.), L. C. Beckett, has found an approach to the problems of our times which bridges the gulf between the highest achievements of the past and the present, the spiritual wisdom of the East and the scientific discoveries of the West, revealing an ever-expanding universe as well as the universality of human consciousness. The first part of the book deals with the modern conception of the universe under Fred Hoyle's motto: "By continuing to search out the ways of the Universe and of Man's relations to the Universe we shall be serving our deepest instincts... In this can lie our aim." And, indeed, the picture of the universe is drawn with a skilful hand and is overwhelming and awe-inspiring. It shows, too, how near science has come to metaphysics.

Thus the reader's mind is prepared for an exploration in the opposite direction: the consciousness of man, which occupies the second part and is prefaced by C. G. Jung's significant words: "It is only individual ego consciousness that has for ever a new beginning and an early end. But the unconscious psyche is not only immensely old, it is also able to grow unceasingly into an equally remote future." This leads us into the deepest realms of religious experience, as expressed by Eckhart in the West and by Hindus and Buddhists in the East, especially in the doctrine of "Mind-only", the cosmic consciousness of the Lankavatara Sutra and the later Zen-Buddhists. This doctrine, coupled with the profound metaphysical teachings of the Diamond Sutra and the universalism of the Taoteaching, forms the climax of this very stimulating book. In spite of the difficult subject, the author has been able to communicate his own inspiration to the reader.

L. A. G.

Cairo Setting

THE sultry atmosphere of pre-Suez Cairo (1950), cosmopolitan and superficially Westernised, is the scene of Joan Vatsek's novel, *This Fiery Night* (Secker and Warburg, 18s.).

Here is Egypt, on the verge of historical change of a dramatic nature; history breaks into the ordinary life of individuals unconcerned with politics and yet caught up in their results. Tragedy descends on each one as a surprise. In fact, there is too much tragedy, but that perhaps is inevitable against the background of conflict.

The types portrayed are well drawn—old Lady Cecily, remembering India in the old days and fearing the future; the American nun, who had lost her faith but loved dearly the people of Egypt, seeing them as unchanged since the days of Jesus; Yedid Bey, Chief of Police, impotent to check the turmoil in the city, deploring the corruption he sees around him. It is a sordid and a tragic story, but founded largely on fact.

G. E. P.

Adventure Story

THE LAME DUCK (Dent, 12s. 6d.) is another of Richard Armstrong's exciting adventure stories for boys. It is about a tanker called THE CAPE WRATH which, during the war, comes up out of the Gulf of Mexico with a full cargo of petroleum and joins a convoy off Halifax, Nova Scotia. The vessel makes the hazardous crossing of the North Atlantic in the company of thirty-four other ships and an escort consisting of an armed liner and a trawler. Many adventures befall the tough crew and even when the "Old Man" dies, Bull Barlow, who hates war and would rather be a live apprentice than a dead hero, is able to guide the limping ship, like a lame duck, back to safety.

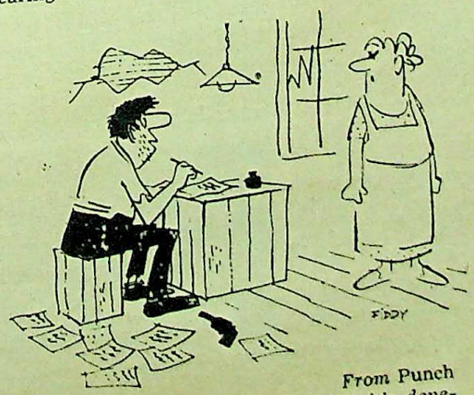
Richard Armstrong writes with assurance about sailors and the sea and adds convincing technical facts and details that make the tale even more fascinating for young readers.

I. T.

A Part-Time Spy

MY *Ten Years as a Counterspy* by Boris Morros, (Werner Laurie, 15s.), is a somewhat overblown account of the double life led by the author as a Soviet spy and an F.B.I. agent. In both capacities, Mr. Morros does not seem to have played more than a minor role, and although his book is crammed with secret meetings, coded signals, bodyguards, blondes, and other similar trappings of fictional spy stories, nothing really exciting seems to happen until around page 200 when the F.B.I. effect the capture of two or three Russian spies in the U.S. If, perhaps Mr. Morros, who was a successful Hollywood producer before he became a part-time spy, had used his cutting scissors unsparingly, he might have been able to achieve the atmosphere and effect he strives so hard to create, but as it is he only succeeds in leaving the impression that in these days of increasingly more elaborate intelligence organisations, international spying is no longer as exciting or rewarding an occupation as it used to be in the days of Oppenheim.

M. D. M.



From Punch

"It started as a suicide note, but it's developing into a pretty good autobiography."

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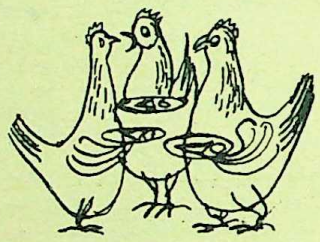
A TEMPTING ARRAY! Asparagus-and-ham bake is the main dish in our elaborate menu for a ladies' lunch. Apricot Marshmallow makes a delicious dessert to follow.

HOME SECTION

Let's Throw A "Hen Party"!



WHEN we have a party it is almost a bounden duty to serve elaborate *desi khana*. The man-of-the-house would be alarmed—if not outraged—if the menu did not include a *palao* and *korma*, with at least one of the varieties of *kabab—shami, seekh, boti, tava* or *kachcha*, depending on whichever is his current favourite—served alongside! Besides, there must also be various types of *sabzi* and *bhajia*, with a wide variety of chutneys and *achars* to choose from.

If, for a change, you would like to throw a lunch, serving food you have neither cooked nor eaten before, make it a "hen-party". Women appreciate a change from the usual, are far more adventurous about acquiring new tastes than men and, though they may be more critical, are most appreciative of such extra fripperies as your best table-linen and service. You may also be rewarded with a request to reveal the recipes. Then you may be sure the experiment has proved a success!

PRAWN-AND-CUCUMBER SALAD

Ingredients: Three grapefruit or oranges, 2 cups shelled prawns, ¾ cup diced parboiled celery, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¾ cup mayonnaise, salt and pepper, lettuce, olives, 1 cucumber, tomato wedges, whole prawns, parsley sprigs to garnish.

Method: Cut grapefruit or oranges in halves, scoop out pulp, and decorate by cutting edges with scissors, making attractive shells. Dice the pulp, removing all pith; combine with prawns, celery, chopped parsley, and lemon juice; bind with mayonnaise. Season with salt and pepper; fill into grapefruit or orange shells, chill. Serve on bed of lettuce. Top each with half an olive. Arrange sliced, scored cucumber, tomato wedges, whole prawns, and parsley, attractively on platter. Serve very cold.

NESTED KIDNEY SAVOURY

Ingredients: One and a half pounds potatoes, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon parsley, salt, pepper, ¼lb. streaky bacon, 6 kidneys, extra chopped parsley.

Method: Cook and mash potatoes, add onion, milk, parsley, salt and pepper. Shape into nests on greased oven-trays, bake in hot oven until golden brown. Remove rind from bacon, chop roughly, heat in pan until fat is extracted. Add kidneys (soaked skinned and chopped), cook gently until tender, remove. Make ¾ cup gravy in same pan, add kidneys and bacon. Fill into potato nests. Sprinkle with extra parsley. Serve hot.

HAM-AND-ASPARAGUS BAKE

Ingredients: One large tin asparagus pieces, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ pint milk, ½ cup grated cheese, salt, cayenne pepper, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), ¼ lb. chopped ham, parsley and hard-boiled egg slices to garnish.

Method: Drain and reserve liquid from asparagus pieces. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 1 minute. Add milk and reserved asparagus liquid, bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Add cheese and season to taste with salt and cayenne pepper. Simmer 3 minutes. Fold in asparagus pieces, chopped eggs and ham. Spoon into greased ovenproof dish. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes or until thoroughly reheated. Garnish with egg slices and parsley; serve piping hot.

TONGUES WITH ALMOND SAUCE

Ingredients: Six cooked lambs' tongues, 1 tablespoon good shortening (or ce
onion, 6 blanched almonds, 3 tom
spoons chopped olives, ½ teaspoon
tard, ¼ cup stock or water, ½ cu
breadcrumbs, salt, pepper.

Method: Peel and slice tongues
Cover, keep hot. Brown finely chop
in shortening, add chopped almonds
3 minutes. Add skinned and chopp
toes, olives, mustard, and stock or w
mer 10 minutes. Stir in breadcrumbs
taste and pour over tongues. Serve w
potatoes or grilled tomatoes and gre
desired.

CARAMEL TART

Ingredients: Crust: Two eggs, ¾ c
1½ cups coconut, ½ cup chopped walnu

Caramel Filling: One package
quick-cooking dessert, 1½ cups milk
honey or golden syrup, whipped cr
chopped walnuts to decorate.

Method: Beat eggs in basin, add
coconut and walnuts; mix thoroughly
firmly over base and sides of greased
plate, bake in moderate oven 20 m
until cooked and lightly browned.

Filling: Prepare caramel dessert
to directions on package, using only
milk. When cooked remove from heat
honey or syrup, mix well. Cool slightly
cooked crust. Chill in refrigerator
Decorate with cream and walnuts

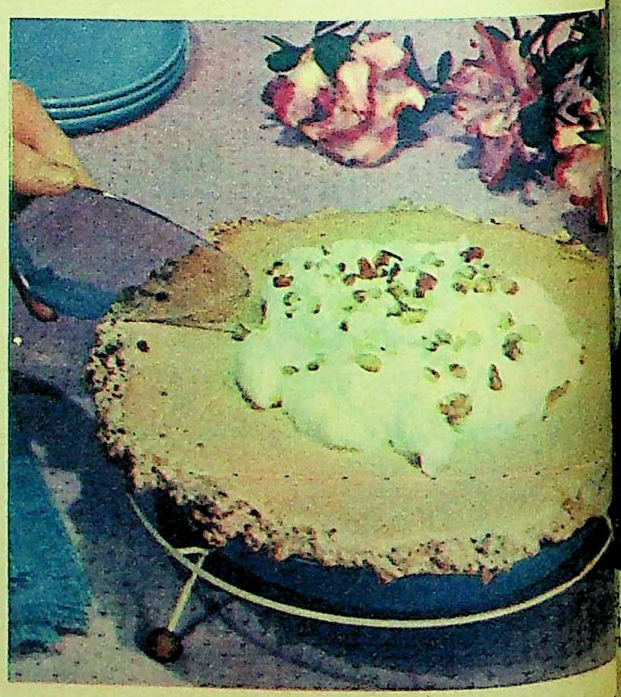
APRICOT MARSHMALLOW FO

Ingredients: Four egg-whites, 8 o
green food colouring, 1 dessertspoon c
1 teaspoon vinegar.

Apricot Marshmallow Filling: Ha
dried apricots, 2 tablespoons gelatine
water, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup sug
orange juice, ¼ cup lemon juice. 1lb.
mallows (chopped).

Beat egg-whites until stiff and
add sugar, beat until all sugar is disso
enough food colouring to colour pale
fold in cornflour and vinegar. Spoon on
tray which has been covered with a
greased paper. Shape into a circle appr
ly 8" in diameter, pile mixture around
form a nest. Bake in a slow oven appro
1½ to 2 hours.

Filling: Wash appricots and soak
in cold water. Next day: drain apricots
through a coarse sieve, stand pulp as
gelatine in half the water and blend
remaining water. Combine both mixtu
saucepan, add sugar, and bring to
stirring all the time. Simmer 5 minu
fruit juices and allow to cool. When
to thicken, beat until mixture holds i
then fold in apricot pulp and marsh
Pile roughly into meringue shell, chill
quired.



CARAMEL TART. If made with non-fat milk, this is ideal pudding for figure-conscious guests. The Salad given on this page, is also low-caloried diet.

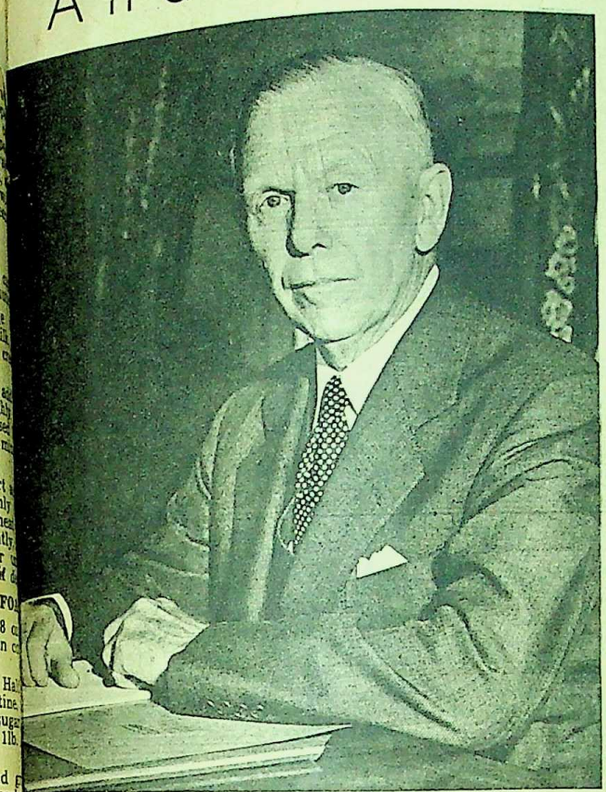
From
And

THE DEATH OF GENE at the age of 78, has dep and an outstanding state leader during World Wa will perhaps be best rem bution—the Marshall Pla the Nobel Pr

X-R.A.F. GROUP CA nd his Belgian fiance nterviewed by newsm villa at Br

Funding: Tattva Heritage

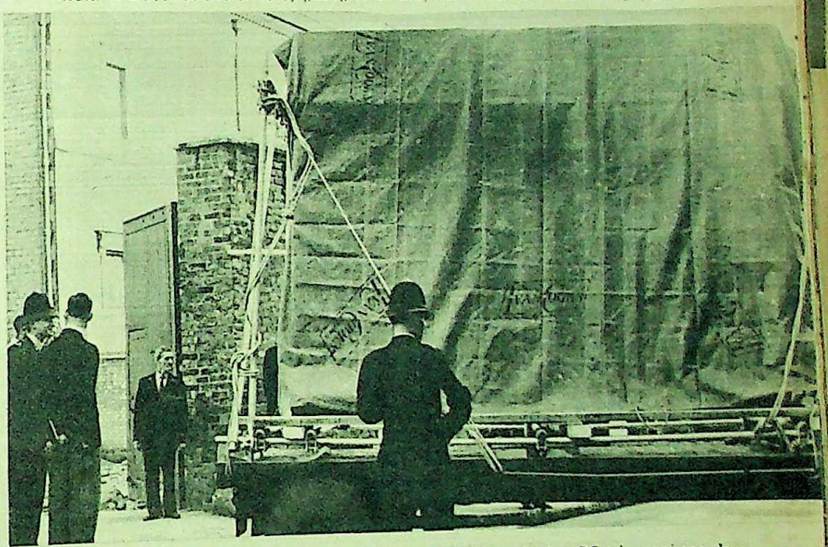
From Far And Near



THE DEATH OF GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL, at the age of 78, has deprived the world of a great soldier and an outstanding statesman. His record as a military leader during World War II was hardly rivalled; but he will perhaps be best remembered for his peacetime contribution—the Marshall Plan of economic aid which won him the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1953.

EX-R.A.F. GROUP CAPTAIN PETER TOWNSEND (44) and his Belgian fiancee, Marie-Luce Jamagne (20), are interviewed by newsmen in the garden of the Jamagne villa at Braschaat, near Antwerp.

Lt.-General K. M. SHAIKH, Pakistan's Minister for Interior and leader of his country's delegation to the Indo-Pakistani border conference, is greeted in New Delhi by Mr. Nehru. The second stage of the talks, being held in Dacca at the time of going to Press, has made substantial progress.



RUBENS'S FAMOUS WORK, The Adoration of the Magi, arrives by lorry, under police escort, at the National Gallery, London. The huge canvas, measuring 13½ ft. by 9½ ft., which was recently acquired by an unnamed collector for the record price of £275,000 (about Rs. 37 lakhs), has been lent to the Gallery for two years.

Madame CLAUDE KOGAN, 39-year-old French dress designer and leader of the all-women expedition to Cho Oyu (26,867 ft.), and one of her colleagues, Claudine van der Stratten (26), are believed to have been killed in a blizzard at Camp IV, 23,000 ft. Two sherpas also lost their lives, one of them in an avalanche. (Madame Kogan held the world's highest climbing record for women.)

Funding: Tata Trust Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Cave-Shrines Of Maharashtra — 1: Bhaja

This is the first of a series by WILLIAM WILLETTS

TO CLARIFY my own mind, and perhaps that of the reader, regarding the perplexing chronology and apparently random location of the Buddhist cave-shrines of Maharashtra, I would like to begin by summarising some information gleaned partly from Douglas Barrett's guidebook to the Karla caves, published by the Bhulabhai Memorial Institute in 1957, and partly from an editorial article on the date of the Karla chaitya in *Lalit Kala* (Nos. 3-4; 1956-57).

Nearly all the sites in question lie on, or near, the main trade routes leading up from the coast to the centres of Satavahana power during the first two centuries or so A.D. Of these routes there were three. The first ran in a north-easterly direction up the Talghat, following the Bombay-Agra road as far as Nasik. It then swung east to Aurangabad and Ajanta, and continued north-east to Sanchi. The second went due east up the Nanaghat to Junnar, where there are almost two hundred caves (and where Shivaji was born), and then on to the capital of the dynasty at Paithan. The third took a south-easterly course up the Bhorghat, past the caves at Kondane, Karla, Bhaja, Bedsa and Shelavardi, and terminated at a market town then known to foreign traders as Tagara, today the village of Ter, near Poona.

ANCIENT HISTORY

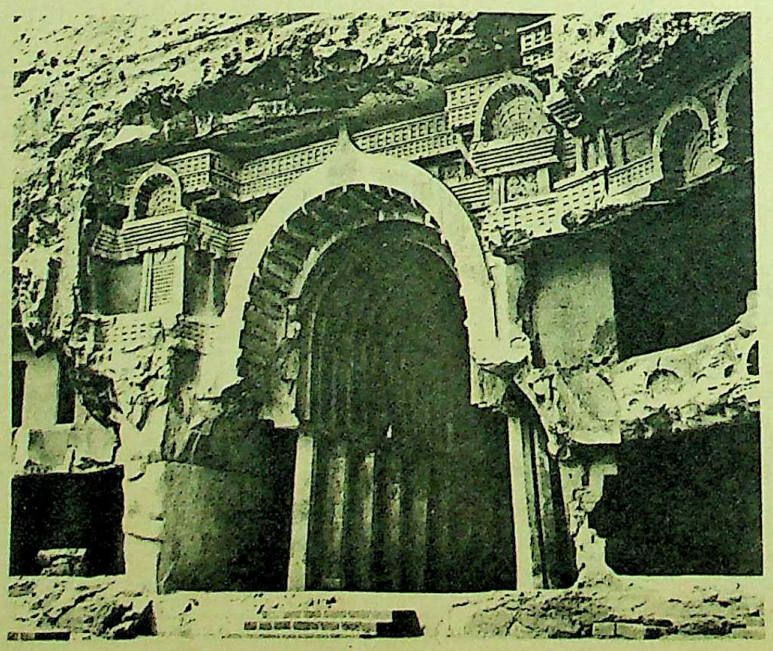
The ports to which they debouched were Kalyan, called Calliena in *The Periplus of the Erythraean Sea* (a maritime itinerary or "Coastal Pilot" for the Middle East written by a Greek-speaking merchant about the middle of the 1st century A.D.), and Sopara, which *The Periplus* knew as Suppara or Ouppara.

Throughout the first century A.D. there was continual rivalry, and sometimes open war, between the Satavahanas and a Saka satrapy called the Kshaharatas. Speaking of the situation not long before 65 A.D., *The Periplus* says that the north Konkan from Barygaza (Broach) to Calliena (Kalyan) was ruled by one Nambanus, who is convincingly identified with King Nahapana of the Kshaharata line. Traffic through Kalyan and Sopara, says *The Periplus*, was "much obstructed". By the third quarter of the century the Kshaharatas had gained the head of the passes at Nasik, Karla and Junnar, where they continued to patronise Buddhist works inaugurated by the Satavahanas and their predecessors. Soon after the turn of the century the pendulum swung the other way; about 105 A.D. Nahapana suffered an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the famous Gautamiputra Satakarni. For the rest of the second century the Satavahanas, despite certain setbacks, were the chief patrons of Buddhist enterprises in Maharashtra, and indeed as far afield as Andhradesa.

This *va et vient* of local dynasts is graphically reflected in the inscriptions at the cave-shrines. Of the two principal viharas at Nasik, Cave 10 is the proud legacy of Nahapana's son-in-law and Viceroy, Ushavadata. The other, Cave 3, was dedicated by Gautamiputra's queen, Balasiri, in the 19th year of the reign of her son Pulumavi (c. 130 A.D.); the inscription records, perhaps without exaggeration, how Gautamiputra "rooted out the Khakharata (Kshaharata) race". Again, at Karla we find a royal grant by Ushavadata of a village to the monks there, and beneath it a re-dedication of the same village in the 14th or 15th year of a king who is probably Pulumavi.

Yet despite the sudden drama of victory and defeat, one cannot but see the whole complex —coastal ports with their cosmopolitan populations and world maritime trade, the Buddhist foundations, and the inland towns—as a highly integrated and essentially stable socio-economic area. There are many references in *The Periplus*, and in the writings of Pliny and Strabo, to the extensive Roman trade in which it was profitably engaged. No fewer than seven of the pillars of the Karla chaitya, as appears from inscriptions on them, were donated by the Western merchants called Yavanas, apparently a large and thriving foreign community. Inscriptions on another pillar speak of the gift of a relic by a "preacher" of Sopara. Nor, reciprocally, were the ports without their religious endowments. Ushavadata's inscription at Nasik Cave 10 speaks of the founding of dharmsalas at Bharukachchha (Broach) and Sorparaga (Sopara). Indeed the cultural integrity of Maharashtra from remote antiquity down to the times of which we speak, and the religious and artistic vitality to which the cave-shrines stand witness, give it a particular character, and a fascination which one still senses even today.

From the end of the 2nd century A.D. until some time during the 5th, there is little evidence of Buddhist enterprise in Maharashtra. Then began a new burst of cave building, at first under the Vakataka dynasty of Berar; then, from about 520 to 757 A.D., under the Early Chalukyans of the Canarese; and finally under the Rashtrakutas from about 757 to 9[illegible] A.D. As is well known, the S[illegible] tavahana-Kshaharata era co[illegible] cides with the Hinayana ph[illegible] of Buddhism in Maharash[illegible] the Vakataka-Chalukya-Ra[illegible] trakuta with the Mahaya[illegible] We need not concern ourselv[illegible] with the historical and d[illegible] trinal niceties of these t[illegible] sects; it is enough for our p[illegible] pose if we bear in mind t[illegible] iconographic differentiation b[illegible] tween them. Hinayana dra[illegible] on perennial non-Buddhist m[illegible] tives and cult-images—yaksh[illegible] yakshis, nagas, and so forth[illegible] but otherwise confines itself [illegible] illustrations of the jataka st[illegible] ies, in which the Buddha a[illegible] pears only in his manifold p[illegible] vious incarnations, and to t[illegible] Great Events of his final inc[illegible] nation, in which his presence [illegible] symbolised by wheel, lot[illegible] stupa. or elephant. Mahaya[illegible] enlarges the distinctively Bu[illegible] dhist iconography by introd[illegible] ing the Buddha image, as w[illegible] as an assemblage of Bodhis[illegible] tvas, both male and female.



FRONTAL VIEW OF THE CHAITYA CAVE

IDEAL SETTING

Bhaja lies about a mile so[illegible] of Malavli, the first station af[illegible] Lonavla on the Bombay-Po[illegible] line. One can approach [illegible] equally easily by train or [illegible] car, but in either case one h[illegible] to cross the line at the stat[illegible] and head south to the foot[illegible] the Bhaja hillock, work[illegible] one's way right-handed ro[illegible] it until one arrives at the [illegible] lage of Bhajagaon. Turn[illegible] left through the village, an[illegible] short climb of about 300 [illegible] up a stepped pathway, bri[illegible] one to the level of the cave[illegible]

The view from the terrac[illegible] front of the chaitya cave[illegible] magnificent. To the south [illegible] ramparts of Shivaji's forts, [illegible] hogad and Visapur, run [illegible] Roman walls along the hill[illegible] Westward is a lovely secl[illegible] bay of paddy fields; [illegible] figures of farmers follow t[illegible] ploughs, rending the air [illegible] cries of encouragement to t[illegible] bullocks. Below, a ston[illegible] throw distant, is the vill[illegible] well treed with mang[illegible] North-west lies a spacious p[illegible] traversed by the railway l[illegible] Beyond is the Indrayani r[illegible] farther away one can see [illegible] cluster of trees and huts a[illegible] Karla Holiday Camp, and [illegible] yond that the black-to[illegible] Bombay-Poona road. In th[illegible] distance, at the foot of thr[illegible] circling hills, the Vulvan [illegible] is a silver streak in the [illegible] light. Somewhere to the n[illegible] round the spur of the hil[illegible] is the Karla hill. It is an e[illegible] plary landscape.

URYA vanquishing the [illegible] (Pho[illegible]

[illegible]ne is struck here by t[illegible] site beauty of these Bu[illegible]s in the Western [illegible]king at the caves, [illegible]pelled to acknowled[illegible]onary genius, the alm[illegible] human courage, pe[illegible]e and faith, which we [illegible]r making; and I cann[illegible]ing that these *nava* [illegible]—architect-monks—in[illegible]priating such superb [illegible]w themselves to be a [illegible]acy of character and [illegible], even though during [illegible]he year they were n[illegible]n moneyless mendican[illegible]withstanding that the [illegible]on demanded a seaso[illegible]t from the plains of [illegible] hills. Bhaja is so rem[illegible]poiled, that one is bo[illegible] at peace in its sur[illegible]

[illegible]ith the possible exc[illegible]janta Cave 10, the [illegible]Bhaja is the oldest w[illegible] with in this series. I[illegible]king of it Burgess [illegible]..it seems impossibl[illegible]one can look...and [illegible] we have reached [illegible]abula of stone archi[illegible]ndia." The observa[illegible]ourse prompted by it[illegible]mblance to contem[illegible]-standing structural [illegible] made of wood; act[illegible]

URYA vanquishing the demons of night. Bas-relief from a vihara.
(Photographs by author.)

ne is struck here by the ex-site beauty of these Buddhist s in the Western Ghats. king at the caves, one is pelled to acknowledge the onary genius, the almost su-human courage, persever-e and faith, which went into ir making; and I cannot help ing that these *navakarmi*—architect-monks—in ap-priating such superb sites w themselves to be an aris-cacy of character and intel-, even though during most he year they were no more moneyless mendicants, and withstanding that their avo-on demanded a seasonal re-tt from the plains of life to hills. Bhaja is so remote, so boiled, that one is bound to at peace in its surround-s.

With the possible exception Ajanta Cave 10, the chaitya Bhaja is the oldest we shall with in this series. Indeed, aking of it Burgess says: ..it seems impossible that one can look...and not see we have reached the in-abula of stone architecture ndia." The observation is ourse prompted by its close mblance to contemporary standing structural build-made of wood; actually I believe the oldest known stone imitation of a wood chaitya is the Lomas Rishi Cave, cut in the Barabar hills near Bodh Gaya and donated by Asoka in the 3rd century B.C. Most authorities agree that Bhaja is about a century later, and this opinion, based on stylistic considerations, has been substantiated by the recent discovery of a short, painted inscription on one of the wooden ribs that span the nave of the chaitya, written in characters assigned by Dr. B. Chhabra to the 2nd century B.C. I may add that the attribution not only provides us with a *terminus ante quem* for the cutting of the cave, it also confirms what had long been suspected, that these teak beams are as old as the cave itself; that is to say, they have been in place for over two thousand years. (I shall have more to say about this remarkable fact when I come to write about the Karla chaitya, the beams of which are also as old as the cave.)

Of more importance than the actual date of the Bhaja chaitya is the evidence of its *relative* antiquity compared with other chaitya caves of Maharashtra. Foremost I would put the strong inward inclination or rake, of the pillars separating the nave from the side aisles, the vault thus seeming to stand on two rows of stilts. Clearly the architect still thinks strictly in terms of a wooden prototype. The stronger the rake, we may infer, the older is the chaitya; while other caves show it, nowhere is it so pronounced as at Bhaja.

Second is the absence of structural stonework in the form of a facade screen beneath the sun-window, such as we find at Nasik, Ajanta Cave 9, Bedsa, Karla and Kanheri. This fact has no positive value as evidence that the Bhaja screen was made of wood; a stone facade may have fallen and disappeared with the passage of time—though looking at the massive examples in the later chaityas one can scarcely conceive how this could have happened. It is perhaps significant that two other chaityas, Ajanta 10 and Kondane, both of which are close in date to Bhaja, also have open fronts; moreover, sockets or mortices for wood beams are still to be seen in the side walls and floor at Bhaja, and in the positions we should expect if a wooden screen had closed the front. The porch, so elaborately designed at places like Bedsa, Karla and Kanheri, seems here in a rudimentary stage of development. Its carved end walls extend outwards from the front edge of the sun-window for a distance of 3½ feet only.

THE INTERIOR

The Bhaja chaitya presents several other interesting features indicating its early date, but I had better leave these to be discussed in later articles. I might just point out that the interior did not always present the same rather drab appearance we see today. On the contrary, we may visualise the walls of the aisles adorned with scenes from the jatakas, and the ceiling coffers, the stupa, and the tops of the pillars all brightly painted with floral and other decorative motifs. The blackened remains of Buddha images with their attendants can still be seen on the upper parts of many of the pillars, but these, I imagine, belong to the Mahayana phase.

The Bhaja chaitya is surrounded by the usual complex of viharas, one of which is of unusual interest because of the remarkable bas-reliefs that decorate its verandah. Discovered in 1879, this vihara is almost at the eastern extremity of the scarp, with Visapur brooding almost directly overhead. Two smaller viharas, I may mention, lie even further to the east, discovered last year and as yet uncleared of debris.

Much has been written about this now famous pair of bas-reliefs, and I will merely add my impression that they are contemporary with the small figures of spectators looking over miniature chaitya balconies on the face of the main cave, to the right of the great sun-window; in which case they date from the 2nd century B.C. The subject of one of them is Surya, who drives his solar quadriga over the mis-shapen bodies of the demons of night, accompanied by his wife and a female *chauri*-bearer. The other depicts Indra, the storm-bringer, riding his massive elephant Airavata across an earthly landscape filled with interesting *genre* details.

These florid, illusionistic compositions seem out of place in the Spartan setting of an early Buddhist vihara, and the presence of Vedic deities is even more hard to explain. Benjamin Rowland suggests that they are allegories of two different aspects of the Buddha, Surya representing him as the Sun or spiritual ruler of the Universe, Indra symbolising his temporal power. Whatever their true meaning, the reliefs are unique; a railing pillar at Bodh Gaya, dating from the middle of the 1st century B.C., shows the theme of Surya in his chariot, but in this case the deployment is altogether different.

INDRA ON AIRAVATA

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by S. G. Pradhan

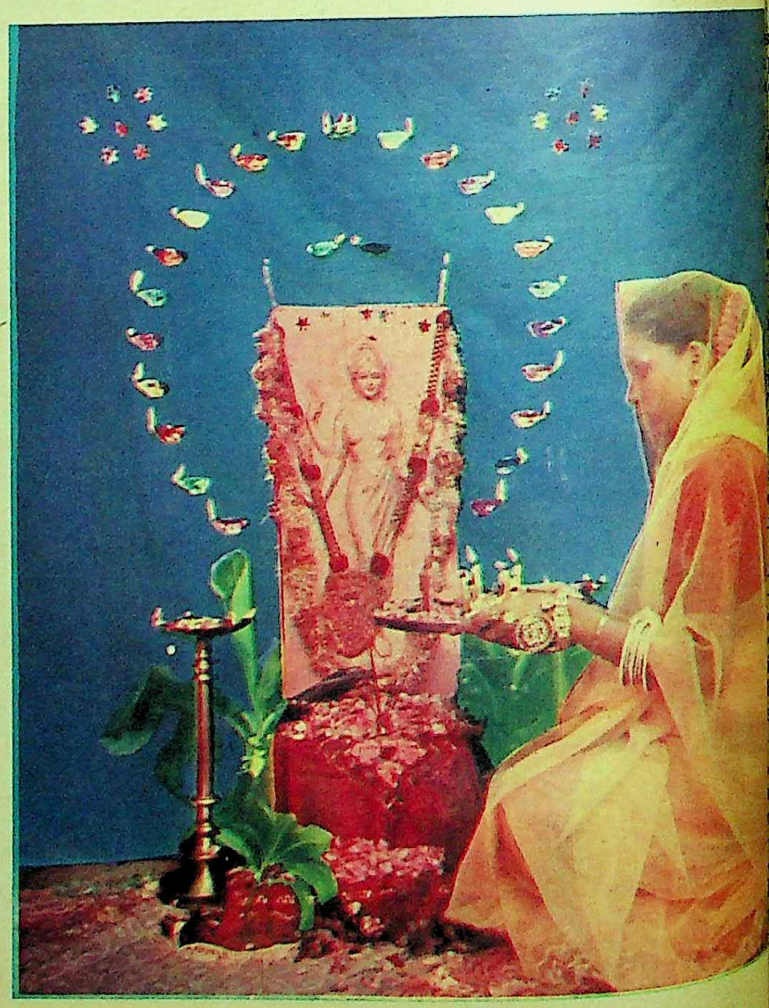
Dipavali

AN INTERPRETATION

by Dr. MOTI CHANDRA

THE Divali of common parlance, Dipavali is a festival of lights. Rows of lamps are lit in every home; children as well as adults enjoy displays of fireworks; bankers and merchants observe their New Year; Lakshmi and Kali are worshipped; houses are cleaned and take on a new appearance; children are given new clothing; gifts of sweetmeats are exchanged; gambling is resorted to surreptitiously; and a festive spirit prevails among all sections of people.

An analysis of the religious observance of Dipavali will show that the rites originally performed in honour of one god have passed to another without materially altering the character of the festival. Even today the same celebration is sometimes held in honour of different deities. According to tradition, the lamp festival in autumn is dedicated either to Vishnu's consort Lakshmi, who brings honour and wealth to the worshipper, or to Durga-Kali, the consort of Siva, with whom are associated many magical and esoteric beliefs. Originally, however, the festival seems to have been closely connected with Yaksha worship, which in course of time, with the decline of the



by Sukh Dev

sha cult, came to be associated with
gods and goddesses who played almo
same role as that of the Yakshas.

Dipavali is not confined
Hindus. According to Buddhist
stories, the Karttika festival,
well might have been the pre
of Dipavali, was celebrated with gre
thusiasm. It is said that once upon a
when the festival was proclaimed
vasti, the whole city took on a festive
that lasted for several days. At a
place, it is mentioned that, in the nig
tival of Karttika, Varanasi was de
like the city of the gods and that th
zens took a holiday from their avoc
It seems that the people, especially th
menfolk, preferred to go out in
clothes on the occasion.

Dipavali is equally sacred to the
It derives its position from the impor
of wealth to a mercantile community
as the Jains, but they assign a specia
son for their participation in a festiva
in honour of Lakshmi, the Hindu G
of Fortune. According to the Jaina
tion, as recorded by the *Kalpasutra*
festival originated when Mahavira p
away: the eighteen confederate king
others who were present at his dea
stituted the festival of Dipavali, pro
ing: "Since the light of intellige
gone, let us make an illuminati
material matter."

Folk literature gives various ex
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the month of Asvina, Vi
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remonial bath, apply ur
dies, wear new clothes,
remonial lamps made of
joy dainties with their f
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The fourth explanation
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mi, Saraswati and the fer
procreation. The images
rivers or tanks. The fift
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SYMPATHETIC M

Taking into account th
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Going back from legen
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mmunity, when the merchants were ex-
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ea claims Dipavali as the day when Bali,
e demon king, was deprived of his em-
re by Vishnu in the form of Vamana. In
aharashtra and Uttar Pradesh the rice-
our or cowdung effigies of Bali are wor-
ipped by womenfolk who repeat the in-
ntation: "May all evils disappear, and
ay Raja Bali's empire be restored." Ac-
ding to a third story, on the 14th day
the month of Asvina, Vishnu killed the
mon Narakasura. On this day, also
own as Rupachaturdasi, people take a
remonial bath, apply unguent to their
dies, wear new clothes, extinguish the
remonial lamps made of rice flour and
joy dainties with their friends, in cele-
ation of Vishnu's victory over the
mon.

The fourth explanation gives a varia-
n of Lakshmi worship in which the Ben-
is install in their houses clay images of
fierce Kali who is equated with Lak-
mi, Saraswati and the feminine principle
procreation. The images are immersed
rivers or tanks. The fifth idea connects
festival with the crowning of Vikrama-
ya and the beginning of the Gupta era.
the sixth, it is asserted that after his re-
n from Lanka, Rama was crowned on
s day.

SYMPATHETIC MAGIC

Taking into account the season of the
r, Dipavali's connection with the move-
nt of the sun and agricultural operations
equally evident. Mr. B. A. Gupta sug-
ts that during this time of the year the
passes through the sign of Libra and
sequently the nights become longer,
sing a natural desire among men for
speedy return of the sun's power. It is
ible that the idea behind lighting the
ps was to restore to the evening sun
e of its lost energy through sympathe-
magic. Similarly, in the legend of
akasura, symbolising the power of
kness and filth, one may see the end of
dark, rainy weather and perhaps the
vesting of golden rice crops, the source
wealth to merchants and agriculturists
e. The connection of Rama's crowning
mony with Dipavali may symbolise
victory of good over evil, the illumin-
n signifying the joy of the people.

Going back from legend to history, it
teresting to note that the *Kamasutra*
atsyayana, written in the early centu-
of the Christian era, mentions Dipa-
as *Yaksharatri*, which was attended by
shas and in which gambling was re-
ed to by the people. This reference
ld set at rest speculation about the Ar-
or non-Aryan nature of the festival.
shas, as is well known, are genii of
-Aryan origin. In ancient literature
are spoken of with respect, but once
had lost their importance as tutelary
ies in popular folk-lore, influenced no
bt by sectarian prejudices, they were
ed with the demons and Rakshasas.

Kubera, the overlord of the Yakshas,
is regarded in the *Satapatha Brahma-*
is the lord of robbers and evil-doers—
ch may mean that he was an aborigin-
eity alien to Brahmin orthodoxy—be-
es, on assimilation, a god of powerful
ductivity, worshipped especially for
sures. His wife is called Bhadra,
ky", and Riddhi, "Success". He is also
to be united to Lakshmi, who in this

by Dhiraj Chawda

connection may be regarded in a general sense as the Goddess of Fortune, associated with all great kings. Manibhadra, the chief attendant of Kubera, is invoked with the latter as a patron of merchants; this may be the explanation of his image at Pawaya, in Madhya Pradesh, set up by a merchant guild (*goshtha*).

The connection of Yakshas and their overlord Kubera with Dipavali is evident from the worship of Kubera on Dhanteras day. It seems possible that Dhanteras itself is derived from Dhanda, giver of wealth, an appellation of Kubera. He is worshipped with the following *mantra*: "Hail to Kubera, giver of wealth, overlord of treasures. By thy grace may wealth accrue to me."

However, the principal feature of the festival is the worship of Sri Lakshmi, who, besides being the consort of Vishnu is also closely connected with Kubera. The origin of Sri Lakshmi is rather obscure. In early Vedic literature the words *Sri* and *Lakshmi* express an abstract idea of opulence, wealth, abundance and beauty, but later on these abstract virtues are synthesised with the concept of the Great Mother Goddess, the mother of all animate and inanimate beings, around whom

(Please Turn To Page 23)

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gathered many fertilit
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It is difficult to sa
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and go over to Indra."

That the cult of
Goddess of Fortune
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SYMBOL OF F

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(606-48) refers to the
padutsava (Divali)
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couple—a custom stil

Dipavali

(Continued From Page 21)

gathered many fertility cults and esoteric rites.

It is difficult to say when the cult of Sri-Lakshmi came to be associated with the Yaksha or Asura cult; that this goddess left the Asuras and joined Indra is, however, evident from the following passage in the Mahabharata where Lakshmi says: "All virtues strive to attain to my qualities. I am success, steadfastness, prosperity. I dwell with victorious kings and with such as are rightful and truthful. Formerly, I took my abode with the Asuras, as long as they practised all virtues; but as they give themselves up to sin I leave them and go over to Indra."

That the cult of Sri-Lakshmi as the Goddess of Fortune had become firmly established in ancient India, irrespective of sectarian prejudices, is evident from bas-reliefs, terracotta plaques and coins. In early Indian sculpture she is invariably associated with the lotus and the elephant, symbolising water, the source of all life. In some of the Sanchi bas-reliefs, her association with Yakshas and Yakshis carrying food and drink is quite clear. It is significant that Lakshmi on the lotus, standing or seated, appears on the ancient coins of Ujjain, Mathura and Panchala, while Gaja-Lakshmi appears on the earliest uninscribed coins of Kausambi, Ayodhya and Ujjain. It was such a popular symbol that even the foreign Scythian rulers adopted it in their coinage.

SYMBOL OF PROSPERITY

In the Gupta period, however, the Sri-Lakshmi cult seems to have reached its zenith. The aim of the Gupta empire was threefold: victory and consolidation of the empire; acquisition of wealth through greater production and trade; and the worship of beauty which manifests itself not only in art and literature but in all walks of life. This threefold ideal is inherent in Sri-Lakshmi and, therefore, she was accepted by the state and trade guilds alike as a symbol of prosperity. She appears on Gupta coins and is shown in government and trade guild seals with Yakshas either holding money bags or showering coins from their bags. She is also represented as standing with coins streaming down from her hands.

Her image—along with a conch shell—on ships symbolises the great maritime commerce of the Gupta age which brought immense wealth to the country. It seems that in the Gupta age, the conception of Lakshmi as the Goddess of Fortune surpassed all her other attributes and though the times had changed and her association with Vishnu firmly established, her ancient connection with the cult of Kubera still retained its vestiges. Interpreted in this context her association with the Dipavali festival becomes significant.

Historical references to Dipavali assiduously culled by Dr. P. K. Gode lay stress on its ceremonial aspects. For instance the *Nagananda*, a drama by Harsha (606-48) refers to the autumnal *Dipapratipadutsava* (Divali) when presents of garments were made to the newly married couple—a custom still persisting in some parts of India. The Kashmiri *Nilamata* (composed between 500-800) speaks of the illumination, feasting, gambling and music, the wearing of rich garments and jewellery and the presentation of new clothes to friends, relatives and servants on that occasion. Somadeva in the *Yasastilaka Champu* (959 A.D.) speaks of houses whitewashed and festooned and decorated with rows of oil lamps, and merrymaking, gambling and music as distinguishing features of the festival. Alberuni (1030 A.D.) mentions about people visiting the temples and giving alms. He also refers to Dipavali as the day when Lakshmi liberated Bali. Abdul Rahman in his *Samdesarasaka* (c. 1100-1200) refers to the peculiar custom of women applying the lampblack of the Divali lights to their eyes.

The *Akasabhairavakalpa* (written between 1450-1600) gives an elaborate description of how the festival was celebrated in the Vijayanagar empire. On Narakachaturdasi the king took his bath after being anointed with oil and then placed three lamps before the deity. He then met his people and officers in the audience hall and gave them presents. Afterwards he retired to the palace and there partook of his meal in company with the queen and his sons and grandsons. In the evening he enjoyed a display of fireworks followed by a dramatic performance. On Dipavali day, after taking his bath, the king worshipped the sun, and offered three lamps to Lakshmi Narayana. Then, after giving an audience to his people, he retired to the palace where he worshipped Samrajya Lakshmi. The midday siesta was followed by entertainment. The whole city was illuminated in the evening, which was dedicated to Mahalakshmi. After honouring those who strove hard for the success of the festival, the king worshiped Bali and distributed gifts to relatives and Brahmins.

The historical account of Dipavali as given above almost tallies with the Dipavali of the present day. The Jainas celebrate the festival for four days. On the first day, jewellery and ornaments are polished. On the second day (Kalichaudas) evil spirits are propitiated with cooked food placed in a magical circle at crossroads. On the third day (Amavasya), the Jains pay reverence to their monks, worship their account books and old coins. The fourth day is New Year's Day for the mercantile Jain community. Illuminations, fireworks and exchange of sweetmeats are important features of the celebrations.

The Hindu Feast of the Lamp usually lasts for four days. On Dhanteras, the job of cleaning is finished, the utensils and jewellery well polished, new utensils and clothes acquired, the houses illuminated and people go out in finery. In the morning after Dhanteras, known as Rupachaturdasi, the Day of Beauty, men and women adorn themselves carefully and visit their friends. But the day following, known as Kala Ratri, is a perilous time, the most haunted season of the whole year when the ghosts, witches and other malignant spirits, leaving their usual abodes such as burning grounds and haunting places, move about freely. To ensure safety against these evil spirits, Hanuman and the mother goddesses are worshipped. The venturesome visit the cemeteries and, seated within magical circles, try to gain control over evil spirits with incantation. In this process the *sadhaka* is attacked by the ghosts; wavering means death, but steadfastness means mastery over the ghosts.

Thus it is evident from all accounts that the festival of Dipavali, observed originally as a harvest festival, became connected with Yakshas and mother goddesses, symbolising wealth, fertility and abundance. The witchcraft connected with it indicates the survival of a primitive cult of ghosts and goblins. Its close association with the Vaisya community may signify that the mercantile community in ancient times was devoted to the cult of Kubera and Manibhadra, the guardians of wealth.

DEFENCE OF A MODERN PAINTER

The critics are angry and puzzled. They ask me why
I draw pictures of figures, squares, and cubes,
And meaningless lines. They want a blue, blue sky,
And cows grazing, and flowers serene. But I see only tubes,
And pipes against the sky-line. The landscape
Is marred by mills, and smoke covers the sky as a drape.

Why should not my pictures obscured be,
By figures, and mathematical lines,
When in reality, we plan the family,
Number the children, and go by statistical designs
In love and in war; when boxed music
Drowns the song of birds, and dams are places of picnic?

Parts and bits of objects loom large in my picture
Of still life. But is it not fantastic, when
A fish here, or a plan there, satisfies their love of nature,
While they find it dull looking at the vast ocean.
Strange are they when they collect objects of beauty,
Merely to adorn their drawing-rooms in the city.

How can the children in my pictures be the cherubic infants
Whom Raphael painted? They have outgrown their innocence.
Their knowledge is full, and they measure amusements
In annas and pice. Their hilarity is forced. Tense
They are, unless they have aids to help them to sing
And dance, and they find this strange, exciting world boring.

LEELA DHARMARAJ

Funding: Tattva Heritage and ... tion: eGangotri.

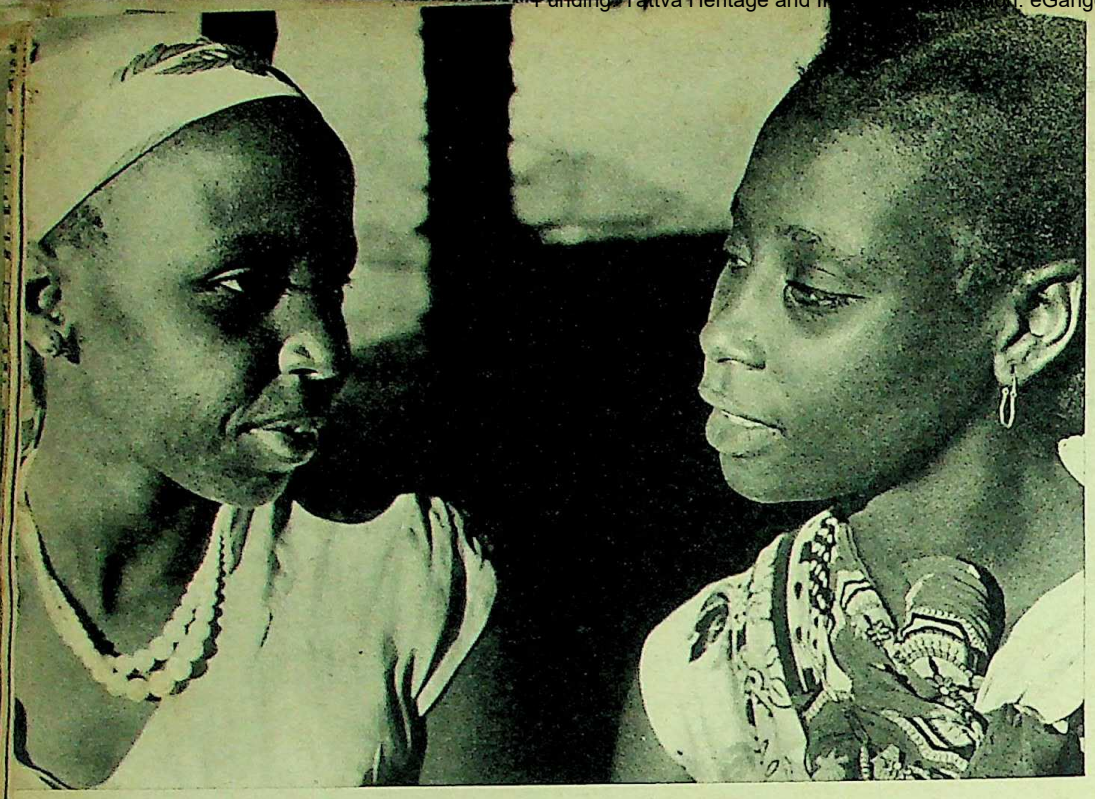


TABLE COMPANIONS of the author at his last social function, at an East African mission station, before leaving the continent from Mombasa.

From Africa To India

by Dr. U. R. EHRENFELS

THE s.s. KARANJA had brought me to Africa. She was to take me back to India as well. Boats, more than most other products of modern technology, have their own individual personalities. When I passed through the same corridors from the cabin next to the one I had occupied in autumn, 1957, to the same dining hall, or to the same upper deck for my sun baths or early morning gymnastics, I had the impression of slipping back into a familiar snail's house. It was only two days ago since, in a mission station, I had attended a little social function at which the missionary and myself had been the only non-Africans. I suddenly knew that I would be missing the charming openness that can emanate from an African smile, when I realised that on the boat I was back in a completely Indo-European atmosphere. I felt for a moment almost as though my months spent on anthropological field work in Africa had been a mere dream and I was back in the autumn of 1957.

In the same absent mood, I expected to travel back along the old route, *via* the Seychelles, by which we had come, and was looking forward to a few hours' stop on the Islands, which combine the fairy atmosphere of the Pacific with the brilliant greens, greys and deep blue waters of the Mediterranean. I would again take a stroll through the vanilla and cinnamon gardens and wonder at the strange charm of the Seychellois, which welded African features, French language and British political traditions into an unexpected unity. Probably, I thought to myself, what had appeared to me as "African features" on my outward trip would today look rather Indo-European—now that I was returning from the real Africa!

But these anticipations were not to come true. The return trip had ben scheduled by another route: northwards, along the coasts of Kenya and Somalia, then along the Horn of Africa towards Cape Guardafui, leaving the island of Socotra on our right, and later following the southern coast of Arabia to Karachi and Bombay. This was the route I had dreamed of during the first night in my tent on Southern Tanganyika's Makonde Plateau, when the pebbles and the sand beneath me seemed to whisper of their past below the surface of the sea and to speak of the unknown and uncounted voyages which ancient seafarers must have made between these coasts of western India, Pakistan, the Persian Gulf, Southern Arabia and East Africa.

A TURNING POINT

The coast of the Horn was still in sight. I spent hours gazing at its distant line on the horizon, as though reluctant to be separated from its unobtrusive attraction. I looked to the west, towards the African continent, till a new feature appeared in the east. It was the small, mysterious island of Socotra. Still Africa, though almost Asia at the same time, like a natural outpost—the geographical full stop to my African venture. It was veiled by a thin, milky haze, spread over the tops of its sharp, barren rocks. They emerged almost like skeleton limbs from the rolling, opalescent waves of the sea.

Decisive moments in human life do not always come with much noise and are often not even registered for what they are at the time they are experienced. For a long while I stared at the white, seemingly lifeless, apparition—not quite know why.

This little-known island does not long to the East African Islands pro which have been populated since seventh century by Arab seafarers. It not fully belong to Arabia, either. It spot in between. It may have been ta for the mysterious Ophir by the Egypti Phoenicians and Greeks and is now po lated by "Arabs" who are not really Ar though nobody sems to know what they may be. On shore, there is a Bri Resident but the islanders, sailing on A dhows to Mombasa, carry often no m than a scribbled lime of recommenda as their papers. Their native tongue is Arabic proper, and many other unsol questions, many riddles in and aro Socotra, added to the sense of mystery held me unexpectedly.

As it had appeared, the island van ed, like a vision, into the unreality of white, semi-transparent ocean.

I went down to the reading-room began mechanically to skip through a old issues of *The Illustrated London Ne* Soon I found myself reading an archae gical report about recent discoveries Indus Valley and Sumerian artefacts the Bahrein islands. Such discoveries mi prove important in reconstructing trade links of the past which must h existed between the Indian sub-contin Southern Arabia and East Africa. I thought of those ties when, in my *Mo Right in India*, I linked up the past hist of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro with a sibly matrilineal society that had lef traces on all the three shores of the bian Sea.

Five thousand years have passed. far the oldest, largest and most impor concentration of Asians—the Indians Pakistanis—on the western side of the is now in East Africa, leaving aside South African Union (400,000 Asians) its entirely different background and ture prospects. South Africa is the country of the continent in which the pending growth to independence and final severing of political ties with Eu holds out a terrible threat for the maj of its people: the attempt at a state of manent subordination of all non-Europe to the white citizens. The course of ev in the rest of Africa has in recent y been marked by the attainment of i pendence in a number of states. Eth Libya, Egypt, Sudan, Morocco, Tu Ghana, Guinea, and in a sense also the ven new Republics of West and Equa Africa, now members of the *Commun* have already achieved national free Somalia and Uganda are to follow the next couple of years and Tangany case is well on the way. Indepen means a new style of life for *all* citi black, white and brown alike. Acco to the tables given by Gunther *Inside Africa* (1955), though they longer up to date, the relative popul figures of the four countries of East Africa were then as follows:

EXQUISITE DECORATI dome of the Teja

MOUNT Abu, also rises abruptly to 4,000 feet above se flat, arid land on the b and Rajasthan and, nea point of this, opens into liest, valleys imaginable, long and two to three m widest. The valley is int

The J

where with granite rocks astic shape, and the spa s covered with trees and ation. In this valley lie ke lake, the Nakhi Tal

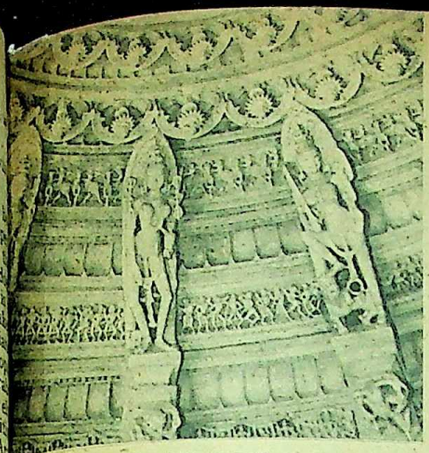
With its picturesque azars, lined with shop arble ware, silver an ork and the gaily-colou aris known as *bandhani* r hill station, some 17 mi oad station, some 17 mi ungalows, and dharmsa round the Nakhi lake p ation for visitors.

Within half an hour' ke, one reaches the ara, a mile and a half uring the days of Jain ea was covered with s w only this group of fi e well known for beauty, have luckily survi reserved.

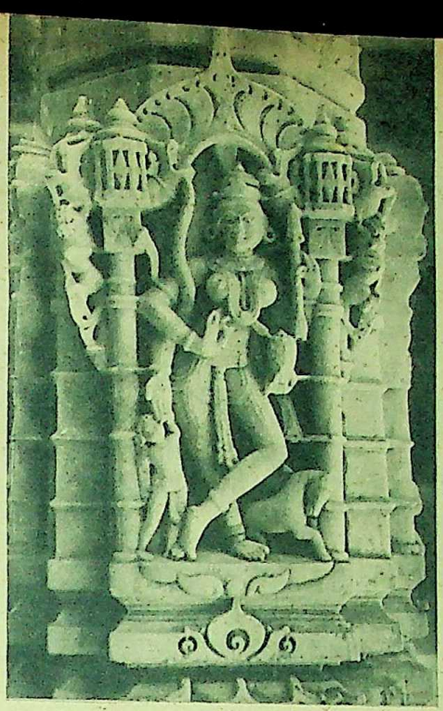
The older of the tw imal Sah, a minister u the year A.D. 1032. I ructure, but bold in de n, and represents one ell as one of the most co a Jain temple.

The more modern, co 31, is traditionally a others, Tejapal and Vas scriptions ascribe the owment to Tejapal alo ustrated in the accon aphs, is dedicated to enty-second of the Jai

Tejapal was minister al. According to legend mple was selected by Tejapal, who was, ind nsible for the undertak nged to a family of bra willing to sell it, but rt with as much land a



EXQUISITE DECORATIVE WORK in the dome of the Tejapal temple



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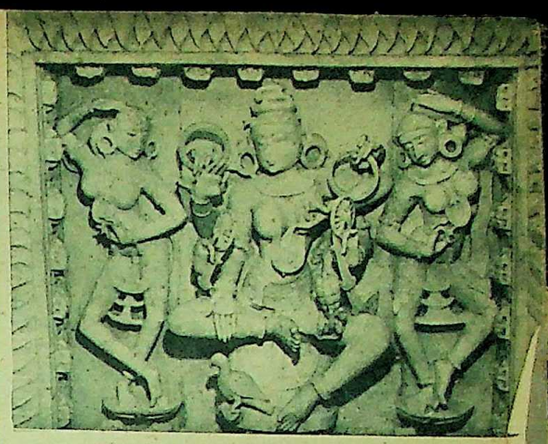


MYTHOLOGICAL THEME on an ornamental panel in the shrine

The Jain Temples Of Dilwara

MOUNT Abu, also called Arbuda, rises abruptly to a plateau, about 4,000 feet above sea level, from the flat, arid land on the border of Gujarat and Rajasthan and, nearing the highest point of this, opens into one of the loveliest valleys imaginable, about six miles long and two to three miles across, at its widest. The valley is interspersed everywhere with granite rocks of the most fantastic shape, and the space between these is covered with trees and luxuriant vegetation. In this valley lies a small, gem-like lake, the Nakhi Talao.

With its picturesque, winding, steep bazars, lined with shops selling carved marble ware, silver and ivory filigree-work and the gaily-coloured, hand-printed saris known as *bandhanis*, Abu is a popular hill station, of easy access from Abu Road station, some 17 miles away. Hotels, bungalows, and dharmsalas scattered round the Nakhi lake provide accommodation for visitors.

Within half an hour's walk from the lake, one reaches the temples of Dilwara, a mile and a half to the north-east. During the days of Jain supremacy, this area was covered with such shrines; but now only this group of five, of which two are well known for their unrivalled beauty, have luckily survived and are well preserved.

The older of the two was built by Vimal Sah, a minister under Bhimadeva, in the year A.D. 1032. It is the simpler structure, but bold in design and conception, and represents one of the oldest as well as one of the most complete examples of a Jain temple.

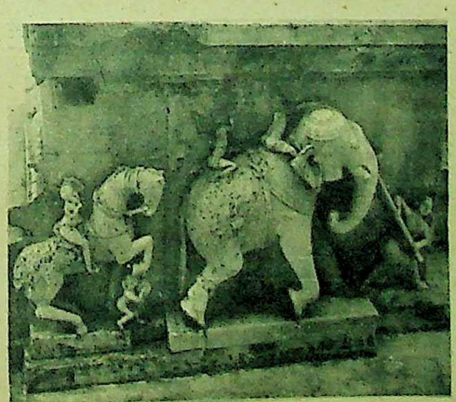
The more modern, consecrated in A.D. 1231, is traditionally ascribed to two brothers, Tejapal and Vastupal, though the inscriptions ascribe the erection and endowment to Tejapal alone. This temple, illustrated in the accompanying photographs, is dedicated to Neminath, the twenty-second of the Jain Tirthankars.

Tejapal was minister to Rana Vir Dhaval. According to legend, the site of the temple was selected by Annapurna, wife of Tejapal, who was, indeed, mainly responsible for the undertaking. The land belonged to a family of brahmins, who were unwilling to sell it, but finally agreed to part with as much land as could be covered with gold coins. Tejapal immediately arranged for several cart-loads of gold pieces and bought the land.

The temples are built entirely of white marble, though no quarries, except of inferior quality, are known to exist within 20 to 30 miles of the spot, and to transport and carry up so much stone to the site must have added immensely to the expense of the undertaking.

The general plan of both temples is identical, though the shrine built by Tejapal is more elaborate and has an abundance of delicately-carved, intricate patterns, of exquisite beauty. Externally, the temples are perfectly plain and there is nothing to indicate the magnificence within except the spire of the cell peeping over the unadorned wall, though this, indeed, is the most insignificant part of the structure. The external portico, too, is insignificant, so that one is totally taken aback by the splendour of the interior.

The principal focus of the shrine is a cell with a single door, containing the cross-legged, seated figure of the Tirthankar to whom the temple is dedicated. In front of this is an attached *mandap*, or closed hall, opened into from a portico surmounted by a dome, supported on pillars. The pillars are connected by ornamental arches, and the whole is enclosed in an oblong courtyard surrounded by a double colonnade of smaller pillars, forming porticos to a row of cells, each of them occupied by the cross-legged image of a *jina*, or saint.



ANIMAL MOTIFS at the base of a pillar
(Photographs by author)

The pillars, richly carved with images, floral designs and patterns, end in highly decorated capitals, which sustain the roof and dome. On each of the 16 supporting pillars is placed a four-armed female figure called a *vidyadevi*—a goddess of knowledge. The marble dome is richly carved, and in its centre is a pendant of most exquisite beauty. The pillars are joined by flawlessly designed arches of intricate sculptured work. And pillars, arches and dome are characterised by a delicacy of detail and an appropriateness of ornament which are probably unsurpassed by any similar example to be found elsewhere. In the roof of the corridors also the coffers are carved in a rich and varied pattern illustrating many an ancient tale.

In the temple of Tejapal, on the external sides of the principal cell, flanking the door, are two wonderfully carved niches, with a wealth of minute detail, popularly known as "*Derani-Jethani na Gokhala*". It is said that the artisans who carved these niches were paid in gold equivalent in weight to that of the dust falling out of the carved marble, in order to encourage them in delicacy and intricacy of work.

At the entrance to Vimal Sah's temple and behind the principal cell in Tejapal's shrine are a number of statues of elephants, each about 4 ft. in height, mounted by seated figures, representing the donor and his family. Unfortunately the figures have been badly damaged by vandals of an earlier age.

Two other temples near by are those of Adinath, only partially completed, and a Chaumukh temple three storeys high, which was built in the middle of the 15th century (it is popularly known as Salat's Temple). Both of these compare very poorly with the two principal sanctuaries.

U. K. SHETH

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East And West: A Plea For Understandin

by SANTHA RAMA RAU

ONE of the most important things that I learned—sometimes painfully—during my years at Wellesley College, in the U.S., was not to hide behind the conventional phrase, but to examine it, instead, for its real worth. One teacher that I was lucky enough to have in my senior year became famous in our class for remarking to a student author of a clever and lively but thoughtless and slick exercise in English composition, "There is no merit in having been born with a silver tongue in your cheek." She was, of course, asking for more profundity in the consideration of some aspect of—let us face it—eternal verities.

This incident, among many comparable ones at college, gave me a deep, almost embattled, belief in the fragile but indomitable human intellect, with its ability to combine wit, wisdom and a sense of proportion (or a sense of humour, if one prefers); to sort out the truth from the fashionable falsehood; and to grasp some part of the universality of such truths, their superior importance to the narrow confines of the "safe" avenues of thinking.

THE EXPLORATORY MIND

In short, we have to be unconventional and exploratory in our minds and hearts. To be liberal—not in a small political sense, but in the wide human sense. It does not, in my opinion, matter if we lose the battle (the little one about politics). It does matter if we lose the war (the big one about human values and their dignity).

The year after I graduated, I returned home to India. It was an enthralling experience for me, partly because I was looking at my own country through somewhat American eyes, and partly because I could look back on America from a totally different atmosphere. One incident in particular impressed me—trivial enough certainly, but it opened up a channel of thought for me. I had occasion to travel in the remoter regions of Assam. There, in the tribal area of the Lushai Hills, I was invited to tea with some of the Lushai ladies. In the course of conversation (through an interpreter, inevitably) I was asked where I had been educated.

"Mostly in England and America," I replied, and was rather puzzled by their thoughtful shaking of heads.

At last one of them said, "They must give you a very good education over there."

Even more bewildered, I asked what gave them such an idea. Nothing I had said, I was sure. One of the ladies came over to me. She took an edge of my sari in her fingers and remarked, "I don't think we could teach our girls how to weave this quality of cloth."

I was too embarrassed to explain that I *had not* woven the sari myself—had merely bought it in a shop. Still, I was more concerned with the novel thought that education means different things to different people. To a Lushai tribeswoman it means an expertise in the weaving of cloth and the making of rice wine. To someone educated in the modern style, what? We are forced to ask ourselves this question, since today we have to live with the Russians, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Africans—everybody.

Last year, I had occasion to visit Mr. Nehru in connection with some work that I was doing, and I asked him whether "co-existence" as a world policy was feasible. He replied sharply and in absolute earnest, "Co-existence has come to have a disagreeable connotation in the West. But how else are we to exist if we don't exist together? Is it better to die together?"

Educated in the West, as I was, I have a rather special stake in other peoples' views of the world, of ourselves, of the future. Is the rest of the world actually willing to live with us? Giving and taking, learning and teaching, saving and being saved? Are we prepared to do the same? I do not know. I only know that it is desperately urgent for our survival as civilised human beings that we try.

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by SANTHA RAMA RAU

I cannot help remembering a story that John Gunther once told me. It was a long time ago, but it went something like this:

One American to his American friend in Europe, "Do you like the French?"

"Oh *no*! Too mercenary, too snobbish, interested in nothing but food . . ."

"Do you like the Germans?"

"The *Germans*? Goodness, no! Too heavy, too consumed with being the Master Race."

"The Italians?"

"Never, never! Feckless, improvident—no self-respect. All emotion."

"What about the British?"

"Impossible to like them. They're eaten up with class-consciousness. Besides they are reserved, old-fashioned, and they talk with a funny accent."

"The Russians?"

"All those deliberately smiling ... sants photographed in front of new ... ors? Such knuckling under to autho... rianism? Such rigidity of mind? No, ... tainly not!"

At last, in despair, the friend ... "Well, who *do* you like?"

"Who do I like? I like my friends ... turally."

Well, naturally. But how does ... make friends? These days politicians, ... nomists, sociologists, all tell us that ... must "understand" one another. ... almost never tell us *how* to understa... or, indeed, how to become friends ... with good reason. This is a matter of ... human heart.

MIDDLE GROUND

"Understanding" is not dependen... exposure to knowledge—though kn... ledge is a help. It is a question much ... of an attitude of mind, of a willingne... occupy the kind of middle ground ... modern education offers, a habi... ground compatible with originality ... founded on principle. A ground where ... can *live* (not merely earn one's livelih... a climate of enquiry, good sense and ... ness. The problem today is one of p... to use for ourselves—and for others—... advantages received. And "others" ... a number of categories: people of fo... nations, people of diverse backgro... people of differing viewpoints, peop... an older or a younger generation.

And let us not run away with the ... that the world is getting smaller ... year. It is not. It is getting bigger—... understandably so. Much more nee... be known about it by the people wh... in it. And we are the ones that ha... cope with this, because co-existence, ... way that one cares to interpret it, ... that we must live together.

An armed truce seems to me a ... solution. Perhaps I am insanely unre... in wishing for more than that—in ... for genuine understanding and frie... not between nations, but betwee... people that make up those nations. ... not think that the search for conta... exchange, at any level, is incompatib... patriotism. However, I do know w... if it ever comes down to a choice, ... between strong feelings—I consi... most important factor to uphold ... dealings with the world. I can put ... more authority in the words of a ... admire very much, the English wr... M. Forster.

It was at a time when patriotis... very much an issue in England,

WE are all aware ... misery to which o... have been reduce... starvation, disease and ... tion. We also know, ho... ships, they endeavour ... selves happy, and how th... selves in fruitful work to ... ability. They organise, a... various performances, fes... tions of the village soci... *yatra*, *kathakata*, *kabiga... bhadu gan* and *bauler g...* the Santal dance are the ... ceremonies, but prese... tion being city-centred, t... from modern trends of t... thus fallen into oblivi... Nevertheless, these arts ... be sources of joy and insp... cadent villages.

This does not mean th... culturally self-sufficient. ... invite troupes at great ex... also to pay for their dres... for the *yatra* performance ... unable to produce these ... selves.

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The most important ... to revive courage and ... our rural people; this a... villages and our countr... practice of seeking help ... be detrimental to this p... people who think that t... viving self-confidence in ... remain a far cry so lon... ment and the rich men ... ward with adequate hel...

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Reviving Village Culture

by SANTIDEV GHOSE

WE are all aware of the state of misery to which our village people have been reduced as a result of starvation, disease and want of education. We also know, how, despite hardships, they endeavour to keep themselves happy, and how they engage themselves in fruitful work to the best of their ability. They organise, and participate in, various performances, festivals and recreations of the village society. The *kirtan, yatra, kathakata, kabigan, manasar gan, bhadu gan* and *bauler gan*—all these and the Santal dance are the features of these ceremonies, but present-day civilisation being city-centred, they are detached from modern trends of thought, and have thus fallen into oblivion and neglect. Nevertheless, these arts are considered to be sources of joy and inspiration in our decadent villages.

This does not mean that all villages are culturally self-sufficient. Many have to invite troupes at great expense. They have also to pay for their dress, and decorations for the *yatra* performance because they are unable to produce these articles by themselves.

People in many of the villages have forgotten how their ancestors decorated the place of the performance on ceremonial occasions. The art of drawing pictures or designs on the walls has almost died out. The village artists who used to create variegated designs on earthen pots or tell stories in pictures on paper-scrolls do not do so at present. Their sense of art and beauty is rapidly deteriorating. The art of *alpana* is also fast decaying, and has lost its variety. There was a time when, during the Puja performances, the village artisans made the images themselves and took charge of the decoration and other allied activities. It is difficult to find such artisans in the villages today.

The most important task before us is to revive courage and self-confidence in our rural people; this alone can save our villages and our country at large. The practice of seeking help from outside will be detrimental to this process. There are people who think that the question of reviving self-confidence in the villagers will remain a far cry so long as the Government and the rich men do not come forward with adequate help.

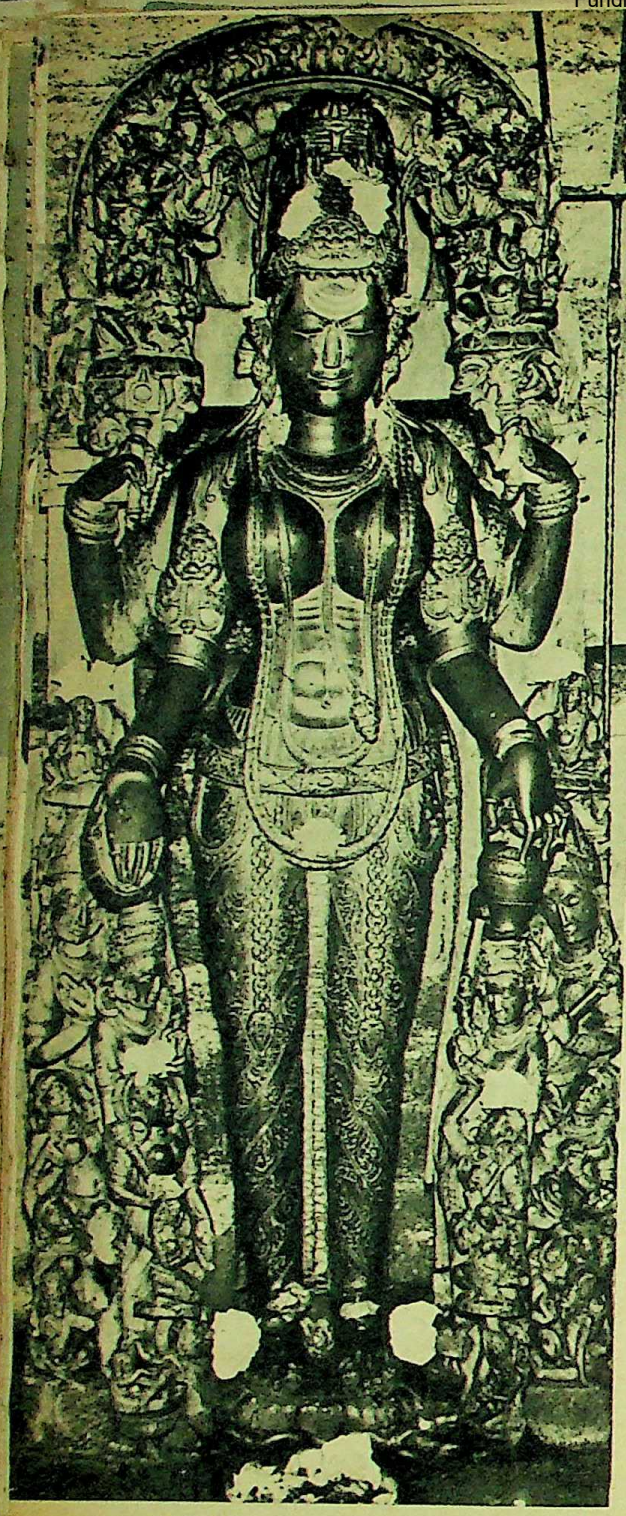
This is disputable. The varieties of dance, music and plays that we still come across in the many villages of India even now never depend on the aid of the Government or the rich. I have had occasions to attend *yatra* performances by village students, and to listen to the *kavi, vadu* and *baul* song, and every time I was struck by the inherent potentialities of the players. There are poets in the villages who have not had the opportunity to receive present-day education; yet the flashes of poetry and ready wit in their verses are remarkable. A city poet is no match to them. The so-called educated men do not have that background by which they can appreciate the great skill with which the drummers play on the drums. It is doubtful whether any city-dweller can acquire the skill of the village *baul* who plays the *aktara* by one hand, the *banaya* by the other and dances to the rhythm of his song, with the tinkling of the bells tied to his feet. Neither the well-to-do class in the urban areas nor the rulers of the British regime ever came forward to the aid of these village artistes. Yet there was no dearth of such men.

Some readers might detect a note of exaggeration in this statement. In reply, it may be pointed out that Poet Rabindranath was deeply influenced by the ideas, tunes and the richness of the language of the village folk-songs. The philosophical thoughts contained in the *baul* songs and their tunes became an everlasting source of inspiration to him. The *yatra* performance held in the courtyard, without the help of a stage or multi-coloured lights, gained acceptance from the Poet. The convention of performing plays without a stage in the Visva-Bharati may be traced to this.

Village dances and dance-plays have formed the basis of performances staged by the educated men of the cities to-day. Imitations of rural dances in various forms are being frequently put on the stage in the urban areas. Rural songs and tunes have been, as it were, a luxury with the city dwellers. All this indicates that our villages are yet in possession of some wealth of which they may be justly proud.

Some may wonder whether skill in certain crafts is as much essential for life as education and the means of livelihood, and they may argue that unless these problems are solved the village people had better not waste their time and energy in recreational activities. But despite all their difficulties our villagers have sustained their desire to learn, the will to work, and thus find escape from their day-to-day miseries in the performance of *pujas*, observance of rituals and other festivals. Though they go without food and clothing, they give themselves fully to these performances, and express their joy through the beating of drums, through music and dance.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



PARVATI from the Baijanath temple.

Ancient Monuments Of Kumaon

by V. S. NARAVANE

THE very mention of Kumaon evokes a succession of jungle images, thanks to Jim Corbett: we think of prowling man-eaters, dense pine forests backed by glistening snowpeaks; of scarlet rhododendrons setting hillsides aflame; of fawns drinking at shady pools; of slithering cobras and sinuous panthers. And we hear the awesome growl of the tigers who hold this vast empire of colour and sound in undisputed sway.

This preoccupation with landscape, flora and fauna gives us a picture of Kumaon that is grossly one-sided, though it is interesting and romantic. We tend to forget that this Himalayan region was once a sovereign kingdom; that many races have mingled on its soil; that it has had a chequered history and has evolved a cultural tradition of its own; and that some of its ancient monuments possess considerable archaeological significance.

In recent years the music and dance of Kumaon have been partially rescued from oblivion. But the monuments still remain comparatively unknown and neglected. One of the reasons for this is that most of the historical monuments of Kumaon are situated in remote areas. But an even more important reason is that they do not evoke vivid historical associations. The ancient monuments of Kashmir call to mind the personalities of grand monarchs such as Lalitaditya and Avantivarman. Among the ruins of Martanda and Avantipura we contemplate a splendid court, adorned by great poets, artists and philosophers. The temples of Kumaon advance no such claims on our attention; and their attempts to arouse curiosity appear almost pathetic in their ineffectiveness.

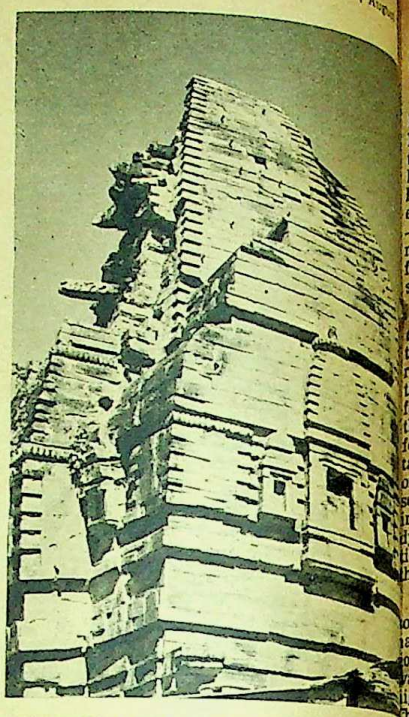
To appreciate the monuments of Kumaon, then, we must turn to the history of the region. The *Vishnupurana* and the *Mahabharata* mention a number of tribes dwelling on the borders of India. Among these the Sakas, the Nagas, the Kiratas and the Khasas probably lived, at one time or other, in the portion of the Himalayas now known as Kumaon. There are up to this day families in Kumaon that claim descent from Salivahana, the renowned Saka monarch. The existence of a large number of serpent-temples points to the age of the Nagas. The Khasas or Khasiyas seem to have played an important part in the early history of Kumaon. Their sway extended right up to Kashmir on one side and Kamarupa on the other.

It is with the kings of the Katyuri dynasty, however, that we really pass from legend to history. Originally, their capital was at Joshimath in Garhwal. But they later built for themselves a new city called Kartikeyapura; and the valley in which the city was located, comprising the present areas of Almora, Baijanath and Bageshwar, came to be known as the Katyur valley. Copper-plate grants at the temple of Pandukeshwar, near Badrinath, and a stone inscription at the temple of Bageshwar, give the names of eight kings of the Katyuri line. One of the plates also extols the victory of a Katyuri king over a powerful enemy employing war-elephants. The dynasty came to an inglorious end. The last king, Vira Deva, earned the hatred of his subjects by his oppressive and incompetent rule. He was murdered and a period of internal dissensions followed. At last Kumaon came under the rule of the Chand dynasty. Most of the important monuments of Kumaon belong to the period of Chand rule.

The dynasty was founded by Som Chand, a Rajput chieftain of the Chandravamshi race, in the middle of the tenth century. The capital was at Champawat, a city that dominated the picturesque area through which the Kali river flows. For many centuries Kumaon really meant Kali-Kumaon, that is, the tract on the left bank of the Kali stretching from Pithoragarh to Tanakpur. It was only towards the end of the fifteenth century, after the final showdown between the Katyuris and the Chands, that Kumaon covered the present limits of the Almora and the Naini Tal districts.

Som Chand was a sagacious ruler. He accommodated the important families—the Joshis, the Bishts and the Pandes—within the framework of administration. His successors extended the frontiers of the kingdom and considerable building activity must also have taken place during the next three centuries. In the fourteenth century Garur Gyan Chand established contact with the Muslim kings of Delhi and Kumaon played, for the first time, some part in Indian political life. In 1421, Udyan Chand restored the great temple of Baleshwar, at Champawat, and his successors adorned it with fresh sculptures.

In the reign of Kirati Chand (1488 to 1503 A.D.) the power of the Katyuris was finally crushed and Almora became one of the main cities of the Kingdom of Kumaon, rivalling Champawat in importance. A century of prosperity and expansion followed. In 1556, the year which saw the Great Moghul, Akbar, master of Hindustan, Rudra Chand became King of Kumaon. His reign, which lasted forty-four years, saw the final flowering of Kumaon as an independent kingdom. Tarai and Bhabar were colonised, wool and silk industries established on a firm basis, and new temples built. Rudra Chand visited Akbar's court, sent troops to assist the Emperor in the siege of Nagor and carried out useful reforms in the revenue settlement. Unlike his great contemporary at Agra, however, Rudra Chand was followed by weak and mediocre successors. The subsequent history of Kumaon is characterised by endless internal dissensions and perpetual conflict with the Rohillas, until the region ultimately became part of the British Empire.



THE KATARMAL SHRINE, dedicated to the Sun. (Photographs by author.)

From the foregoing brief sketch of Kumaon history two points emerge fairly clearly: first, that the period of the Chand and Katyuri dynasties alone is of interest to the student of architecture; and second, that Champawat is the most logical starting-point of any study of Kumaon monuments, although chronologically the Champawat temples are not the earliest specimens of Kumaon architecture.

Champawat is situated in a part of the Himalayas that has remained comparatively unfrequented, though in scenic grandeur and climate alike it is in no way inferior to such popular resorts as Naini Tal and Ranikhet. The tiny train that carries us from Bareilly to Tanakpur passes through delightful forests of sal and teak. At Tanakpur we are struck by that peculiar combination of hill and plain which always characterises Himalayan foothills. Here the bauhinia flowers alongside the wild chestnut, and pines thrive in company with mango trees. We take the motor road to Pithoragarh and follow the winding course of the Kali for almost fifty miles. At last a sharp

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THE BAIJANATH

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A STYLISED SERPENT,

brings us face to face with the snowy ranges of Nepal and lands us in Champawat.

The importance of Champawat can easily be estimated by the derivation of the word Kumaon from "Kurmachal", the old name of the Champawat valley. According to Puranic legends, it was here that Vishnu appeared in his Kurma or tortoise incarnation. Another explanation—popular but not entirely fanciful—is that the region is called Kumaon or Kurmachal because the Champawat valley, seen from a great height, resembles a gigantic turtle sprawling blissfully.

The chief glory of Champawat is the temple of Baleshwar. According to tradition, the temple is attributed to Bali, brother of Sugriva. But, leaving aside this legendary account, the principal shrine can be assigned to the fourteenth century. Within the enclosure of the temple two inscribed pillars have been found, labelled as Kirtistambha and Virastambha. There are also title-deeds engraved on copper-plates, some of them still in the possession of the hereditary purohits. In these inscriptions a number of kings of the Chand dynasty are mentioned. The earliest date mentioned is the Saka year 1293 (1371 A.D.), and the earliest ruler named is Abhayachandra.

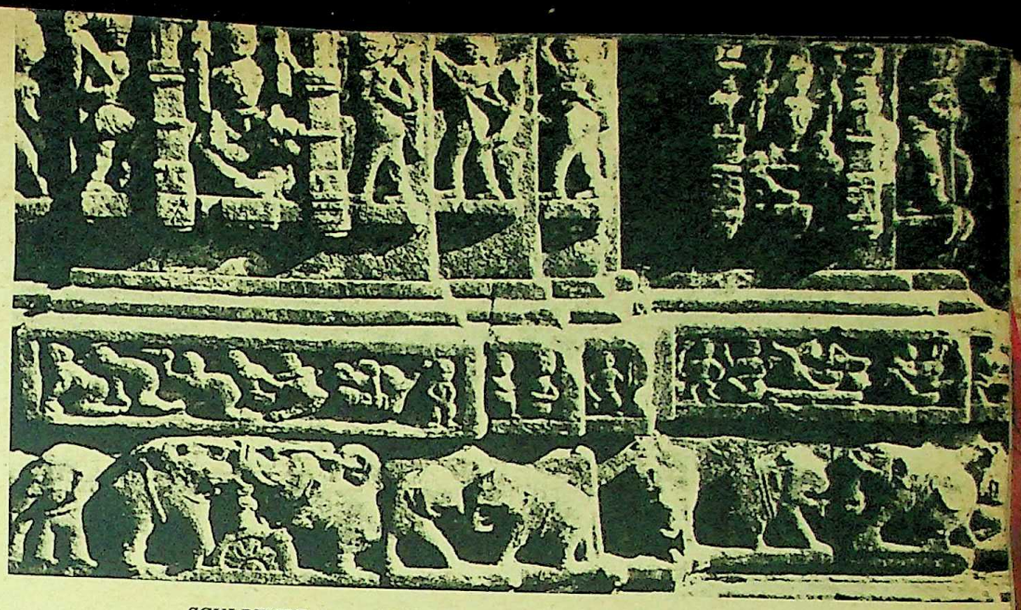
The main shrine of the group is on the southern side. It is really a double shrine, each half consisting of a sanctum. It is joined by a covered passage. Only the lower portions of the walls now remain, and these point to a very high level of technical excellence in relief work. The shrine on the western side is smaller but much better preserved. There are two more temples here, dedicated to Ratnesvara Siva and Champawati Durga.

THE BAIJANATH TEMPLE

As the Chand rulers moved on from Champawat to Almora, they took their building art with them. The region conquered by them had already seen many architectural achievements of the past. The Katyuris must have been fairly enthusiastic builders, judging from the scattered ruins that have come down to us. What the new rulers did was to infuse fresh life into a dormant tradition rather than introduce something radically different. Within a radius of about sixty miles from Almora we find monuments of the Katyuris as well as the Chands, often on the same spot. Among such sites the most important are Bageshwar, Baijanath and Dwarahat.

The temple at Baijanath, which attracts our attention from a distance, is beautifully situated. The Gomti river flows in the foreground, while several ranges of wooded hills give depth to the background. In this level tract, fertile and well-protected against intruders, the Katyuri rulers have left a number of shrines. One of these contains a splendid image of Parvati which has been in continuous worship. Other images, fashioned in the age of the lands, are housed within the same sanctuary.

A STYLISED SERPENT, *revealing the influence of nearby Tibet.*



SCULPTURE from the Ratneswara temple, Champawat.

Twelve miles beyond Baijanath, on the road to the far-famed Pindari glacier, lies the temple of Bageshwar. The word is derived either from Vakisvara—Siva as the Lord of Speech—or from Vyagreshvara.

In contrast to Bageshwar and Baijanath which lie in an extensive plain hardly 3,000 above sea-level, Dwarahat is situated on a high ridge. Atkinson, in his *Gazetteer of the Himalayan Districts*, assigns all the temples at Dwarahat to Katyuri kings. It is now generally recognised, however, that many of them belong to much later times.

The temples at Dwarahat were desecrated by the Rohillas in the eighteenth century. The only one that has been in continuous worship is the Badrinath temple. Sri Sankaracharya is supposed to have visited this place on his way to the more renowned Badrinath higher up in the Himalayas. All the temples west of Dwarahat are traditionally assigned to Sri Sankaracharya. An inscription recently discovered has, however, established that the Badrinath temple at Dwarahat was built by King Sadhuvaradeva in 1184 A.D. It consists of three shrines, one of which is elaborately carved.

Other temples at Dwarahat fall into the three distinct groups. In the Maniyan group there is a mandapa with a row of three shrines at the back. These are dedicated to Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh. Curiously, there are also figures of Jaina Tirthankaras. The Ratandeo group consists of nine shrines. The images have all vanished but the pedestals and the fragments of relief work that have survived leave the impression that this must have been the most significant group of temples at Dwarahat. The Gujardeo group is of interest mainly because of the close similarity with the architectural style adopted at Champawat. The main temple of this group is built on a large stone terrace. The *cella* is seven feet square and has a star-shaped plan exactly like that of the Baleshwar temple. The lintel of the entrance is carved with goddesses. Here we have a clear example of the superimposition of Chand dynasty ideas on the earlier Katyuri tradition.

In selecting sites for their temples the kings of Kumaon have shown considerable sensitiveness to natural beauty. At the temple of Katarmal, for instance, we instantly experience that aesthetic harmony between human emotion and the mood of nature which bestows true greatness upon architecture. This temple is also unique for another reason. It is the only important shrine dedicated to the Sun in this part of the country; in all others the presiding deity is either Siva or Vishnu.

At a little village on the bank of the Kosi, six miles below Almora, we come to a bifurcation; one road continues towards Bageshwar, while the other leads to Ranikhet. A few miles further ahead on the Ranikhet road lies the village of Katarmal. Here a steep hill rises to our left. As we climb higher and higher, ever wider vistas of snowclad ranges come into view. And when we reach the crest of the hill we understand why this place was chosen for the most magnificent shrine in Kumaon.

The main temple is at the western end of the enclosure. The entire area covered by the enclosure, about 160 feet by 100 feet, is paved. The paving stones are in a surprisingly sound condition and the temple looks very neat. The original panel outside the main temple, depicting the sun's chariot, has been removed to the museum at Delhi. The image of the sun that was once worshipped is, unfortunately, lost; but of its existence till recent times there can be no reasonable doubt. There are strong and persistent local traditions regarding sun-worship at Katarmal; and even now the temple is popularly known as *bara Adit*, the big Sun.

The loss of the image and the removal of the chariot-panel have deprived the Katarmal temple of much of its charm. But considerable decorative work still remains. The pillars of the mandapa are beautifully carved; so is the wooden doorway. There are panels depicting Siva, Parvati, Vishnu and Shri, Brahma and Saraswati. The *cella*, about thirteen feet square, is elegantly fashioned; and the projecting portico on the eastern side helps the temple blend into its lovely surroundings.

In the antechamber there is an interesting image made of *ashtadhatu*—an alloy of eight metals. It represents a Kshatriya prince with a scarf over his left shoulder and a raised hand holding a lotus-stem. He is supposed to be a king called Paun Raja. But nothing is known either of the dynasty he came from or of the deeds he performed. The aesthetic level of the image is not particularly high; and yet it fascinates as much by the mystery surrounding its subject as by the unusual nature of its ingredients.

As we finish our round of the Katarmal shrines, and turn our steps towards the Dak Bungalow, evening shadows begin to lengthen. Gradually all the details of the landscape melt and dissolve into the gentle glow of sunset. The snowpeaks dive into oblivion one by one. The Trisul goes first, then the peak of Kedarnath, and finally even the mighty Nandadevi loses its radiance. While taking leave of the shrine, we feel even more strongly than we did on our arrival here the peculiar appropriateness of a sun temple at a spot such as this.

And the Kosi, murmuring in the distance, seems to join us in adoration of the setting sun.

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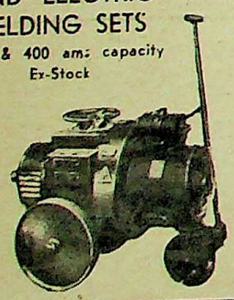

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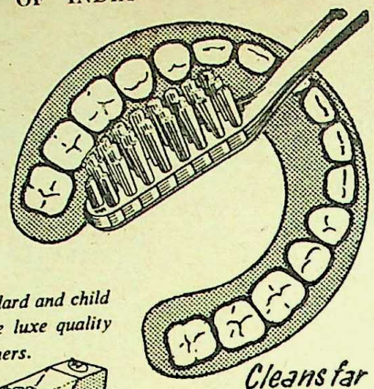

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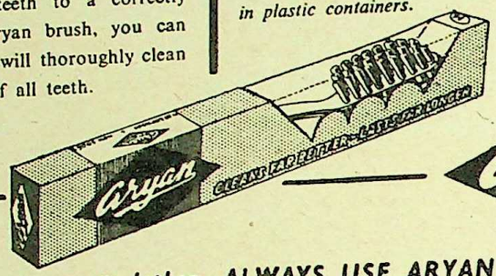

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Do you feel old, unable to enjoy the as in your prime? chemist today and modern medical stimulate your sys younger, stronger activity at all times. old before your time chemist today. Feel satisfaction assured

DWARAP

A Vis

"HAVE you been Ajanta?" the visit asked, when I att dinner party given in his h covered thousands of mile visit the historical and cu India, especially these cav he had read so much. He co that none of those present taken a trip. I felt, like embarrassed, and made u visit these famed cave-shr available opportunity.

DWARAPALAKAS with female attendants and flying celestial beings, at Ellora. *(More Pictures Overleaf.)*

A Visit To Ajanta And Ellora

"HAVE you been to Ellora and Ajanta?" the visiting Frenchman asked, when I attended a small dinner party given in his honour. He had covered thousands of miles from home to visit the historical and cultural sites of India, especially these caves about which he had read so much. He could not believe that none of those present had ever undertaken a trip. I felt, like everybody else, embarrassed, and made up my mind to visit these famed cave-shrines at the first available opportunity.

A few days later, I was on the move I went by car from Bombay and the drive was very pleasant.

On reaching Aurangabad, I called at the Tourist Office. The officer was kind enough to give me the necessary directions and even arranged for my accommodation at Khuldabad and Fardapur Guest Houses.

The Khuldabad Guest House commands a beautiful, panoramic view of the surrounding valley. The food served there is excellent and is reasonably priced.

The Ellora caves are two-and-a-half miles away from the guest house. A peaceful and serene atmosphere prevails inside the ornamented monastic abodes and chapels. The large halls, the carved pillars, the exquisite sculpture on the walls, the imposing facade, the giant-size figures of the Compassionate One, all reflect a profound sense of dedication and faith.

The Buddhist art is superb in purity and simplicity of style. The Brahmanical monolithic structure, the Kailasa temple,

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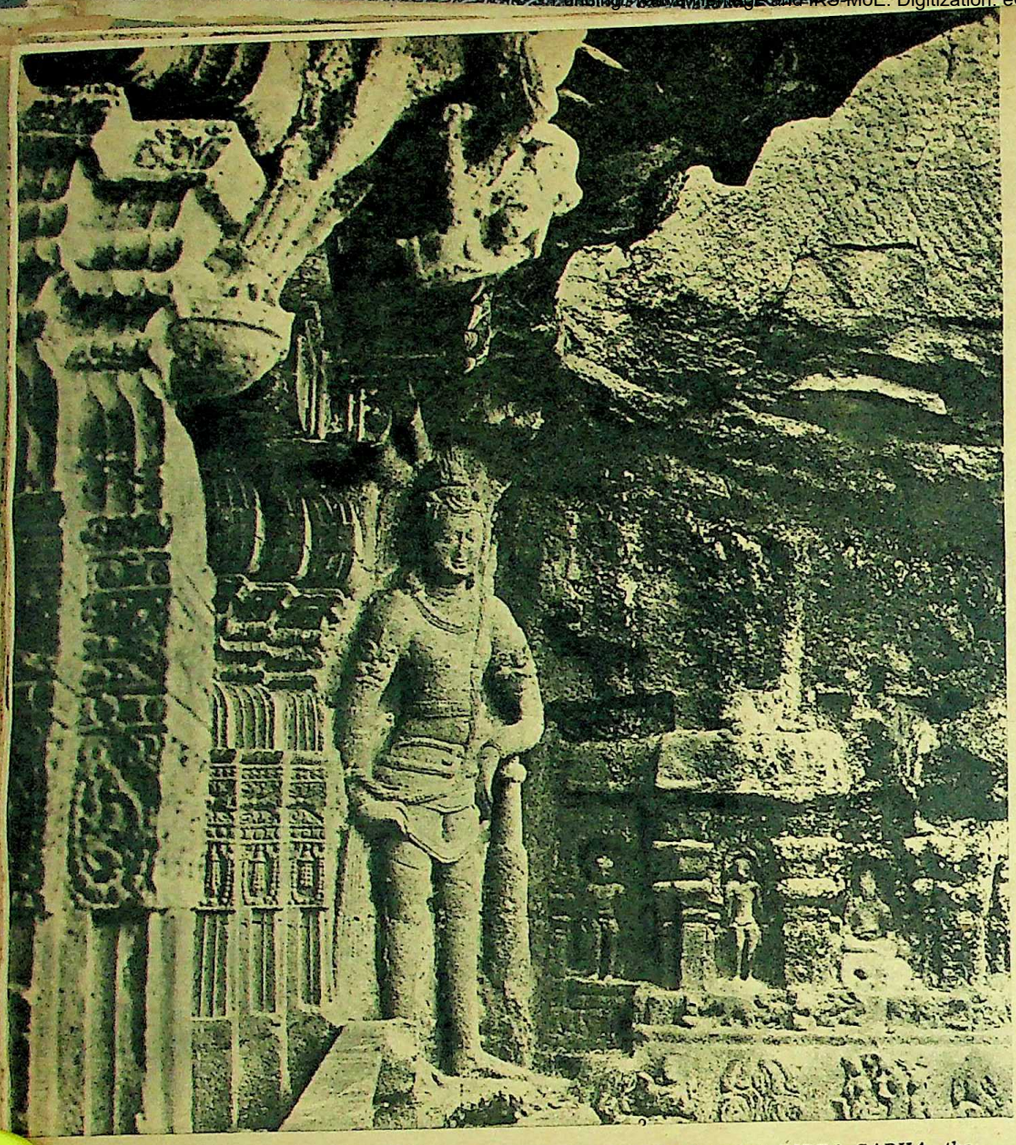


Ajanta And Ellora

(Continued)

A SECTION OF THE INDRA SABHA, the earliest of the five Jaina caves at Ellora. Below: Nagaraja, from Ajanta.

with its imposing series of elepha and mythical creatures on its plinth innumerable sculptures of gods goddesses, is certainly "the noblest Hi memorial of ancient India".

Every cave at Ellora is resplendent itself, with the art of three faiths each celling the other—the Buddhist in simplicity, the Brahmanical in its grand and the Jaina in its ornamentation.

While Ellora reveals the richnes Indian temple architecture, Ajanta is criptive of our culture and civilisatio

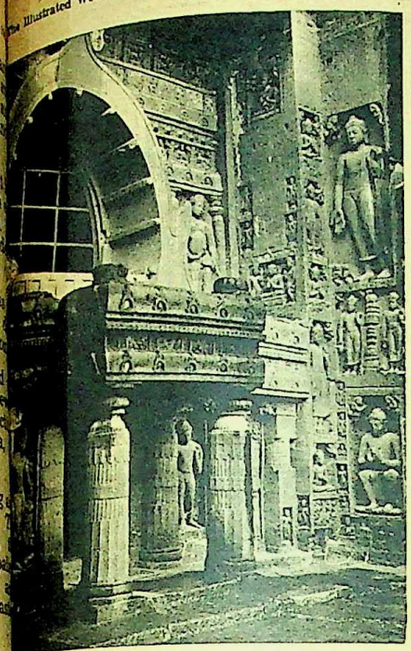
At Ellora, everything is inspired religion. The artist at Ajanta, howe studies various aspects of life, depic people from different social strata, varied attitudes and settings.

The Buddha's life both in painting sculpture is fascinating and moving. Renunciation, the Dying Princess, royal processions, the Apsaras, the pa scenes, the majestic Bodhisattvas above all, the Padmapani are all ma pieces of fresco art.

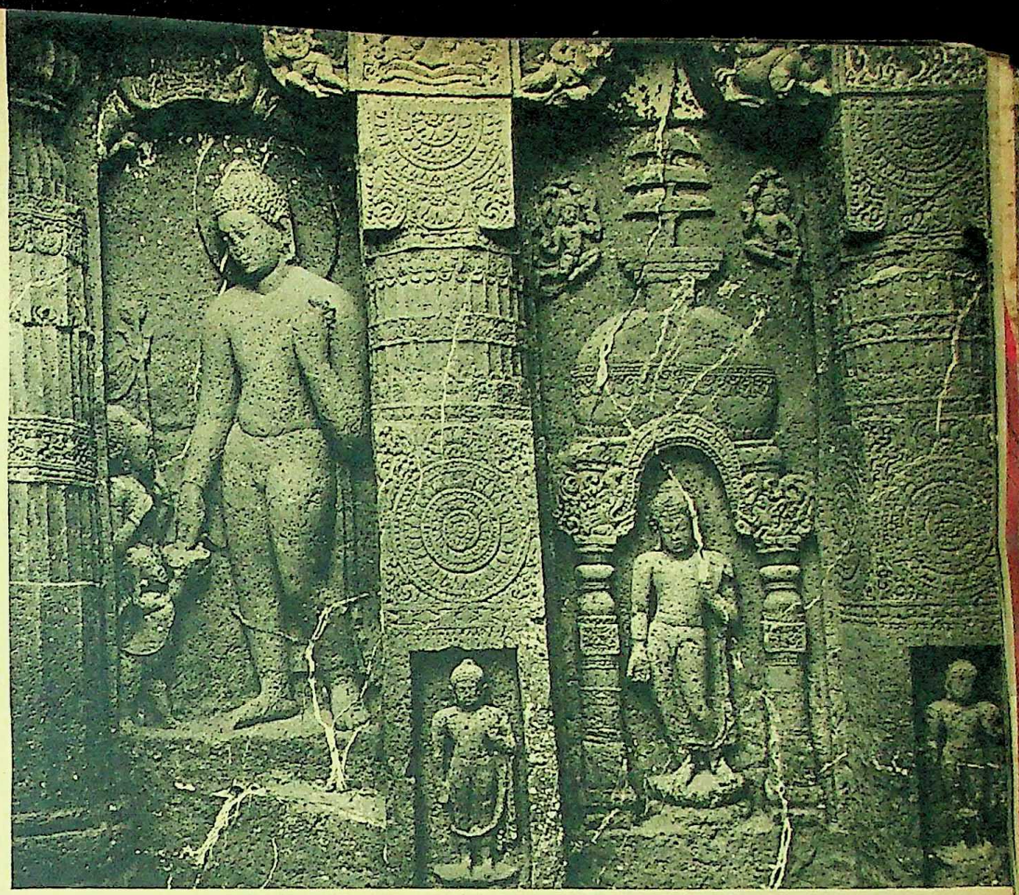
One comes back from Ajanta Ellora with a feeling of invigorating p in the country's artistic heritage.

O. P. SEH

HE BUDDHA in various attitud porch of Cave XIX at Ajan autama after his Enlightenmen graphs by author.)



THE BUDDHA *in various attitudes adorns the porch of Cave XIX at Ajanta. Below: Gautama after his Enlightenment. (Photographs by author.)*



RAHULA ASKING FOR HIS INHERITANCE—Ajanta. Below: The Kailasa Temple, Ellora, carved out of black volcanic rock, has a splendid series of elephants and mythical creatures projecting from the plinth to add to the grandeur of its architecture.

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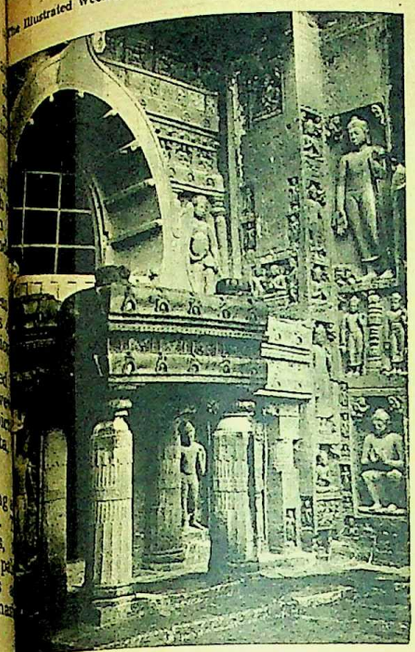

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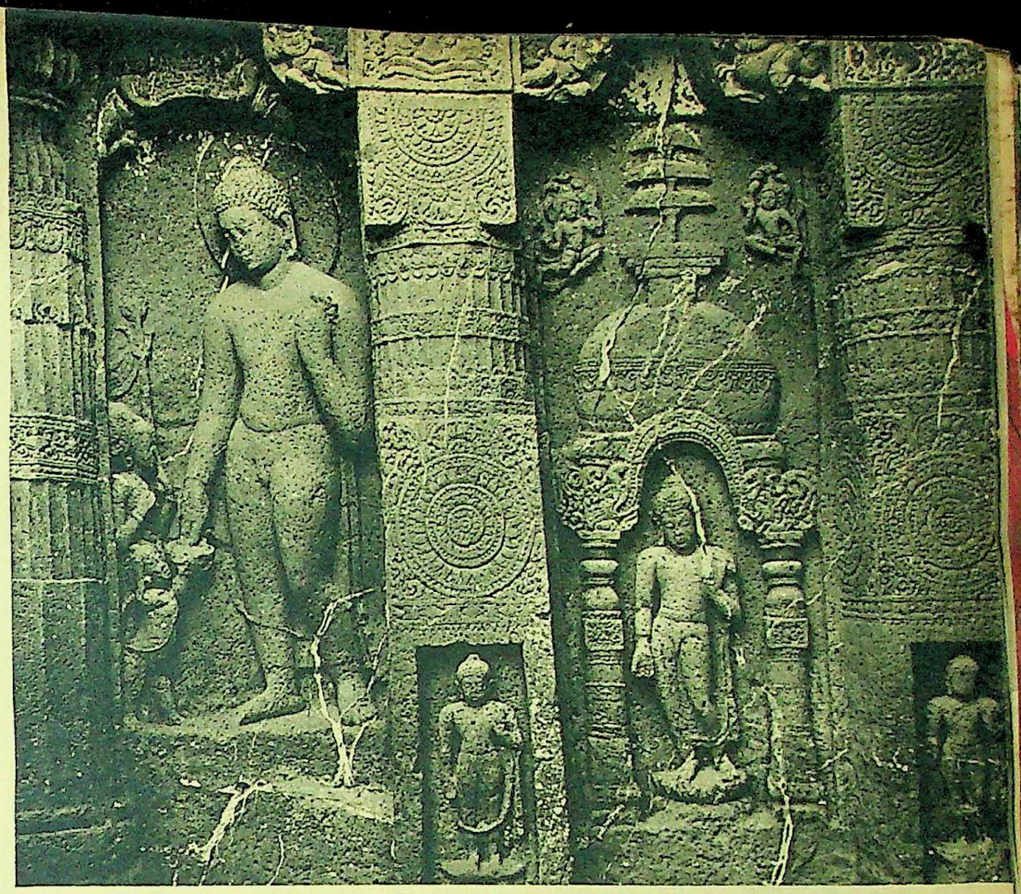

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Digitization: eGangotri.

THE LOAN FACILITIES offered by the credit unions are utilised by the U.S. farmer to buy tractors and other equipment. The number of such unions in America is over 19,000.

could operate at enormous profits be the need for credit was so great an other institution would give it to a rower. Honest lenders were not wi at that time early in the century, to short-term loans to someone who ha security to offer.

In those days, in the U.S.A., there no low-cost loans, no store-charge acc no instalment plans, such as mi of American families now use (po building up too high a personal in edness). There were no credit-card tems, which now enable almost any rican to buy transportation, live in h and purchase meals or clothing wi paying for them until months hence.

While visiting the Indian vil Filene saw the self-help societies so mon ever since. He decided to apply principle to conditions in his own co On looking further into the idea, o

The U.S. Credit Union: AN IDEA TAKE FROM INDIA

ALTHOUGH the credit union movement in the United States recently celebrated its first fifty years of existence, few persons there know that the man who started the movement in that country got his idea from India.

There is a paradox attending it all. For while the scheme has been successful in many parts of the world, it has, in its original form, made almost no headway in India. In fact, the full story of the plan is not commonly known in India, the country so important in credit union history.

First of all, what precisely is a credit union? It must not be confused with the credit societies in India, which gave the founder of American credit unions his inspiration. The Credit Union National Association (CUNA) in the U.S.A., now an international body, explains that such a union "is a group of people who agree to save their money together and to make loans to each other at low interest". It differs from India's credit societies of today in that these latter groups use Government capital instead of the savings of members.

A visit to India led to the beginning of the U.S. credit unions. It was undertaken in 1907 by Edward A. Filene, a philanthropist who lived from 1860 to 1937. An American merchant, he entered his father's dry goods and clothing business, in the New England metropolis of Boston, sometimes called the home of the bean and the land of the cod. When his father died, Filene became President of the company, which then, as now, was known as William Filene & Sons. He was greatly interested in international economies, scientific business management and employees' welfare plans. The latter he put to work in his own store.

As part of a trip around the world by ship, Filene left the vessel at Bombay, planning to hire a motor-car, with chauffeur, to drive across the subcontinent to Calcutta. But, in Bombay, he met an Englishman, W. R. Gourlay, a British civil servant who was organising small co-operative societies in villages. Filene became deeply interested in the co-operative idea and visited a number of villages with Gourlay.

by

ROLAND E. WOLSELEY

That same year, Filene's own country was caught in an economic depression so severe that the period has come to be known as that of the Panic of 1907. Filene was particularly upset at the hardships worked on people who had to borrow. Indians, who over the years have had their own troubles with the types of money-lenders who mulct the public, will understand how Filene reacted when he learned that loan sharks were getting interest at rates of 180% to 360%.

"Filene realised, as few men did in those days," CUNA reported recently in connection with the 50th anniversary of the first U. S. credit union, "that an economy geared to mass production needed mass consumption to balance it." But he also could see that there would be no such thing as mass consumption so long as usurious interest rates ate up purchasing power. He determined to find a way to bring credit at reasonable rates to everyone.

Credit, Filene was certain, was the key to the problem. The money-lenders

return to the U. S., he learned that a lar, although slightly older, plan wa functioning in Quebec, Canada. I been set up by Alphonse Desjardi 1900. Yet it was the younger plan in which first called Filene's attention possibilities. That plan, CUNA r show, actually started in 1904, altho was thought of some years earlier.

It was in 1892 that the Madras ernment sent Frederick Nicholson rope to study land and agricultural The Government launched the Indi operative movement in 1904. On a mittee recommendation, the Co-ope Societies Act was passed the same It laid down the general outline operative action, leaving wide dis to provincial registrars for the buil co-operative structures or groups. vided only for the formation of cre cieties because it was feared that th ple of India were not yet ready fo thing more complex, economically ing.

These societies bore no real blance to credit unions as known to over the world. CUNA, for instance out that the capital of the societies not based on the savings of membe tral or State Government officials main control. The societies are not ly run by members, as are the co-op of other nations.

In the beginning, in India, the sis naturally was on rural socie it remains today to a great exte India is largely an agricultural nati dually, many of these societies veloped into what are called purpose" societies, combining vari of co-operatives, to perform many ent services for members. Today has 175,000 co-operative societies types, with a membership of nine

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Learning to be a Tourist Guide

IT was Prime Minister Nehru who remarked of tourists that, "they are to be welcomed as guests and friends". India received about a hundred thousand foreign tourists last year, while thousands of our own countrymen visit various parts of the country from time to time. The duty of the tourist guide, therefore, is to introduce our country to all these visitors and to explain to them our culture, history and philosophy, so that they may, on returning home, not only carry back happy memories but also a message of goodwill.

An efficient guide service is an essential part of tourism in every country as on its efficiency depends considerably the success of the tourist trade. The Department of Tourism, Government of India, launched its first Guide Training Scheme in the four principal ports of entry—Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta and Madras. The response was so encouraging that it resulted in the gradual extension of similar courses in various other tourist centres. Men and women of all ages and from all walks of life came forward to render service for this vital purpose.

Trainees are selected from the numerous applicants. They undergo a course of intensive theoretical and practical training, followed by an examination. In the theoretical classes lectures are delivered on history, geography, botany, art, architecture and various other related subjects by experienced teachers. For the practical part of the training the student-guides are conducted round all the important tourist attractions—museums, art galleries, monuments—to prepare them for their future task. Every carving is explained and each question discussed in detail.

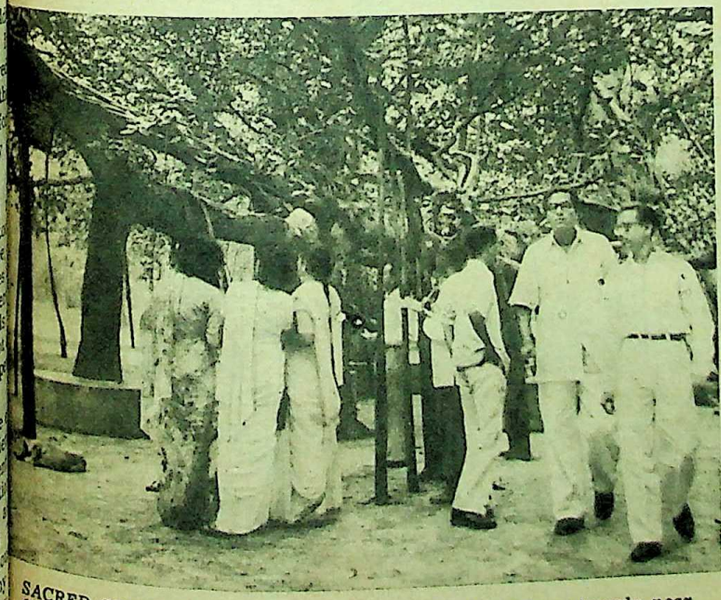
After the examination the successful guides are enlisted by the tourist offices and assigned, as and when necessary, to take visitors around on their sight-seeing excursions. They receive a fixed, nominal fee.

Tourists may ask many questions. Their curiosity is unbounded. The guide must appreciate the questions put to him and answer them correctly, however trivial they may appear to be. The practical training, in the true sense of the word, therefore, begins after the actual training course. The trainee must study the monuments, the multifarious festivals, traditions and customs, and be prepared for the numerous enquiries shot at him by enthusiastic visitors.

Each tourist is an individual —a complex personality. The guide must learn how to tackle each one. The ideal guide should be guide, friend and philosopher in one, and for all. It is rewarding work to know one's country; but it is a far greater satisfaction and privilege to be able to impart that knowledge to others who seek it.

ALOKE CHANDRA BAGCHI

THE GUIDE must be prepared to answer questions about history, art and architecture with intelligence and interest. Trainees tour the country to familiarise themselves with important monuments.



SACRED SEAT. *The famous* Panchabati *at Dakshineswar temple near Calcutta, where Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa attained enlightenment.*

A COMMENTARY on the passing scene is given to the trainees by an instructor, as part of their practical training.

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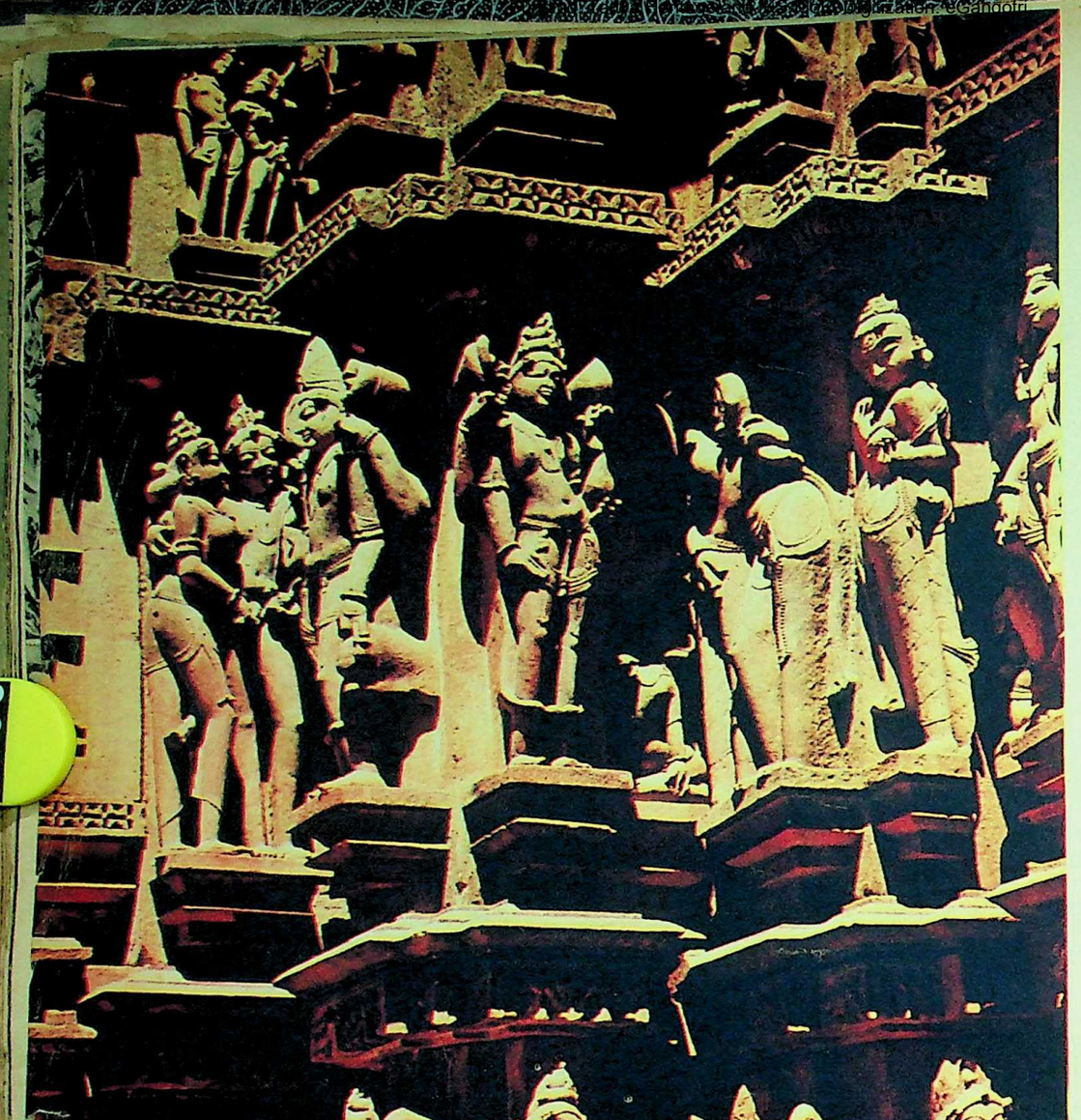

MITHUNA FIGURES ON THE KANDARIYA TEMPLE FACADE

THE ENIGMA OF KHAJURAHO

TODAY the temples of Kha-
juraho, in Bundelkhand, ha-
become almost as famous a-
the Ajanta caves. For th-
represent the most comprehensi-
and best preserved set of Med-
eval Hindu shrines in northern I-
dia, and their reputation rests a-
less on the elegant beauty of the-
architecture and sculpture than o-
the gross eroticism of some o-
their most conspicuous relie-
However, all these aspects are i-
terconnected facets of one of t-
most amazing chapters of Indi-
political and cultural history.

Had king Kirtivarman Chandel-
la (*circa* A.D. 1060|70-1100) n-
abandoned Khajuraho in favour o-
a new capital, Mahoba, these te-
ples would probably have be-
razed to the ground by the Musl-
invaders, as happened in Mahob-
itself and in so many other Hin-
royal cities. For the destruction o-
temples—a regular practice o-
Buddhist and Hindu rulers—h-
not only a religious but also a po-
tical purpose, namely to depri-
the enemy of his spiritual rally-
centres; the difference was that
Hindu princes abducted the e-
emy's idols for veneration in th-
own capitals, the Muslims for pu-
fanation beneath the thresholds
their mosques. But as Khajura-
by the time of the Muslim invasi-
had sunk to the level of a provi-
cial town, most of its temples we-
merely looted; and as early as
days of Ibn Battuta (middle o-
century) Muslims were crowdi-
to it as pupils of Hindu yogis.

But Kirtivarman had abandone-
Khajuraho as inauspicious, beca-
the heretic Kaula-Kapalika cu-
introduced there under his pred-
cessors Dhanga (*circa* A.D. 95-
1002) and Ganda (*circa* A.D. 9-
1025) had within half a century
to the ruin of what had been o-
of the mightiest and most glorio-
kingdoms of the Middle Ages. F-
after the sack of Kanauj by Ind-
III Rashtrakuta, around A.D. 9-
the fugitive Pratihara empe-
Kshitipala had been reinstated
the Chandella Harsha.

Thereafter, the once-power-
Pratihara empire had been red-

VARAHAVATAR

Terra
Chan

THE region of Chandraket
its vast stretches of cult
and marshes often relieve
undulating mounds covered
about 20 miles away to th
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The archaeological relic
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EARLY FIGURES

The early terracotta
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The art of Chandraket
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assical Western sculpture

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Terracottas Of Chandraketugarh

THE region of Chandraketugarh, with its vast stretches of cultivated lands and marshes often relieved by sedate undulating mounds covered with woods, s about 20 miles away to the north-east Calcutta and is of significant archaeolo- al importance. Although several at- mpts had been made in the last fifty years unravel the mystery of this ancient site, decisive conclusion could be drawn un- a few years ago when the Asutosh Mu- m of Indian Art of Calcutta University mmenced a studied and methodical ex- ration of the area. By means of regular ggings and surface investigations numer- s antiquities of about two thousand rs ago were recovered: terracotta urines, pottery-wares, both Indian and eign, coins and beads of semi-precious nes and coloured glass.

The archaeological relics show that e site is concealing, like Arikamedu near ndicherry, the ruins of an ancient trad- g station which may even be identical th the great port of Gange mentioned in e *Periplus of the Erythrean Sea* (c. 1st ntury A.D.) and the writings of Ptolemy 2nd century A.D.).

EARLY FIGURES

The early terracotta figures from ndraketugarh have the excellence of niatures and possess as well the impres- eness of massive statuary. They are, s, no less attractive than the figures in reliefs of Bharhut, Sanchi and Pital- ora. Here, too, as in ancient sculpture, kshas, yakshinis, kinnaras, nagas, dik- as abound and narrative scenes mainly wn from the repertoire of Brahmanical Buddhist religious tales, transferring vision to the Maurya and Sunga-Kus- times, when the socio-religious value the stories from the Puranas and the akas was universally felt. While some racotta female figures represent typical phs of the Mauryan epoch (c. 300-200 .), such as those from Tamluk, Patna Bulandibag, revealing a rare delicacy form as also a peculiarly elegant and haic conception of exuberant coiffure, wellery and folded drapery, the two- mensional moulded figures of the Sunga riod express a genuine love for conserva- e and traditional motifs and styles, until ey are released from eventual artistic gnation by the bold and hilarious ideals the Nomadic art of the Kushan times, the opening centuries of the Christian a.

The art of Chandraketugarh is in no y an isolated development as several of e terracotta figures are not only com- rable with similar creations from Kau- mbi, Bhita, Abichchhatra and Mathura, t also display, in certain instances, wo- en wearing chitons and diadems and sol- ers protected by well-fitted Graeco-Ro- an cuirasses. Other mutilated fragments ow the strapped sandals prominent in assical Western sculpture.

The yakshinis or dryads with their elaborate coiffures adorned with conventional five hair-pins done in the shape of weapons (sword, trident, battle-axe, spear and ankus), as also the various other ornaments and jewellery including the heavy *mekhalas* or girdles sensitively encircling the hips, are draped with airy and diaphanous skirts and scarfs, which reveal a tribal concept of decoration of the body. Apart from these, their meaningful look and twist of lips tending to a smile, as also the swelling breasts and spread-out hips demarcated by a slender waist suggest the fertility cults of ancient India and, thereby, they appear very near to *Sri* or *Bhumi*, although the small *ayudhas* or weapons used as hair-pins iconographically bring many of them closer to Durga. The terracotta yaksha figures of Sunga-Kushan epoch present a different impression; a majestic and graceful demeanour manifesting a superhuman personality, wearing elaborate *sirastraka* or head-gear and jewellery; sometimes represented too with wings as celestial *vidyadharas*, they appear as the Indian counterparts of Near Eastern and European cherubs and angels.

Apart from the association of different animal *vahanas* or vehicles and symbolic attributes, many of the terracottas representing yakshas, nagas and devatas from Chandraketugarh reveal certain iconoplastic aspects which forecast the principles of classical Indian *Silpasastras* as contained in the *Manasara* and the *Atreyatilaka*.

ENIGMATIC PIECES

While we can decisively identify the figures of Surya, Kubera, Sri, Indra and Vyaghradevata, there are certain enigmatic terracotta sculptures which may represent Vasudeva-Krishna, Karttikeya, Vinayaka with Ganesani, and Saraswati, besides a type of terracotta sealings of around 1st century B.C. delineating fan-tail peacocks resting on *toranas* which may suggest the existence of a temple of Skanda-Karttikeya in the forgotten city at Chandraketugarh, though one may wonder whether they bear any distant connection with the regal mascot, if there was any, of the legendary king Mayuradhvaja of Bengal, whose son, Tamradhvaja, gave battle to Krishna and Arjun.

Some of the narrative scenes on the terracotta plaques and toy-carts of Sunga-Kushan period seem to present simple memory pictures of the stories connected with the Buddhist literature including the Jatakas and the *Vimanavatthu*, as also the *Panchatantra* and the Puranas, which not only make us aware of the socio-religious psychology and folk-lore of contemporary times but also the conceptions of ethics and morals favoured by rural or urban clay-modellers.

P. C. DAS GUPTA

APSARA, attributable to the 1st-2nd century A.D. (Photographs: Courtesy, Asutosh Museum, University of Calcutta.)

A SACRED HORSE amidst a shower of blossoms; circa 1st century B.C.

MUSICIAN AND ELEPHANT; circa 1st century A.D.

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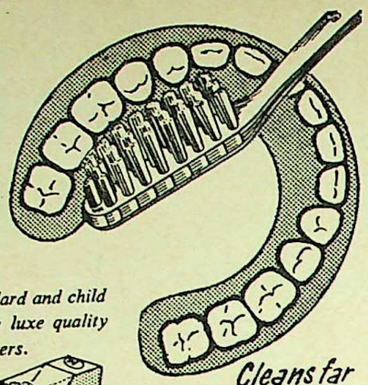

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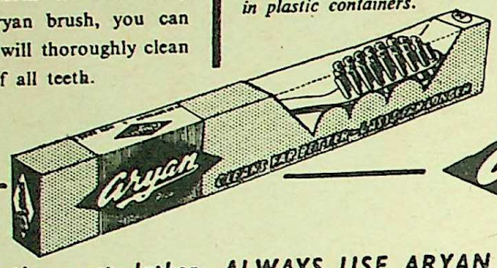

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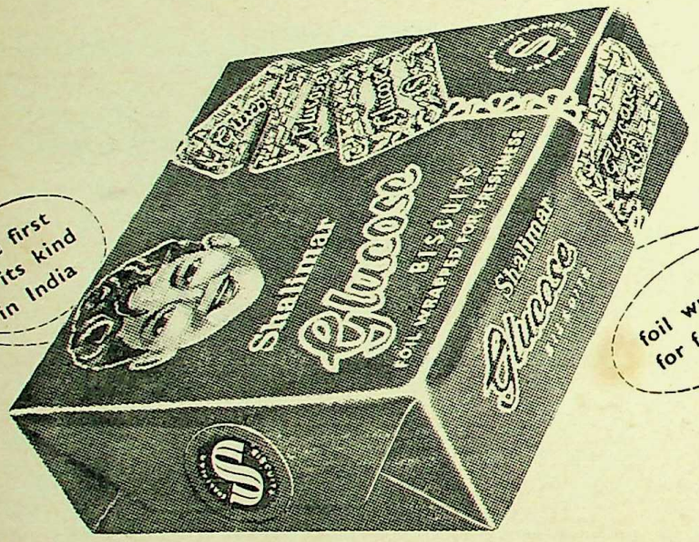

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Tryst

by K. N. MALLI

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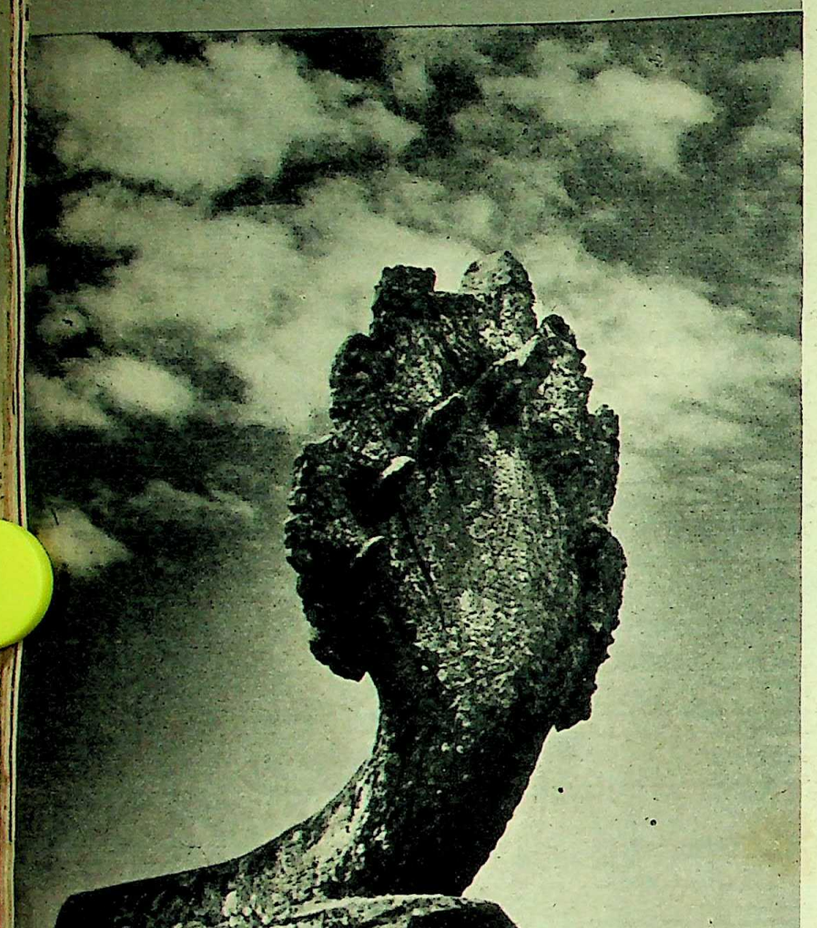
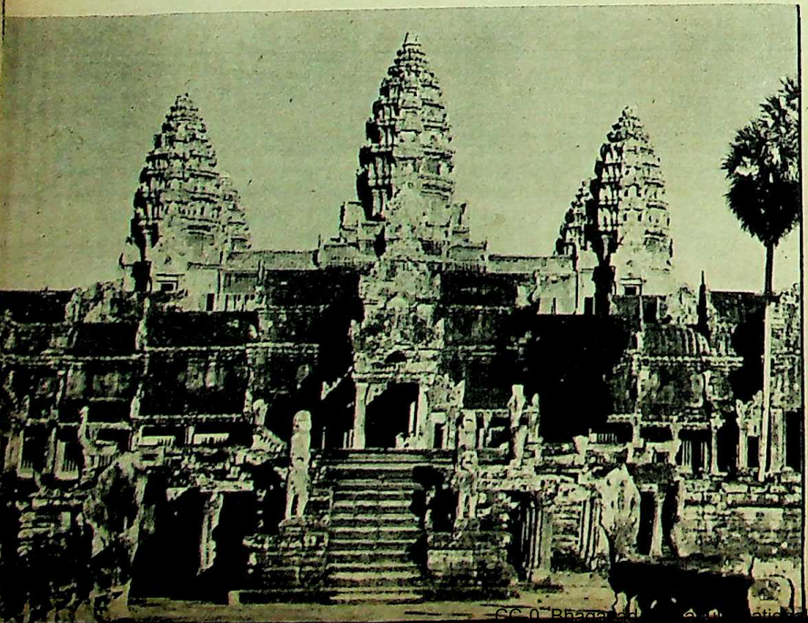
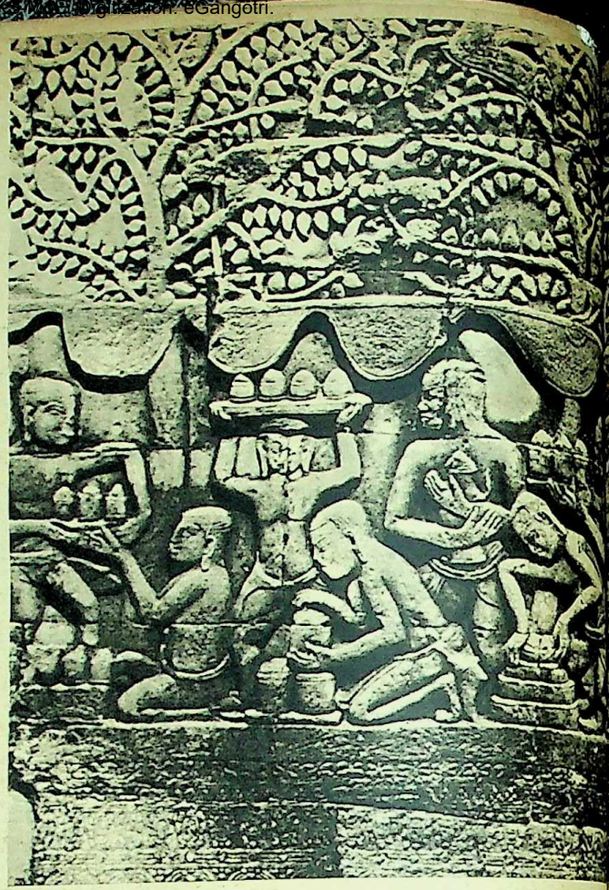
a pilgrimage to ANGKOR



NAGA MOTIF at the end of a balustrade. Below: The central temple at Angkor Wat, with stone lions on either side of the steps. The main tower rises to a height of 215 feet.





by

NAVNIT PAREKH

A THAI Airways Dakota brought me to Pnompenh, the capital of Cambodia, from Bangkok. It was the eve of the most popular and spectacular national festival—the Boat Festival.

Set amidst sweeping paddy-fields and shady coconut groves the entire city of Pnompenh, with its 250,000 inhabitants, had put on a gay, festive appearance. The name Pnompenh is derived from a shapely hill around which the city's dwellings have sprung up. "Pnom" in the Khmer (Cambodian) language denotes a hill and "Penh" was the name of a pious lady who had constructed a Buddhist temple on its summit. Today a lofty stupa and a couple of temples adorn the hill.

The lively Cambodian capital is located on the right bank of the Mekong, at the place where it is joined by the river Tonle-sap, which drains from the Great Lake near Angkor. Not far away is the ancient site where King Jayavarman II established his royal seat towards the close of the eighth century. The greatest tourist attraction in Pnompenh is, of course, the Royal Palace. It is in fact a cluster of gaudy yet enchanting structures with wide flights of steps, ornamented doorways, long pointed eaves and soaring spires. There are the King's Private Palace, his Throne Hall, pavilions for musicians and dancers, royal stables and the elegant Silver Temple.

The Boat Festival is held annually on the full moon of Karttika (in November) when the entire populace of the surrounding region throngs the river banks to watch gaily-decorated country-craft, boat races, colourful floats, fireworks and large vessels illuminated at night.

The third day saw me at S reap, which is little more th village about 150 miles north of Pnompenh. The scattered of Angkor, only a few miles are being constantly encro upon by the luxuriant, expa tropical jungle.

The history of the gl Khmer civilisation goes back proximately to the 1st centu the Christian era. There is a nating legend among the Ca dian people about the origin civilisation. It relates the a tures of a Brahmin youth, E dinya by name, who, inspired divine vision, sailed eastwards India. While on his voyage cl the Indo-China coast, he en tered the queen of the land was called by her subjects low-Leaf". Kaundinya de Willow-Leaf in battle, marrie and established his kingdom was later to bl into the mighty glorious Kam Empire. Kaun like Agastya, how was only a for ner to the mult of Indian immi who settled dow South-East Asia and the Far They carried with them the traditions of Indian art and c —religion and literature, mus dancing, architecture and ture.

The surviving archaeo monuments of the Khmer lisation are innumerable and tered all over the land; but the most magnificent and th sacred of them all is the s dous palace-temple, Angkor

The construction of this tectural masterpiece was menced by King Suryavar 1112 A.D. and was comple 1181 by his nephew, Dhara varman, who succeeded h keeping with Kambujan tions, King Suryavarman h ready been regarded as

raja", a divine monarch, a roya incarnation of Vishnu. He wa known as "Parama-Vishnu-loka" One whose Being is the Celestia Abode of the Supreme Vishnu) Angkor Wat was, thus, designed to be a palace and a temple at once and its exquisite bas-reliefs, there are, abound in *apsaras* (heavenly nymphs), *nagas*, gods and titans a well as in numerous scenes from mythology relating to Vishnu Angkor Wat is believed to be *Samadhi-mandir*, a funerary tem le, where the mortal remains o Devaraja Suryavarman lie inter ed.

Each side of this squarish tem le-fortress is almost a mile i ngth and it is surrounded by ide moat filled with water. A useway built of huge slabs c one brings the visitor to the im essive gateway flanked by hig lleried walls. Inside there ar acious grassy enclosures, probab meant for huge congregation

GROUP OF HEAVENLY NY

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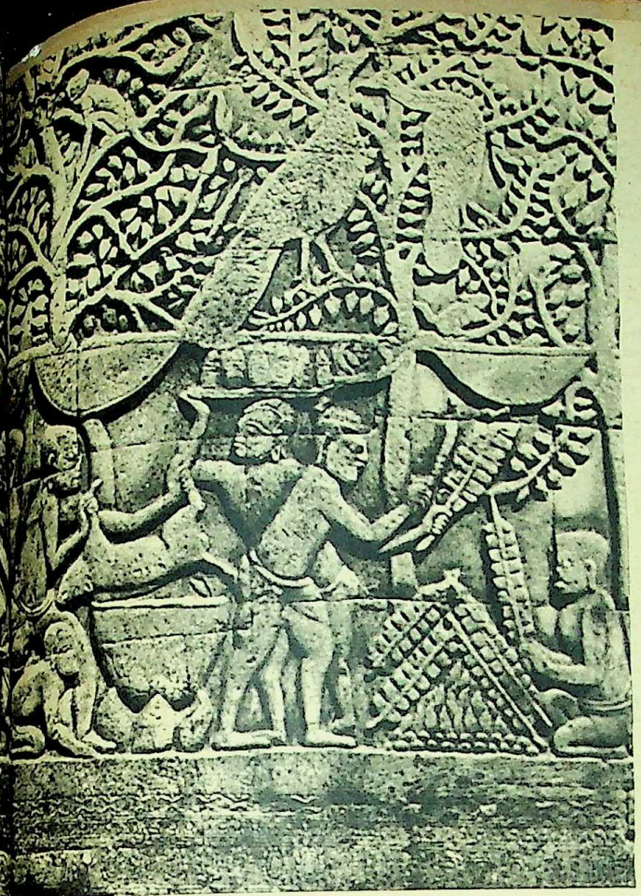
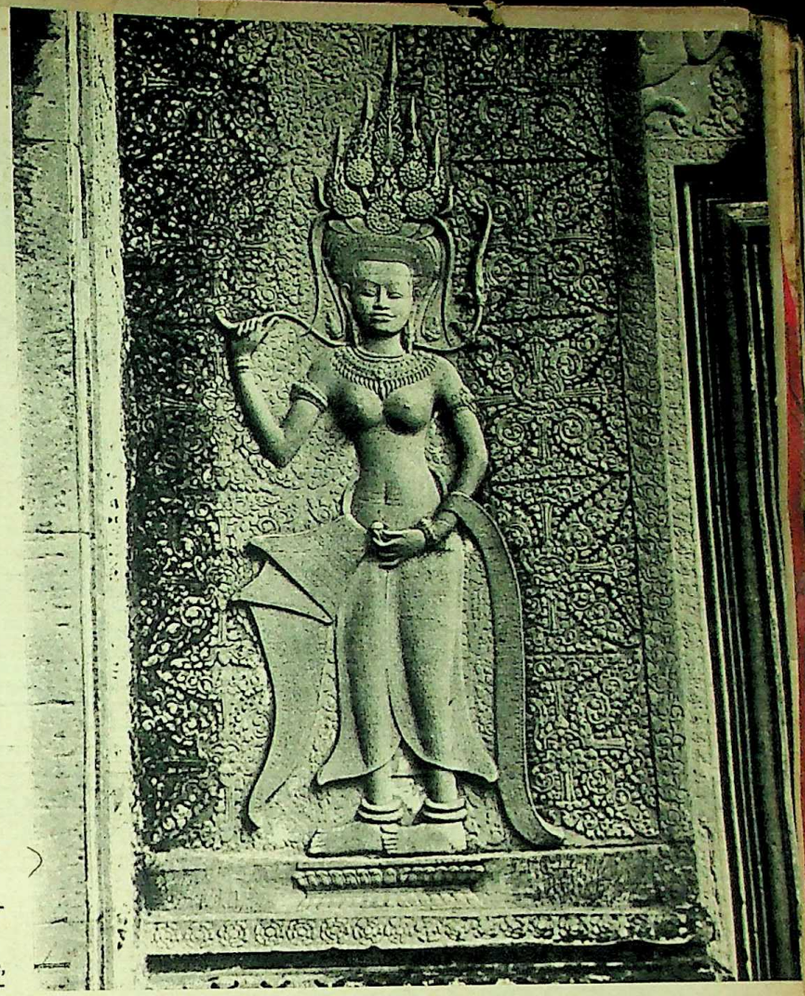




IN THE BAS-RELIEFS the Kambujan sculptor has exhibited his highest skill and imagination. The sensitively carved apsara *figure (above) is one of the many adorning the temple showing a rich variety of ornaments and hair styles. Above, left: A panel depicting scenes from the everyday life of the Kambujans.*

aja", a divine monarch, a royal incarnation of Vishnu. He was known as "Parama-Vishnu-loka" One whose Being is the Celestial Abode of the Supreme Vishnu). Angkor Wat was, thus, designed to be a palace and a temple at once, and its exquisite bas-reliefs, there-fore, abound in *apsaras* (heavenly nymphs), *nagas*, gods and titans as well as in numerous scenes from mythology relating to Vishnu. Angkor Wat is believed to be a *samadhi-mandir*, a funerary tem-ple, where the mortal remains of Devaraja Suryavarman lie inter-red.

Each side of this squarish tem-ple-fortress is almost a mile in length and it is surrounded by a wide moat filled with water. A causeway built of huge slabs of stone brings the visitor to the im-pressive gateway flanked by high turreted walls. Inside there are spacious grassy enclosures, probab-ly meant for huge congregations on festive occasions, and a stupen-dous central temple.

Built in the pyramidal style, Angkor Wat rises in three succes-sive stages to culminate in a group of five shapely towers standing in perfect proportion and harmony. The towers are shaped like burst-ing lotuses—though they have a striking resemblance to the Hima-layan pine-flower also. The mas-sive central tower soars to a height of 215 feet.

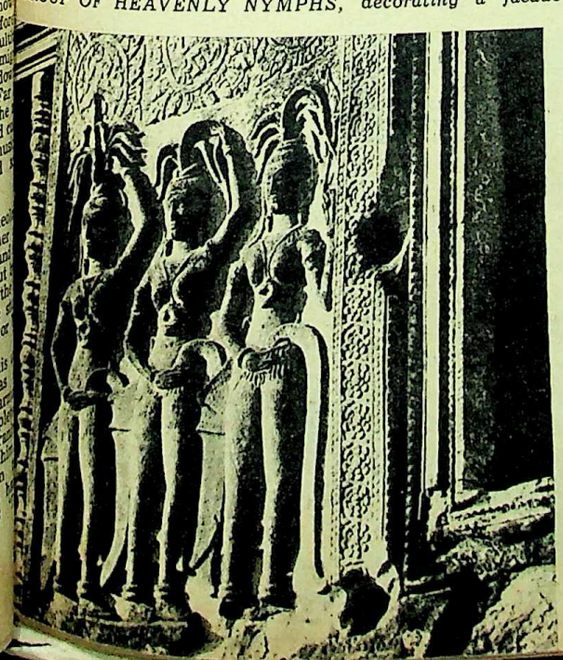
There is an abundance of sculp-ture and stylised ornamentation. There are hundreds of *apsaras* standing alone or in pairs, and sometimes in groups. Each one of these smiling damsels displays a variety of ornaments and each has her own style of coiffure. They are usually nude above the waist, in conformity with Indian traditions, but they wear flowing sarongs in typical Cambodian style.

Not far away are sculptures of Rishis who are absorbed in con-templation, regardless of the pre-sence of the charming *apsaras* in the vicinity. Most of the balus-trades in Cambodian architecture are in the shape of huge *nagas*, while the entrance-guards are usu-ally represented by stately stone lions.

But it is in the endless bas-reliefs of Angkor Wat that the Kambujan sculptor has exhibited his highest skill and imagination. On all the four extensive walls of the lowest terrace there are dyna-mic and elaborate relief-sculptures. On the northern and western sides, the epic battle of Kurukshetra is depicted with great vigour. The teeming warriors carrying deadly weapons and the tumult of the pitched battle as represented are overwhelming. On the southern side the panel shows the pleasures of paradise and the pains of pur-gatory.

(*Please Turn Over*)

GROUP OF HEAVENLY NYMPHS, decorating a facade at Angkor Wat. Right: Gods in the court of Indra. (Photographs by author)



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A WELL-KNOWN EPISODE from the Ramayana: the duel between Bali and Sugriva. Rama with his bow and Lakshmana can also be seen.

Angkor

(Continued)

On the east, there is the great scene of Samudra-Mathana (Churning of the Milky Ocean). Vishnu, in his incarnation of Koorma (tortoise), is supporting Mount Mandara, the churning rod. The gods and the demons, in a joint venture, are churning the ocean with the huge serpent Vasuki as the rope.

Holding on to an iron railing, I climbed the steep steps leading to the highest storey of the central tower. In the sanctum sanctorum Angkor Wat the image of the principal deity, Vishnu, is missing. I had, therefore, to place all the lotus flowers procured locally and the Mysorean incense brought with me from India on the threshold and offer mental obeisance to Vishnu.

The supremely beautiful and peerless Angkor Wat remains one of the highest creations of human art and genius.

A little away from the temple stand the magnificent ruins of Angkor Thom, the ancient capital of the Kambujan Emperors. Before King Jayavarman VII reconstructed this city, there stood, in the neighbourhood, the capital-city of Hariharalaya and still earlier flourished the city of Yasodharapura founded by King Yasovarman.

The square ramparts of Angkor Thom enclosed a vast metropolis with temples, palaces, pavilions and houses. It was a city perfectly planned and laid out with straight and wide thoroughfares and five gateways, each 70 feet high—giant structures with lofty arches to admit royal processions of elephants mounted with canopies.

The most spectacular of all the monuments in Angkor Thom is the fabulous Bayon. It is constructed on the pattern of a Saivite temple and it has over fifty towers, ea... of which is adorned with four t... mendous faces gazing in the fo... directions with a dreamy, myster... ous smile. These four-faced tow... ers depict the Mukhalingas o... Siva, although they have been d... cribed by some as the four fac... of the Lokeswara Buddha. Sc... and scores of these hypnotic ... eight-foot faces lend the Bayon ... haunted air.

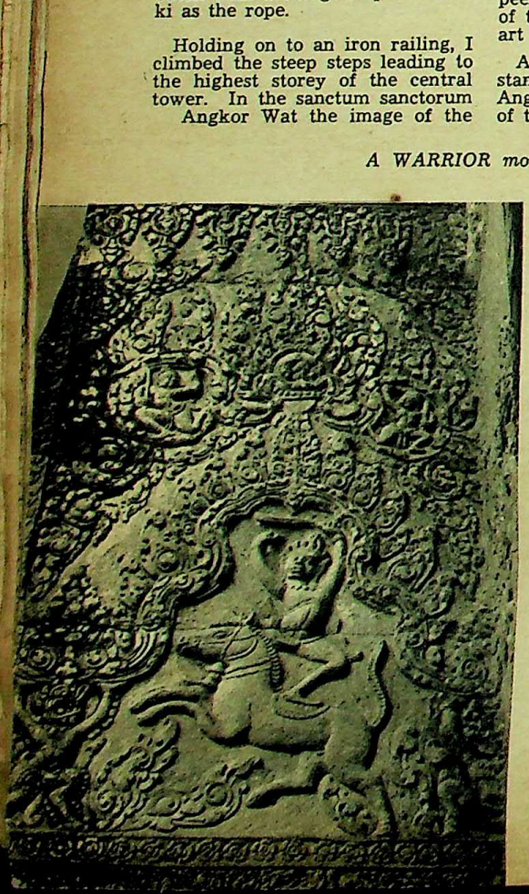
The bas-reliefs on the lo... facades give a vivid account of ... life of the Kambujans in those ... mote times. There are the fish... folk beside the river wh... swarms with fishes and crocodi... There are soldiers fully arm... marching alongside mounted e... phants or proceeding in an armed ... of boats. There are also the hors... holders who are leisurely ... siping, cooking, betting on a co... fight or selling their varied m... chandise. There are also allur... relief-figures of *apsaras* dancin... on large lotus flowers, sculptur... on the pillars of the Bayon.

A jeep ride of some twe... miles, through dense tropical ju... gle and past paddy fields a... small hamlets of grass hu... brought me to Banteai-Srei, t... Citadel of Shri (Lakshmi) ... was founded by King Rajendr... varman during the tenth centu... and it consists of five little da... ty structures in the midst of ... luxuriant forest occupied by mo... keys, birds, and butterflies. T... three temples and the two librar... buildings are covered profus... with exquisite carvings which ... rival even those at the Madur... and Halebid temples of So... India.

The delicate sculptures rela... various episodes from the Ram... yana. The most effective of the... shows the combat between B... and Sugriva. There are also scul... tures of temple guardians, vari... male and female divinities a... floral designs, as well as half-h... man figures with heads of Garud... lion and monkey.

With the decline and defeat ... the Cambodian kings in the la... centuries, all these marvello... temples, palaces and cities w... deserted and were subsequen... swallowed up in the merciless ex... pansion of the forests, until Hen... Mouhot, a French naturalist, acc... dentally rediscovered them ... 1860.

A WARRIOR mounted on a horse. Right: A Mukhalinga tower from the Bayon at Angkor Thom.



A Folk Fe...

At the beginning of August ... marks the end of paddy-tran... tion operations in the V... gal, the people observe a quaint ... em by the name of Ghan... e legend goes that Ghantakarn... con with tinkling bells attache... e-lobes to ensure that the name ... ould not enter his ears. The dem... ved to have been of gigantic he... nstrous shape, striking terror ... ars of the poor people of the V... se ancient days. It is said he ... eral wives in different localitie... ged in sexual orgies unrestrai... people who had been cowe... tal tyranny.

The harassed populace, led b... man called Azaju, held a me... ch it was unanimously resol... r tormentor must be done av... whatever means. They unite... es and, armed with spikes, ra... s, crow-bars and other rus... s, assaulted the demon while... eep. He was killed on the spo... ple, mad with joy, dragged his ... se to the riverside, where th... s marked by solemnities ... h hilarity.

A GAY OCCASION

So the festival of Ghantakarn... ed with much gaiety by th... y year. On the fourteenth ... k moon of Sravan (August) ... t a little bundle of reeds ... et-crossing. The bundle, sta... three ends like a tripod, r... ntakarna. The boys start ... from passers-by. They shou... y, "Give us our due in the ... ntakarna!" Anyone who tries ... levy soon finds a hornets' n... ears; for all sorts of abuse is ... defaulter. The boys stand ... hes, blocking the thorough... r eyes twinkle with mischi... pice from all comers in a... e. Meanwhile little girls ... ging cloth dolls on the leav... d figure by way of appeasin... n.

From morning, the tinker ... ring trade in rings made of i... copper and also anklets of i... eved that the children's w... s and anklets magnetised b... Ghantakarna brings them ... m his baneful influence. T... ths also make a brisk sale o... ated iron nails beaten flat, ... ven into the top and botton... nes to keep out evil spirits.

In the afternoon the grown... ively part in the decoration of ... y bring for the purpose b...

Folk Festival In Nepal

AT the beginning of August, which marks the end of paddy-transplantation operations in the Valley of Nepal, the people observe a quaint festival known by the name of Ghantakarna. The legend goes that Ghantakarna was a demon with tinkling bells attached to his ear-lobes to ensure that the name of God would not enter his ears. The demon is believed to have been of gigantic height and monstrous shape, striking terror into the hearts of the poor people of the Valley in those ancient days. It is said he had kept several wives in different localities and indulged in sexual orgies unrestrainable by the people who had been cowed by his brutal tyranny.

The harassed populace, led by a wise man called Azaju, held a meeting at which it was unanimously resolved that their tormentor must be done away with by whatever means. They united themselves and, armed with spikes, rakes, axes, hoes, crow-bars and other rustic weapons, assaulted the demon while he was asleep. He was killed on the spot and the people, mad with joy, dragged his colossal corpse to the riverside, where the funeral was marked by solemnities enlivened with hilarity.

A GAY OCCASION

So the festival of Ghantakarna is celebrated with much gaiety by the people every year. On the fourteenth of the dark moon of Sravan (August), urchins put a little bundle of reeds at every road-crossing. The bundle, standing on three ends like a tripod, represents Ghantakarna. The boys start levying a tax from passers-by. They shout vociferously, "Give us our due in the name of Ghantakarna!" Anyone who tries to dodge the levy soon finds a hornets' nest about his ears; for all sorts of abuse is hurled at the defaulter. The boys stand in small batches, blocking the thoroughfare and their eyes twinkle with mischief. They collect pice from all comers in a bamboo receptacle. Meanwhile little girls are busy making cloth dolls on the leaves of the banana figure by way of appeasing the demon.

From morning, the tinkers drive a brisk trade in rings made of iron, brass and copper and also anklets of iron. It is believed that the children's wearing of rings and anklets magnetised by a touch of Ghantakarna brings them immunity from his baneful influence. The blacksmiths also make a brisk sale of similarly treated iron nails beaten flat, which are driven into the top and bottom of doorframes to keep out evil spirits.

In the afternoon the grown-ups take a lively part in the decoration of the figure. They bring for the purpose big bundles of reeds and branches of trees from the countryside. At their hands the demon grows into an enormous figure—the big bundles being crowned with branches, with the paper mask of the demon fastened at a suitable height and a bamboo stick projecting at one side. Finally, a pumpkin marked with the sex emblems is attached. In the evening a beggar showing his naked torso painted with all sorts of obscene signs and symbols struts about begging pice in a clay bowl. Close at his heels come the urchins, lustily shouting.

By the time the beggar returns from his round, his bowl is half filled with coppers. He squats down beneath Ghantakarna, snatches a few mouthfuls of curds and rice, then gets up, holding a bundle of burning straw in both hands, and circumambulates the figure three times, shouting the same slogan, "Long live Azaju!" Then down comes the giant with a crash. The beggar jumps onto its body, gripping the burning straw bundle and the figure is then dragged along by the street boys amidst loud cheers. The rider, unable to maintain his hold or balance with the ups and downs of the rough road, scampers away, but not before his naked back has become thoroughly sore and bruised. In accordance with time-honoured tradition, the Ghantakarna, if a male, is pulled over a female one, implying their copulation. The people of a locality having a female Ghantakarna put up a stiff fight against the assault. Pandemonium prevails and in the wild tumult many receive injuries.

WITCHES' SABBATH

In the evening, either before or after the destruction of the demon, each Newar household sends out a clay bowl filled with husks, a little curdled blood and some entrails of a buffalo. It is then covered with flowers and fruits, sometimes an egg and some pice, with, atop all, a taper burning. By throwing the bowl where the Ghantakarna lies, people believe they have exorcised the evil spirits from their houses. To complete the ceremony, after driving in nails over and above their doorways, they fumigate their houses with frankincense. They shut the doors and windows and retire earlier than usual and imagine apprehensively that evil spirits and goblins are hovering outside. They seem to hear all sorts of eerie sounds which send a chill down their spines. The children are hushed into a fearful silence.

The day of Ghanatakarna is a peculiarly sacred day for witches and witchcraft. In fact it is Nepal's Witches' Sabbath. While a brooding hush hangs over the Valley, the witches stir abroad with their paraphernalia of worship and feasting. They repair to their favourite deities, their fingers burning like torches, flying through the air with their feet scarcely touching the ground. They perform worship and pray to the deity for success in the black art, and their disciples, if any, are initiated into the cult. This sombre night reminds us of European beliefs about the midnight muster of witches to concoct mischief. Sometimes they encounter a hostile witch-doctor, who, using the occult science, harasses them by making stones stick to their hips.

THE REED IMAGE of Ghantakarna, decorated with its paper mask.

The witches if more powerful than the intruders mortify them, say, by making them bleat like lambs or walk in gutters. People say that these are life-and-death battles. So ill fares the man who intrudes into the sorcerer's privacy at these awesome moments. It is said that a novice has to offer the heaviest fee to the deity in the initiation ceremony. She promises the sacrifice of the life of her husband or her son—two things nearest and dearest to the heart of a woman. She takes a solemn pledge for this, and the covenant takes effect from that moment; for the man concerned begins to pine away to death. Such is the price the witch pays for what she considers to be her superhuman power. For she can now plague whomsoever she likes, when she likes, and pay off the ancient grudges she bears her enemies.

The people of Nepal stand in great awe of apparitions, signs and prodigies. By a tantrik rite, they call the spirits into the city on "Akchhe Tritiya" day in the month of Baisakh (May), so that they can work unhampered in the fields. Now, back home after the toil and moil of field work, they drive the spirits back to the countryside. Such is the significance of the Ghantakarna festival. Ghantakarna, to Newar children, is something of what Santa Claus is to Christians—a harbinger of jolly festivals. The celebrations in his name give colour and savour to the social and cultural life of the people in general and to the peasants in particular.

C. B. SHRESTHA

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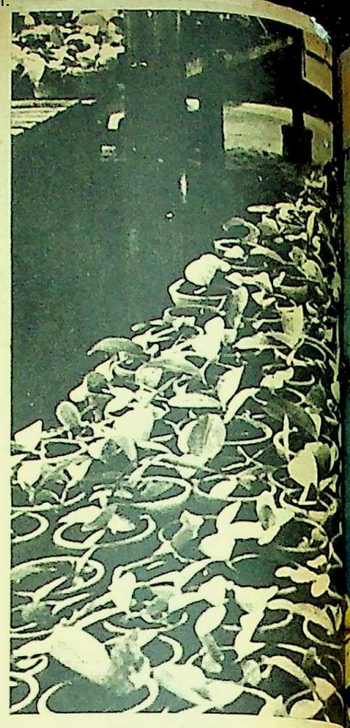
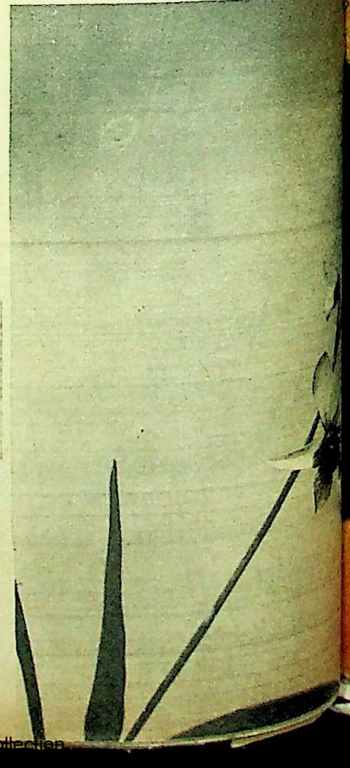
An Orchid For A Song!

ANGGREK SULAWESI, a graceful blossom native to the Celebes. Right: Another fine example of a Sulawesi orchid.



ALL over the world the orchid
sidered so rare and exquisite
that only a wealthy lover
ford to present it to his sweethear
there is one region in which it g
such abundance that it literally
a buyer. In Indonesian cities me
to your front door with orchids
offering them for the price of a p
cigarettes!

Orchids, in fact, are so com
Indonesia that they grow wild on t
even of cities and in many a
while, outside the city and off th
highways, orchid-festooned trees a
found uninterruptedly lining the
the blossoms thickly clustering
trunks and high up among the b
Some ground orchids are so famil
people hardly notice them. They
grow in their backyards, quite una
the fact that the orchid belon
family of celebrities.



The Spell Of

(by PAXYE THORI

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The Spell Of Sanchi

(by PAXYE THORNHILL)

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FIGHT TOOTH DECAY WITH COLGATE
while you STOP BAD BREATH all day!

Because: Just one brushing with

Colgate Dental Cream removes up to 85% of decay and odour-causing bacte

Scientific tests have proved that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history and that Colgate instantly stops bad breath in 7 cases out of 10. Only Colgate has this proof!
Its active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between the teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much decay and bad breath.
Children like brushing their teeth with Colgate because they love its longer lasting minty flavour.

Regular brushing with Colgate
- ✔ fights tooth decay
- ✔ stops bad breath
- ✔ keeps teeth sparkling white

If you prefer a powder, get all these benefits from Colgate Tooth Powder...a can lasts months!

For white teeth and fresh breath...more people buy Colga than any other dental cream in the world.

DCG. 29HT

RULES & CONDITIONS

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in *block letters* or *typewritten*. Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1 per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Orders, Money Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. *Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing postage stamps, or currency notes or coins, will not be accepted.* Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to, "Quotes" No. 33. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 33, Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order *receipts*, Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the spaces provided on the Entry Form.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing date for all entries is Friday, October 9, 1959. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. *Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.*

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who enters a Solution which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 8,000 will be divided equally. The runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes" and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other Court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out terms the grounds of such a claim, has been g the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the cation of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Q be liable for a claim for a prize arising under th test after the expiration of one month from th of the publication of the prize-list, unless the c then the subject of a pending action.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" No. 33

"QUOTES" No. 33

(ALL ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED)

CLOSING DATE

(both Local & Final)

5 p.m., Friday,

October 9.

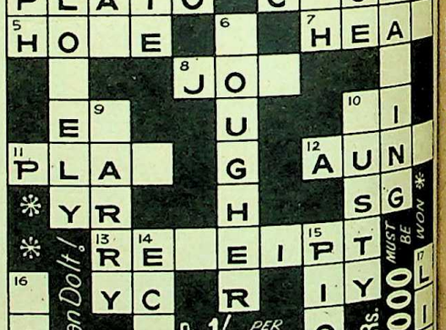
In entering this Contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Re. 1|- ENTRY No. ----------

Enclosed Money Order Receipt or Postal Orders or "Q" Cash Receipts. } Nos. ----------

FULL NAME in Ink and Block Letters. } Mr. / Mrs. ---------- / Miss

ADDRESS ----------



CUT HERE ---------- CUT HERE

Murder

catching the hysterical infection, They didn't stop till they came to board: BEWARE OF CROCS.

"Oh," Rhoda bubbled. "Croc lose some, Rex. I haven't a good

They went ashore on a little joy their coffee and sandwiches stretched out on the grass besid pletely relaxed, completely at e head resting on her clasped han into her eyes and at the attractive figure.

"Rhoda," he asked suddenly of a man would you like to marr free?"

She looked up at him and sm man, Rex," she said. "A man could be very, very happy."

* * *

REX had not been to a bowlers' fore, but he had heard of ther mostly quite memorable occasi one was doubly so from becom "Harry's Last".

At one end of the room, stra aled as regards the bar, Harry C a convulsed court of roaring ma drawing liberally on his fund Men Only". Sure, some of the h relay a few of them to their wi vided they could remember then real peaches could only be told b

But even this entertainmer pride of place to the animals wh to walk across the screen, for besides having the patience and sary for this type of photogra expert in the use of his camera excited chatter was punctuated of "Oh, well bowled!" when so fine shot was screened; but th long-drawn-out Oh's of admira big black-maned lion stepped r of the grass, gave the girls in superior look-over, then move of a female of his own species

"Tash the one I vant!" s thickly to Rex. "If I gesh thas it f-f-f-f..."

"Fat?" Rex suggested.

"Yesh," said Cartwright. "

"Be careful you don't pr you'll go broke," Talbot warne

"Broke?" said Cartwright

So he, too, was one of the in the First Category. What a seemed to about just now! E wright needn't bother about ques. He just wouldn't be able

Rex Tremayne knew very big lion was to be found. He c Harry Cartwright straight to had been anchored with bai for the film strips of Rex T were bringing in quite a tidy more than any fat cheque Ha for him. He knew, too, where tographable lion within a wic be found, and took Rhoda to he searched secretly and sedu ess with young cubs. As Harr tried to do unto this woman, s unto him: but he would not ing what was coming to hi

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Then it was time to let A suitable quarry had been chored for him. It had been by Rhoda, who declared it to His Majesty. She and R

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Murder In The Veldt

(Continued From Page 31)

catching the hysterical infection, laughed too. They didn't stop till they came to a huge signboard: BEWARE OF CROCS.

"Oh," Rhoda bubbled. "Crocs. I hope we see some, Rex. I haven't a good picture yet."

They went ashore on a little island to enjoy their coffee and sandwiches. As she lay stretched out on the grass beside him, completely relaxed, completely at ease, chestnut head resting on her clasped hands, he looked into her eyes and at the attractive shape of her figure.

"Rhoda," he asked suddenly, "what kind of a man would you like to marry if you were free?"

She looked up at him and smiled. "A nice man, Rex," she said. "A man with whom I could be very, very happy."

* * *

REX had not been to a bowlers' sundowner before, but he had heard of them, for they are mostly quite memorable occasions, and this one was doubly so from becoming known as "Harry's Last".

At one end of the room, strategically situated as regards the bar, Harry Cartwright held a convulsed court of roaring males, for he was drawing liberally on his fund of "Tales for Men Only". Sure, some of the husbands might relay a few of them to their wives later, provided they could remember them then, but the real peaches could only be told by man to man.

But even this entertainment had to give pride of place to the animals when they began to walk across the screen, for Rex Tremayne, besides having the patience and daring necessary for this type of photography, was very expert in the use of his camera. The subdued, excited chatter was punctuated by many cries of "Oh, well bowled!" when some particularly fine shot was screened; but there were only long-drawn-out Oh's of admiration when the big black-maned lion stepped majestically out of the grass, gave the girls in the audience a superior look-over, then moved on in search of a female of his own species.

"Tash the one I vant!" said Cartwright thickly to Rex. "If I gesh thash one I'll make it f-f-f-f..."

"Fat?" Rex suggested.

"Yesh," said Cartwright. "Very fash."

"Be careful you don't promise so much you'll go broke," Talbot warned.

"Broke?" said Cartwright. "Me? Naw!"

So he, too, was one of the Favoured Few in the First Category. What a number of them seemed to about just now! But Harry Cartwright needn't bother about writing fat cheques. He just wouldn't be able to!

Rex Tremayne knew very well where the big lion was to be found. He could have taken Harry Cartwright straight to it. But that one had been anchored with baits and reserved for the film strips of Rex Tremayne, which were bringing in quite a tidy sum, collectively more than any fat cheque Harry could write for him. He knew, too, where every other photographable lion within a wide radius was to be found, and took Rhoda to them, the while he searched secretly and sedulously for a lioness with young cubs. As Harry Cartwright had tried to do unto this woman, so should be done unto him: but he would not succeed in escaping what was coming to him!

Three lovely, exciting days they had together—days during which Cartwright, in camp, finished three bottles of whisky and started on the fourth; days during which Rhoda walked fearlessly up to the wild creatures to photograph them in their natural habitat, while Rex, rifle in hand in case of emergencies, went quietly along with her. But there were no emergencies, not even when she faced a protesting rogue elephant with a broken tusk.

Then it was time to let Harry have a go. A suitable quarry had been located and anchored for him. It had been well photographed by Rhoda, who declared it to be second only to His Majesty. She and Rex would go out very early in the morning to locate it exactly, then Rex would return with her to camp and take Harry out.

The morning of Harry Cartwright's death dawned as clear as any of the mornings that had preceded it, as clear as many of the mornings that would follow it. Rhoda hadn't a clue as to what Rex had really been searching for.

Now the stage was set to his satisfaction; but a few minutes before he and Rhoda set out, the completely unexpected happened. A bedraggled young police officer, with an equally bedraggled African constable in tow, arrived at the camp. The evening previous they had been chased by a rogue elephant with a broken tusk. Their motor bike had been smashed. They had had to run for their lives and spend the night in trees to escape the lions. They were very lucky to be alive. Nobody seemed to have heard the S.O.S. revolver shots they had fired.

Yes, the policemen would be very grateful for a wash and something to eat. Rex gave orders cheerfully enough for them to be fed and looked after, but he was anything but cheerful as he drove off with Rhoda. Acidly he recalled what he had said to Talbot about not taking Mr. Someone-Else to the police station and cutting his throat there.

* * *

NOW this policeman had virtually transformed his camp into a police station! Garrulous Harry Cartwright, who had already, even at this early hour, stoked up a bit to "steady his hand", would tell him all about the impending hunt, for which he was agog. Goodfellow Harry Cartwright would assuredly invite him to come along and watch the fun. The odds were that the policemen would accept. To postpone the shoot was hardly possible. First, the policemen might smell a rat. Secondly, Harry would create a big scene.

Now he'd have to take him direct to the lion. Now he'd have to shoot it if Harry muffed his shot, which was more than likely. Now he'd have to hand back that letter of credit to Bob Talbot.

"Oh, dammit!" he exploded.

"Damn what?" said Rhoda sweetly.

"Nothing!" he replied sulkily.

"It isn't really worth damning nothing, is it?" she said. "Are you worried that the officer might tell Harry that it was really you and not him that shot the lion?"

"Yes," lied Rex, grasping at the straw; at the respite to think.

"Then you'll have to tip the man off," said Rhoda. "Or, better still, I'll tip him off while Harry and you are stalking the lion. Then you'll get your fat cheque."

"Fat cheque?" he said absently. "What the ...oh yes, of course, the fat cheque. But you won't be on the hunt."

"Rex!" There was sharpness in her voice. "What's on your mind? You must tell me."

"Oh, shhhhh..." (Shut up, I want to think! his distracted mind had prompted him to say. Fortunately he had been able to prolong it into just shhhhh... But who can shhh a woman wound up with curiosity?)

"What's it?" she asked, tensely.

Oh, confound it! he swore to himself. How could he tell her that he never had intended taking Harry anywhere near that lion? That he had intended to take him somewhere else. That he would have said afterwards that the presence of the lioness had been completely unsuspected.

He answered her question. "I thought I heard..."

"What?" she asked breathlessly. "There ...was it that?"

Rex slammed both feet down hard on the brake and clutch, stopping the truck violently. They heard it more distinctly now—the distant screaming of an enraged elephant.

Her face went ashen. Her eyes dilated. "It's that rogue," she said. "It's attacking the camp."

Rex swung the car round and headed for the camp. They heard a shot. More screams.

"Don't leave my side," he said grimly.

The truck crashed forward, taking bushes and small trees in its strides. There wasn't time to zig-zag along carefully. Rhoda undid the cover of the camera case, which hung by a strap around her neck.

The tall mast of the drill came in sight, then two of the drill boys running for dear life. One of them was wearing a bright red shirt. Behind that one, trunk up, mouth open, the very incarnation of fury on murder bent, came a bull elephant, but it wasn't the rogue.

* * *

REX stopped the truck in the open, beeped loudly to attract the boy's attention, and, rifle in hand, jumped out. "Take it through the grass," he said to Rhoda. "Try and get the African in." He signalled to the boy to run by, then fired twice. The elephant staggered, swung towards him, came on. Its rage must have been audible for many miles around.

Rex fired again. The elephant, towering above him, slumped down onto its knees, its tusks and head crashing into the front of the truck, thrusting it back violently.

Then, and not till then, did the whirring camera come down. Rhoda smiled at Rex. "Good shooting," she said. "How's the truck?"

"Radiator stove in," said Rex. "Engine probably dislocated. Could have been worse."

She stepped out, took a quick shot of the elephant in its death throes, the truck, the red-shirted African as he approached them, sobbing for breath. The incident hadn't unnerved her. Greystone get her? thought Rex. My foot!

"Will you stay here while I go to the camp?" he asked. "There may be something happening."

"I'll come along with you," she said. "I may be needed."

Harry Cartwright was dead. He had a big hole in his chest, his head and features had been battered out of shape. The police officer had a broken arm and severe bruises. He had been hurled violently aside as the elephant set off after the red-shirted African, who had had the temerity to throw a spear at it. The African constable, who had grabbed Harry's rifle and tried to stop the beast—the shot Rhoda and Rex had heard—had escaped unscathed. Already the boss boy of the drill had started on his bicycle for the Native Commissioner's station, some forty miles away.

Three elephants had been walking quietly by the camp, and Harry, already the worse for whisky, had attacked them, wounding the big tusker. That was the end of Harry Cartwright.

Back in Ft. Victoria, Rex laid the Letter of Credit on Bob Talbot's table. "I didn't earn this after all," he said.

"Oh, but you did!" Bob Talbot piped. "My dear Mr. Tremayne, my...er...client and I consider that you did earn it. If you hadn't taken that...er...most unfortunate, shall we say, gentleman out to your camp, the...the *status quo* would not have been upset. Besides, Mr....er...Someone considers that the business was most admirably concluded. He has asked me to convey to you his heartiest congratulations. Tell me," he added, "how did you induce the elephant to come to your camp when you had such an admirable witness present?"

"Mesmerised it," said Rex.

Bob Talbot chuckled gleefully and rubbed his expressive, grasping hands together. "My dear Mr. Tremayne," he cooed, "you will have your little joke! Your little joke! But what would life be without its little jokes! My client is well pleased, too. He will be getting more than £400,000 worth of immovable property alone with his new bride."

"My foot, he will!" said Rex. "All he'll be getting is a heck of a big sell!"

He picked up his Letter of Credit, waved cheerio to Bob, and set out jauntily on the start of his honeymoon.

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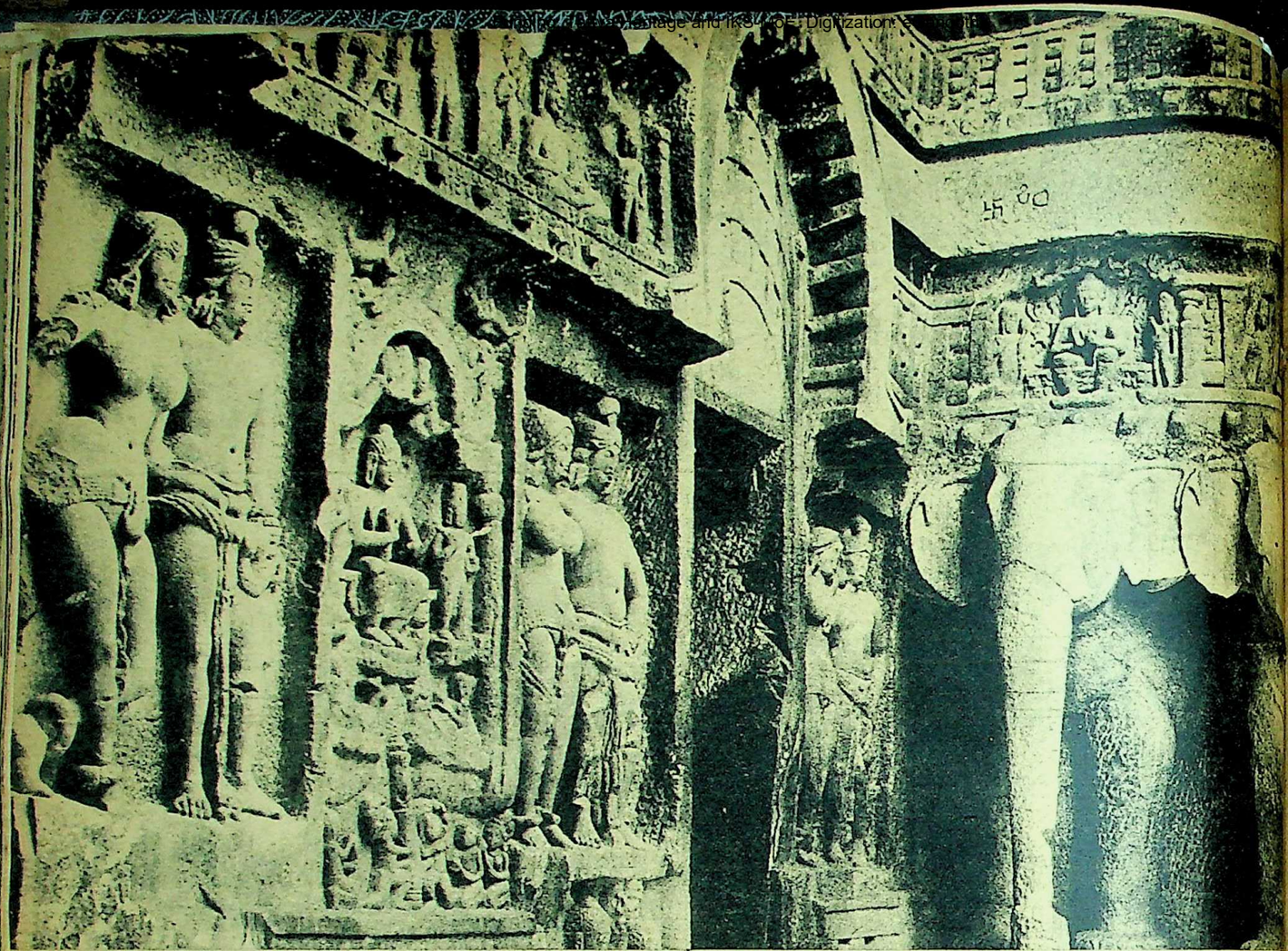


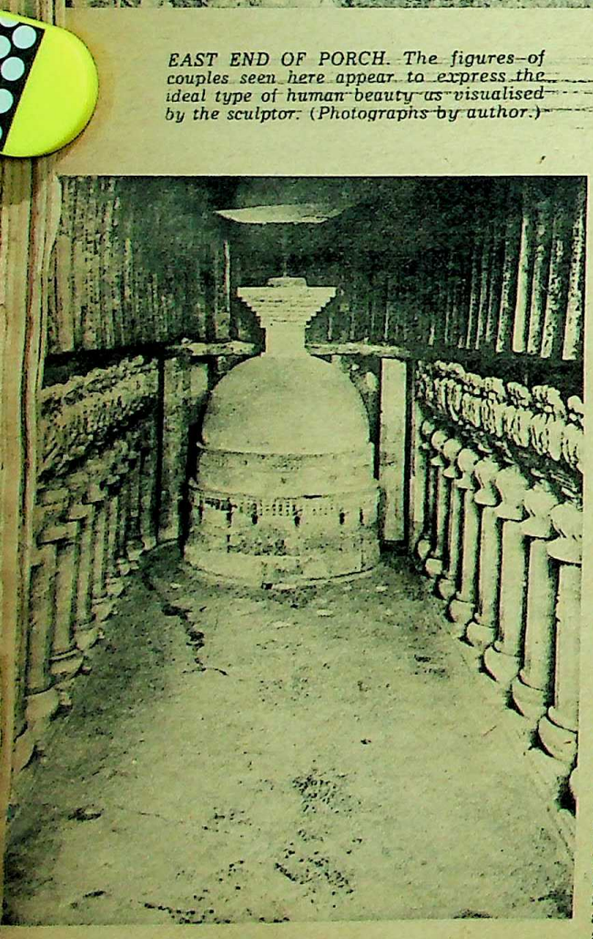
EAST END OF PORCH. The figures of couples seen here appear to express the ideal type of human beauty as visualised by the sculptor. (Photographs by author.)

CAVE-SHRINES OF MAHARASHTRA—III (Final)

KARLA

by WILLIAM WILLETTS

"This rock mansion, the most excellent in Jambudwipa..."



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAITYA

SITUATED on the north wall of the Indrayani valley directly opposite Bhaja, Karla is most easily reached from Lonavla. For those without private motor transport a local bus service operates between Lonavla and the base of the Karla hill, at which point palanquins await those who do not feel up to making the 400-foot climb to the level of the caves. Once again the view from the terrace, spanning the horizon from south-east to north-west, is superb; due south is the Bhaja hillock, with Shivaji's twin forts towering 1,500 feet above. Here, as everywhere throughout the valley, the land is broken into irregular cloissons of paddy-fields, beige-coloured when dry, dark chocolate where soaked with rain. Brilliant patches of scarlet silk-cotton trees, dark green of mangoes, and the clear blue waters of a tank, break into the brown colour harmonies.

Karla is to Bhaja and Bedsa what Chartres is to, say, Laon or Senlis among the early Gothic cathedrals of France. It is at once the largest and most accomplished chaitya cave in India and an outstanding monument of world art. Comparison to a Christian church is not altogether inapt. Like all chaitya caves, it resembles in plan and general form a Romanesque basilica; as Fergusson pointed out, it has almost exactly the dimensions of the choir at Norwich (124' long, 45' 5" wide, 46' high); while its sun-window and elaborately carved facade screen bring us back in fancy to the west front at Chartres, with its enormous rose-window above and the massed images of angels and saints lining the three portals below.

A column of light—but never direct sunlight—pours from the sun-window, irradiating the interior. The light falls softly on the rounded form of the stupa, more dramatically on the sharp octagonal pillars of the colonnade, and on the long double line of mithunas seated on elephants above the capitals. Like a gallery of theatre-goers transformed into stone, the couples look down on an auditorium long since silent and deserted of any living thing except bats. Their aspects are worldly, their expressions cheerful and festive. Nude to the waist they sit in comradely embrace, the man usually with his arm over his companion's shoulder; but sometimes it is two women who do thus. Immediately above them rise the springings of 31 huge teak ribs that sweep from side to side to form a dummy vault, or, with longitudinal purlins of which most have disappeared, a coffered ceiling to the true stone vault above. As at Bhaja, this coffering is coeval with the cave, nineteen hundred or more years old. It was the architect James Fergusson who first realised this. "Accustomed as I had long been to the rapid destruction of everything wooden in India," he relates, "I was half inclined to get angry when the idea first suggested itself to me; but a calmer survey of the matter convinced me that it is (original)... if we allow that it has existed 800 or 1000 years, which it certainly has, there is not much greater improbability in its having existed near 2000 years, as I believe to be the case. As far as I could ascertain the wood is teak."

It may not be out of place at this point to pay a brief tribute to the memory of Ja

Fergusson. For ten years of his li
the length and breadth of India,
lock cart or on foot, diligently
most every major historic monu
tory of Indian and Eastern Archi
is still a standard work of refe
s *The Cave Temples of India*
bears Burgess' name as well a
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says: "We are living so completel
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matched elsewhere."

THE THREE PLAN

From the terrace in front o
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The porch itself is on a
being 52 feet wide, 15 feet deep
feet high. Its back wall, the faca
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will immediately attract the ey
and hold him, I think, long af

Fergusson. For ten years of his life he travelled the length and breadth of India, mainly by bullock cart or on foot, diligently surveying almost every major historic monument. His *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture* (1875) is still a standard work of reference, and so is *The Cave Temples of India* (1880), which bears Burgess' name as well as his, but for which he held himself largely responsible. His judgments were uncannily sound, his appreciation keen, and his approach—considering the age he lived in—creditably free from insular bias. Speaking of the Indian achievement he says: "We are living so completely in the midst of modern Europe, that we cannot get outside it to contemplate it as a whole. But India is a cosmos in itself... every art has its living representative... and many on a scale not easily matched elsewhere."

THE THREE PLANES

From the terrace in front of the cave, the three sculptured planes into which it is managed are readily discriminated. First is the lion pillar on the left side. The remains of that on the right are presumably somewhere among the foundations of the painfully intrusive temple of Ekvira, erected in 1866. Second is the front wall of the porch, in the form of a monumental stone screen. Below, this originally consisted of two octagonal pillars, that on the left side alone now remaining, and two pilasters attached to the end walls; above, the wall has a plain vertical face in which are sockets for wooden beams that presumably supported a musicians' gallery, while a sort of clerestory at the top, divided by four pillars, allowed diffused light to pass through to the sun-window behind. Cut into the third sculptured plane, the sun-window is the most imposing single design element of the cave, occupying the greater part of the height of the facade. Its massive sill is several feet deep, and more than twenty feet across. Its arch is filled with three great arcs of teak, like centering, connected together by means of radial struts. All these timbers, too, must be presumed original; their forms are reproduced again and again in the miniature sun-windows that decorate the upper parts of the facade and the end walls of the porch.

The porch itself is on a majestic scale, being 52 feet wide, 15 feet deep, and some 60 feet high. Its back wall, the facade screen, contains a central door giving access to the nave and two side doors leading into the aisles. What will immediately attract the eye of the visitor and hold him, I think, long after he has admired the interior of the cave, are the imposing more-than-life-size couples that flank these three openings on either side, six in all. Of two of them Douglas Barrett remarks: "It is no exaggeration to say that the mastercraftsman who carved the two panels F and H may be numbered among the world's greatest sculptors." I entirely agree. The exhilaration one feels standing before these smiling people of a race of Titans arises not only from the vision of an ideal type of human beauty, and of the conjugal tenderness that holds them together, man and woman; it comes also from the realisation that a completely satisfying plastic formula is here attained, transcending time and place. The facial features of these personages show much variation, amounting sometimes to what seems to be a difference in race, and it has often been claimed that they are portraits of donors. I hardly think this can be so; the facial variations referred to give an impression of different human *types*, rather than of individuals one would recognise if one saw them in the street. The inscriptions describe them as mithunas, couples, simply. Iconographically their ancestors are the yaksa and yaksi riders of Bedsa; in this context we may perhaps see them as representing model members of the lay community, upasakas—perhaps those who, having dutifully observed their vows, have entered into the path leading to Nirvana and are already glowing with the paradisial bliss. Various parts of the facade screen are carved with Mahayana Buddhist images of the 7th century A.D., but since these are in my opinion thoroughly inferior, serving only to distract one's attention from the mithuna figures, I shall not discuss them here.

The lower section of the porch is completed by the foreparts of three life-size elephants on each of the end walls, and by two mithunas in the corners of the inner face of the front wall. Above the elephants are four more mithunas, all superbly rendered, while within the great outward curls of the sun-window moulding, on either side, are yet other mithunas, beautifully designed to fit the somewhat inconvenient space, the female bending over as if in adoration towards the central space, or as if in playful amorous flight from the male, whose arm continually seeks her breast.

The date of the Karla chaitya, as an editorial note in *Lalit Kala* to which I have already referred shows with some finality, is c. 50-100 A.D. This conclusion is based on an appraisal of the cave as an organic whole—its structural characteristics, the style and iconography of the sculptures, and the style and content of the numerous inscriptions; inevitably, this *corpus inscriptionem* provides the main key to the problem. In my first article I mentioned the pillar bearing inscriptions naming a donor from Sopara and the relic which he gave to be deposited in the little cavity with carved lotus border cut in the shaft. Many other votive writings name as donors people from a place called Dhenukakata, which remains unidentified, but which was no doubt a wealthy town not far from the caves. At Dhenukakata, as the inscriptions attest, lived many of those Western merchants called Yavanas who were then among Buddhism's most ardent patrons. On the west end of the porch is cut the proud legend from which I have quoted at the beginning: "This rock mansion, the most excellent in Jambudwipa (India) has been completed by the banker Bhutapala from Vaijayanti"; and Mr. Barrett, from whom I am quoting, comments that Vaijayanti is the modern Banavasi in North Kanara, at that time a branch capital of the Imperial Satavahanas. The inscription cut on the shaft of the lion pillar outside is of obvious interest, for it tells us that the pillar was donated by a Maharathi, and the Maharathis were feudal chiefs connected by marriage with the royal family, and were also the ancestors of the Marathas.

But unquestionably the crucial inscription for purposes of dating is that recording the gift of a village by Nahapana's viceroy and son-in-law, Ushavadata: "There has been given the village of (Kara)jika for the support of the ascetics living in the caves at Valuraka (Karla) without any distinction of sect or origin for all who would keep the rainy season (there)." It is quite certain that the chaitya was already finished when this inscription was cut. For reasons into which we cannot go here, the probable period of Nahapana's reign was c. 60-105 A.D. Now all of Ushavadata's inscriptions at Nasik are dated between the years 41 and 45 of Nahapana's reign, and it may safely be assumed that the present inscription also belongs to that period. Accordingly we may say that the chaitya was completed by about 100 A.D. In estimating the date when work on the cave began, we may bear in mind that the very much smaller and less elaborate vihara, Cave 3 at Nasik, took twenty years in the making, before being dedicated by Queen Balasiri about 130 A.D. At that rate Karla certainly took fifty, and possibly sixty, years to cut; and so we reach the dates c. 50-100 A.D. as covering the whole period of its construction. Probably it was begun under the Satavahanas, but had not long been under their patronage when they suffered their decisive defeat by Nahapana at the heads of the passes.

AN AMOROUS COUPLE on the right of the sun window.

SCULPTURE ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE NAVE

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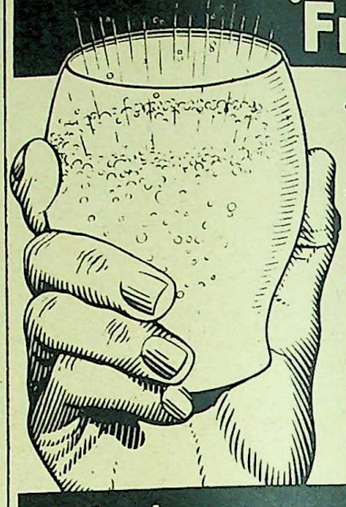

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SITUATED at 12,729 feet is one of the most impo for Hindus. Hundreds of ous way to this lonely sp "Raksha Bandhan Purnim August. It is also a great a all over the country who vi

Amarnath lies 87 miles a good motorable road for 5 The remaining 28 miles m horseback or on foot. Chan camp. The road up to Ch Liddar river. The place is e and is the site of a perm which the Liddar flows in

From Chandanwadi or more difficult. There is a miles, called the "Pissugha path on a very steep moun rises from 9,000 to 11,000 originally known as the "P relates that the Devas and Amarnath, had a quarrel first to pay homage to the L were having the worst of Lord for help. In answer

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A MAGNIFICENT VIEW of the snow-covered mountains greets the pilgrims on the last lap of the journey to Amarnath. Below: Inside the cave is the sacred Shivalinga of ice which increases and decreases in size with the waxing and waning moon. At its maximum height on Raksha Bandhan Purnima, it attracts thousands of devotees. (Photographs by author and A. K. Jauhar.)

The Call Of Amarnath

SITUATED at 12,729 feet above sea level, Amarnath is one of the most important centres of pilgrimage for Hindus. Hundreds of pilgrims make their arduous way to this lonely spot each year during the "Raksha Bandhan Purnima", which falls in July-August. It is also a great attraction for tourists from all over the country who visit Kashmir.

Amarnath lies 87 miles east of Srinagar. There is a good motorable road for 59 miles, as far as Pahalgam. The remaining 28 miles must be traversed either on horseback or on foot. Chandanwadi is usually the first camp. The road up to Chandanwadi runs along the Liddar river. The place is eight miles from Pahalgam, and is the site of a permanent snow bridge, under which the Liddar flows in a torrent.

From Chandanwadi onwards, the road becomes more difficult. There is a steep climb of about two miles, called the "Pissughatti". It is a kind of goat-path on a very steep mountain side. The climb here rises from 9,000 to 11,000 feet. The Pissughatti was originally known as the "Poushkya Parvat". A legend relates that the Devas and Asuras, on their way to Amarnath, had a quarrel here as to who should go first to pay homage to the Lord Shiva. The Devas, who were having the worst of the battle, prayed to the Lord for help. In answer to their call, he came and

(*Please Turn Over*)

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

THE SHESHNAG MOUNTAIN, with the lake of the same name in the foreground.

Amarnath

(Continued)

destroyed the Asuras. It is said that the huge rocks and boulders lying scattered about on the slopes here are the bodies of the dead Asuras. Hindus believe that their sins will be destroyed in like manner when they climb this mountain on their way to the cave.

At the top of the Pissughatti is Zojpal, a beautiful meadow about one mile square, whence one obtains a sweeping view of the whole valley below. Pahalgam, with its hundreds of tourists' tents, can be seen in the distance. The Liddar looks like a silver line from this great height.

Seven miles from Chandanwadi is Sheshnag, a beautiful lake 11,730 feet above sea level, surrounded by snow-capped hills. The colour of its waters is emerald blue. This is the source of the Liddar river and is held sacred by the Hindus. It is said that once Lord Shiva had given the boon of immunity from destruction at his hands to a demon who lived here. The demon terrorised the Devas in the form of a whirlwind, till in distress they prayed to the Lord for help. He advised them to go to Vishnu, and when they went to the banks of the lake and sang his glory, Vishnu arose from the waters riding the crest of the thousand-headed serpent, Sheshnag. Hearing the account of their distress, he ordered Sheshnag to destroy the demon. Since then the lake and the mountain rising above it in serpent's form have been known by their present name. It is considered auspicious to bathe here before continuing one's journey to Amarnath.

After Sheshnag, the road becomes even more difficult. There is a formidable climb up to 14,700 feet above sea level over the Mahagunas Pass. The scenery here is magnificent. The mountains form an unbroken expanse of snow and ice, with no tree visible for miles around.

From the Mahagunas Pass there is a descent of about five miles to the Panchtarni, or five streams. A legend would have it that once Lord Shiva was dancing the Tandava Nritya, or Cosmic Dance of Destruction, here and became so filled with ecstasy that his locks were undone and five streams of the Holy Ganga fell to the ground. These five are known as the "Panchtarni". They meet and flow on as the Ramganga, which later joins the river Sindhu. Pilgrims usually bathe in these holy streams.

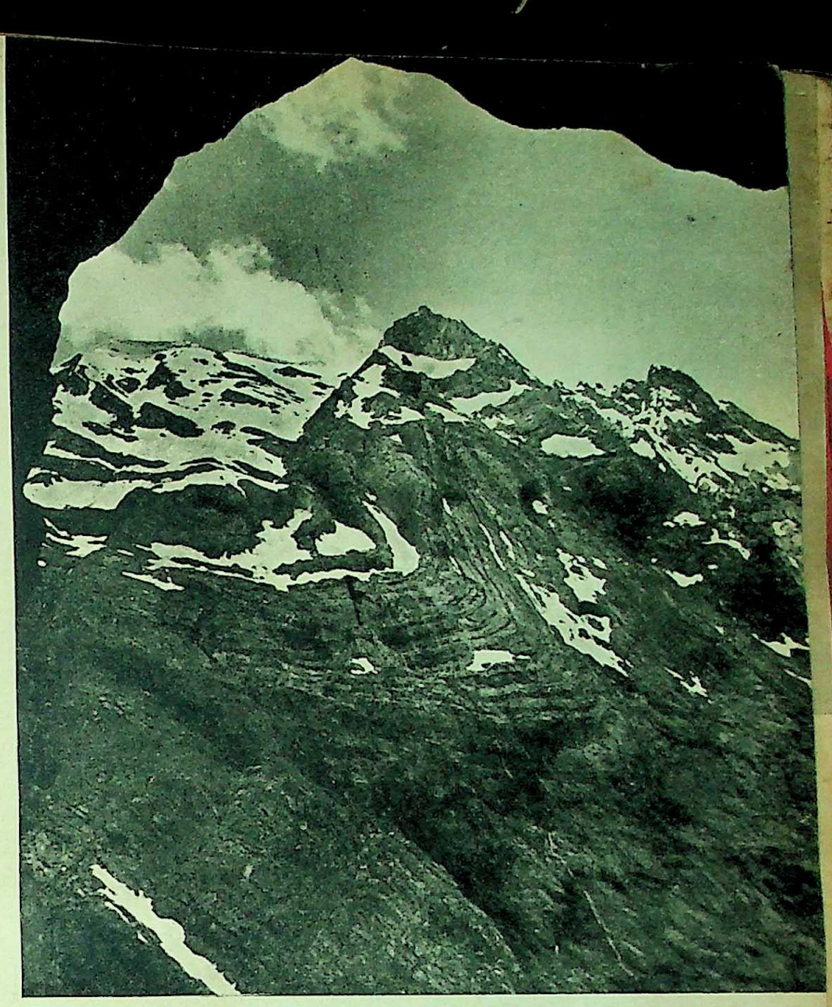
From Panchtarni there is a climb of about three miles, by a narrow and precipitous track. A false step here could

mean a fall of 2,000 feet. The road tu sharply to the right and descends for ab a mile. Then suddenly, in the far distan there comes in sight the cave in wh Shiva is said to have related the *Am katha* to Parvati, taking six months complete it.

The Amarnath mountain rises to 18 ft. above sea level. From its left fla flows the Amarganga, in which pilgri bathe and perform religious rites. Th smear themselves with its mud before e tering the cave.

The cave lies on the mountain's ri flank. Its mouth, some 70 ft. in height is

almost the same breadth, while about 80 feet. It is held highly to visit this cave on Raksh Purnima, when a pair of rock- ing within it are seen to con circle the mountain. These pi said, were the followers of the They had the misfortune to in his meditation. So the Lor turned them into their present which they have continued t him in the cave for centuries. are known to stay here the year. How they get their winter, when not a blade of g



PANCHTARNI, the meeting point of the five small streams which form the Ramganga. Right: A glimpse of the neighbouring peaks from within the cave.

almost the same breadth, while its depth is about 80 feet. It is held highly auspicious to visit this cave on Raksha Bandhan Purnima, when a pair of rock-pigeons living within it are seen to come out and circle the mountain. These pigeons, it is said, were the followers of the Lord Shiva. They had the misfortune to disturb him in his meditation. So the Lord, in anger, turned them into their present form, under which they have continued to live with him in the cave for centuries. The birds are known to stay here throughout the year. How they get their food in the winter, when not a blade of grass can be seen in the snow, is inexplicable, but they have been seen by pilgrims for scores of years. Whether they are the same pigeons or are replaced mysteriously by others when they die is not known.

A last steep ascent brings one into the presence. A feeling of profound peace and serenity descends upon one. For, directly in front, within the opening, there rises the five-foot formation of solid ice which represents the Lord Shiva. To the left, a small mass of ice represents Parvati, while to the right is another representing Ganesha. These formations increase in size as the moon waxes and decrease as it wanes. They attain their maximum height on Raksha Bandhan Purnima, when hundreds of devotees pour in to offer worship.

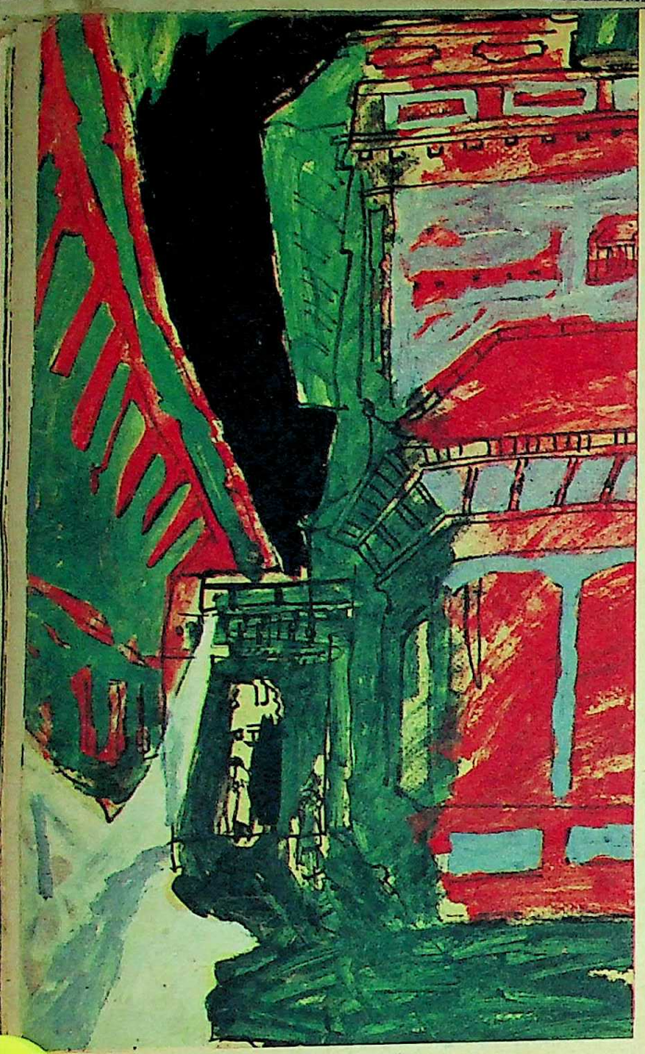
TARA JAUHAR

A NATURAL SNOW BRIDGE on the route, spanning the Liddar. Left: The Amarnath Cave, the goal of the trek, measures about 70 ft. in height and 80 ft. in depth.

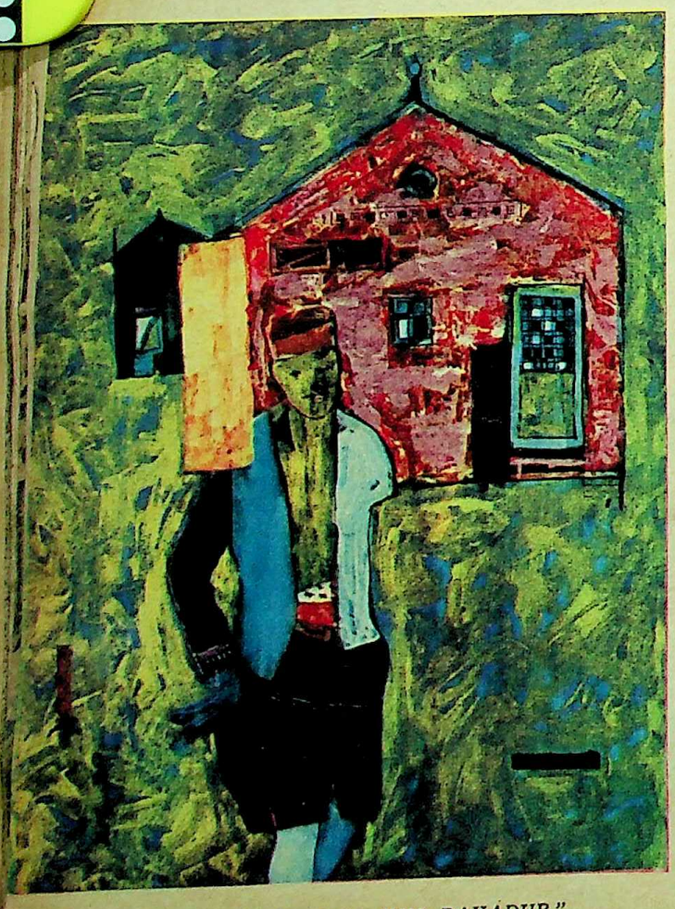
The Art Of Mansaram

AN EXTREMELY rewarding show was recently seen at Bombay's Jehangir Art Gallery, and a selection from the exhibits is reproduced here. Mansaram is one of Bombay's least known and most gifted artists. He was first heard of early this year when he won the coveted first prize at the Fourth Bombay State Art Exhibition held in Poona; the news, for good reasons, caused a stir in the smug art circles.

Mansaram's work is aesthetically satisfying that it is easy to overrate his importance and thus retard his progress. Nothing can be more harmful to a promising artist than over-indulgent, undeserved praise. Mansaram's paintings, especially, are technical exercises based



MANGALBAZAR HOUSES (PATAN), NEPAL.



"WE CALL HIM BAHADUR."

"IT GOES ON FOR EVER."

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LANDSCAPE FROM KIRTIPUR (NEPAL).

...riction and craftsmanship. His influen-
...s apparently are Parisian. But these are
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...outgrow them sooner or later. Thus one
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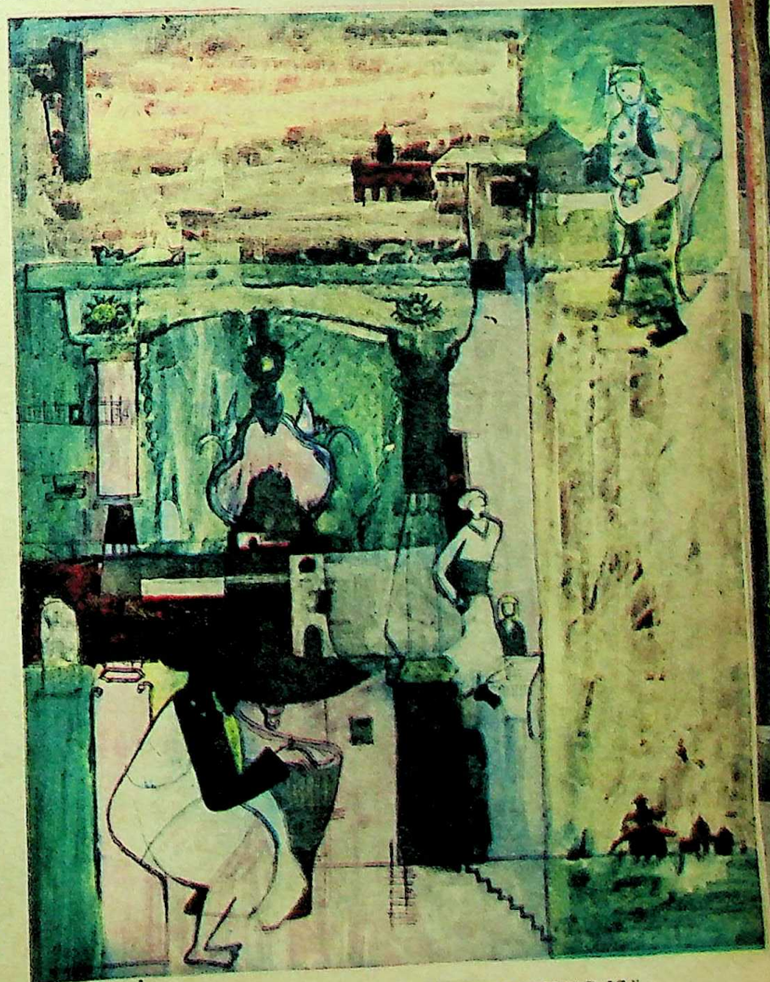
...scovers how little Mansaram owes to
...ese masters. He rejoices in the use of
...lour and his line has grace and fluency.
... for subject-matter, he does not reject
...altogether. But in his composition it oc-
...pies only a secondary place. His pre-
...cupation primarily is with the plastic as-
...cts of a composition. How he can express
...mself, not a particular subject, through
...e medium of line and colour is his basic
...oblem.

It is too early to say in what direction
...ansaram will move in order to realise
...s vision. But it is certain that he has no
...e for the beaten track. While sympathis-
...g with Mansaram's inevitable pursuit of
...e novel, one would do well to strike a
...te of caution. Today modernity in nine
...ases out of ten has no meaning, and in its
...mediate Indian context it is worse than
...eaningless. Our younger artists includ-
...g Mansaram do not seem to realise that
...ey have a most difficult, almost hopeless
...sk ahead, if they decide to become
...odern.

Modernity is not achieved by a blind adherence to cliches discarded in the West over forty years ago; it lies in the discovery of something not merely novel, but vital and integral to the artist's own heritage. So what they should seek is, not a facile manipulation of mannerisms, but intensive exploration, which may be conscious or may not be. Having received a sound grounding in their craft, they should develop an attitude of mind that will enable them to distinguish between the false and the genuine, whether old or new. Phoney modernism is almost as bad as phoney academicism. A positive, sensitive artist such as Mansaram, can, it is to be hoped, avoid both.

A. S. R.



"CALM WHERE EVERYTHING IS."

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Nervous Exhaustion: ITS NATURE AND TREATMENT

FORMERLY used to indicate any general nervous disorder, neurasthenia is a term now not very much in vogue, for since the findings of Dr. Sigmund Freud it is possible to distinguish between different forms of nervous disorder or neurosis. However, we still speak of neurasthenia which is another name for nervous exhaustion, a condition in which essential nervous energy is lacking either in chronic or acute form. This state is characterised by continuous fatigue, coupled with irritability and headache. A person suffering from neurasthenia has rapidly varying moods and becomes obsessed with the thought that he is suffering from a dreadful disease. This, together with a variety of other symptoms, makes it difficult for the patient to understand himself or be understood by others. He feels so frustrated, exhausted and distressed that he would rather endure some physical pain than tolerate his nervous trouble. Others would probably discount his state of mind by describing it as a pretence. Often even a doctor cannot diagnose his trouble.

The patient finds his memory disturbed and becomes incapable of concentration. Rapid action of the heart (palpitation), shortness of breath, profuse perspiration and tremors, rise in blood pressure—these are the common symptoms in neurasthenia. He becomes moody and introspective, and tense and utterly bored. He is apt to suffer from digestive troubles of a variable and unpredictable nature, and his limbs are always weary and aching. His bladder may work overtime and he may also suffer from a feeling of suffocation. His mental anguish is acute and he sometimes feels that his brain is damaged or that he is likely to become insane.

DAMMED-UP EMOTION

Though neurasthenia is not a disease of the brain "it is a state of dammned-up emotion created by the repudiation and repression of some instinctual demand; a demand which either cannot find satisfaction at all, or finds only a meagre substitute expression that fails to satisfy. It is a condition of extreme tension in which the instinctive aim of the personality has to be repressed and kept from recognition because it conflicts with authority or with social taboos.

"But the dammed-up instinctive drive is very active and the resulting unconscious conflict drains the sufferer of both physical strength and mental concentration, leaving him fatigued and tremulous. His boredom does not mean that he is disinterested in everything. It signifies rather that the one thing that this instinctual nature demands is completely prohibited, and this demand is so clamant that all other desires retreat."

On account of lack of nervous energy the neurasthenic finds it difficult to adjust himself to the ordinary demands of adult social life and tends to relapse into behaviour that is almost childish. Infantile self-centredness and jealousies are carried on into adult life.

Nervous energy is neither all physical nor all mental. If it were merely physical, the patient would find it impossible to exhibit the amazing output of bodily energy that he is capable of at times; if it were only mental, the nervuos exhaustion would prevent him from working in a logical manner, although it does change to some extent his ability to concentrate on any particular train of thought. A neurasthenic finds concentration difficult, for his thinking is side-tracked to the subject of self and its problems.

---

by Dr. DHIRENDRA D. MEHTA

This loss of nervous energy can in a sense be compared to a run-down battery. However it is not a good analogy, for a run-down battery can give only a feeble spark, but a person suffering from nervous exhaustion is often capable of doing amazing things when the occasion demands. Nervous energy is always described as something the presence of which gives zest and enthusiasm for living and the lack of which causes a state of mind in which all the savour has gone out of life. In such a state all confidence and hope disappear yielding place to fear, and even our daily tasks appear insurmountable and our future seems dark.

Indeed, when we talk of nervous exhaustion in neurasthenia we do not mean the exhaustion experienced by adventurous men leading expeditions. For example, mountaineers after great efforts feel a reaction necessitating rest, recuperation and complete freedom from responsibility for some time. However in their exhaustion there is no element of fear, but neurasthenia fear occupies a prominent place in the sufferer's personality.

We are deprived of our zest for living when we experience a series of personal losses, suffer grief or frustration or if we do not have faith in a philosophy which can impart us strength to cope with life's situations. The zest for life disappears generally when we attain middle age, with unfulfilled ambitions and with our enjoyments put out of reach as a result of the inexorable march of years. As long as a person is young and healthy he feels himself, and considers others, immune from serious illnesses or accidents. But as one advances in years the uncertainties and vicissitudes of life assume greater importance and one begins to think of sudden death, accident or disaster in personal terms. One then begins to reflect: "Since one might be the victim of death, accident or disaster, what is the use of living, when there is no certainty about anything?"

MARTYR COMPLEX

Such an attitude of mind brought about by experiences and ways of thinking which belong to childhood are largely unconscious and therefore the subject is unable to "argue" himself out of it.

Self-pity is always a dominant trait in a neurasthenic and with this he also develops a masochistic attitude—often is apt to make himself out as a martyr. Thus, a housewife suffering from neurasthenia will always complain of lack of energy, but at the same time she will find endless jobs to do in the home. She may be advised to conserve her energy by altering her routine but she cannot be persuaded to do so. Similarly, a business man suffering from nervous exhaustion, will invariably complain of lack of energy but at the same time be reluctant to delegate authority to someone else even if he could very well do so to preserve his energy. A complete holiday, including a sea voyage, and a stay at a hill station or some other good health resort can be prescribed as the most suitable treatment for this type of patient.

Such a prescription fails in the case of acute neurasthenia. When a person who though always highly strung and apt to overdo things, has been hitherto making an adequate and satisfactory adjustment and response to life feels that he has

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been able to tackle a long spell of responsibility as it should be tackled—the responsibility may appear to others to have been successfully shouldered by him—he may suffer an attack of neurasthenia in an acute form. Such a condition can occasion a breakdown.

Quite often acute neurasthenia may come as a sequel to a long period of nursing a sick child, husband or mother, or any other friend or relation. Unless there is some unconscious conflict as well as some conscious anxiety and strain there cannot be any "breakdown" in the person who nurses, however devoted he might be to the other. These hidden conflicts have to be elucidated and explained by the psychotherapist and the patient has to be shown how it is possible to love and to hate at the same time and how the demanding child is clamant in the adult victim. This demand is for the fulfilment of some instinctive urge which he does not suspect himself of harbouring.

SENSE OF DANGER

Chronic neurasthenia is usually caused by a weakly childhood and by an over-careful mother. A person who has had such a childhood will have a very restricted physical development and mental outlook. Very early in life he would feel that he can neither range himself with others nor compete with them. Too many precautions taken about his articles of food give him a sense of danger in his daily life. He can never have an appetite for enjoyment and he is seldom made to realise the benefits accruing from free movements and the free activity of body and mind. Thus all action is made to seem risky and he is unable to proceed without precautions. He becomes incapable of taking any risks in a spirit of adventure, and so he loses the zest for life.

An individual who is trained in such a manner in his childhood by an over-careful mother will find himself ill-equipped to tolerate frustrations and disappointments later in life and will find chronic neurasthenia or nervous breakdown a convenient *alibi* throughout life.

What about the treatment and cure of neurasthenics? The physical symptoms may necessitate a complete medical check-up and investigation to eliminate any serious lesion. But once this has been carried out nothing should be left undone to strengthen the sufferer's faith in the verdict of the physician, so that he is spared the trouble of running from one doctor to another and of wasting his money on advertised drugs and medicines. Though tonics containing glycero-phosphates are useful in some cases, much more is necessary by way of psychotherapy. By the aid of special techniques, the psychotherapist can uncover the dammed-up emotion and bring it into the conscious mind, where now as a known and understood problem, it can be courageously faced and properly dealt with.

It is only when we come face to face with a difficulty that we can understand ourselves and take appropriate measures to solve it. We may find in our subconscious mind sadistic desires, unbridled anger or, maybe, tempests of sexuality. Whatever we may discover, it will be clear to us that some development of instinctual infant satisfaction has been crushed by the threats or punishments of those who hold moral authority over us. Once we have discovered this battleground of our warring emotions and hidden conflicts, we must then seek some intelligent and trusted counsellor and talk over our basic problems with him. We will discover that we have so indentified ourselves with our wrathful parents that we have been unnecessarily harsh on basically wholesome instinctive desires, and thus by facing our problem consciously in the light of day we may find a way to end this ceaseless battle of the mind.

FAITH IN ONESELF

Further it is most important for the victim of neurasthenia to build up faith in himself, and his past and present achievements should be brought to mind and applauded. In the case of a chronic type it can be helpful to revive memories of childhood so that the patient can see how his attitude to life and to himself has been conditioned by ideas implanted in childhood.

The neurasthenic, who feels as if he were dying of heart failure or that he is a victim of some undiagnosed disease, should not forget that he has felt like this before without his fears being actually proved right. In spite of all appearances to the contrary, a neurasthenic should be full of hope if he feels ill. It is the conflict of mind and emotion that occasions the feeling of organic illness. The salvation of many a neurasthenic has been found in the discovery of some legitimate interest which captured their imagination and at the same time unconsciously sublimated their drives.

Rest and consciously undertaken relaxation have also a place in the treatment of neurasthenia. Sometimes sleep becomes a problem to the patient—in fact he makes it a problem—and he is torn between his fear of becoming an addict to drugs and of the consequences of sleeplessness. Such a patient should get rid of the bogey of insomnia. He should know that nature is kind and will give him all the sleep he needs. As long as he is resting in bed he need not worry over the hours of sleep—whether he has slept seven or eight hours.

A neurasthenic may also be lacking in spiritual resources which are most valuable in illnesses of any kind. Religious faith may help in the acceptance of this world as a battlefield and the patient's excessive preoccupation with self, which makes life much more fearful, can be countered by putting before him the view that the service of others is the aim of human existence.

The patient should not feel troubled because everything bores him. He should strive to discover through self-analysis the hidden drive which belongs to the jungle life of babyhood or infancy. He should also be allowed to wool-gather for some time without any censorship and find out where his uncensored wishes take him. He should not hold back for considerations of respectability. Through organised self-analysis he should seek the real person he is inside. Then he will know what he really wants to do. If he finds that things are different he should seek the advice of a trusted friend or a psychotherapist on whom he can rely on moral grounds. Once he discovers his trouble, his dammed-up energies will find an outlet and his personality will become co-ordinated again.

LOVE FORBIDDEN

So we must now commune in silent speech
And stolen glances shot across the sea
Of prying eyes that keep a watch and screech
Censorious cries at what they think they see.
For not contented with their own poor lot
They wish to see the others as themselves—
Sad, lonely, loveless and without a jot
Of tenderness received or given. Ourselves
We must conform to laws and bans. No more
We'll to the woods, and sit beneath the tree
Where we first looked on life, and passion tore
The veil of self, revealing you and me.
But can the laws of man, the censor's spleen
Erase one syllable of what has been?

G. D. KHOSLA

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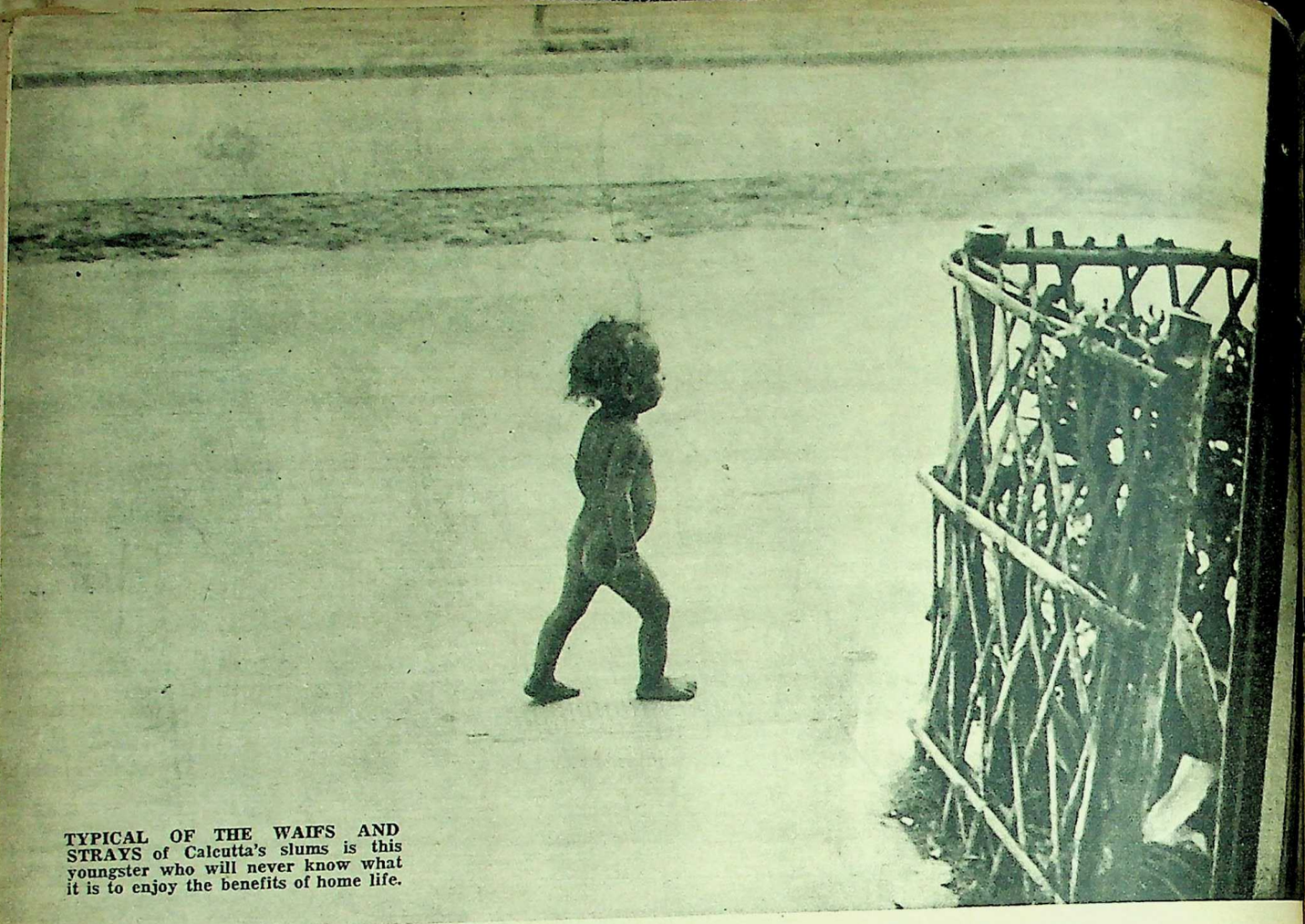

TYPICAL OF THE WAIFS AND STRAYS of Calcutta's slums is this youngster who will never know what it is to enjoy the benefits of home life.

"Rotten Seeds"

BEHIND the patchwork of noise and light in the streets lies the grey silhouette of a different world. Here, among the shapeless mass of tumbledown tenements, lives a slice of the city's population cradled in insurmountable poverty. No tragedy is too shocking, no disaster too bitter, in a situation in which accidents and crimes punctuate the days with unfailing regularity. An unemployed artisan hangs himself in his hut, an old beggar is found dead on a heap of tattered rags, an unmarried mother stifles the first cry of her child, a cupful of water causes an entire family to be wiped out by a fatal disease... Such calamities are only symptoms of a human condition whose basic feature is an incessant and gnawing poverty. No one is quite sure what tomorrow will bring, for a grey wall of hopelessness shuts out any thought of the future.

Calcutta abounds in these shanty settlements whose rows of mouldering shacks line the shadowy lanes of a *bustee*. During the rains, the lanes become one long gully of mud and filth. The slush here merges with the garbage from the open drains to form an enormous cesspool. On the hottest days, a little light filters through the square patch of a tenement window and the blazing heat seeps through the corrugated sheds to turn the hut into a smouldering inferno. The transition from lane to home is made without the pretence of a doorstep. Rain or shine, the locality is always crowded, swarming with the human overflow from one-room tenements. Children of all ages scramble, laugh and romp, old women sit dozing, and adolescents laze around. Rising tempers explode in violent brawls and life revolves round a handful of rice or a whiff of fresh air. Strangers keep away, for only the initiated can apprehend the real meaning behind a furtive whisper, a sly look, or the blank stare of a born criminal.

A great many of the urchins who kick up the dust with their skinny feet are the future ragpickers, vagabonds and pickpockets who eddy back and forth in this whirlpool of underworld life, paying occasional visits to the penitentiary. It could scarcely be otherwise. Nearly half of these children have only one parent living and many of them see their mothers sieve a livelihood from the mountains of refuse that overflow from the city's dustbins. And, even when a parent is engaged in some sort of a profession, there is hardly enough to go round. The question of morality is buried under a heap of adverse circumstances —hereditary and environmental; physical and psychological. A group of little boys who work out their aggressive emotions in torturing a couple of stray kittens foreshadow the sadistic traits of abnormal minds. The major cause of such delinquency could be a family history that is steeped in vice and crime. No child brought up in such an atmosphere can withstand the temptation to copy done and imitate its parents' behaviour.

Where, then, does the responsibility lie for these mudlarks who play in the dust by garbage-cans and refuse-bins? Heredity and environment

THE DAY'S MEAL is made up of pickings from the dustbin.

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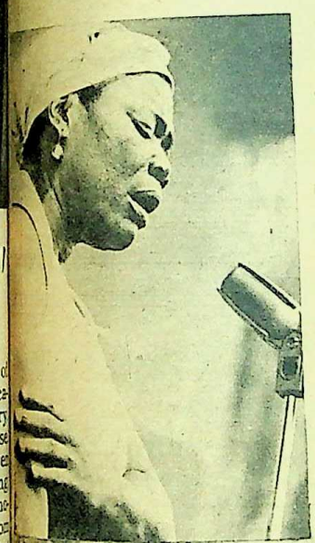
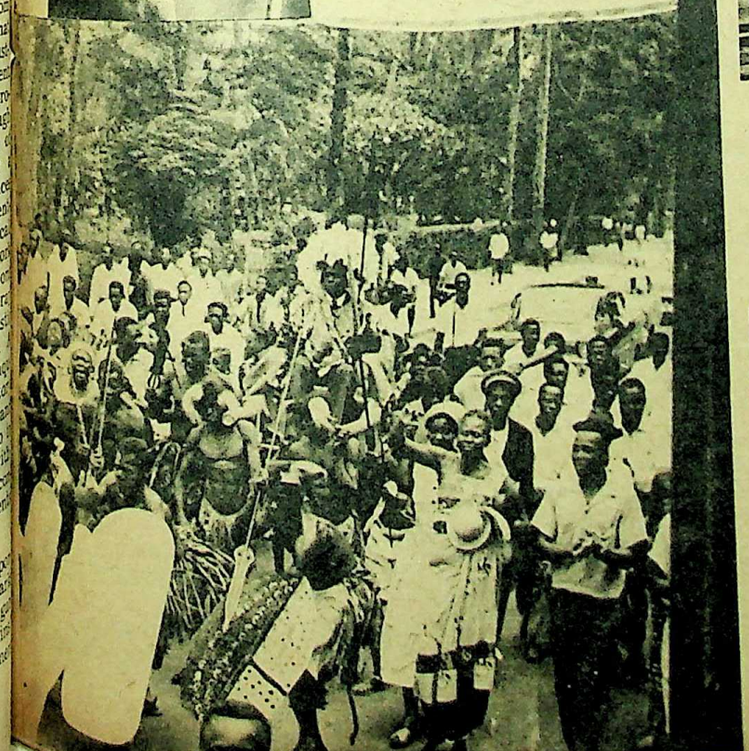
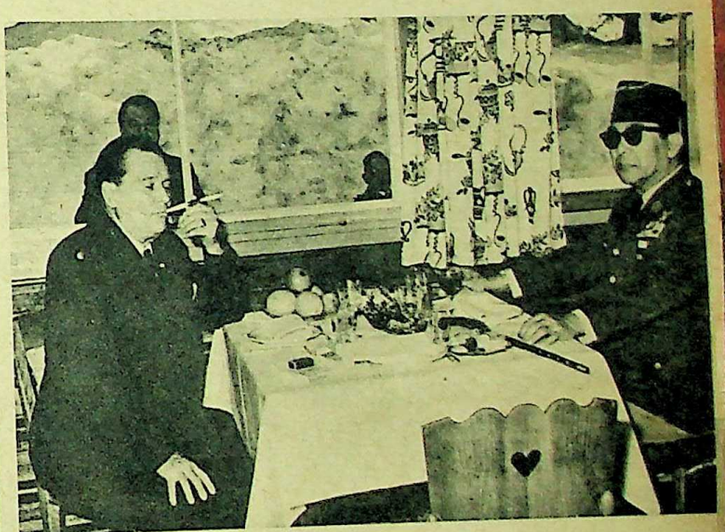
BURNING DEFIANCE. In a township near Johannesburg Africans are gathered in large numbers to light a bonfire and consign to it their hated pass books. The "Thumbs Up" gesture proclaims unity.

From Abroad

BELGIAN CONGO, to become independent on June 30, is in the grip of pre-election fever. The first national Government will be formed on the basis of elections scheduled to be held in the next two months. Below is a colourful parade making its way through Leopoldville to a festival organised in honour of Mr. Paul Bolya, President of the Parti National du Progres. Left: Even the women are taking a keen interest, and though they have no franchise they are eligible to be elected.

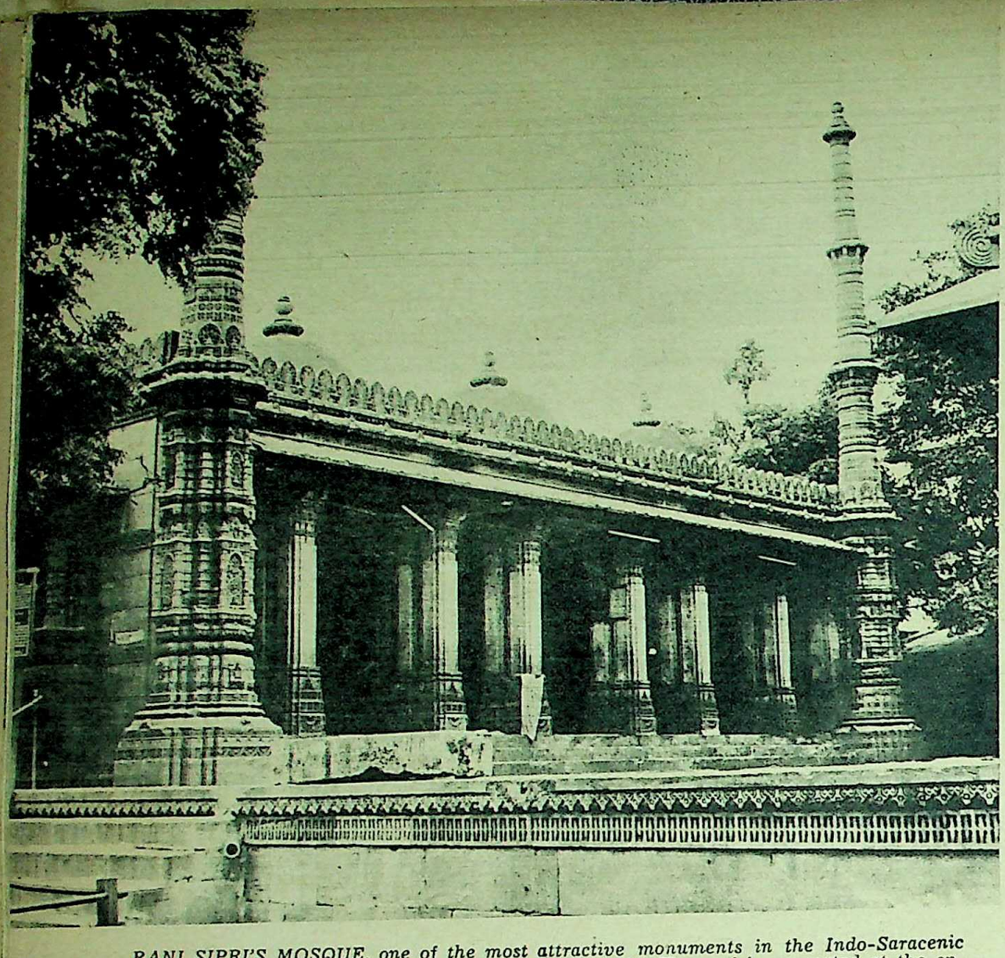






AT PLANICA, Yugoslav winter sports centre, Marshal Tito entertains to luncheon President Sukarno of Indonesia.

A HAND FOR THE LOSER. Senator John F. Kennedy, victor in the Wisconsin Democratic Presidential preference primary election, reaches out a hand towards defeated Senator Hubert H. Humphrey. His candidature has led to a national debate on the desirability of having a Catholic for President.



RANI SIPRI'S MOSQUE, one of the most attractive monuments in the Indo-Saracenic style developed at Ahmedabad, was completed in 1514. The roof is supported at the entrance by a row of six coupled pillars, and the two minarets rise to a height of about 50 feet. (Photographs by author)

Medieval Architecture Of Ahmedabad

by KOBITA SARKAR

AROUND the 15th century an Indo-Saracenic architectural form was developed in Gujarat, most notably in Ahmedabad, the capital of the kingdom.

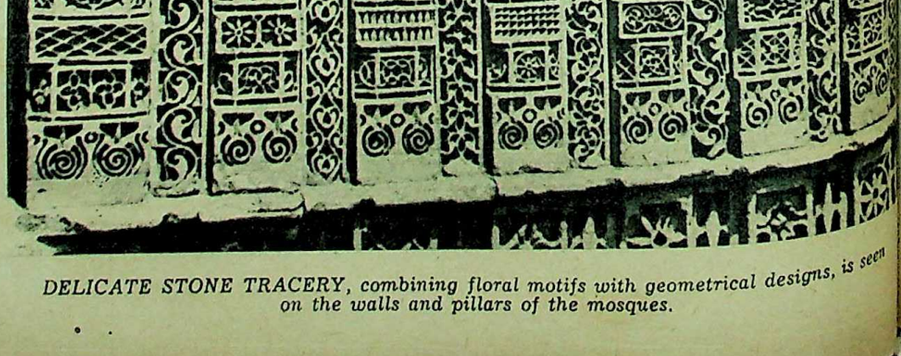
The Ahmad Shahi Sultans, who had established themselves here with the idea of permanent settlement, wanted to embellish the city with mosques and monuments honouring their names. Egotism, therefore, played at least as important a role as aesthetic desire, when they embarked on a campaign of architectural expansion. There was, at that time, a flourishing local school of artisans who had worked for generations building Hindu and Jain temples. The sultans recognising the talent of these artisans, exploited it wisely to glorify their capital. They merely insisted on the basic tenets as dictated by Islam being followed—in matters like the traditional pattern of the mosques—but otherwise allowed the craftsmen the liberty to give their creative abilities full scope. The result is a definite individualistic style, which, if on occasion it appears a bit florid, retains in its best examples a refined sense of plasticity normally associated with woodwork. The monuments of Ahmedabad represent the "most indigenously Indian" architectural style, as Percy Brown remarks.

There were three phases of development—the first revealing a hesitant groping for a definite pattern, dignified in itself but with little perceptible individuality. With the second period this hesitancy disappears and a more positive approach becomes evident with bold improvisation. The last period, when Muhamad Beghara and his successors enriched the province, shows the final efflorescence before the inevitable eclipse which followed when the kingdom was reabsorbed into the Moghul Empire and lost its identity.

The stages of development can be traced easily from a study of the mosques. Many of these were constructed out of materials from older buildings. In all cases the basic structure of the mosque was adhered to. Some of them had open facades and others closed ones. Some again made a compromise, with a partly screened and partly opened front. In the matter of details there was much improvisation and the local artisans excelled themselves. Thus the open-work tracery of the "windows", the geometrical decorative motifs and the work on the pillars are freely original. The intricacy seems to be more apposite to the jeweller's craft and is a tribute to the skill of the workers, since they could apply it to a medium like stone, which is relatively less pliable.

Of the fifty-odd mosques that were built in the architectural heyday of Ahmedabad, even today a few stand out as unique achievements. First, there is the Jama Masjid, of prime significance to this day, religiously speaking. It is generally considered the "high-water mark of mosque design in Western India, if not in the entire country". It achieves an effect of impressive dignity which is caused not by any overwhelming architectural proportions. It is really the aptness and the harmony that the blending of diverse styles produces which are responsible for this reaction. Actually the courtyard is large, making it easy to concentrate one's attention on the inner construction.

The facade combines part of the closed front technique, while, through the open frontage, the pillars in the middle are visible. The central section rises up to three tiers. There is also a hanging gallery for the zenana. Like the temple architecture of the day with which it has many incidental features in common, the Jama Masjid attempted to solve the problem of better illumination by concentrating on greater height and such devices. It might lack the impressive proportions of the



DELICATE STONE TRACERY, combining floral motifs with geometrical designs, is seen on the walls and pillars of the mosques.

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Mughul monuments, but on a modest scale it has planned perfection and dignity to least.

The mosque of Ahmad Shah, a small pretentious edifice, is devoid of minarets and is obviously made from former temple materials. It shows also the synthesis of the then pervailing styles of the region and is a slightly better perspective than others. A mosque popularly known as Kalka Minar may perhaps be attributed to the same period, but its architectural worth is debatable.

The aesthetic appeal of Sidi Saiyad's mosque, belonging approximately to the second decade of the sixteenth century, is also questionable. A small box-like construction in the heart of the city, its main functional achievement seems to be that it has virtually solved the problem of illumination. The walls are a continuous series of stone windows, with geometrically designed traceries. But the most interesting features are three screens at skylight level, the central one of which, reputedly the best, is missing. The two remaining ones give a wonderful impression of gauze-like beauty. When one remembers that this delicate effect has been achieved in the medium of stone, the high degree of skill the artisans possessed becomes obvious.

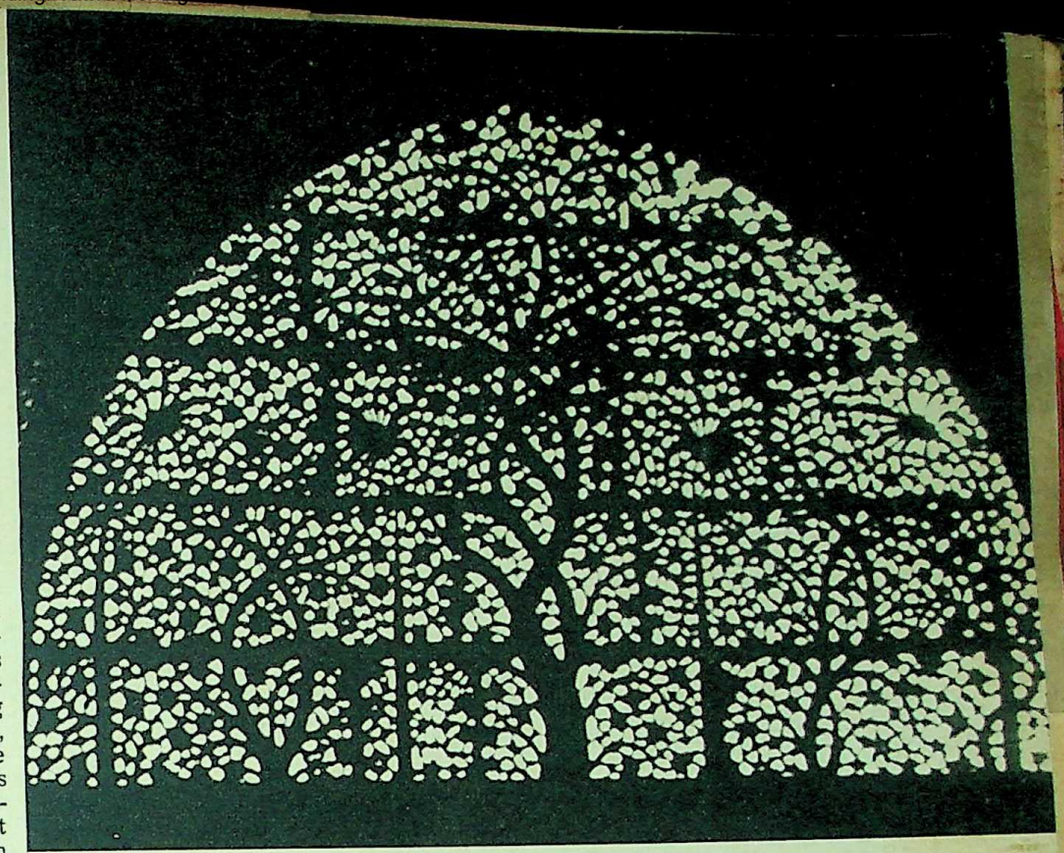
Attached to many of the mosques are the tombs of kings and queens and important personages. Ahmad Shah's resting place lies near the Jama Masjid. But more interesting still is Sarkhej, a combination memorial mosque and mausoleum, built by Ahmad Shah for Shaikh Ahmed Khattri, who was a man of great piety and also his adviser. On this site were raised the tombs of later kings and, with the addition of palaces and gardens, it virtually grew into a suburb of Ahmedabad. The original mosque and tomb, however, stand distinctly separate.

LASTING LOVELINESS

Other mosques which have attached *rauzas* are Rani Rupavati's and Rani Sipri's mosques. These edifices are probably more important for the fact that they are so typical than for any outstanding originality. They have features in common with the other mosques, such as the delicacy of the tracery and balanced proportions. Pillar bases and pillars as also the outer walls are ornately wrought with ornamental and geometrical motifs and the total impact rather than the details leaves an impression of lasting loveliness.

The secular architecture of Ahmedabad of the same period is also interesting and, in its own way, just as unique. Along with building mosques and religious edifices to perpetuate their memories, these rulers also constructed large projects with a more utilitarian purpose. Today these monuments are largely in a state of decay and suffer from the disadvantage of being hemmed in by crowded localities, which was inevitable with the vast expansion of the city. One does not always see them in their correct perspective any longer, and though this might give them a "living" interest it puts the decorative element at a disadvantage.

The Muslim rulers fortified the city and built a wall round the central citadel section. Pitiful remains of this are seen today in bits and pieces.



"THE TREE OF LIFE"—a perforated screen window in the Sidi Saiyad mosque—is an example of the exquisite workmanship of the artisans of those times.

The Bhadra citadel and tower are part of the oldest fortifications of the city. Ahmad Shah also constructed a "King's Way" —a royal road from his palace to the Jama Masjid—a road that is still in use, but given over to more plebian traffic. A reminder of this is the *Tin Darwaza*, a sort of triumphal arch (which is now flanked by shops). This must originally have been an impressive sight. Today it loses much of its stately grandeur because of the squalid surroundings.

A unique feature of Ahmedabad, and also of some of the regions of Gujarat, is the *wavs* or step-wells. They are a tribute to the civic sense of the old rulers and are quite attractive. They serve in a sense as resting places also.

A number of pillars with a canopy form a plinth. From it, steps lead down to the next tier, where there is another "landing", and so on till the source of the water is reached. All along pillars and canopies are heavily ornamented in the same style as in the mosques, from which perhaps it would not be incorrect to assume that they are the work of the same artisans. It is also possible to draw water directly from the well, where there is a straight shaft at the top. The most popular of these wells is known locally as Dada Harir's *Wav*, constructed in 1499 by Bai Hari Sultana, the lady superintendent of the sultan's zenana, and near it is a mosque with a *rauza* that bears her name.

A PERFECT SENSE of architectural proportion was one of the fine points of the old Ahmedabad builders.

It is in these structures that the fusion of styles is at its happiest and the construction and embellishment reflect the abandon of the truly unfettered artist.

Ahmedabad is even today one of the most distinctive cities, which cannot be easily confused with another. In the middle ages, the Ahmad Shahi sultanate must have done much in a spirit of creative activity and set their stamp on the whole area, giving it an equally distinctive air. They were perhaps the only outsiders who settled down with the express purpose of making this city their home. They did not, as so many others of the period did, destroy what they found, on a preconceived notion of assumed superiority. They moulded, encouraged and fused, and from the melting-pot created a style of their own.

Since they had provided for them a certain livelihood, it is possible that the artisans also wished to excel themselves. There is from one monument to the next distinct proof of constant and conscious refinement. Even when the decorative element reaches a stage of floridity, there is visible a relative skill in workmanship. The continuous blending eventually produced a harmony that made a unique synthesis and a new style. And the collaboration of sagacious rulers and inspired artisans has left to posterity an unequalled heritage of architectural beauty.

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A DEFECTIVE EAR. Grafting of skin and cartilage is done to rectify the malformation.

...corrective operation is carried out. The dis...ented portions of the deformed lip are ...taken down and stitched together with ...care so that healing in the normal posi...tion will result. Results from harelip oper...ations are usually excellent.

With the great progress made by plas...tic surgery there is no need for anyone to ...suffer continued embarrassment because ...of protruding or folded ears. An elliptical ...section of skin and cartilage is removed ...through an incision behind the ear. The ...skin on the outer surface of the ear is not ...cut away in this process. The operation can ...be performed again if the results are not ...satisfactory.

Plastic surgery to correct the shape of ...the female breast is not popular in our ...country. It must be emphasised that this ...is a major operative procedure and should ...not be performed to remedy minor sag...ging or to reduce slight enlargement. ...Usually, in this operation, the gland must ...be firmly attached to the underlying muscle and the nipple and areola trans...posed accordingly.

Skin grafts serve the purpose of covering regions which have been laid bare by burns, by accidents in which large pieces of skin have been torn away, or by defects created by surgical removal of por...tions of skin. Skin grafts from one person to another are generally unsuccessful. Fortunately, it can be taken from an area of one's own body and successfully grafted elsewhere.

The human system objects to foreign bodies of any kind. Experiments now re...veal that tantalum, used for making the filaments of electric bulbs, behaves like living tissue and that it could be intro...duced into the body without setting up dangerous irritations. It is, moreover, chemically inert. This material has been used for grafts not only on the face but also in the replacement of missing nerves and in the correction of skull defects.

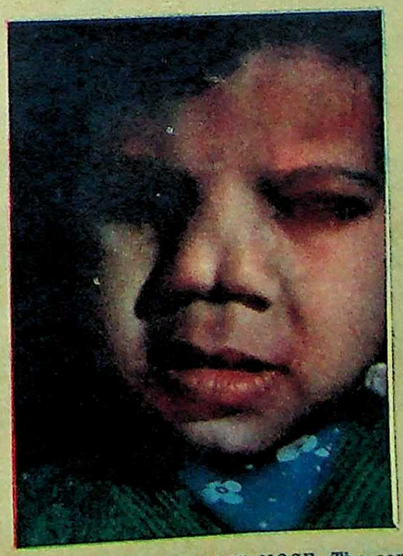
It is said that once a scar always a scar. But sandpaper surgery, though it does not eradicate the mark completely, helps to make it fainter.

The tremendous publicity for face creams, powders, hair dyes and depila...tories has, to a certain extent, created a dangerous illusion in the minds of ordin...ary people that skin blemishes can be root...ed out with their use. In fact many a modern girl will dispense with lunch to buy expensive cosmetics. A cream may cleanse and soften the skin. There its uses end. A seer of milk will "build" more "tissue" than the costliest cosmetic preparation on the market.

In the present-day competitive world, a facial deformity may give rise to grave mental maladjustments which interfere with one's material success. Today the situation can often be remedied because of the progress made by plastic surgery.

K. KITTU

...ALITY restored at the expert ...hands of a surgeon.



A "DOUBLE" NOSE. The correction (right) is incomplete—bone grafting is necessary to reduce the size of the nose.

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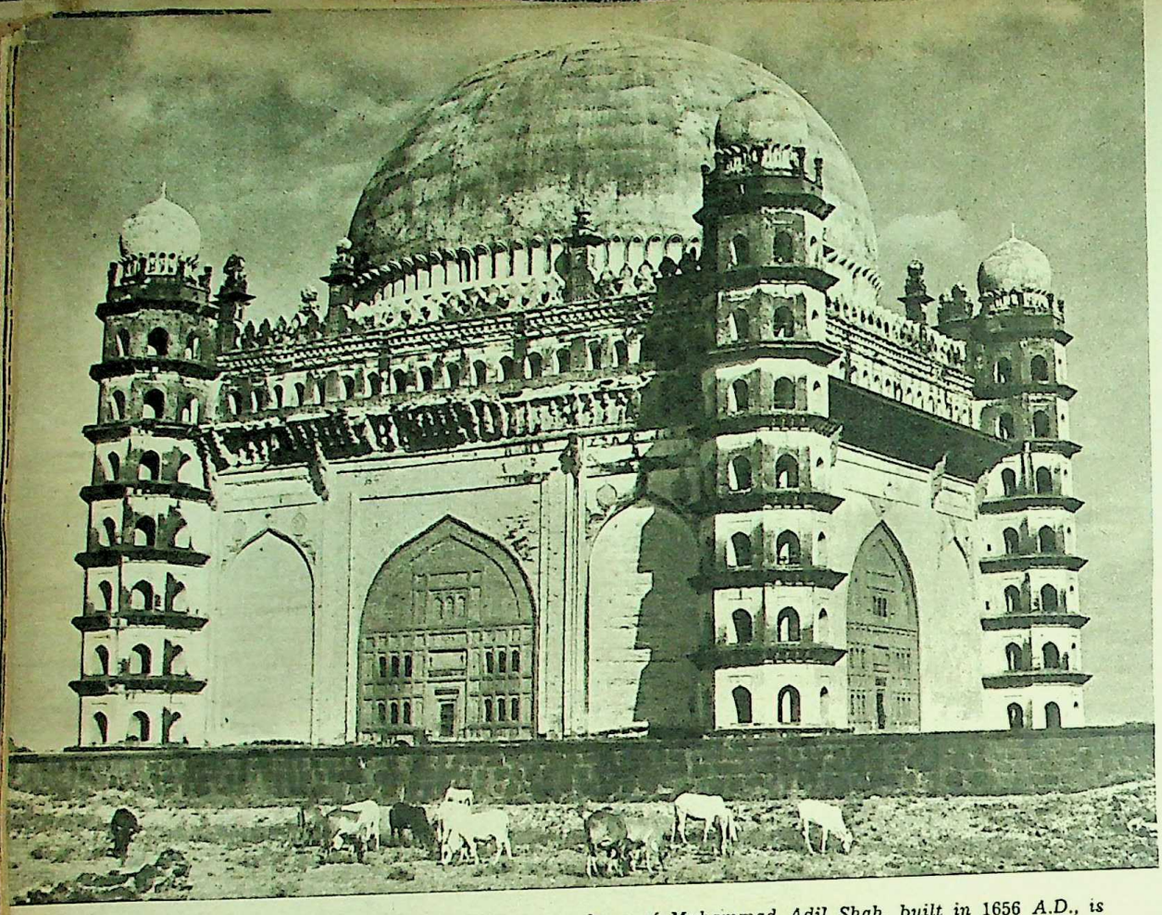


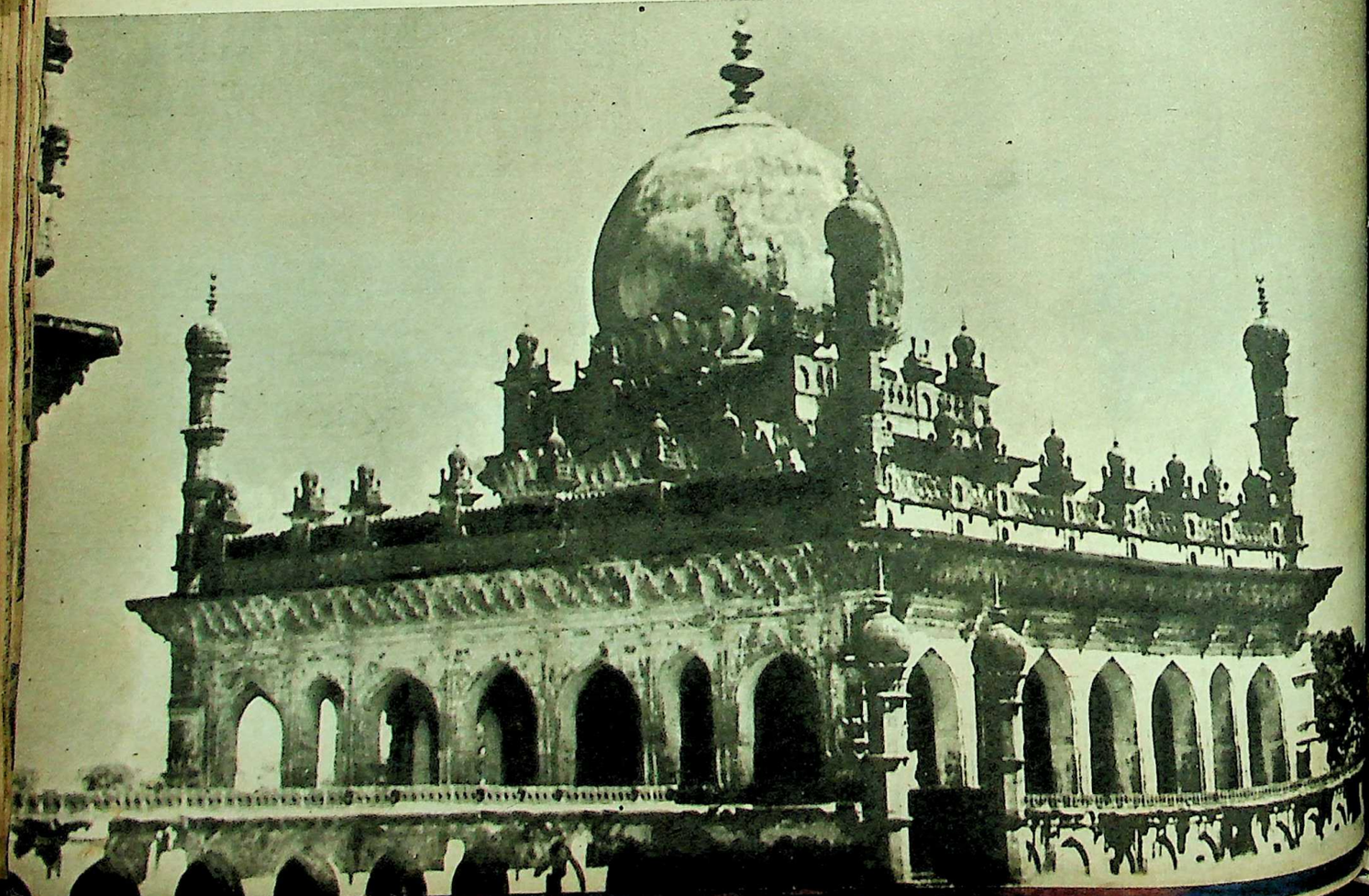
THE GOL-GUMBAZ. This imposing mausoleum of Muhammad Adil Shah, built in 1656 A.D., is one of the finest structural triumphs of Indian architecture. Below: The Ibrahim Rouza introduces the tall dome as an architectural ornament. Verses from the Koran, carved exquisitely, are to be found on the ceiling over the tomb and also forming a part of the lattice-work in windows.

BIJAPUR, lying about 2[illegible] miles south-east of Bo[illegible] bay, was once the capital [illegible] the Deccan, a flourishing ci[illegible] under the Adil Shahi dynas[illegible] (1489-1686). The Muslim rule[illegible] were great patrons of art a[illegible] architecture and left behi[illegible] noted monuments, which [illegible] for supremacy with their M[illegible] ghul counterparts in Delhi a[illegible] Agra. The palaces, mosq[illegible] and gateways as well as [illegible] waterworks are constant [illegible] minders of the past glory of B[illegible] japur. Architecturally the m[illegible] numents are magnificent spe[illegible] mens of the Indo-Saracen[illegible] style.

Coming out of the Bijap[illegible] station one first notices [illegible] Gol-Gumbaz, with an octag[illegible] nal tower at each of the fo[illegible] corners. Built by Muhmm[illegible] Adil Shah (1626-1656), it ris[illegible] to a height of nearly 200 fe[illegible] Constructed on a square ba[illegible] plan the mausoleum is topp[illegible] by a huge dome, considered [illegible] largest in the world, with [illegible] inside diameter of 124 ft. 5 [illegible] The slightest whisper along [illegible] wall inside the dome is hea[illegible] clearly at the opposite end.

The gallery to the south [illegible] the Gol-Gumbaz has been c[illegible] verted into a museum a[illegible]

BIJAPUR: CITY OF MOSQUES



[illegible]houses a wide arra[illegible] the Bijapur kings-[illegible] pottery, paintings [illegible] inscriptions.

The uncomplete[illegible] as is evident from [illegible] was expected to [illegible] Gol-Gumbaz in [illegible] proportions, but A[illegible] are the mausole[illegible] sed. The hug[illegible] arches stir the vis[illegible] struct the monu[illegible] imagination. The [illegible] of the Gol-Gumb[illegible] square, while A[illegible] an area of 215 ft.

Ibrahim Rouza [illegible] edifices, noted for [illegible] cornices, graceful [illegible] miniature minars[illegible] tion is pleasing an[illegible] shows the keen [illegible] rulers took in th[illegible] of monuments. T[illegible] the sepulchral c[illegible] orated with ext[illegible] Koran. The mo[illegible] tomb, introduces [illegible] as an impressive [illegible] architecture.

In the lesser c[illegible] tractions is the [illegible] gun mounted on [illegible] Malik-i-Maidan, [illegible]

THE NAKKAR[illegible] as a museum.

houses a wide array of relics of the Bijapur kings—arms, coins, pottery, paintings, carpets and inscriptions.

The uncompleted Ali Rouza, as is evident from the base plan, was expected to surpass the Gol-Gumbaz in architectural proportions, but Ali II died before the mausoleum could be raised. The huge unfinished arches stir the visitor to reconstruct the monument in his imagination. The basement area of the Gol-Gumbaz is 158 ft. square, while Ali Rouza has an area of 215 ft. square.

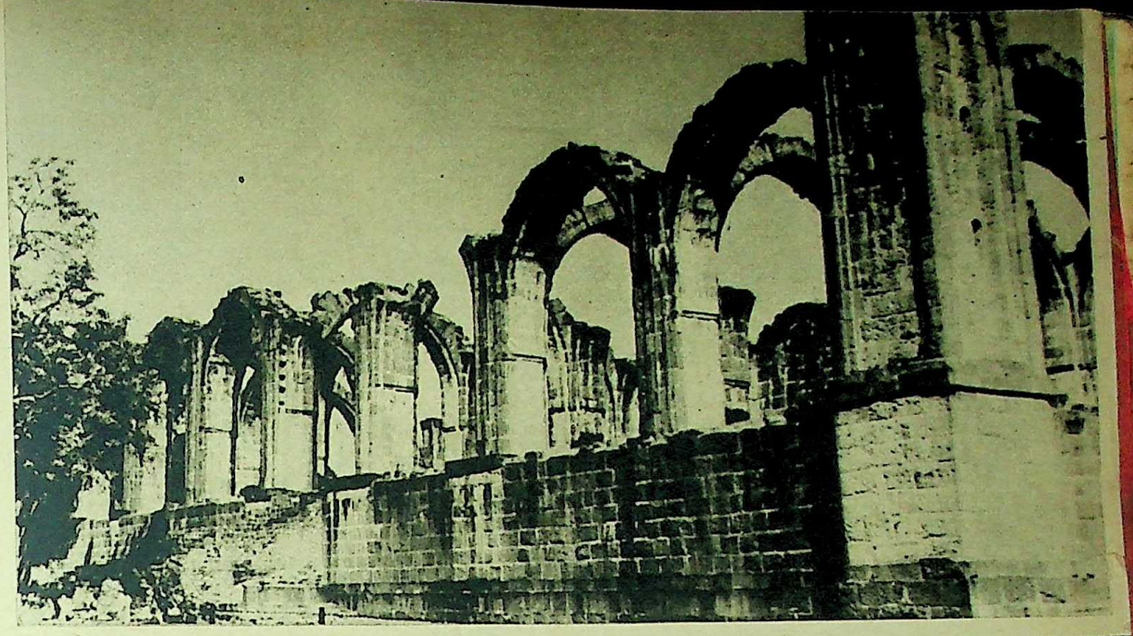
Ibrahim Rouza is a group of edifices, noted for the deep rich cornices, graceful minarets and miniature minars. The decoration is pleasing and prolific and shows the keen interest the rulers took in the construction of monuments. The exterior of the sepulchral chamber is decorated with extracts from the Koran. The mosque, like the tomb, introduces the tall dome as an impressive ornament in architecture.

In the lesser category of attractions is the monster-mouth gun mounted on a bastion—the Malik-i-Maidan, "the Monarch of the Plain". The inscriptions record that it was cast in 1551 by Mahommed Bin Hasan Rumi. The gun measures 14-1|2 feet in length, with a diameter of 5 feet. It rests on the largest bastion, Sherza Buruj, between the Mecca Gate and the Shahapur Gate. It was brought from Ahmednagar as a souvenir of victory in 1632.

There are several other monuments of interest, besides those mentioned, such as the Jami Masjid, Mehtar Mahal, Mecca Masjid, Sister Tombs, Taj Bauri and Haider Buruj.

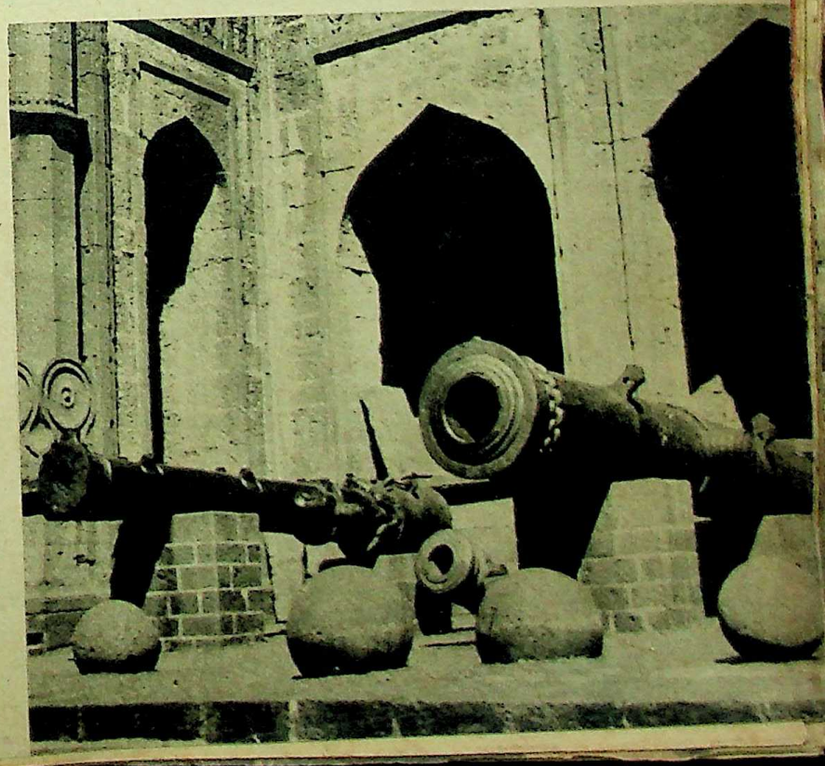
The Mysore Government plans to make Bijapur attractive to tourists. It is proposed to build a proper rest-house here, as also at Badami and Aihole. Transport arrangements to the sites of interest are to be offered on a better scale, in the near future. A well-laid park around the Gol-Gumbaz is another attraction being visualised.

P. N. WAGLE



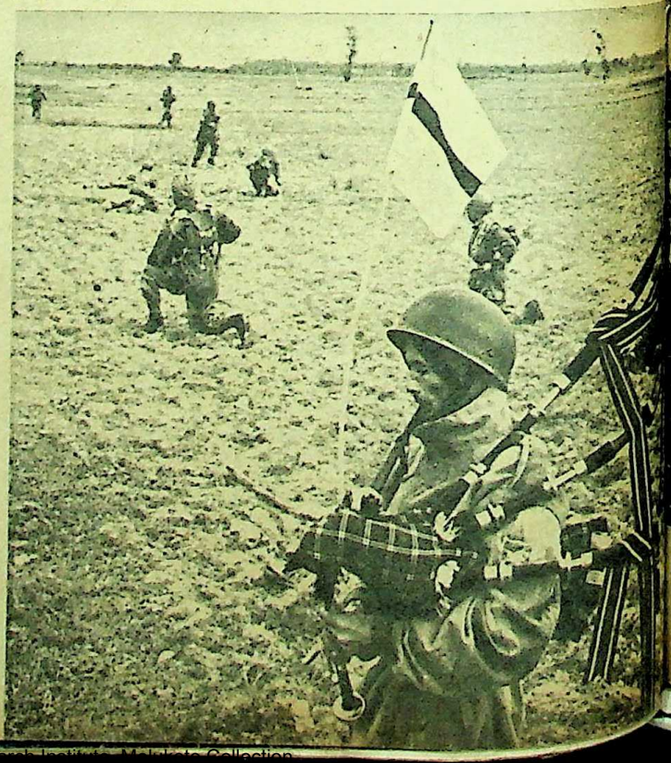
THE UNFINISHED TOMB OF ALI II. The massive arches give one an idea of the stupendous size on which the monument has been conceived. Below, right: The Malik-i-Maidan is cast in a bell metal which can take a very high polish.

THE NAKKAR KHANA, opposite the Gol-Gumbaz, today serves as a museum. Below, right: The cannon outside the gateway. (Photographs by author.)



Over The Mountainous D

A MASS PARA-JUMPING DISPLAY was recently staged by men of the 50 Independent Para-Brigade at a specially selected DZ (dropping zone) in the Dun valley. Below, left: Cadets of the Indian Military Academy watch the training-cum-demonstration. Below, right: A para-piper stationed at the rendezvous point where the "sky-soldiers" assembled after the touch-down. (Photographs by author.)



A SECTION of the
the home of Dr. Hast
after his release from
Colonial Secretary I

Hero

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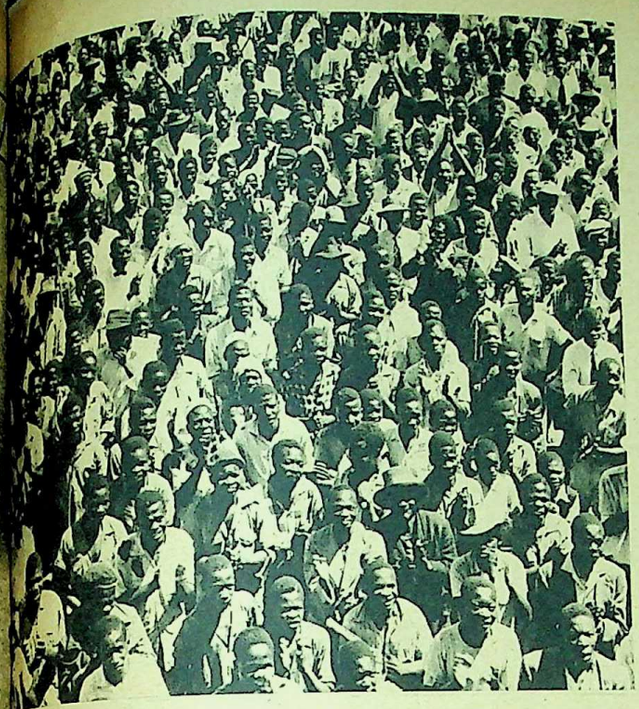
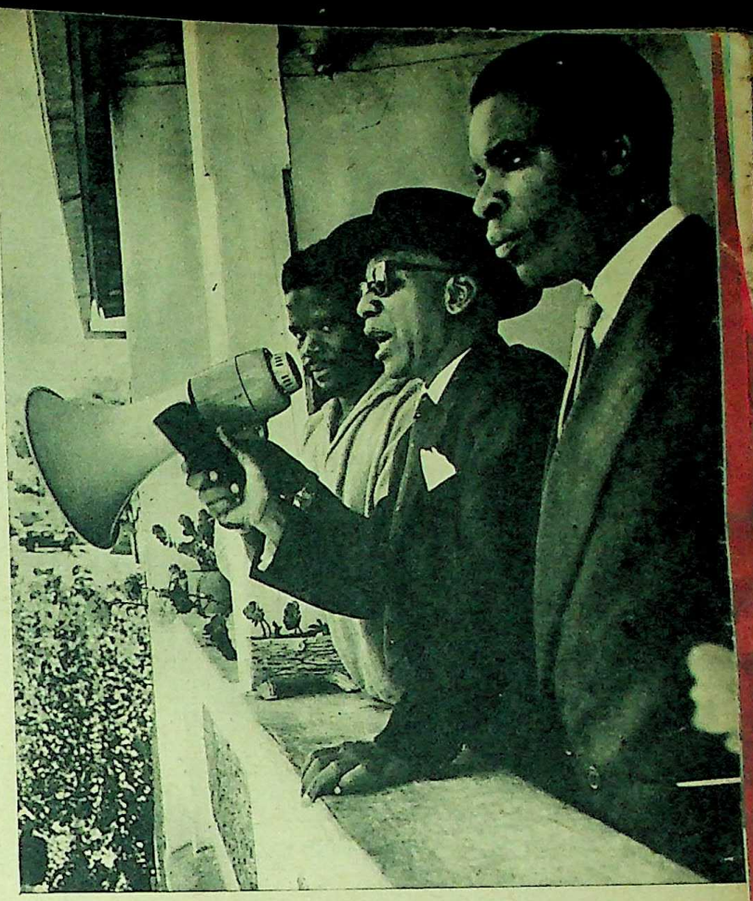


A SECTION of the vast crowd of Africans who had assembled outside the home of Dr. Hastings Banda to greet the Nyasaland nationalist leader after his release from jail. Right: Dr. Banda, after his talks with Britain's Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod, urges his people to keep calm, promising eventual victory.



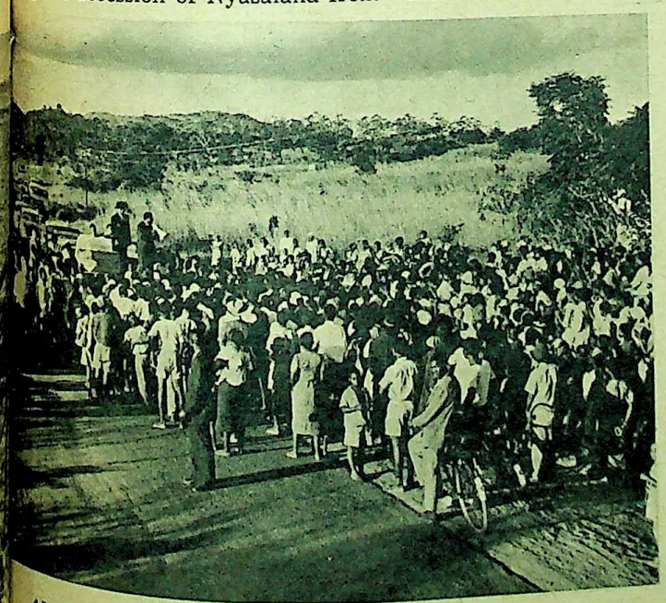
Hero's Welcome For Banda

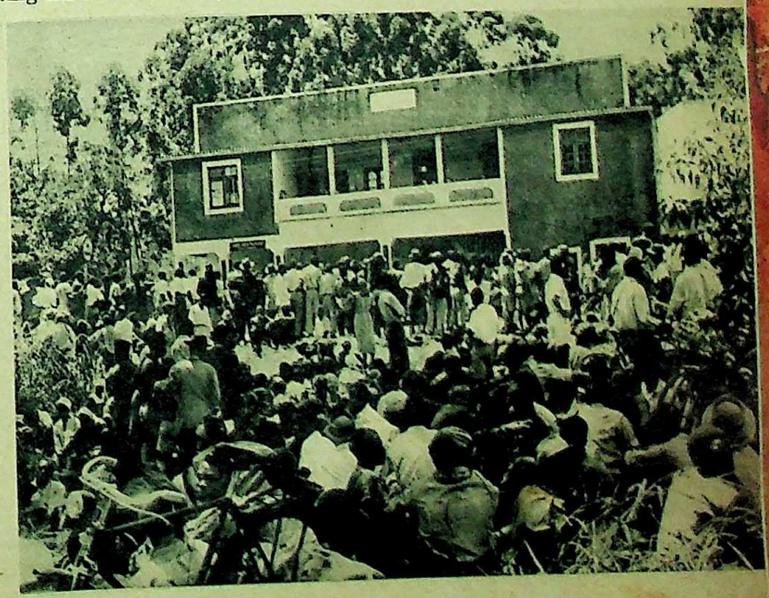
AFTER a year's detention, Dr. Hastings Banda, Nyasaland's nationalist leader, was recently released. The event caused great rejoicing amongst the Africans and considerably raised the standing of Britain's Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod, who had ordered Banda's release after overcoming the opposition of the European settlers.

Dr Banda, who was jailed for defending the secession of Nyasaland from the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and internal self-government for his country, was flown from Southern Rhodesia to Zomba, Nyasaland's capital, where he had talks with Mr. Macleod. From Zomba he was taken by car to his home in Limbe, forty miles away. He had to stop frequently along the route to address groups of excited supporters. At his home he was again called upon to speak, this time to a large crowd which had gathered outside the house for hours, awaiting his return.

Struggling to make himself heard above the cheering and shouting of the men and women, Dr. Banda said: "Keep calm and do not give any cause for annoyance... I want you people not to misbehave in any way. Go home, stay in peace and we will get all we want."

The Nyasaland leader is proceeding to London for talks about a new constitution which, he hopes, will make his country independent before the end of this year.





ALL ALONG THE ROAD, from Nyasaland's capital, Zomba, to his home-town, Limbe, Dr. Banda addressed enthusiastic groups of his supporters. Right: Waiting for the hero.

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DECORATIVE PANEL depicting the legend of the god, over the entrance to the Madhukeswara temple at Mukhalingam.

Madhuka Linga

MUKHALINGAM, a village 34 miles from Srikakulam and 13 from Tilaru station, in Andhra Pradesh on the South-Eastern Railway, is the legendary Govindakanana, Jayantikshetra, Gokarnakshetra and Mukhalingakshetra. The village is connected by a regular passenger bus service with Srikakulam. Thousands of pilgrims from the plains, hills and forests come to the village for Mahasivaratri, to worship the Lord Mukhalingeswara, otherwise known as Madhukeswara.

In the temple, the god has no consort, while legend and lithic records are equally silent on the subject, though his marriage (Kalyana Mahotsavam) is celebrated every year.

There exist three temples in the village, of which that of Madhukeswara is the most important and ancient. The legend of the god is believed to be represented on the decorative carved slab over the entrance to this temple. The story is interesting, but the truth behind it is quite plain: it reveals how a tribal deity has been patronised, Hinduised and worshipped for centuries.

The Gandharvas attending a Vaishnava *yaga* in the Himalayas became enamoured of the tribal Savara women. The sage Vamadeva cursed them to be born as tribals. These accursed Gandharvas were born as Savaras in Kalinga, with Chitragayaka as their king and Chitti as his queen.

Chitkala, a low-caste woman, left Srisailam for Kasi and lost her way in the Kalinga forest, where Chitragayaka came across her and at once wished her to become his second wife. She refused, but after enjoying his hospitality abandoned the trip to Kasi and yielded to his wishes.

Chitragayaka allotted the two branches of a Madhuka (*Bassia latifolia*) to Chitti and Chitkala. so that they might gather the tree's flowers. sell them and live on the earnings.

Chitkala, a devotee of Siva, used to gather golden flowers as her share, while Chitti got only ordinary mohua blossoms. Chitkala would sell her flowers to a merchant in the nearby village of Sumanthapuram.

MAHISHASURAMARDINI at the profusely carved Someswara temple.

The difference between the ... from the two branches of an identical ... raised the animosity between the ... to fever pitch. Chitragayaka, irritated ... their regular quarrels, concluded that ... tree was the root of it all and attempted ... to fell the Madhuka. But the Lord ... kara emerged from its trunk in fearful ... form and Chitragayaka fell unconscious.

Chitkala was dumbfounded and ... ti; thinking that her husband had ... killed and that Chitkala was responsible ... complained to her kinsmen. Then the ... varas took up weapons and would have ... killed Chitkala had not the Lord Sa... appeared again to save his devotee. ... merged now with her God, while the ... ras regained their original Gandharva ... and left for their heavenly abode. But ... Lord remained on the spot, where he ...

came known as Madhukeswara, since ... had appeared from the Madhuka tree. ... according to the legend he is worshipped ... here as Jayantiswara, Gokarneswara, ... Madhukeswara and Mukhalingeswara in ... the four successive yugas.

A visit to Mukhalingam and a look ... the decorative carved slab referred ... over Madhukeswara temple entrance ... not support this legend of the God's origin.

The present villages of Nagari... kam and Mukhalingam lie about two ... apart, but they are believed to have ... formed a single city, the former capital ... of the Ganga kings. The area proves ... abundant sites of interest to the archaeologist.

At Mukhalingam, the temple of ... meswara arrests attention on the outside. ... It is a medieval structure of the style ... Bhubaneshwar. Slabs were used in the construction of the Someswara temple ... each is carved to profusion with the ... thological events of the Saiva, Vaishnava, ... Ganapatya and Sakta faiths. The ... Savara people and their culture are ... depicted on these carvings.

The temple of Bhimeswara is also ... the Chalukya temples of the East ... vari district and the villagers believe ... it was constructed by the great ... himself. In fact, Aniyanka Bhima ... title) Vajrahasta II (A.D. 859-74), ... Ganga dynasty, was the builder and ... god takes his name from the royal ... The temple is in ruins.

The temple of Madhukeswara, ... also known as Mukhalingeswara,

important and ancient. But the God
khalingeswara is neither a linga nor
e a face (*mukha*). The object of wor-
is the trunk of a tree with a hollow
front and its *archakas* are Kalingas—
so-called "Kalinga Brahmins"—a
t-eating, backward-class community.
ory and lithic records mention the
as Gokarneswara, Madhukeswara,
arna Madhukesa, the God with the cre-
t moon, the God of the Ganga kings,
Trikalingeswara, but not as Mukha-
ga or Mukhalingeswara.

After the invasion of Samudragupta,
Ganga kings became powerful. And
er these Gangas the region suffered the
alukyan invasion in the seventh cen-
y. The later Ganga kings came to power
er this invasion. The combined regime
these Ganga dynasties continued for
out 1,000 years in Kalinga, today known
the Northern Circars of Andhra Pra-
sh, and in parts of Orissa.

The inscriptions in the Madhukeswara
mple are attributable mostly to the later
anga kings and the construction of the
esent temple dates back to the 10th cen-
ry. The lithic records of the early Gan-
s mention, in general, Gokarneswara, the
od on Mahendra Giri, and some of the
scriptions go back to the fourth century.
hendra Giri is in the Sompeta taluk of
kakulam district and not near Mukha-
gam and cyclopean structures are found
on the hill. The hill near Mukhalingam
called Padmanabha Giri.

The inscriptions of the later Ganga
gs mention both Gokarneswara and Madhukeswara and often Gokarna Madhukeswara.

The Korni inscription of Ananta Varma Choda Ganga Deva (A.D. 1077-1150) claims that the river goddess Ganga blessed a "Thurvasu" king with a son, and his descendants were consequently known as Gangas. Five brothers of this Ganga dynasty had to leave their kingdom, which had been usurped by their uncle, and the eldest of them, Kamarnava, worshipped Gokarneswara of Mahendra Giri and, by the grace of this god, conquered the tribal Savaras and established the Kalinga kingdom with its capital at Dantapuram. Later, King Kamarnava II founded his capital at Nagari, which stood over the present Nagarikatakam and Mukhalingam. It was he who constructed the temple for Madhukeswara.

HISTORICAL FINDINGS

Now it is evident that during the time of Ananta Varma Choda Ganga Deva, the origin of the God Madhukeswara was known and whereas the early Ganga kings mentioned only Gokarna, the later Gangas mention both Gokarna and Madhukesa.

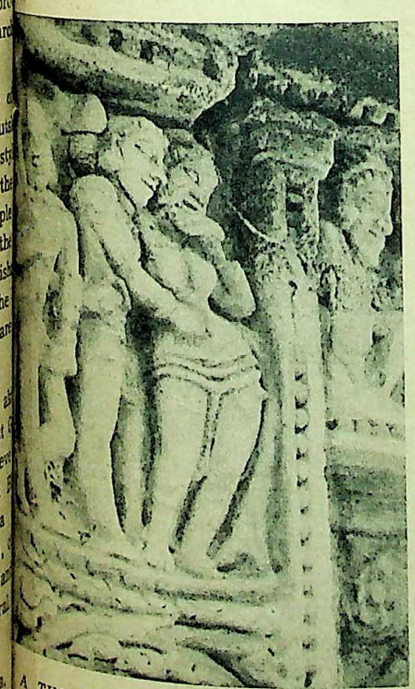
Research attests that Kamarnava II and Madhu Kamarnava are names of the same king and that this area was known simultaneously as Madhya Kalinga, Mukhya Kalinga and Madhu Kalinga (central Kalinga, main Kalinga and Kalinga of the Madhuka trees). Some suggest that the Oriyas could not pronounce Madhu Kalinga, Mukhya Kalinga, Madhya Kalinga properly and on this account it assumed the corrupt form, "Mohalinga", and became Mukhalinga when re-Sanskritised.

The Greek records of the Mauryan period mention a people named Gangarides and regions known as Modo Calingae. These facts make it certain that the region gave its name to the deity, not the "mukha" and "linga", supposed to be seen in the frontal cavity and the tree.

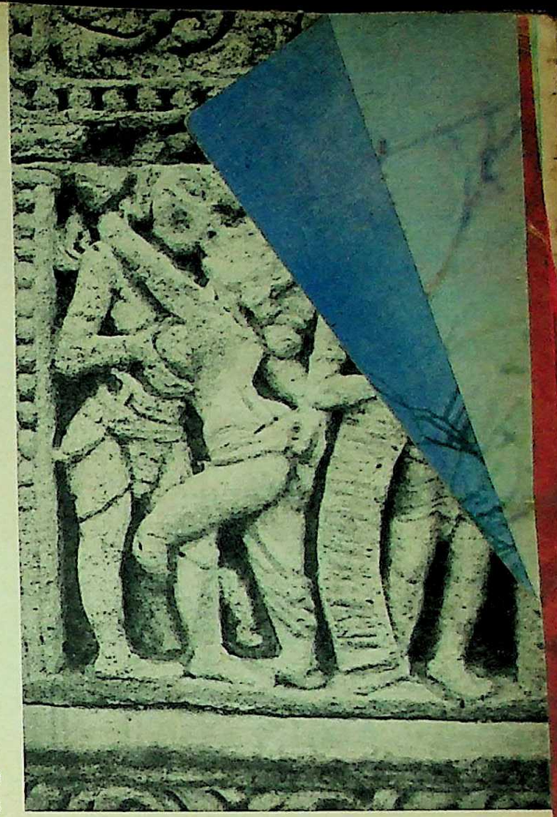
The carved panel over the doorway of the Madhukeswara temple is thus in no way connected with the origin of the god.

The story depicted could be that of the conversion of the tribal Savaras to Saivism under Ganga rule, the kings of both Ganga dynasties having been famous votaries of Saivism. It could also relate to some treaty between the king and the hillmen, with the tree, sacred to the Savaras, and the linga of the Ganga kings, (i.e. Madhuka and linga) as witnesses.

Another origin is also possible, since Varahamihira, in his *Brihat Samhita*, has laid down rules for the making of images and mentioned certain sacred trees for



A THEME *illustrative of Vatsyayana's* Kama Sutra.



EROTIC PANEL in the Someswara temple. (Photographs by author)

provision of the wood, the Madhuka among them. Thus the panel could depict the selection of a Madhuka tree.

In no country is it common to find a victorious king worshipping the deity of the defeated. And for this reason, too, the claim that the Ganga kings worshipped the deity of the defeated Savara chief is doubtful. In fact, one is inclined to presume that the later Gangas who worshipped Madhukeswara were Savaras who were exalted as soon as they became powerful and were admitted into the fold of Hinduism.

And if the legendary origin of the deity is an invention, so too are the Gandharvas. The Savaras, like the Gandharvas, are fond of music and disinclined to work. Like them, too, they are hill-dwellers.

The hillmen always carry a weapon and are, in the main, food-gatherers. For such people the Madhuka, in addition to being a sacred tree, plays a central part in their social life and economy, the importance of mohua flowers as food and intoxicants being well known.

Further, the name Bhima is one of the commonest among these hillmen and to them their god Bhima Dev is what Indra and Rudra are to others. The names of the Ganga kings are mostly akin to those of the tribal people but in a Sanskritised form.

The title of some of the Ganga kings, "Aniyanka", is the "Gomang" of the Savaras, the "leader of the army". And finally, the god Madhukeswara of the later Gangas is identical with that of the hill tribes, to whom the hollow of a tree is the abode of their divinities.

G. R. VARMA

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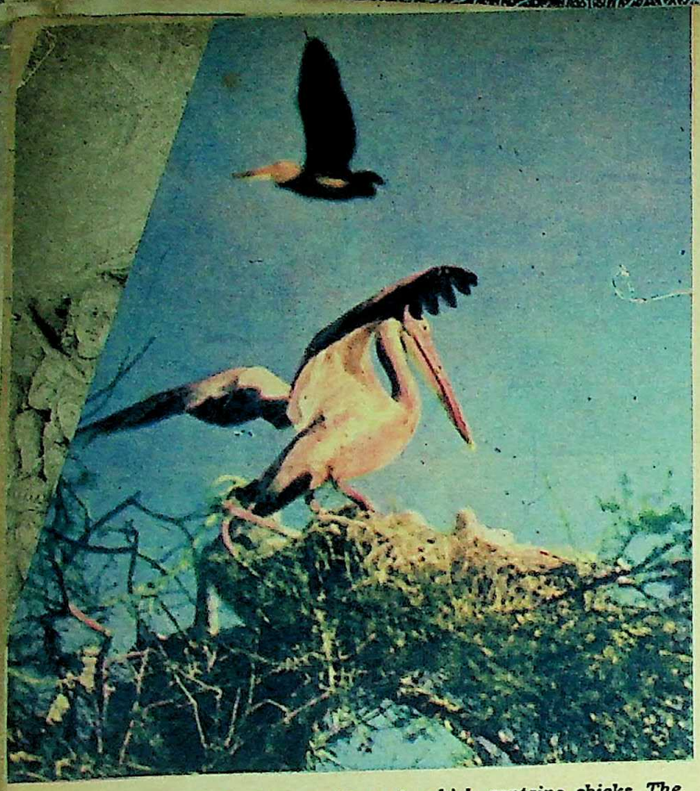


A BIRD landing on its nest which contains chicks. The sanctuary has about 1,500 such nests and the pelicans are afforded all protection by the villagers.

PELICANS perching atop babul and palmyra trees present a picturesque sight. The good supply of fish in the area attracts thousands of these birds to the pelicanry around November.

A Pelicanry In South Indi

SETTLING DOWN TO BROOD. The capacious pouch has inspired the limerick that the pelican can hold more in its beak than its belly can.

WHEN I heard from a friend in India that there was a fair-sized canry in Andhra, I immediately came interested, because information about nesting colonies of these remarkable birds hard to come by. It has always been extremely difficult to get reliable news of pelicans this country, though it is well known that exist in Ceylon and Burma.

Accordingly, I packed my photographic equipment and took the Madras Mail from cutta to Tadepalligudem. From here the canry in question is about fifteen miles. I that there was a small colony of about two five nests near Ganapavaram; and a large of some two square miles, containing 1,500 nests, near Kolamuru village. As must have been a number of birds with nests, this meant that more than 3,000 pairs had collected together at that place from rent parts of the country. They arrive in ember; and, after the chicks have grown around April or May, they return to their pective haunts all over India.

Why do they come to this particular for nesting every year? Probably because receive some kind of traditional, though cial, protection from the villagers of parts; and also because there is a good of fish to be had in the Kolleru Lake other sheets of water nearby. For so many cans would devour several tons of fish and when the chicks have grown up, three to a nest, very much more would quired to feed the colony.

The villagers adopt what is somewhat than a live-and-let-live attitude towards birds. They seem to consider that it is to leave the birds undisturbed as they are; so they do them no harm. Some of me that the pelicans brought good luck their village. Most of them appreciate that the guano of these birds is a good liser for rice and other crops.

Though I went through the nesting opportunity to observe I see how they found. I saw their e quarters, and noted both sides of the up they are known as t pelican. The upper a hook or nail, w when catching fish.

But the extrao bird's bill is the cap mandible, which has the pelican holds i baggy can. The lowe flexible arches, whi pouch of naked me ideal "landing net" noted that, whenever they stretched down ing their bills lo wedge-shaped instr

Although the p and ungainly creatu of flappings and co to become airborne Undercarriage of le well back on the sh the front of the nec lessly through the above the pelicanry always some 50 to tures, wheeling rou nal currents at var this "community s individually, too, and comical aero tolling in a manne

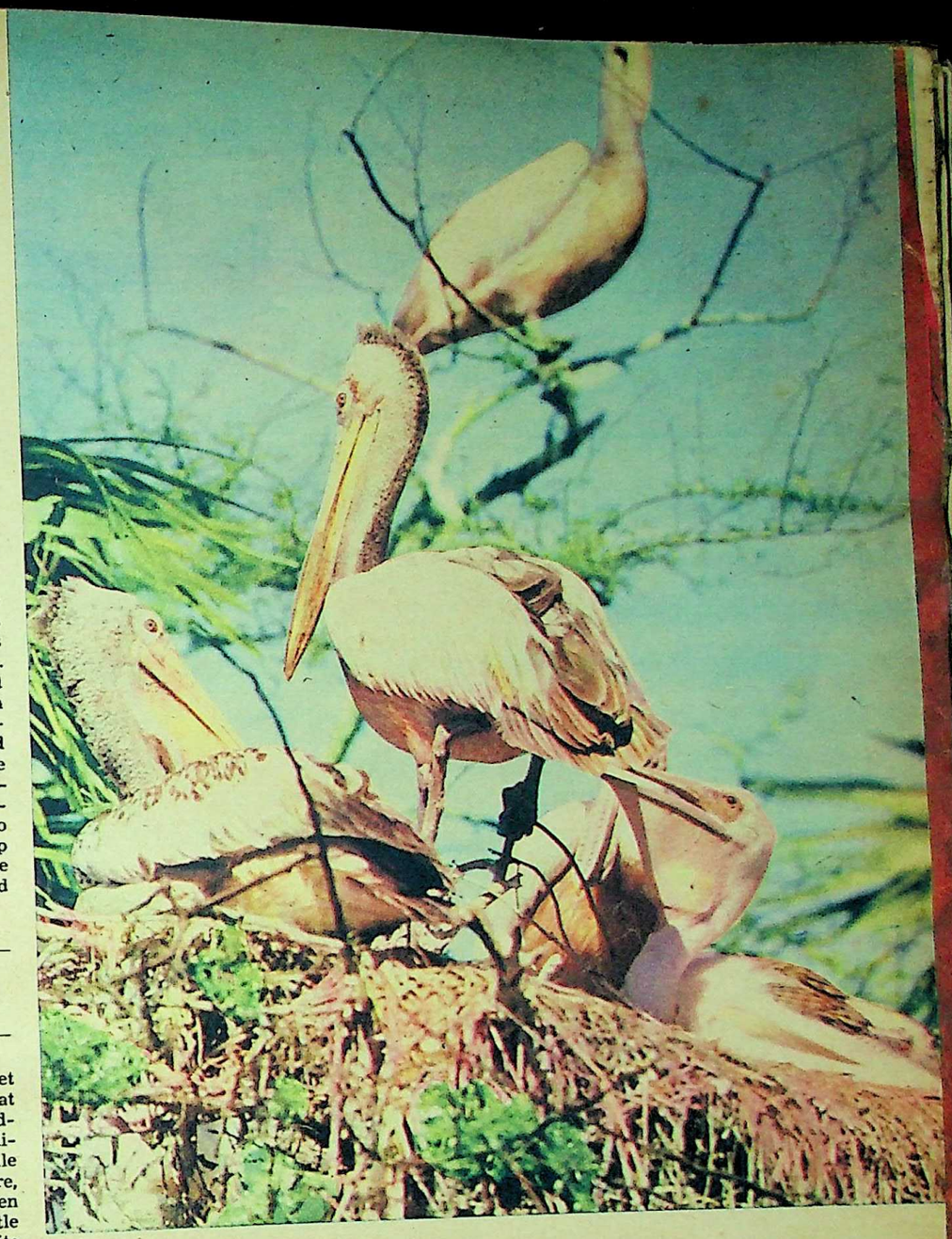
by

A suitable tre up a "hide" from some of the nests den and to watch cans from a distan the birds have no is an exciting e position, I saw d new-borns, chick down, and older o just beginning to

When I enter would fly away. huge wings outstr ed forward. Ther bickering of bird those with eggs those with babie latter an interest

Like cormora their chicks with tated into the to bird would look with a hiccup o throat, and a chi nudged into fee and neck of the if it happened t peared into th times, two or inside the pouch ly, totally ecli act.

In the cours adult birds and food got von where the Bra were hundred



by E. P. GEE

Though I went there chiefly to photograph the nesting colony, I also took the opportunity to observe the birds at close range and see how they went about their daily round. I saw their extraordinary bills at close quarters, and noted the blue-black spots down both sides of the upper mandible—from which they are known as the Grey or Spotted-billed Pelican. The upper mandible also terminates in a hook or nail, which must come in useful when catching fish.

But the extraordinary thing about this bird's bill is the capacious pouch of the lower mandible, which has inspired the limerick that the pelican holds more in its beak than its belly can. The lower mandible consists of two flexible arches, which support a large elastic pouch of naked membrane. This pouch is an ideal "landing net" for scooping up fish; and I noted that, whenever the birds became excited, they stretched down their pouches, thus making their bills look like large, triangular, wedge-shaped instruments.

Although the pelican is a somewhat large and ungainly creature, yet, when after a series of flappings and considerable effort it manages to become airborne, it flies very gracefully. Undercarriage of legs and webbed feet up, head well back on the shoulders, huge bill resting on the front of the neck, it can sail almost effortlessly through the air. It loves to soar, and above the pelicanry during daytime there were always some 50 to 150 birds circling like vultures, wheeling round and round on the thermal currents at varying heights. In addition to this "community soaring", I saw them go up individually, too, and even perform strange and comical aerobatics—twisting, diving and rolling in a manner that held the attention.

A suitable tree was found on which to set up a "hide" from which I could look down at some of the nests. To remain silent and hidden and to watch the family life of the pelicans from a distance of only a few feet, while the birds have not a clue that you are there, is an exciting experience. From my hidden position, I saw dirty-white eggs, naked little new-borns, chicks covered with snow-white down, and older ones with grey-brown feathers just beginning to sprout.

When I entered the "hide", the adult birds would fly away. But soon they would return, huge wings outstretched and webbed feet pushed forward. Then the inevitable shuffling and bickering of birds breeding in a colony! Next, those with eggs settled down to brood; and those with babies started to feed them, the latter an interesting process to watch.

Like cormorants and darters, pelicans feed their chicks with partly digested fish regurgitated into the tops of their pouches. A parent bird would look very solemn—almost ill. Then, with a hiccup or two, something came up its throat, and a chick was tenderly and carefully nudged into feeding activity. Soon, the head and neck of the chick, in fact the whole body if it happened to be a very young bird, disappeared into the pouch of the parent. Sometimes, two or three young chicks were all inside the pouch at once, and feeding furiously, totally eclipsing any sword-swallower's act.

In the course of the comings and goings of adult birds and the feeding of chicks, much food got vomited or spilt—and this is where the Brahmini Kites came in. There were hundreds of these, as well as a few Pariah Kites and crows, feeding on what they could scrounge at ground level. And the kites, when they were not too hungry, joined in the happy-go-lucky "community soaring" of the pelicans. Here was a veritable *mela* of the birds, a fair at which a good time was being had by all.

In most cases, the nests were contiguous: often, a row of them on a branch looked like a string of large beads. The young chicks of the various nests lurched about like drunks, and in their wanderings often got completely mixed up. Once, I got a boy to climb up and sort some of them out—to put the very young chicks into the nest where they belonged, the older ones into their respective nests, and so on. In no time at all, they staggered about and got mixed up again! But, when the parent birds returned, I think they were able to identify their babies easily enough to feed them.

I have read about the huge pelicanry on the Sittang River in Burma, where millions of birds were reported to breed. Someone who visited this place commented on the strange silence there: "Notwithstanding the millions of birds which breed in this forest, a most wonderful silence prevails. The pelicans seem to be perfectly mute, and the adjutants only bellow at intervals. The only sound which is constantly heard—and after a time even this sound passes unnoticed—is a sort of Aeolian harp, caused by the movement of the wings of innumerable birds high in the air."

In the Andhra pelicanry, however, no such silence prevails. In fact, the noise of the pelicans can be distinctly heard a quarter of a mile away; while, at close quarters, the moaning, harsh grunting, high-pitched yap-yapping and extraordinary clapping noises are very loud. I was able to make a tape-recording of these noises.

What of the future? Owing to a reclamation scheme for the extension of agriculture, the Kolleru Lake, which is probably the main source of the nesting pelicans' food supply, is being drained. Very soon, therefore, the birds may have to look elsewhere for abodes.

Even then, the outlook for the birds is not so gloomy. New hydroelectric and irrigation projects in India are producing many new expanses of water, at least some of which should eventually provide good feeding-grounds and nesting-sites for the water-birds of this country.

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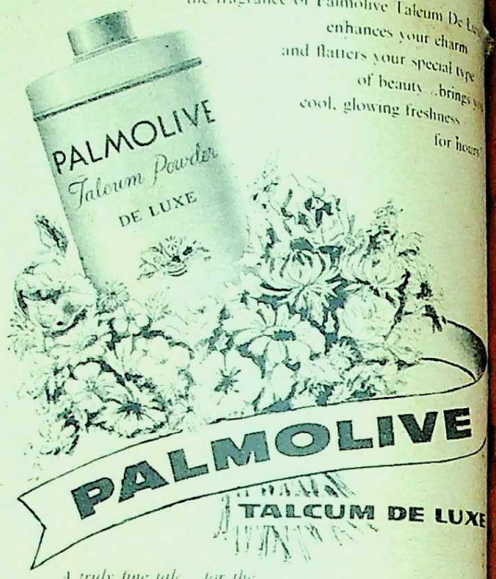

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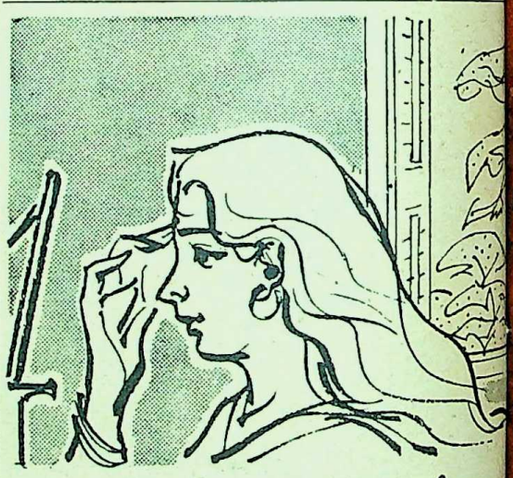

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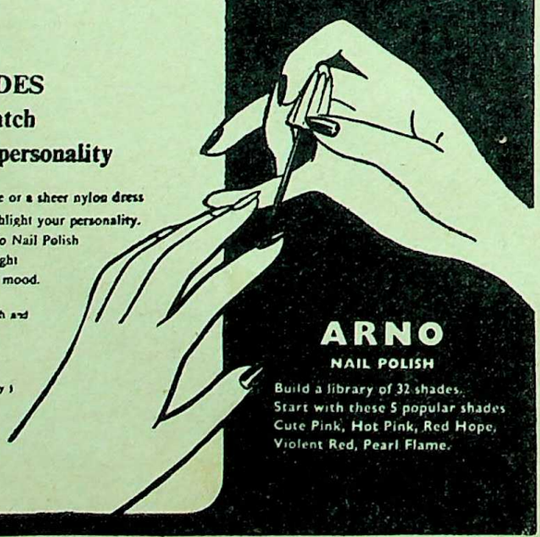

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This unconventional painting by the noted Bombay artist Rasik Raval appears on the occasion of Gandhi Jayanti.

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Oatine Snow

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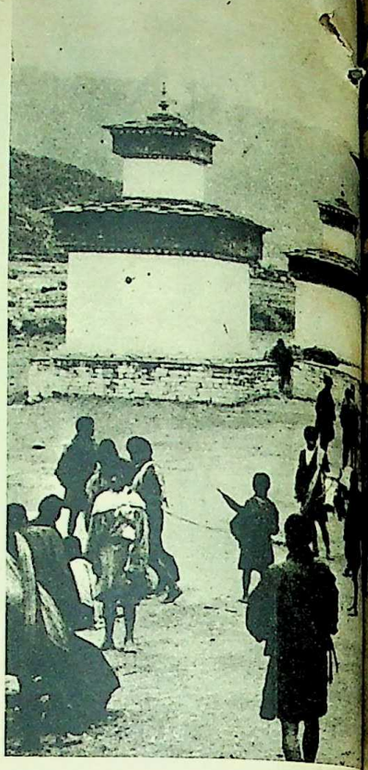
MEN GUARDING THE TIBET-BHUTAN FRONTIER wear no special uniform. The kingdom's defence expenditure is reported to have increased tenfold in recent months.



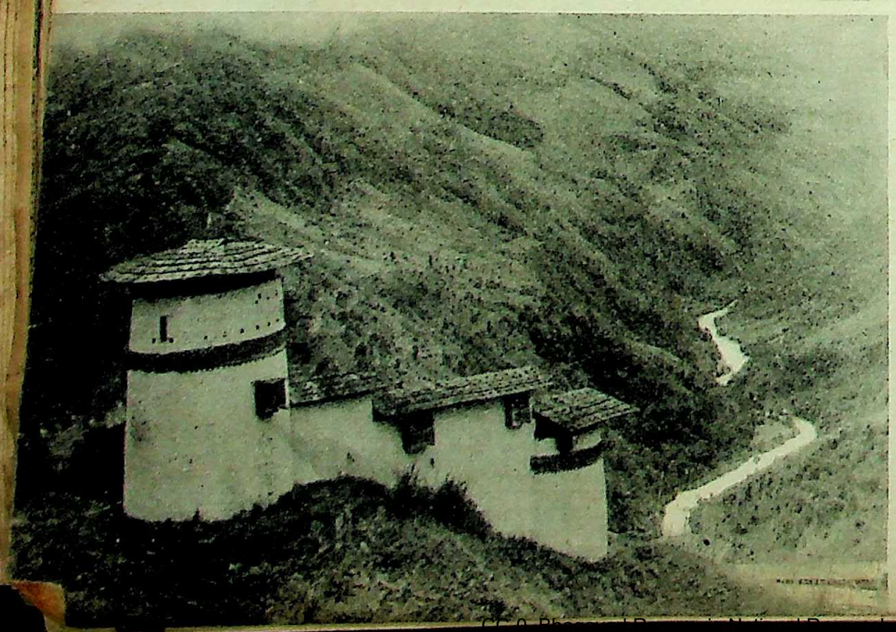
With the recent Chinese incursion the importance of Bhutan to the defence of our national frontiers has greatly increased, and Mr. Nehru's declaration that any attack on this kingdom will be considered an attack on India has come at an opportune moment. (In accordance with the treaty of "perpetual friendship" signed in 1949, the external affairs of this picturesque Himalayan state are being guided by India.) Meanwhile the visit to New Delhi of the Bhutanese Prime Minister, Mr. Jigme Dorji, has served to strengthen the ties between the two countries.

Bhutan: STRATEGIC HIMALAYAN KINGDOM

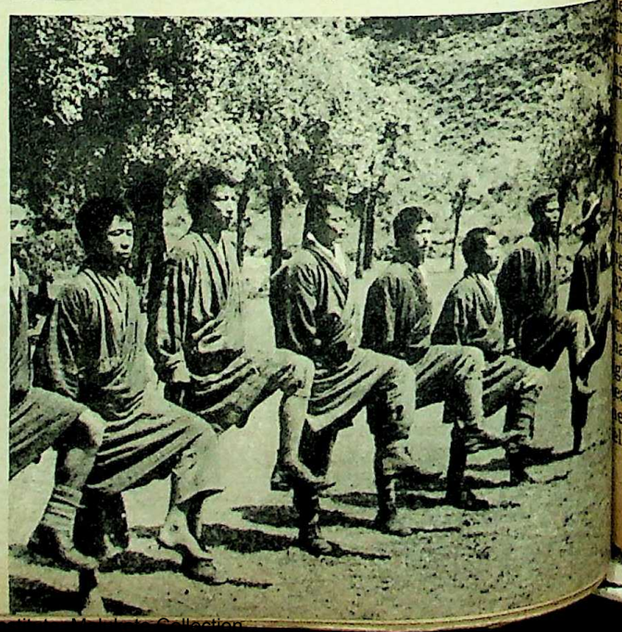
IN Tongsa, in the heart of Bhutan, is a fortress (*dzong*) straight out of a fairy-tale. It is a white and turreted pile upon a cliff 1,000 feet above an icy river. The mule track to northern Bhutan passes through it: under vividly painted galleries, by chapels centuries old, and past a lamasery in which some 200 monks were chanting prayers the morning I arrived.

Tongsa is the home of the Maharaja of Bhutan. I was entertained to lunch by the senior *dzong* official in an apartment belonging to the late King. The pine floor was a polished saffron, the walls were yellow and painted with bouquets of flowers and lucky signs such as the sacred umbrella, the conch shell, the eternal knot and the *chibum*, the silver container for the holy water. My host pointed to a door, locked and sealed, behind which apparently was

A TYPICAL FORTRESS in the northern parts of the country.



RECRUITS ON PARADE in the Ha Valley, in north-western Bhutan.



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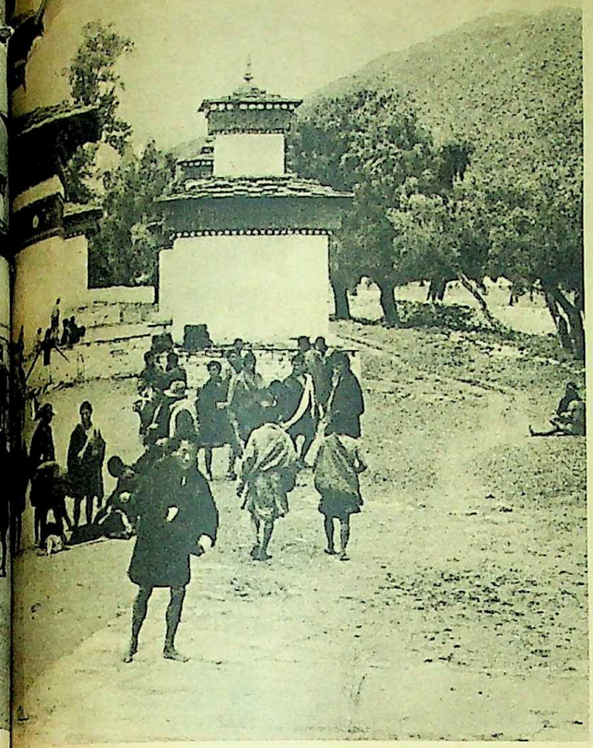

MARKET-DAY in Paro (left), a town Mr.Nehru visited in 1958. Above: Transplanting rice in the Paro valley. Below: Music and dance serve to "encourage" participants in an archery contest.

reat part of the late King's personal trea-
re. Nothing has been disturbed since the
ay he died, nor will it be, so long as the
hutan I have just seen endures.

Over lunch, the official told me of two
omen in the village who had been bitten
y a mad dog. He had sent a wireless mes-
ge to Thimbu for medical assistance. In
e meantime the local witch-doctors had
escribed a cure: a few hairs of the rabid
g, chicken's fat and leopard's milk, boil-
together and applied to the wounds.
his is as good an example as any of life
that remote, self-contained country,
hich, in a world of rapid change, has re-
ained as medieval as its forts and arch-
y contests, its witchcraft and its barter
nomy.

by BHANU BANERJEE

Though messages may be transmitted
ithin minutes from one end of the coun-
y to the other by radio, the kingdom has
motorable roads. So the journey from
e Indian frontier to Thimbu, in west-
ntral Bhutan, takes six or seven days on
orse- or muleback. When the Maharaja
st year set out to visit his eastern dis-
icts, the trip took six months.

Witches and spirits abound in Bhutan.
deed the northernmost province which
had occasion to visit is known as "The
ace of Spirits" (Bumthang). There I
as taken on the King's advice to a spot
here the spirits meet at night, whisper-
g and giggling until dawn. Fortunately,
y guides were as fearful as I, and we left
e spot before the spirits arrived, as dark-
ss swallowed the vast valley of Bum-
hang. But that night I saw bright green
ights (described as ghost lights) on a
earby hill, and the local schoolmaster told
e of enchantresses and witches he him-
lf had seen.

(Please Turn Over)

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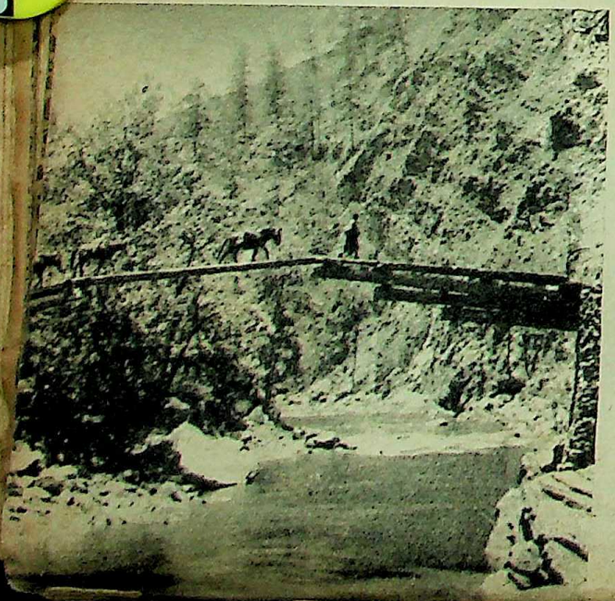
CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Digitized by eGangotri

MASKED DANCERS (Garudas) perform before the King in the capital.

THE BAZAR IN PARO. The Bhutanese are excellent weavers, and both men and women wear colourful clothes with exquisite designs.

PORTRAITS OF THE MAHARAJA are hung in all official residences. Below: A rugged, mountainous kingdom, Bhutan today has practically no good roads. Crossing in this manner can be a hair-raising experience.



BHUTAN

(Continued)

A Palace servant in Thimbu had been afflicted by a "scratching" spirit, and the King bade him show me his chest and back, mauled as though by a cat. I was warned not to expose my body after dark even for a moment—this may sound ridiculous to a city-dweller in the plains—and in lonely, spirit-infested Bhutan I took the advice seriously. The Prime Minister of Bhutan himself confessed to having once been scratched. And a Bhutanese doctor, trained in India, assured me that modern medicines were inadequate in such cases which responded only to witchcraft.

Yet side by side with this belief in witchcraft and spirits is a deep regard for religion. The Bhutanese are Lamaist Buddhists of the Drupka Khajupa sect. There are shrines and monasteries everywhere and every house has a chapel room in which the family gods are worshipped. This also is the main reception room.

I was surprised to find Hindu deities in Bhutan's monasteries. Kali and Ganesa are often depicted in the beautiful murals that cover every inch of the chapel interiors. So is Saraswati, and the Brahma-Vishnu-Maheswara trinity. Perhaps more so than in Tibet, the Tantrik influence on Buddhism is very profound in Bhutan. The early religion of the country, Phon, has also made a contribution with its mysticism and witchcraft. Fierce war gods protect the valleys and are worshipped with more fervour than even the compassionate Buddha, and oracles make predictions in the name of religion. In a Buddhist country where slaughter of animals is frowned upon, yaks are sacrificed to local gods.

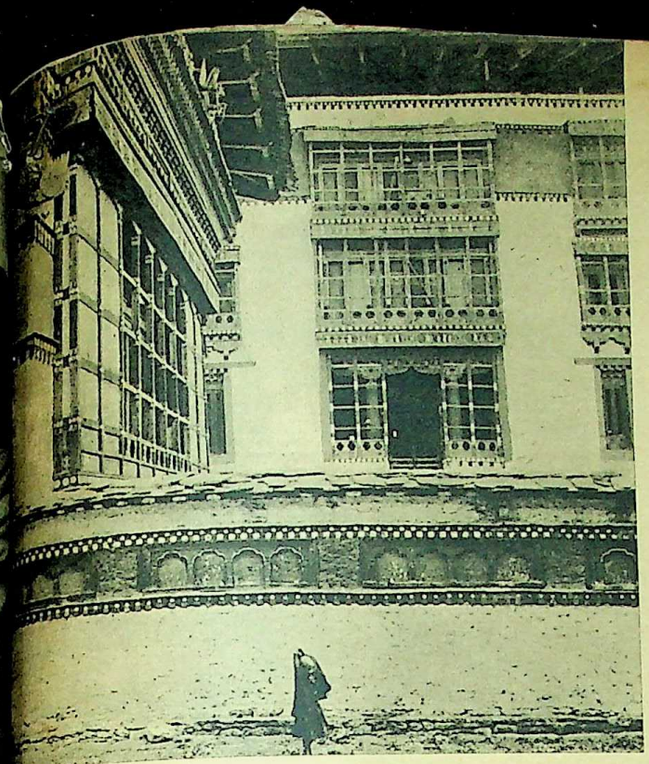
The standard of living in Bhutan remarkably high and I envied the peo their contentment. The Bhutanese, w are of Tibetan origin, live and eat we Their houses are as sturdy as they a beautiful; two to three storeys high, th are made of rammed earth and timber, a often finely painted inside and out. M Bhutanese have two houses, one for su mer and the other for winter, situated different parts of the country. They own lands and grow rice, wheat, vegetab and chillis. Extremely fond of chillis, th eat them with everything from soft crea cheese to pork and dried yak meat. Oth fields may remain unguarded, but over chilli patch someone always keeps a vig There are no beggars in the kingdom.

As weavers the Bhutanese are hard surpass, and their craft is kept alive b cause people prefer indigenous materials imported cloth. Men and women wear c ourful clothes with exquisite designs a both wear their hair in an urchin sty The women are fond of coral jewellery which is remarkable for people living a land-locked country.

But if the everyday materials and c tumes of Bhutan are beautiful, those se at festivals are indescribably enchantin The dancers execute whirls and leaps the richest brocades and silks. Paint masks, feathers, gold and silver filigr copper trumpets and lavish embroider and pageantry of a medieval joust. Wh I attended an archery contest in Thimb I felt as if I had been transported to a other age. The King participated in along with the humblest of his subjec We ate off gold and silver plates under silk awning.

In the Ha valley, in western Bhut and in Bumthang in the far north, I w

both men and



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THIMBU'S DZONG MONASTERY, with its intricately carved and painted structures. In the foreground is the prayer wall, its slate slabs carved with deities and religious texts. Right: A panoramic view of the Paro valley.

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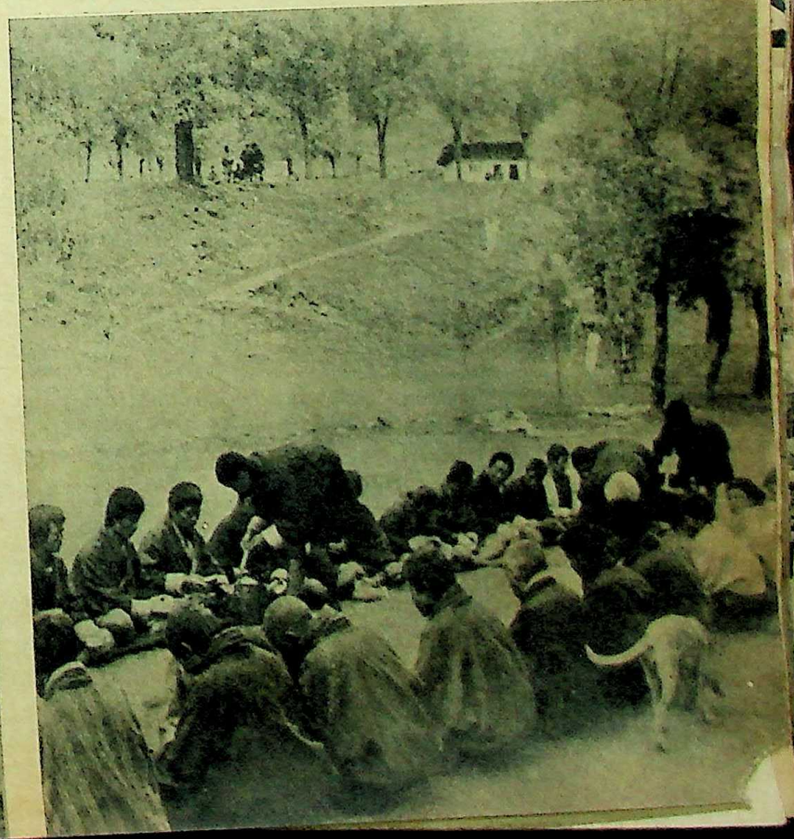
surprised to find schools where the medium of instruction was Hindi. Children also learn English. I visited these schools and talked to the pupils without difficulty in Hindi, and they asked me about India and told me that they hoped to go there for further education. At present there are 200 Bhutanese children in Indian schools and colleges, many of them being recipients of Indian scholarships. Bhutan's only two doctors have been trained in India, as have been the half a dozen compounders who are in charge of the kingdom's modern clinics.

My most enduring impression of Bhutan is of the journey through its forests; of paths so narrow and so precariously perched on the mountain side that I was afraid to look down; of exotic orchids and flowers; of birds and little scurrying animals; of waterfalls and high snow-covered peaks seen occasionally through the clouds; of *dzongs* like fairy castles; and of terraced fields like stairways to heaven.

I remember the great hospitality and kindness of the people of Bhutan and of my hosts the Maharaja, Jigme Dorji Wanchuk, and the Prime Minister, Jigme Palden Dorji. The King speaks English and Hindi and takes keen interest in the affairs of his people. He in turn is genuinely loved by his subjects. The Maharani was educated abroad and she contributes a great deal to the Royal institution.

Bhutan is now on the path of modernisation. The Prime Minister recently had talks with Mr. Nehru, as a result of which the kingdom will receive financial and technical aid in a road-building programme costing near Rs. 15 crores With the establishment of a modern system of communications, new and perhaps revolutionary ideas will flow into the kingdom. Political thinking will then begin to occupy the Bhutanese mind. Traditional crafts may vanish and the present state of contentment may be challenged. Fortunately, in a peculiarly democratic way of its own, Bhutan is preparing for these changes.

AN ARCHER AT PRACTICE. The archery contests are noted for their pomp and pageantry and resemble medieval jousts. Right: Some of the participants at a communal meal with the dancers who perform on the occasion. (Photographs by author.)



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"Be Bold, True and Resolute."

Mr. Motwane was born on the 6th October, 1878 at Larkana, Sind (now Pakistan). Today, on the occasion of his 82nd birth anniversary, we remember the man and his mission with reverence and gratitude.

It is our hope that we shall all prove worthy of the great example which he set, in his profession as much as in his personal life.

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PROHIBITION

(*Continued From Page 35*)

ways a desire to share the joy one ex-
riences with people whom one loves—
ants, sons, daughters, friends and so on.
would a man who goes to all lengths
induce a friend to share the thrill of
inking ever want to share it with his
n son or daughter, sister or mother?
en an addict would not dare to. The
ppiness alcohol offers is not merely il-
sury, it can seldom be shared with those
love and respect.

SERENITY OF MIND

Three thousand years ago, Agnivesha
ote: "For all men everything that is
ducive to well-being in life here and
reafter, and to supreme bliss in the high-
life of liberation, is based on absolute
enity of the mind. Liquor causes exces-
e agitation in such a tranquil mind,
e the stormy winds that shake the trees
a river-bank. Those addicted to and
nded by intoxicants and overcome by
sion and ignorance consider the intoxi-
ed state, which is a highly morbid and
eased condition, to be a state of happi-
s.

"These men, enslaved and blinded by
holism, are deprived of wisdom and
ika (noble and intellectual) qualities
are lost to all goodness. Wine is also
ause of great delusion, fear, grief,
r and death, as well as insanity, toxi-
, fainting, epilepsy and convulsions.
a man is deprived of his very me-
, then everything that follows is
ssarily evil. Thus those who know the
of drink condemn the habit strong-
Real and obvious indeed are the tre-
dous evil effects that wine is said to
e if it is unwholesome, or taken in ex-
, or taken disregarding the *prescribed*
lations.

"But wine, by nature, is regarded as
ar to food in its effect. It is produc-
of disease if taken in an improper
ner, and is like ambrosia if taken in
proper manner. Food, which is the life
ving creatures, if taken in an improper
ner, destroys life; but even poison,
ch by nature is destructive of life, if
en in the proper manner, acts as an
r. Wine taken in the proper manner
gives exhilaration, courage, delight, strength, health, great manliness and joy-ous intoxication." (*Charaka Chikitsa*)

From the praise lavished on wine towards the end of the above passage it is clear that the Ayurvedic texts do not insist on teetotalism. However, there is more to this attitude than is at first obvious. It is not mere objectivity of mind, for most of these ancient physicians lived under the patronage of powerful Kshatriya kings who were permitted to drink wine and eat meat, as these were *rajasika* foods. Some of these rulers were despots. Their medical advisers quite often considered discretion the better part of loyalty and refrained from offering unpalatable counsel which could jeopardise the goodwill of their patrons. Ancient Indian writings have sometimes been generous in accommodating the whims and shortcomings of contemporary rulers. The following passage *prescribing* how one should drink wine, taken from the Ayurvedic text mentioned above, proves beyond any doubt that a compromise between discretion and duty was sometimes necessary.

PRESCRIBED REGULATIONS

"Having attended to the internal and external needs of the body and having bathed and painted himself with fragrant sandal, a person must wear clean clothing along with ornaments and perfumes suitable to the season. Then, decking himself with garlands of variegated flowers and with jewels and ornaments, he should worship the Gods and the Brahmanas and touch the most auspicious articles. Seating himself comfortably on a well-made bed with pillows, on a place scattered with flowers that are best suited to the season, and fumigated with fragrant smoke, he should drink wine always in vessels of gold or silver, or vessels set with precious stones, or other vessels clean and well shaped.

"He should drink while being shampooed by clean, loving, beautiful, young and well-trained women dressed in fine clothes, jewels and flowers suitable to the season. He should eat, while drinking, green fruits and salted fragrant flesh and other sauces agreeable to the wine and proper to the season, and the fried flesh of many kinds of creatures of the land, water and air and many kinds of puddings made by expert cooks..."

Evidently, only kings or near-kings could drink wine according to "the prescribed regulations".

It may be mentioned here that wines of different strength ranging from mild beverages to very strong alcoholic drinks were in use in India millenniums ago. Ayurveda mentions hundreds of alcoholic medicinal preparations, but very few of them can be used for purposes of intoxication. Incidentally, most of the ancient Ayurvedic texts on treatment contain a chapter on diseases caused by alcoholic drinks.

A BETTER LIFE

It is not what drink does to the individual but what the drunkard does to his family or society that creates the need for prohibition. I have had the opportunity of studying the condition of mill-workers for a period of over seven years immediately after Partition. I came into close contact with thousands of labourers in a mill area. I have no doubt that the home life of the labourers has become far happier as a direct result of prohibition. The ill-treatment of wives and children as a sequel to drinking has practically disappeared. There are signs of prosperity, too—metal utensils are now to be seen in many homes where leaves were once used for serving food.

It is not quite correct that the "kick" one gets out of drinking cannot be equalled by any other experience. A millionaire of Bombay who once paid a fabulous sum to a physician for breaking his drink habit exclaimed in ecstasy after a vigorous game of golf: "I never felt so thrilled, even after the best drink in my life!" He was quite right. He never went back to drinking. To many people the breaking of the habit has proved a greater thrill than the act of drinking itself. Many of the landlords and rich agriculturists of West Punjab, given to regular drinking in their lives of luxury and ease, actually gave up drinking under the crippling stress and anxiety which Partition brought them.

By and large the effect of prohibition on Indian society has been encouraging. It does prove a source of annoyance to some innocent merry-makers who, ordinarily, do not need any legal curbs on their behaviour. One can feel some sympathy for them. But this is the dark side of restrictive legislation all over the world—that laws enacted to control the malpractices of one section of the people have necessarily to be applied to society as a whole, if they are to be effective.

SCULPTURE FROM THE ELEPHANTA CAVES. Right and below, left: Surasundaris from Khajuraho. (Photographs: Harbans Chadha, 2; A. L. Syed, 2.)

Aspects Of Indian A

This is the first of two articles

by A. S. RAMAN

IN Andre Malraux's monumental essay in aestheticism, *The Voices of Silence*, occurs a moving passage on the *raison d'etre* of religious art. It runs thus: "The barrier which stands between us and Egypt or Sumeria is no longer due to lack of practical knowledge, but to our ignorance of the spiritual background to which our knowledge should be applied. And the major fact remains that the statues of Sumeria still speak to us, even if the note struck by the universe in the soul of a Sumerian priest has disappeared for ever, even though a treatise on the religions of Egypt and Sumeria would awaken no response in us." The point here is simple, that sculptures are more eloquent than scriptures.

Indian art history affords ample evidence in support of Malraux's thesis. In fact he often draws on it, though he confines himself to sculpture. "...What is," he asks, "the French text of the Bhagavat-Gita compared with the Mahesamurti of Elephanta?..." It is however necessary to remember that painting has served as an equally sacred sanctuary for the Hindu pantheon.

It is often said that the art of India, though rooted in ageless tradition, has had across the centuries many ups and downs, the ups being associated with Buddhism and the down... Brahmanism and Jainism. Even such a ... tive and percipient aesthete as Coomara... only betrays his Buddhist bias when h... misses Ellora as decadent, eulogising, ... same time, Amaravati as the crowning g... Indian sculpture. Sanchi, Bharhut, ... Ajanta, Amaravati, Nagarjunakonda ... names no doubt represent some of th... creative periods and phases of India's ... tory. But the inevitable Brahmanical ... that Buddhism later encountered afford... Indian artist inspiration no less intens... abiding. The sculptures that emerged w... ferent in style and scale—dynamic and ... mental. As regards Jain art, in its early ... it was akin to its Buddhist counterpart, ... overshadowed it. But in its later manifes... Jain art showed a distinctiveness with ... cent on precision and placidity. Thus ... end of the sixth century Buddhism fou... giving way to a robust Brahmanical ... which in turn heralded the dawn of a ... in Indian art.

Medieval Brahmanical sculpture ev... many forms. The earliest, naturally, w... simplest and sturdiest, and they are be... at Elephanta, Ellora and Mamallapuram...

...the temples, built ... ...and the 14th, that re... ...the age. Many exam... ...category, the outsta... ...the Orissan group (... ...Puri) and to the Ch... ...). But even here o... ...cy of styles, from ce... ...ple to temple, all the ... ...occupied with the s... ...foundly religious insp... ...search for the mediu... ...communicate it to ... ...ple in the most effe... ...hat is why we find the ... ...walls of our medieva... ...so elusive, so sensuo... ...must not forget tha... ...served them never devia... ...sions of the day, artist...

The late medieval I... ...nt another significant ... ...mples and the ones at ... ...Belur, though different i... ...tions, reveal marked st... ...suggest that the artists ... ...with the surface of ston... ...the spirit behind form. ... ...riking features of this ... ...the meticulous attention ... ...rnate finish. But these ... ...seful purpose in the se... ...the heights which India ... ...each at a time when ... ...Thus they were also typ... ...they were produced.

Today, however, the ...nificance of art as unde... ...ed by Indian sculptors c... ...they really believe in re... ...was their technical equ... ...standards set by classic... ...their patrons? How c... ...work to be creative if i... ...rinces and priests? ... ...are typical of the moder...

A SPIRITED

Today our ancestors ... ...estioned because it is ... ...with the apparently obs... ...of our medieval temple... ...to recall Coomaraswam... ...the *maithuna* motifs in ... ...the external decoration ... ...ples generally we may ... ...presented, offered and ... ...all the forms of life an... ...constitute the Universe ... ...feats, and by which he ... ...such a dedication, essen... ...the exclusion of any ... ...grounds of human con... ...to denial of God."

The Indian artist di... ...the gods of his creation ... ...his Greek confrere, he ... ...different idiom. He nev... ...norm of human form. ... ...but the perfectly prop... ...athlete but the subtle ... ...Indian view of life—a ... ...a process of Yoga, thus ... ...integration into the ... ...every piece of Indian s... ...an inner life-force des... ...stiffness. Faith, t... ...largely moulded his vi... ...was rigorous and we ...

the temples, built between the 11th century and the 14th, that really reflected the spirit of the age. Many examples can be cited from this category, the outstanding ones belonging to the Orissan group (Konarka, Bhubaneswar and Puri) and to the Chandela period (Khajuraho). But even here one can notice a diversity of styles, from century to century, from people to temple, all the artists, however, being preoccupied with the same fundamentals—a profoundly religious inspiration and an intense search for the medium through which they could communicate it to the largest number of people in the most effective manner possible. That is why we find the figures immortalized on the walls of our medieval temples so earthy and yet so elusive, so sensuous and yet so sublime. We must not forget that the sculptors who carved them never deviated from the accepted canons of the day, artistic as well as moral.

The late medieval Indian sculptures represent another significant trend. The Dilwara temples and the ones at Achalgarh, Halebid and Belur, though different in their religious affiliations, reveal marked stylistic affinities, which suggest that the artists were concerned more with the surface of stone or marble than with the spirit behind form. For among the most striking features of this group of temples are the meticulous attention to detail and rigidly ornate finish. But these carvings serve a very useful purpose in the sense that they proclaim the heights which Indian craftsmanship could reach at a time when nothing else mattered. Thus they were also typical of the age in which they were produced.

Today, however, the precise scope and significance of art as understood and demonstrated by Indian sculptors can be misconstrued. Did they really believe in religion? How adequate was their technical equipment judged by the standards set by classical Greece? Who were their patrons? How could they claim their work to be creative if it was commissioned by princes and priests? Questions such as these are typical of the modern mind.

A SPIRITED DEFENCE

Today our ancestors' religious inspiration is questioned because it is considered inconsistent with the apparently obscene reliefs on the walls of our medieval temples. Here it is necessary to recall Coomaraswamy's spirited defence of the *maithuna* motifs in Indian art. He says: "Of the external decoration of the later Hindu temples generally we may say that there are represented, offered and dedicated to the deity, all the forms of life and all the activities that constitute the Universe through which he manifests, and by which he is known to us, and in such a dedication, essential to the religious life, the exclusion of any aspect of life even on grounds of human convenience would amount to denial of God."

The Indian artist did not want the men and the gods of his creation to look ordinary. Like his Greek confrere, he idealized them but in a different idiom. He never accepted the Hellenic norm of human form. For his objective was not the perfectly proportioned physique of an athlete but the subtle body consistent with the Indian view of life—a body sublimated through a process of Yoga, thus prepared for one's reintegration into the Absolute. That is why every piece of Indian sculpture is vibrant with an inner life-force despite its apparent anatomic stiffness. Faith, training and environment largely moulded his vision. His apprenticeship was rigorous and we have it on the authority of *Silpasastras* that a severe spiritual discipline was imposed on him, even before he began to learn the elements of his craft.

KINNARAS—AJANTA.

As regards the environment, from all accounts, it was gracious and expansive. People lived freely and fully. But they were always aware of the presence of an eternal and universal Force and their endeavours aimed at realizing oneness with it. So it is not correct to say that the Indian artist was an escapist and that he had no integral view of life. To quote Dr. Stella Kramrisch, the Indian artist "sees the outside with open eyes and the inner world with his eyes closed", which means that he lived in two worlds all the time. This may sound mystical, but it is a fact. The dichotomy of religious belief and worldly practice is typically Western and does not apply to the Indian context.

AN ORNATELY CARVED FIGURE from Halebid, Mysore.

What is the justification of erotic motifs in Indian aesthetics? Sex in ancient India had a robust and healthy connotation, as evidenced by the temple carvings at Khajuraho, Konarka, Bhubaneswar, Puri and elsewhere; the Indian miniatures dealing with the Radha-Krishna and Siva-Parvati themes; and by the inspiring Vaishnava poetry. *Sringara* was a recognised *rasa*. Sex also played a vital role in providing the *raison d'etre* for many religious beliefs and practices of which the surviving *Phallic Symbol* and the *Shakti Cult* are the most eloquent examples. Naturally woman assumed a very important position in society and became the subject of study in her various roles—as mother, wife and mistress. On the whole, in the ancient Hindu code of morality, sex had a healthy and honoured place. Our erotic sculptures thus have their root in the people's beliefs and practices and in social sanction. One cannot appreciate a nation's art if one does not understand the milieu—social, religious and intellectual—in which it was produced.

Why did our artists choose to remain anonymous? Dr. Coomaraswamy gives the answer. He says: "The anonymity of the artist belongs to a type of culture dominated by the longing to be liberated from oneself. All the force of this philosophy is directed against the delusion: 'I am the doer'. 'I am not in fact the doer, but the instrument; human individuality is not an end but only a means...' The artists who could not only visualize highly idealized prototypes of Divinity but translate them into pain and stone and make them 'speak' to us must have been themselves divine indeed. If art is sheer ecstasy externalized through the medium of rhythmic, evocative symbols there can be no finer specimen of it than the legacy left by our ancestors—for the whole world to see, to scrutinize and to admire.

(To Be Concluded)

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* BURNING SENSATION
* SOUR ERUCTATION
* LOSS OF APPETITE
* CONSTIPATION
* FLATULENCE
* DIARRHOEA
* NAUSEA

AND HAVE YOU FOUND THE REMEDY?

If Not

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Pt. Durga Datt Sharma, Vaidya-Vachaspati

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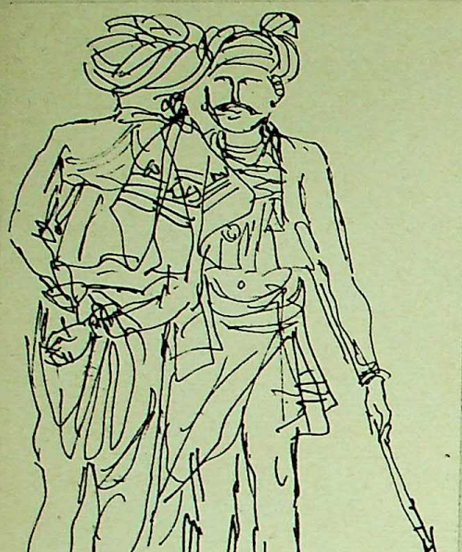
Gita Govinda Theme

by GEORGE KEYT

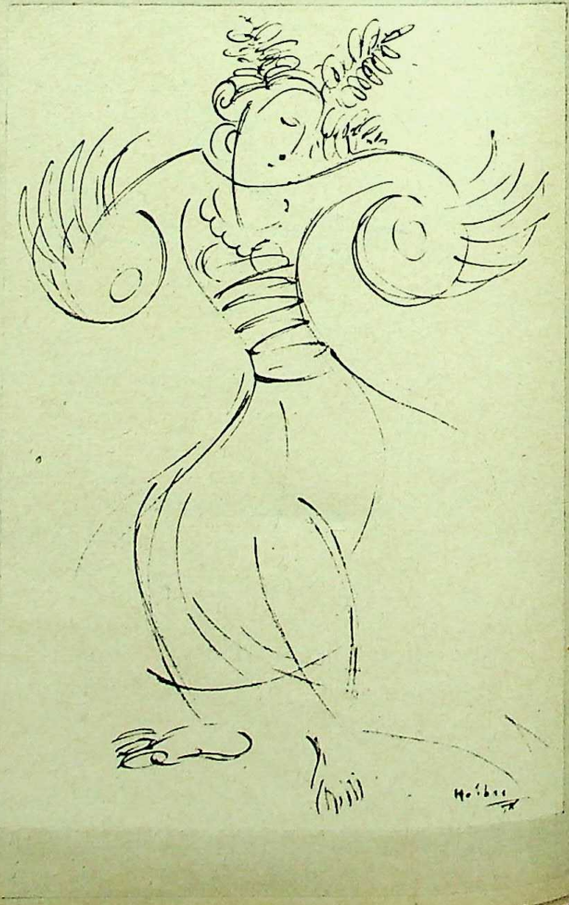


SAURASHTRA TYPES *Pradumna Tana*

STUDIES OF A CROONER
Mansaram

Modern Indian Drawings — A Portfolio

BIRD STUDY *Gopal Ghose*



BALINESE DANCER
K. K. Hebbar

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

The Last Years Of Napoleon

(*Continued From Page* 33)

Sir Hudson did not relish the news and felt sure Lord Bathurst would relish it even less. The government would be excoriated by the opposition press for its pettiness and parsimony. There would be speeches in Parliament. All Europe would be talking. A month went by and nothing happened. But towards the middle of October, when Lowe made a demand for money to cover the monthly deficit, Cipriani appeared at the office of Balcombe, Cole and Company, at Jamestown, with a quantity of silver. It was some of the Emperor's tableware, hammered into a shapeless mass after the imperial eagles which adorned it had been removed. There were some dozen people in the office, including several officers of a frigate about to depart for England. They watched the silver being weighed and one of them asked Cipriani if the Emperor was well. "As well as a man can be who has to sell his tableware in order to live," the Corsican replied. The silver brought £240.

There were further sales in November and December. The first brought £309 the second £516. Napoleon had ordered twelve covers to be left intact, but to dramatise the situation further he had Cipriani buy cheap earthern tableware at Jamestown and send it to Longwood. Tongues were wagging all over the island. Never had Lowe so anxiously awaited a letter from Bathurst. Finally it came. In a dispatch dated November 22, 1816. Bathurst authorised Lowe to permit Napoleon to send sealed letters to a London banking house. The Emperor's stepson Eugene, who had married the daughter of the King of Bavaria and with whom Napoleon had 800,000 francs, made arrangements with Andrews, Street and Parker of London, so that drafts signed by Bertrand should be honoured. In October, 1817, Bathurst made a further concession. He wrote to Lowe: "If you should consider the sum of £12,000 a year not to be adequate to maintain such an establishment as would be requisite for a general officer of his distinction, you will have no difficulty in making what you deem to be a requisite addition."

A victory? Yes; but what a victory for the hero of Austerlitz and Jena! "It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," he himself had said once.

* * *

LAS CASES was dissatisfied and unhappy. It was after the removal to Longwood that his real troubles had begun. For reasons already noted he had remained the Emperor's favourite companion, but he was now constantly exposed to the jealous resentment of Gourgaud and of Montholon. It expressed itself in lighting remarks and innuendoes. Montholon had taken advantage of his appointment as manager of the Longwood establishment to assign to him and his son Emanuel three little connecting rooms worse than those occupied by some of the servants. Emanuel wrote to his mother: "They are so low that you can touch the ceilings with your hands; they are covered with tarred paper. When the sun shines we are almost suffocated; when it rains we are almost drowned."

Small of stature, elderly, unaggressive, Las Cases was no match for his tormentors. He suffered in silence, but his health became affected. His eyes troubled him and he was compelled to tell Napoleon that he could no longer see well enough to take dictation. When not in the Emperor's company he spent his time dictating to his son all Napoleon told him about his career and those associated with it interspersing it with rhetorical outbursts about his hero and denunciations against the governor. Saint-Denis, with the Emperor's permission, did the transcribing. Towards the end of November, 1816, the manuscript consisted of 925 closely written pages.

The ill will of Las Cases' colleagues increased in intensity as time progressed. A two days' record of the discord, as given by Gourgaud in his journal, is sufficiently revealing. In the afternoon of November 16, 1816, according to his account, Napoleon, accompanied by Gourgaud and the Montholons, went walking in the garden. After a while they called on the Bertrands, who, since October 20, had been living in their new house, about 120 yards from the Emperor's establishment. While Napoleon was conversing with Madame Bertrand, Montholon said to the others that Las Cases was about to lose his private servant. "However, one need not feel sorry for him," he added with a smirk. "He is going to have the services of Gentilini. The Emperor's valet will be emptying the Jesuit's chamber pot."

That evening, when Napoleon, the Montholons and Gourgaud were assembled in the drawing-room, Emanuel entered and said his father was ill and would be unable to appear for dinner. While they were at table the Emperor sent Saint-Denis to see how the sick man was faring. The servant returned and reported that Las Cases was in bed, but had said he could eat some soup and some breast of chicken. "Oh, the poor man!" Montholn exclaimed sarcastically. Napoleon glanced at him but said nothing. When they had returned to the drawing room he remarked that the annoyance the governor was causing Las Cases about his servant might well be responsible for his illness. Gourguad bristled and said: "I had to put up with far greater annoyance when they took away my servant. For three days I had nobody to wait on me."

* * *

THE Emperor spoke to Bertrand about Gourgaud's behaviour, and on November 18 the grand marshal reasoned with the young man, trying to convince him that Las Cases, a chamberlain, had the right to precedence over him. Gourgaud replied with some heat that he had been His Majesty's chief ordnance officer at an annual salary of 32,000 francs, had taken orders from no one but him, and had had entry to his cabinet at all times. He, a general officer, was not going to have a chamberlain, a mere titled valet, take precedence over him.

That same day the Emperor summoned Montholon and Gourgaud to his apartment. He spoke to them about Las Cases, trying to convince them that he was a man of great merit, a "little Talleyrand". They were wrong, he said, in being jealous of him. True, he sometimes laid himself open to ridicule, as when he claimed that his family tree was second only to that of the Bourbons, "but I find his conversation entertaining. He knows a great deal about England, where all of us may be living some day, and is giving me much useful information about that country". Turning to Gourgaud, he added: "I speak to you as I would to a son, and beg you to be friends with him."

Gourgaud replied that Las Cases was too much of a Jesuit to suit him as a friend and appealed to Montholon for support, whereupon the latter put forth his own claims. He had, he said, been minister to Wuerzburg, had served his country for seventeen years, had been a general as well as a chamberlain, was as well descended as Las Cases, and would under no circumstances allow him to take precedence over him.

The man who had made and unmade kings and had laid the law down to emperors keenly felt the absurdity of this petty quarrel about who should have precedence at his shabby little imitation court. Waxing somewhat impatient, he reproached Montholon for encouraging Gourgaud in his stand. Then, turning to the latter, he said: "You not only want precedence over Las Cases, but also over Montholon." The young general drew himself up and said with apparent conviction: "Nothing can disturb the friendship between myself and Montholon."

That evening Las Cases had sufficiently recovered from his indisposition to appear in the drawing-room. When Cipriani opened the door leading to the dining-room and announced, "His Majesty is served," and the Emperor, having offered his arm to Madame Montholon walked towards the door, Gourgaud quickly fell in behind Montholon, in front of Las Cases.

There came a time when Las Cases had to confess to himself that the privilege of being Napoleon's favourite companion in exile did not compensate for the enmity, humiliation and discomfort to which he was daily subjected. Moreover, he began to wonder if his presence at Longwood did not make things worse rather than better for the captive. Now that he no longer took the Emperor's dictation, might he not be more useful to him as his representative in Europe? As for the memoirs he was writing, it was Napoleon's reminiscences of his astounding career in which the world was primarily interested, and what the Emperor had already told him covered all the main events of that career and would fill several volumes. Napoleon's existence at St. Helena was not likely to differ much from one year to another, so that, too, was sufficiently covered. He thus reached the conclusion that it woud be to the Emperor's advantage as well as his own if he were to leave.

But how could he leave of his own volition—he who had said in the May declaration he had sent to Lowe: "I mean to share the fate of the Emperor Napoleon; to accompany him, to follow him, and to alleviate as much as I can the unjust treatment he experiences"; who had exclaimed within the hearing of his colleagues: "The Emperor is my god, the object of my veneration and adoration!"? Would not people say what Montholon and Gourgaud had clearly intimated, that he had come to St. Helena not from devotion to Napoleon but to collect material for a book? He saw only one solution: to get himself deported.

He may have driven the thought away as unworthy when it had first intruded itself, for he had by this time become devoted to Napoleon. Where does egotism end and devotion begin? He hardly knew the Emperor when he offered to follow him to St. Helena, and there is reason to believe that the desire to write a first-hand account of his career, gleaned from his conversation, had been his predominating motive at that time. But Bonaparte was a man of exceptional charm and possessed a streak of innate kindness that shone forth from his face and manifested itself throughout his life on numerous occasions. We have seen that Lady Malcolm has written she was "struck with the kindness of his expression", that "seemed to indicate goodness". The Englishman Basil Hall, who visited him at St. Helena on August 13, 1817, wrote: "It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it benignity and kindliness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview".

* * *

THE Emperor had been kind to Las Cases, and they had been in almost daily communication for months. Impressionable as was the chamberlain, he could hardly have helped becoming devoted to him. Yet the thought that getting himself deported was the only way out of his dilemma kept intruding and influenced his actions. It manifested itself in his correspondence. The Bertrands, the Montholons, knowing that their letters were read by the governor, were circumspect when writing to relatives and friends. Gourgaud, not wishing to cause anxiety to his mother and sister, managed to make his exile appear almost enviable. Las Cases, on the other hand, faithfully echoed Napoleon, and to the man who had had all Europe for a playground and a score of palaces to live in, Longwood and Sir Hudson's restrictions were worse than stone walls and iron bars to the ordinary mortal.

One cannot help wondering if Las Cases' note to the Baroness Stuermer—a bold infraction of the regulation forbidding any communication with persons on the island without the intervention of the governor—was not sent as much in the hope that it would fall into the hands of Sir Hudson as for the purpose of establishing contact with the baroness. It did fall into Lowe's hands, but Las Cases got only a warning. His next move was to invite two officers, who had visited the Emperor, to his room for the purpose of reading Napoleon's "Remonstrance" to them.

It was well known that Lowe was in the habit of questioning visitors to Longwood, so Las Cases knew that the governor would learn about the matter. That Lowe was becoming seriously aroused against him is evident from his letter to Lord Bathurst of July 27, 1816, in which he wrote, speaking of Napoleon's officers: "There is not one of them who has not shown a disposition to elude the execution of the established regulations and abuse the indulgences granted them—but none more so than the one from whom I least expected it, the Count Las Cases."

Next Week:11—"Las Cases Deported"

THE BRABOURNE STADIUM

Venue of the First Test Match, now being played between India and Pakistan, in Bombay.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

(by INDRAJIT NALAWALLA)

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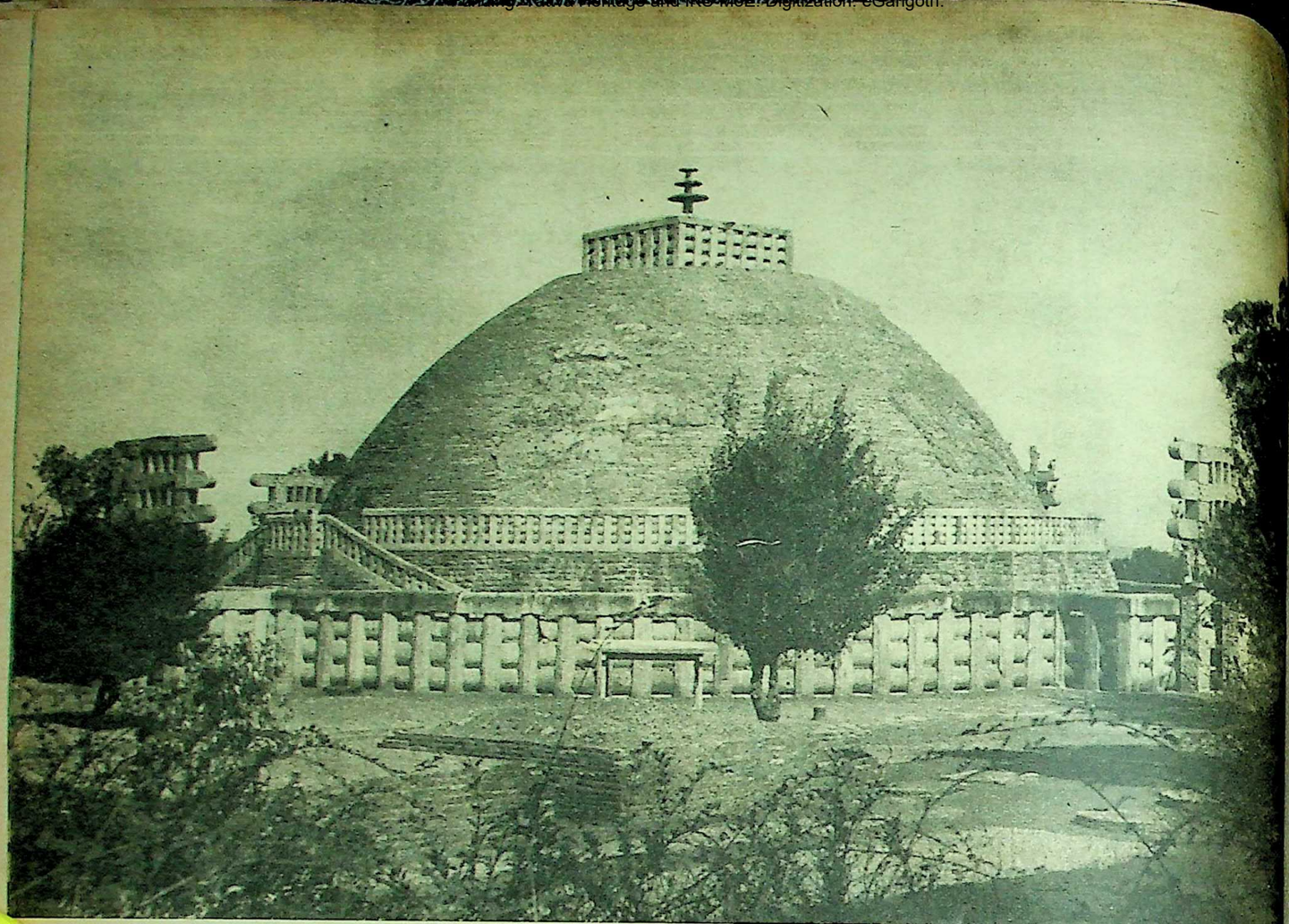
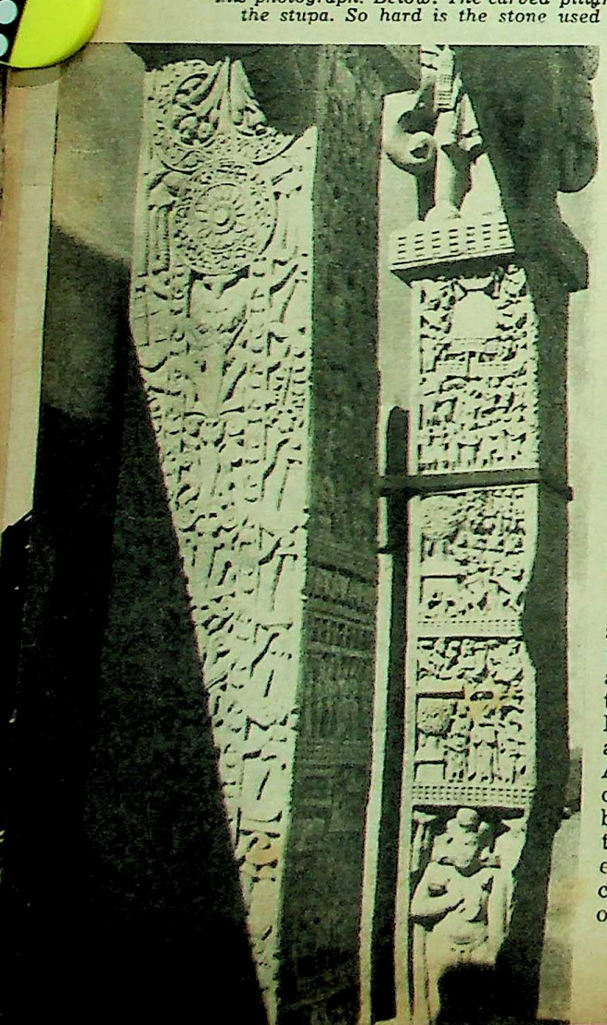


THE GREAT STUPA at Sanchi dates from about 200 B.C. All the four stone toranas, *which were a later addition, are visible in this photograph. Below: The carved pillars of the northern* torana, *with, at left, a part of the stone balustrade* (vedika) *surrounding the stupa. So hard is the stone used that the carving might be thought to date from yesterday. (Photographs by author)*



India Revisited

by JOHN ELLIS

I HAVE been coming to India and staying, for several years at a stretch, over a longer period of time than I care to record here, and it has always been a matter of regret to me that I have been able to take away with me nothing more tangible than my own imperfect memories, and have had only my entirely inadequate word-pictures with which to describe to my relatives and friends all the wonders and beauties I have seen.

When, therefore, I learned that I was to return for a fourth stay, I made up my mind that this time I would make a more abiding record of as much of the Indian scene as I could cover. Though I am restricted somewhat by the bounds of the area in which my work lies, even so I find that the three States of Maharashtra, Madhya Pradesh and Gujarat—with the added opportunity of an occasional trip to Agra and Delhi and through Rajasthan—offer more material to be recorded on film, both in black and white and in colour, than any one person could possibly cover, even if he gave his life to it. And the same can be said, I know, of the other two-thirds of India.

This is the main reason for my co tention that India is, potentially, a tourist and particularly a photographer's, pa dise. I do not say this lightly: I have t velled fairly extensively in Europe a have spent prolonged periods in Canad Australia and Ceylon, while my co country (England) is, of course, among the most beautiful in the world, one which tourists bring the second larg item of foreign exchange earnings in whole budget.

Nevertheless, I have been to no oth country that offers all the year round su a profusion and such a variety of visu experiences as India. At present, the ord nary tourist, or the professional man on business-*cum*-pleasure visit, almost v variably chooses the four "cold-weath months, November to February. But th is much to be said for visiting certain pa of the country at other times of the ye In Bombay and the adjacent areas Western India, for instance, the monso is by no means unpleasant, while th period is notable, particularly towards t end, for some of the most interesting a colourful traditional and religious ce monies.

THE EARLY BUDD Greek influenc

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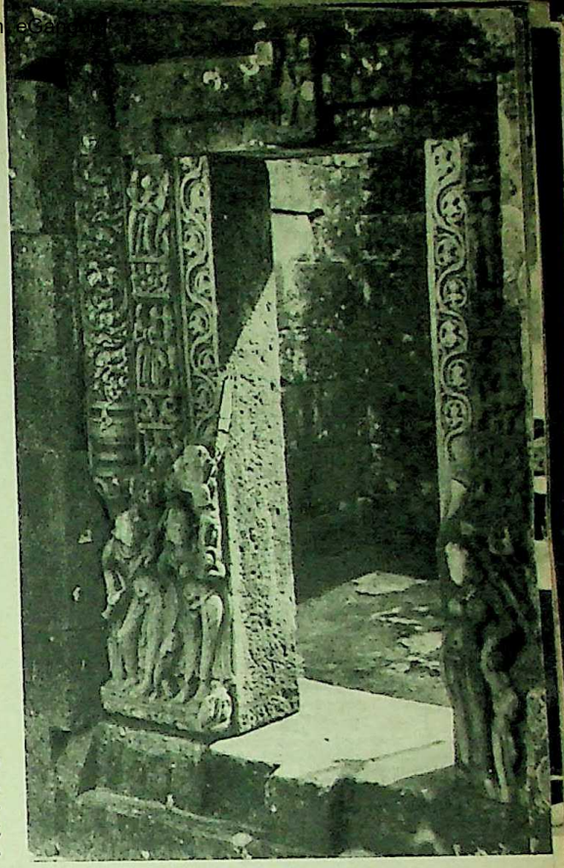
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri



THE EARLY BUDDHIST TEMPLE and the colonnade behind, at Sanchi, show marks of Greek influence. Right: Carved doorway of the ruined temple shown below.

Admittedly, the monsoon season is neither the most comfortable nor the surest in which to travel by car. But one does not have to travel by car: the railway and the air services will get one to most of the key points at any season. And the majority of visitors do not have a car, in any case.

I admit, too, that no one would willingly choose to tour Rajasthan, the Delhi-Agra area, or the Punjab, during the hottest months of the year, but there are beautiful hill stations, which can be visited at that time, many of them of historical as well as scenic interest—and there is always lovely Kashmir.

No. For the determined traveller with a real interest in the rich cultural, social and historical tapestry which is India, the real enemy is not the climate, but time and the sheer immensity of the field to be covered. Whatever one's primary interests may be—history, archaeology, sculpture, painting, religion, dancing, folk art, traditional ceremonial and festivals, or just scenery and people—the choice is so bewildering in its diversity and abundance that one hardly knows where to begin.

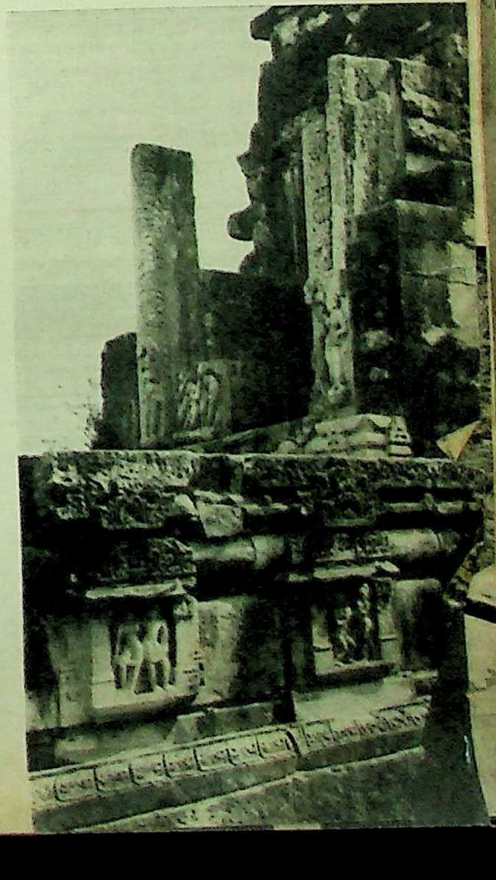
I found, myself, that making this first choice was very difficult. However, I simplified the issue by deciding to do first things first—namely history, and in this context this meant, for me, historical buildings and monuments.

I made the journey by car and, as is revealed by the places I have photographed, I took the main Bombay-Agra road through Mhow (diverting slightly for Sanchi) and Gwalior.

On the return journey, I detoured through Rajasthan, visiting Ajmer, Amber, Jaipur and Udaipur, but of course my pictures of these famous and beautiful places are in colour. Incidentally, the journey was undertaken in the last weeks of March, which, for Rajasthan particularly, are generally supposed to be rather late and too hot; but I did not find them so. The climate there is so dry (which is wonderful for photography) that one does not seem to feel the heat, and the nights were always deliciously cool. It was only on the last run in from Mhow to Bombay, when we struck the moist warmth of the sea air, that we became at all uncomfortable.

(Please Turn Over)

RUINED TEMPLE at Sanchi, of a late period. It is distinguished by its profusely carved pillars and wainscotting, shown, right, in greater detail. The nagini, centre, is seen before Sanchi's oldest stupa, which contained Sariputta's and Mahamoggallana's relics.



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India Revisited

(Continued)

Many books have been written about Sanchi and hundreds of thousands of photographs must have been taken of these early Buddhist shrines, some of which date back to the Indo-Greek period of about 200 B.C., but nobody need be daunted by such thoughts. The site itself is on a gently sloping hill commanding sweeping views of the plains below, and it always seems to have an air of peace and dignity.

In the dry weather the air is crystal clear and some of the monuments, particularly the two principal stupas with their (later) gateways, or *toranas*, are in such a marvellous state of preservation that the carvings look as though they might have been executed 20 rather than 2,000 years ago. Most authorities agree that the *toranas* were erected and carved in stone some 200 or more years later than the stupas and are replacements of earlier wooden ones. Certainly, the construction and carving are exactly what one would expect of work in timber and, as one looks at them in all their incisive delicacy, one marvels at the skill and craftsmanship (to say nothing of the strength) which enabled their creators to cut and chisel the hard limestone—so hard that it has lasted to this day—as though they were working in soft wood.

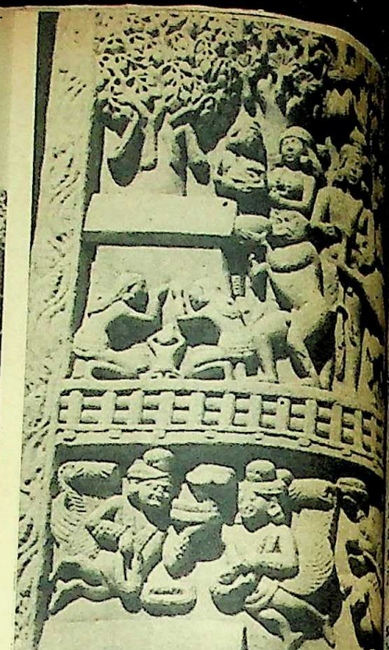
Furthermore, in spite of the enormous number of photographs that have been taken of Sanchi, it seems that there are always fresh aspects, new angles, more details, to be discovered amongst these fascinating remains.

WARRIORS' CITADEL

Gwalior, the next place illustrated here, has as different an atmosphere from that of Sanchi as can well be imagined. City-and fortress of warrior kings and last resting place of the brave Rani Lakshmibai of Jhansi, it has an air of fierce, proud strength that attracted and fascinated me when, as a young lad, I first saw the battlements growing out of the top of the rocky hill, silhouetted against the sky, from my railway-carriage window.

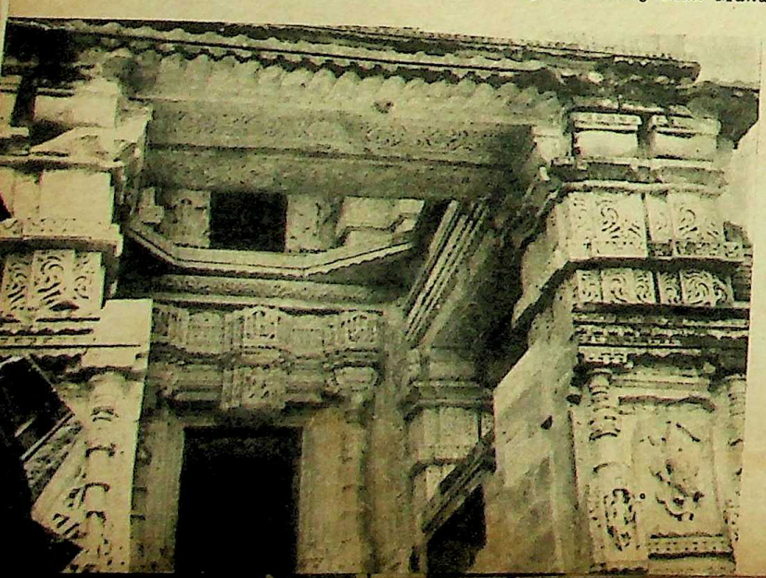
One of the most remarkable things about Gwalior Fort—a testimony alike to

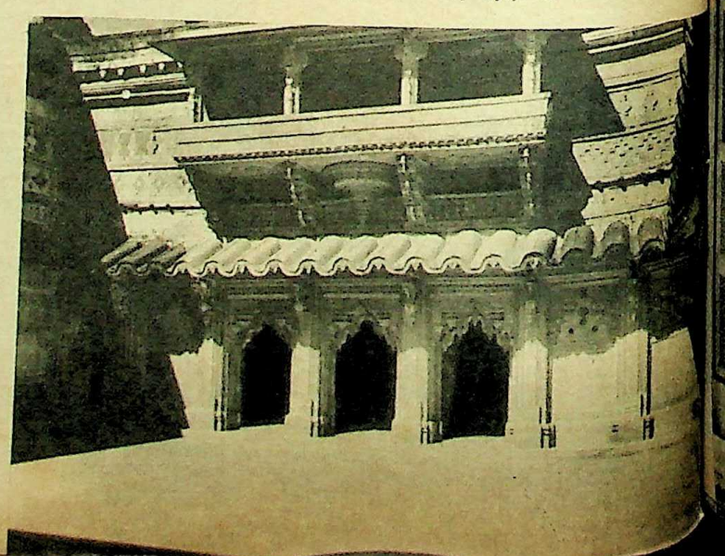
LION CAPITAL from the Asokan column (now destroyed) at Sanchi.



JATAKA STORY DETAIL carved on a Great Stupa's northern torana.

GWALIOR FORT, whose ramparts (above) are built into the living rock, is particularly distinguished by its stately Man Mandir Palace (below, right). The richly sculptured entrance to the shrine of the Greater Sas-Bahu Temple (below, left) is also typical.





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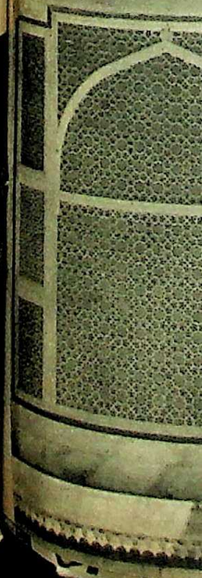
FATEHPUR-SIKRI within. Below, left



Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

the strength of its fortifications and the bravery of its inhabitants—is the fact that the face it presents to the world today is overwhelmingly Hindu. The Moghuls although leaving one very fine monument) made very little impression on it. It is true that at one time the famous Sasbahu temples were disfigured and in places plastered over, but they were not destroyed, with the consequence that careful restoration work, mostly cleaning, has subsequently brought them back to a remarkable degree of preservation.

The glory of Gwalior, though, is the Man Mandir Palace, built by Man Singh round about A.D. 1500, but it would take a whole volume of photographs to do it justice.

Agra, in the minds of most people outside India, is associated almost exclusively with the Taj Mahal. However, although I join in the general admiration for this beautiful monument, which achieves the seemingly impossible by being at once massive and delicate, the main centre of interest in Agra, for me, is the Fort. And anyone who gives more than passing interest to the complex of buildings within the walls of Agra Fort must inevitably be drawn to a consideration of Fatehpur-Sikri, although it is 23 miles away. I have therefore bracketed them together.

Both were founded by the great Akbar and added to by his son Jehangir (Salim). Both are associated with the famous Muslim divine, Sheikh Salim Chishti; and both contain outstanding examples of the Indo-Islamic style of art and architecture and of what later became known as the Rajput, or simplified Hindu style.

Akbar employed officers as well as artisans from all over his empire. He married Hindu princesses and not only permitted them to continue in their own religion but had palaces and buildings constructed to suit their taste, and Jehangir followed his example in all these respects.

Hence it is that we find at Fatehpur-Sikri the remains of what Dr. Hermann Goetz calls "an amazing experimental

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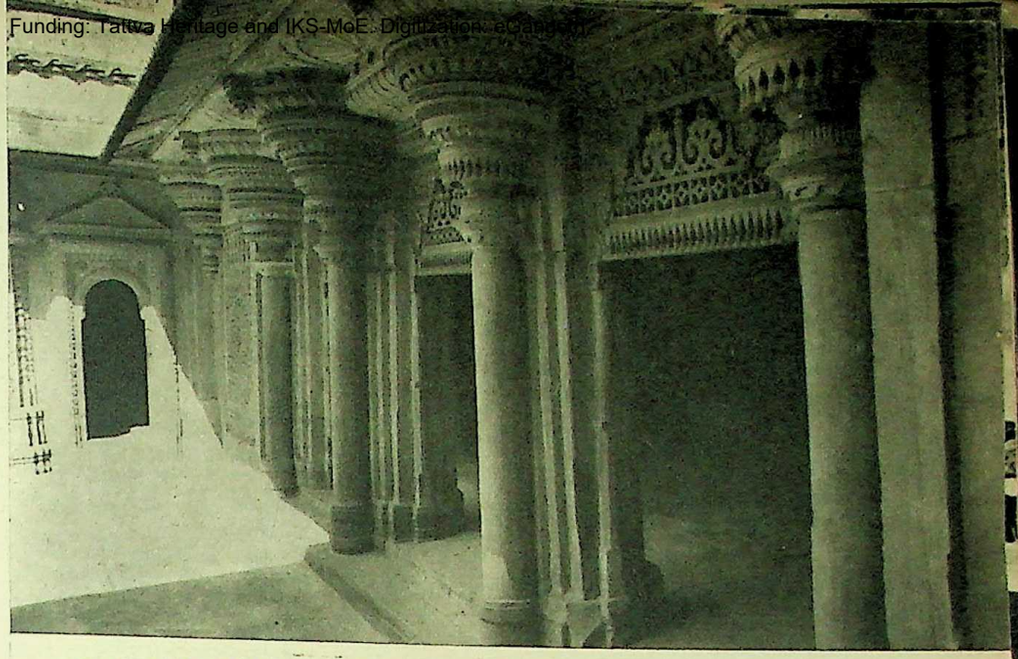
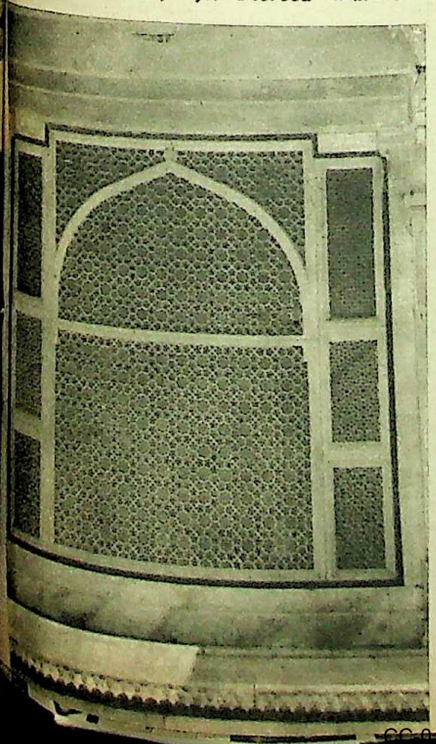
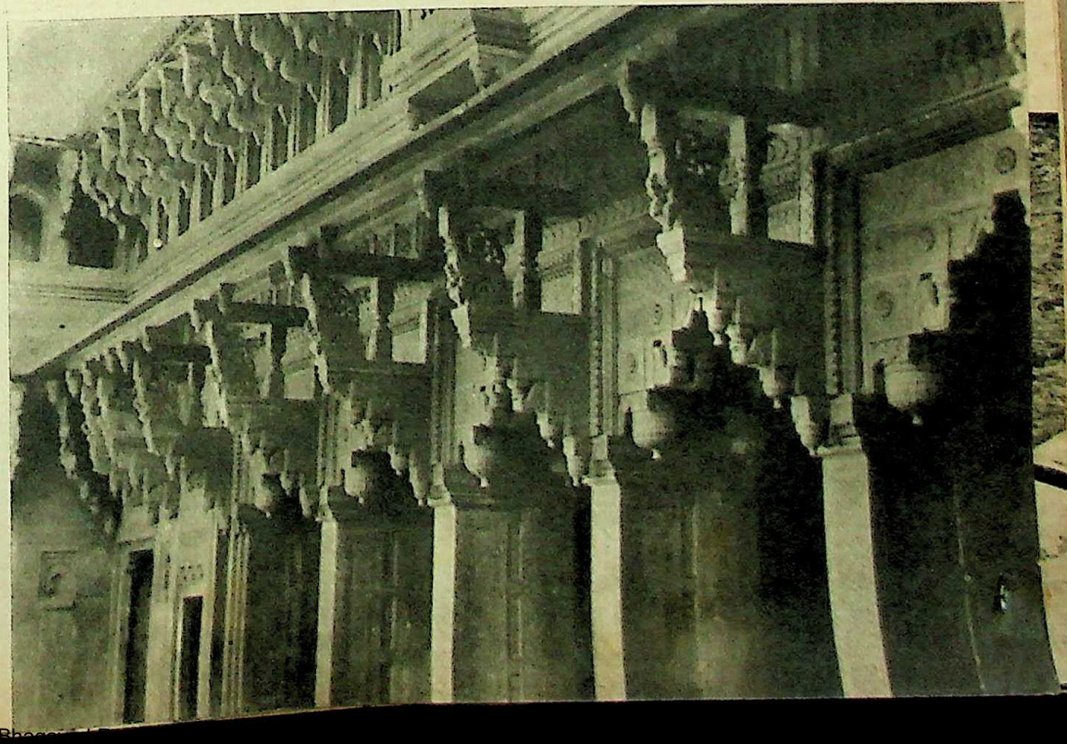


INTERIOR OF THE MAN MANDIR PALACE, Gwalior, which is considered the finest example of Hindu domestic architecture in North India.

FATEHPUR-SIKRI'S ENTRANCE GATE (above), seen from within. Below, left: Pierced marble screen at Fatehpur-Sikri. | Below, right: Intricate ornamentation in the Jodhbai Palace, built by Akbar at Fatehpur-Sikri for his son Jehangir's Hindu mother.





Digitization: eGangotri.

India Revisited

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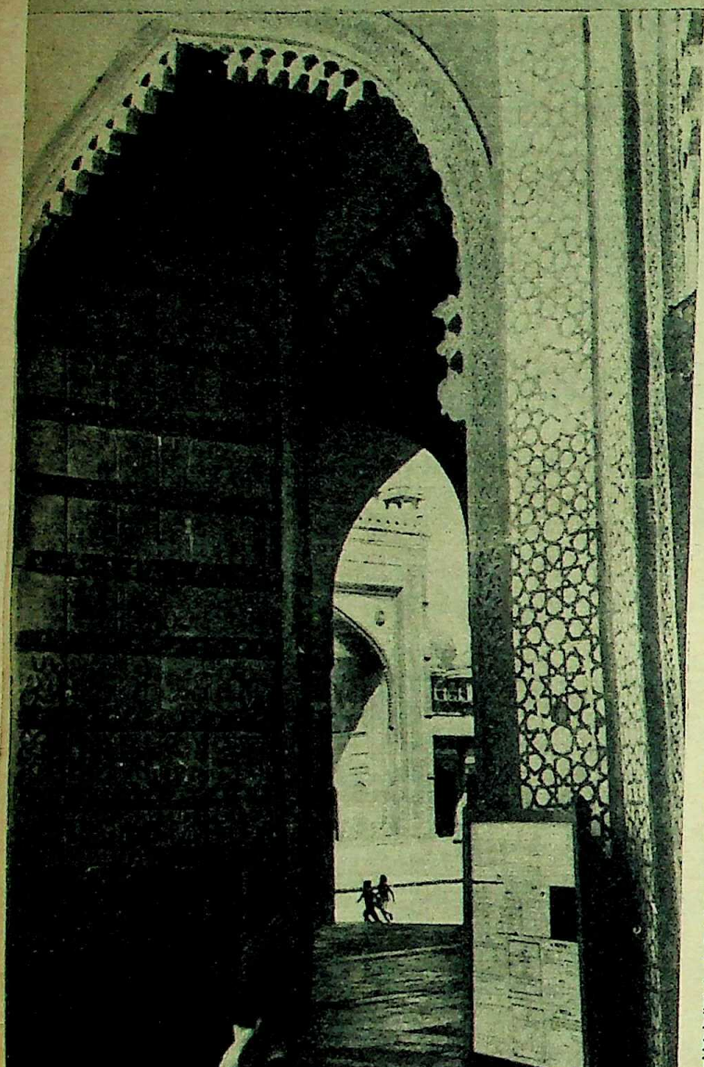
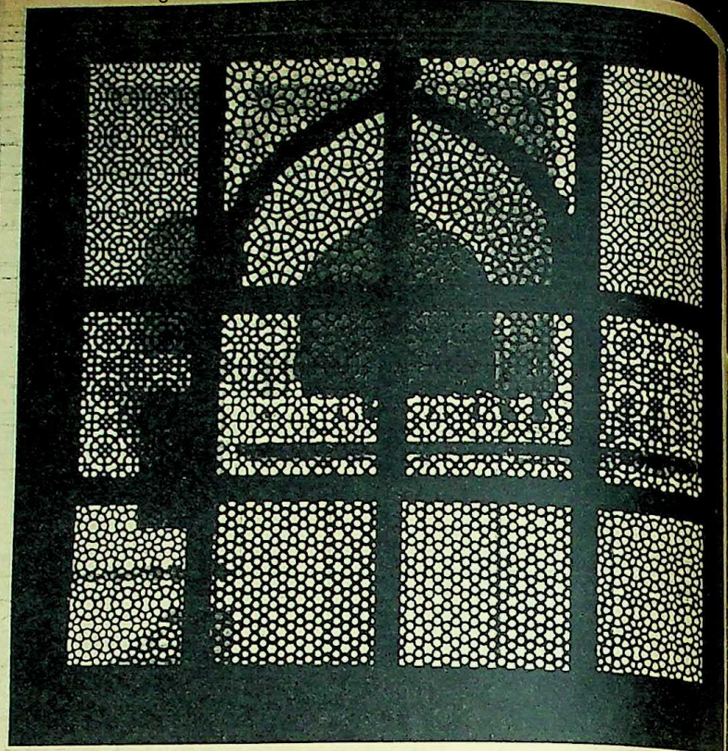




PIERCED MARBLE SCREEN at Fatehpur-Sikri, seen from within.

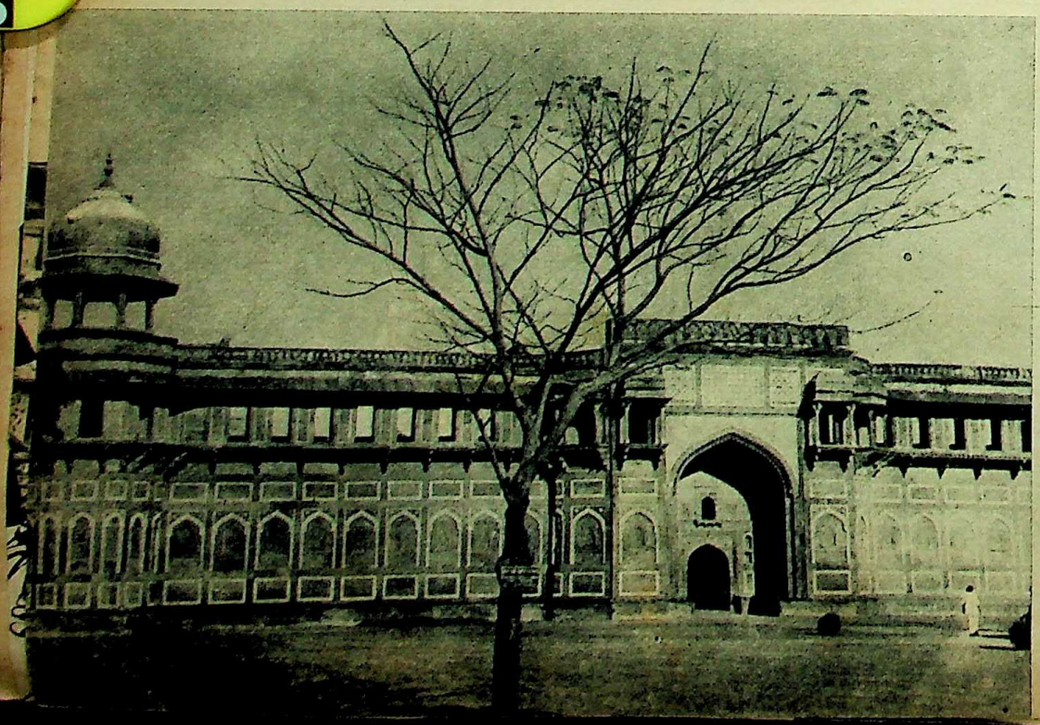
centre... creating a new imperial architecture".

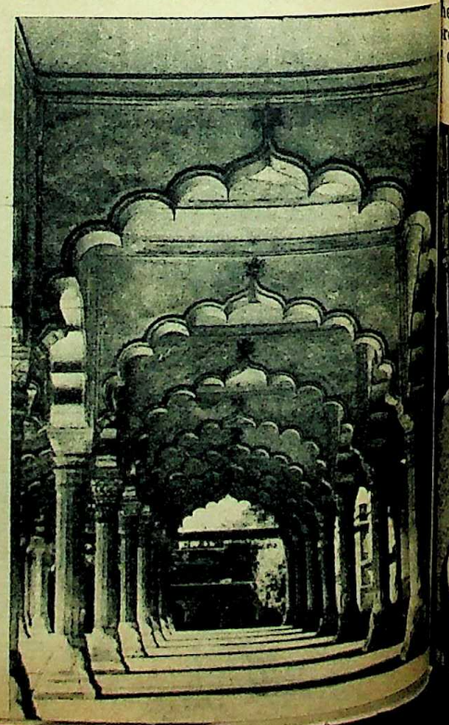
The Great Mosque enclosing Salim Chishti's tomb has Hindu pillars, but a *maqsura* is decorated with Mameluke-Egyptian mosaic, and the Gate of Victory (Buland Darwaza) is in the purest Moghul style. Most of the palaces are in a simplified Hindu style, while the Empress Jodhbai's is in pronounced Hindu taste. Both the Emperor's sleeping rooms and Birbal's House are in Lodi style, with which are fused Moghul and Rajput motifs. Finally, the "Turkish Sultana's House" is a pure Rajput pavilion.

Later, at Agra, after Fatehpur-Sikri had been abandoned, two subsequent descendants of Akbar—Shah Jehan and Aurangzeb—built and further developed the area enclosed by the walls of the fort and the former, the builder of the Taj brought this rich period of architectural evolution to its supreme degree of perfection.

When I say that the places I have mentioned were visited—and the pictures taken—in the space of four days, I hope I have shown how rich is the store of places of interest, even in the limited sphere of historical buildings, in this part of India. Throughout India as a whole, and taking in other aspects of her culture, past and present, the field, as I have earlier said, is limitless.

ENTRANCE GATE to the Great Courtyard at Fatehpur-Sikri, with the Jama Masjid in the background. Below, left: The Jehangiri Mahal, Agra, built by Akbar for his son, Jehangir. Below, right: A vista of arches in Agra Fort's Diwan-e-Khas.





Many of these pilots and navigators, who may have flown together as trainees at the TTW, will possibly be teaming up again as air crew of the same aircraft, to fly on mercy missions or to drop supply in NEFA or Kashmir and other distant places, to meet the growing air-supply commitments of the Air Force. The chances are that they will be together to man VIP aircraft or to airlift urgent military loads and passengers. Truly, the teaming up of air crews has no parallel in the mutual understanding, respect and trust it breeds.

A few miles to the north-east of this "nursery of IAF transport air crew", an hour's drive away, is the second half of the Air Force Station, Hyderabad—called the JTW instead of its full designation, the Jet Training Wing. A rude shock awaits every visitor to this training establishment at Hakimpet on his first and on every subsequent visit, especially if he comes direct from the TTW. The Hakimpet airfield and dispersal and technical areas look and feel different and even smell different from the TTW's. Here there is a constant whistling of jets—starting, taxiing, taking off, zooming past, driving to bomb or to make a front-gun attack, coming in to land, taxiing in and switching off, with each whistle of a distinctive pitch and character.

"THE JET AGE"

The atmosphere all round is saturated with the heavy odour of jet-fuel fumes. The pupils and the instructors walk and talk and work faster. They even have their own jet slang, different from the "Dak" boys'. The tempo of every activity there is definitely quick. Even the airmen technicians have the "jet" impatience, as if hard pressed for time. Literally, jets of fuel have to gush into the thirsty bellies of the aircraft as they come back from training exercises. With equal expedition, the jets get tea are produced by the orderlies who run in and out of flight offices and never cease offering welcome cups to the instructor and the pupil back from a fatiguing flight. The unmistakable impress of what the Jet Age means and what its impact on the Air Force has been becomes amply manifest.

Way back in 1948, earlier than any other Air Force in Asia, the Indian Air Force had taken an unconventional step in commissioning its first jet aircraft into Service. But it is only now, when the Air Force has assumed an all-jet structure, that the tremendous effort required to meet the challenge of this Jet Age can be fully appreciated. And it is here, at the JTW, that all the air-crew requirements to man India's growing jet-fighter fleet are met and this challenge successfully faced.

At par with the trainee at the TTW, the flight cadet at the JTW has had a year of basic and intermediate flying training at Jodhpur. Likewise, the JTW cadet also undergoes two more stages—the advanced and the applied, each lasting six months—of flying training. But for him the change from the HT-2s and the Harvards to the Vampire jets is appreciable. The tempo of training, both on the ground and in the air, is considerably faster. Here he is made to think and act in terms of sonic speeds and airless altitudes. The hazards of flying the jets do not attach merely to high speeds and high altitudes, but to flying as a combat fighter to out-manoeuvre and outfight the enemy. As at the TTW, here also the training goes, round the clock, the fast moving air and ground traffic of Vampire jets continuing throughout the mornings and the afternoons and often late into the night when after-dusk exercises are on.

And though always it will finally be in the air that his real worth will be judged, the jet fighter pilot, like any other Service pilot, must be a leader of men—an officer first and an aviator second. He must also, therefore, devote long and tedious hours to technical and humanistic studies on the ground, and learn to handle a rifle and a pistol and march and parade the way good airmen do.

For the evaluation of an Armed Service there is no safer guide than the calibre of its training institutions. These apparently static training establishments are really the most dynamic, for they spell out the present and future stature and structure and the very functional scope of their particular Service. This is certainly true of the TTW and the JTW.

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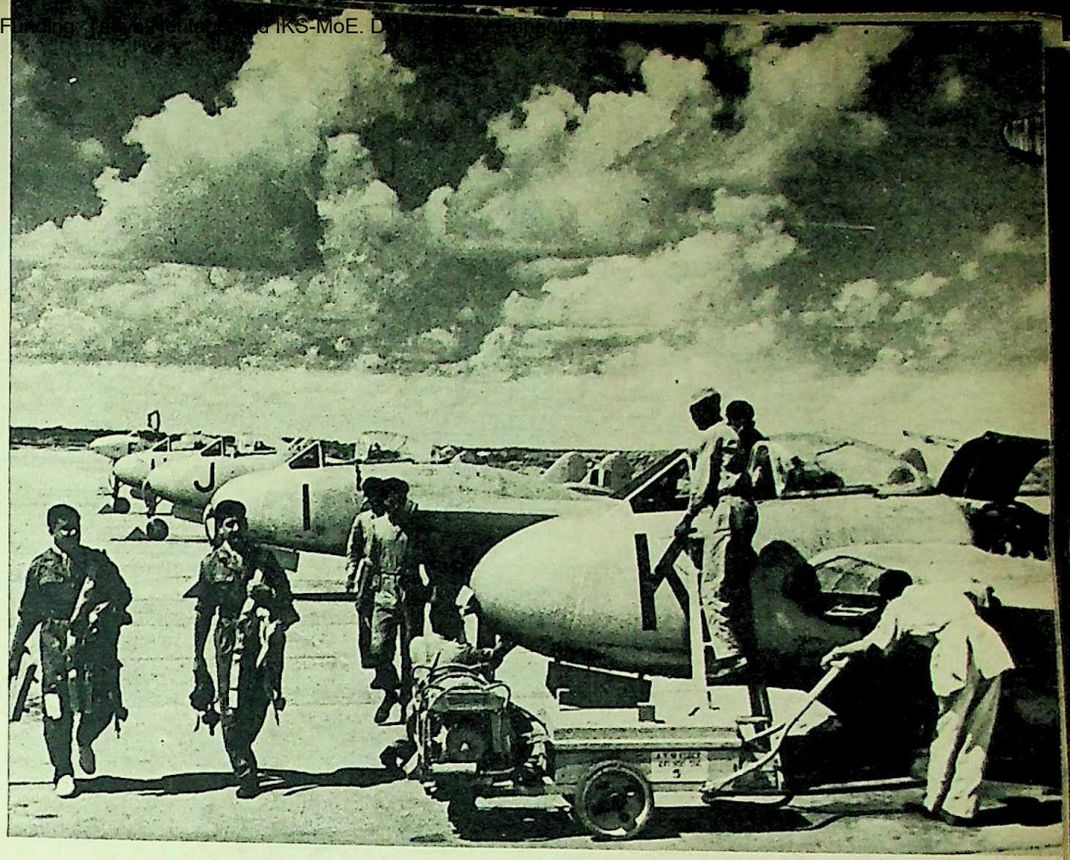
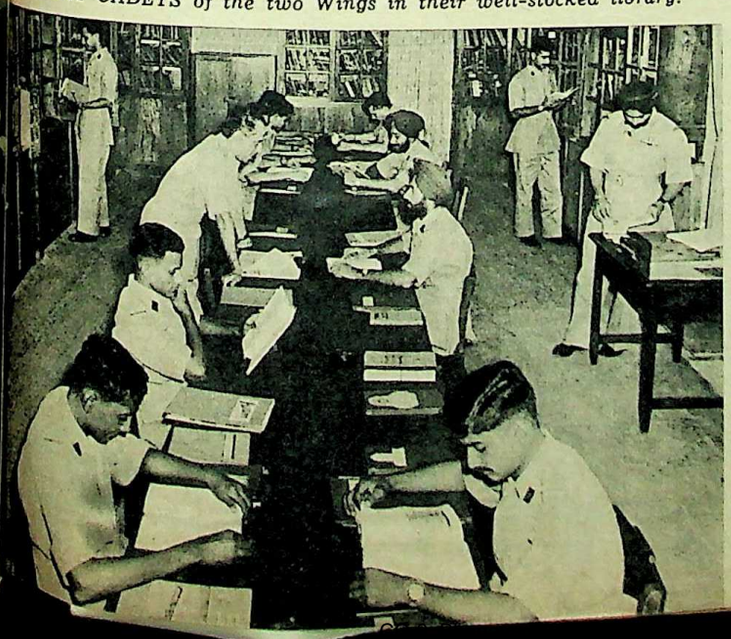


ON THE BUSY APRON of the Jet Training Wing at Hakimpet.

FLIGHT CADETS of the two Wings in their well-stocked library.



LEISURE TIME in the Cadets' Mess swimming pool.

Funding: Tawe Heritage and VSC MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

CRITICS have their cliches. One of these is that Art is universal. But is it? Universal in what sense? In the sense that it appeals—or, at any rate, should—to everybody, yes. In the sense that it is, at a particular period in history, in all countries, a product of identical urges and impulses, no.

The earliest Art, however, was universal, because the earliest Man was universal. But as he became less and less primitive, his Art became less and less universal. For example, the naive prehistoric drawings at Altamira and Hoshangabad have apparent similarities. But not the sophisticated sculptures produced centuries later in Egypt, Assyria, Greece and India.

The human form in the hands of the hieratic Egyptian artist assumed a poise at once serene and stylised; its sheer muscular strength was stressed by the Assyrian who had to symbolise a tradition of conquest and power; its anatomic unity was the passion and preoccupation of the Greek who thought that the physique of Man was the greatest gift of God; and its transcendental harmony with Nature was what the Indian tried to depict in his carvings at Bharhut and Sanchi. Thus Indian Art has a distinctive character and it cannot be interpreted merely in terms of plastic values.

* * *

EARLY religious Art, Christian as well as Buddhist, of course had much in common; but, at the same time, the Christian artist was aware of the existence of a visual world, an awareness that found its most eloquent expression in the Renaissance. The process of humanisation of Christ, it will be recalled, began with Giotto.

But can we attribute a similar spirit of visual enquiry to Buddhist artists? There was no doubt much give and take between one generation and another in the matter of style, but they all subordinated everything else to their religious inspiration. They had no interest in such visual facts as anatomy, perspective and chiaroscuro, in the sense in which these are understood in the West. Their only preoccupation was, not with observation, but with spiritual edification.

NAYIKA, Basohli School. (Courtesy, Dogra Art Gallery

The Spirit Ind

MAN

Herbert Read's statement that "art is human, not divine, profane, not sacred", only emphasises the differences between the eastern and western conceptions of Art. As Coomaraswamy observes: "Indian art and European art are not identical in kind; the intention is different. Nor is there identity of method." The artist in ancient India had the discipline of a Yogin. Art to him was not an aesthetic experience, but an invocation to God. So was music to the musician, dance to the dancer.

As the *sastras* describe him, the artist "should understand the *Atharvaveda*, the thirty-two *Silpasastras* and the Vedic *mantras* by which the deities are invoked... he should be one who wears a thread, a necklace of sacred beads of *kusa* grass upon one delighting in of God, faithful avoiding strange to his family, of a and virtuous, Vedas, constant in ance of ceremo

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

(*Photograph by Prem Chand Jain.*)

Indian Art

MAN

...iously acquiring knowledge ...f various sciences. It was in a ...tate of spiritual bliss, as it ...were, that he visualised the ...forms he painted and carved. The *rishis* say: Worship Siva ...only after yourself becoming "Siva" (*Sivo bhutva Sivam-archayet*).

I am not suggesting that the Indian artist has shut his eyes to the visual splendour around him. But it was his belief that the outer world was only a momentary manifestation of some eternal, immutable force pervading the universe. He did not work with a model in front of him. He could understand the structure of the human body without dissecting it. His sense of the whole came, not from an analysis of the parts, but from his perception of the inner rhythm of life. As a craftsman, his technique remained a mystery; he had learnt it from his teacher, who in turn had received it from his.

Even the exuberance of eroticism one sees at Khajuraho, Konarka, Puri, Bhubaneswar and other sites of seemingly sensual sculptures has its transcendental aspect. The voluptuous *mithuna* figurines, in line and stone, constitute a vital, integral part of Hindu aesthetics (in which *sringara* is as important as the other eight *rasas*) and philosophy (which maintains that Man's life is incomplete unless he participates with equal zest in all its four stages—*brahmacharya, garhastya, vanaprastha* and *sanyasa*).

What does religious art mean to modern man? Apparently, nothing. But when he stands in front of the Mahesamurti at Elephanta, he is silent. He realises how small he looks—and is. And, remember, a chasm of centuries separates him from this moving, magnificent monolith. The most striking characteristic of religious Indian art is its communicability, which represents the acceptance of certain basic values by the generality of people in the age in which it was produced. All the social evils we deplore in India today must have existed in the remote past, too, though on a smaller scale and in less subtle forms. But these could not vanquish the spirit of the artist who was in the world without being of it. ("...Even had the world been plunged into darkness, his painting would not have heeded it"—Andre Malraux.)

* * *

WHY do the paintings by the modern Indian artist look so anaemic and amorphous? Not because they are Indian, but because they are not. They do not reflect an Indian state of mind. At best, they are bad copies of the inimitable masterpieces created by his great ancestors. The remedy of course does not lie in his following the modernists of the West—a clear case of the blind leading the blind.

Modern art is the antithesis of religious art. The two world wars and the prospect of a third have shattered the artist's faith in himself and he feels utterly lonely and lost. He has known no peace, not even within himself, and naturally uses his art as the vehicle for his inner discord and ugliness. He is without a sense of belonging, of direction. The function of religion, as Malraux rightly observes, is to bind man and the universe together. Art in the name of experimentation has never been so personal and purposeless as it is today, but it only reflects the temper of the times —instead of transcending it.

Mahesamurti (Elephanta)

by HARBANS CHADHA

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

...esidential entry and exit to have this impossible man in uniform, with his revolver ever dangling at the waist. It seemed unthinkable that he should ever go or that anyone could have the hardihood to ask him to go.

Magsaysay had now a number of friends in Washington and at the U.S. Embassy in Manila. He arranged for the American Ambassador to meet the President and drop a hint that U.S. aid would depend on Army reorganisation, now overdue, and that Castaneda should be retired. Magsaysay himself bluntly offered the choice to the President of either keeping Castaneda or being relieved himself. It was a bold gamble on his part, and a dilemma for Quirino, who did not have the courage to say "Get out" to a man who was promising to redeem the battle-torn country. So he ordered the retirement of Castaneda immediately—the order was signed by the Defence Secretary.

But the Chief of the Constabulary believed that there was some trickery in the order and hoped that Quirino would say if he met him, "I never ordered any such thing. It must be Magsaysay's own invention. Throw it in the wastepaper-basket." Both Magsaysay and Castaneda appeared before the President for an unequivocal judgment like the two wives before Solomon. This was a situation that Quirino had not foreseen. And, utterly perplexed, he blurted out that he supported Magsaysay a hundred per cent.

There was a rumour that, in the event of Castaneda being dismissed, there would be mass resignations among the officers. This was not a time to risk an Army revolt and Magsaysay wanted to test how he stood with his men. He knew that on a certain day the staff officers were meeting for a discussion of the issue at Camp Murphy. He burst in on the meeting, facing the officers squarely. He had just been starting out to lead a sortie against a group of Huks reported to be in hiding somewhere. He was dressed for the expedition, dressed in shorts, and accompanied by armed bodyguards. He asked the officers point-blank whether it was a fact that they intended to resign in sympathy with Castaneda. They were taken aback by the sudden intrusion and by the unexpected manner of his approach. They had to say only yes or no. They assured him, as the quickest way to end an embarrassing situation, that the rumour was false. Magsaysay expressed his appreciation of their loyalty and announced that their new chief would be General Ducque.

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SHUFFLING and reshuffling, putting a younger man here, transferring another there, retiring someone of proved stagnation, he prepared his department and the country to face the Huk menace firmly. He judged officers purely on their merit and never allowed either personal regard, social connections or sentiment to affect his decisions. One or two veterans, who had been relieved of their posts, came up to see him with their families and almost showed him their battle scars acquired at Batan or Corregidor. Magsaysay always listened to such appeals with sympathy but never changed his decision. He was particularly hard on those officers who had their commands in remote areas and who had earned a reputation for ill-treating the public.

He attempted to do most of his work by personal inspection and tried to reduce red tape. Often he carried his papers from table to table for sanction of some scheme or for endorsements that were formally needed. He toured all over the Islands by plane, made unannounced trips to various bases and camps, and no one could say when he would descend on a particular place for inspection.

On the very first day of his taking charge as Defence Secretary, he had a visitor announced in his office. It was a messenger from one of the Huk leaders—Commander Arthur, who was a relative of Jose Rizal, the great hero of the nation. President Quirino had no faith in such meetings. He had found that they produced no satisfactory results. Once he had been fooled by the leader of the Huks, Taurac himself.

Commander Arthur had been sending word for a long time, but was heard only on the day Magsaysay became Defence Secretary. Magsaysay drove to the rendezvous which Arthur's messenger had mentioned—a deserted house in Tondo district. Tondo is in the northern part of Manila, populous, romantically evil-looking and seemingly full of possibilities for dramatic events.

The Commander was waiting at the appointed house. Magsaysay had a two-hour discussion with him on various matters pertaining to the politics and welfare of the nation. He learnt from the Commander that the Communists were arming themselves to overthrow the Government. He touched Arthur's pride by referring to his descent from the line of the great Rizal, listened to all that he had to say and then put in his own viewpoint unambiguously.

The result was not to be seen immediately. They had another meeting a week later at a different rendezvous, in Sampaloc district. There was then a third meeting. At this the young Commander bluntly demanded money to buy a car which he said he badly needed. Without a word Magsaysay gave him 6,000 pesos, not asking for a receipt, out of his secret funds. Several weeks passed. Nothing more was heard of Commander Arthur. Magsaysay was half inclined to believe that he had been fooled like Quirino before and that he would have to write off the amount he had given to the Huk leader.

• • •

ONE day the Commander turned up before Magsaysay and announced that he would give him plans for the capture of the chief members of the Huk organisation, who lived in Manila under cover. He suggested that they trail a vegetable-seller—a woman—on a certain day, and mark the houses she visited. She was really not a vegetable-seller, but a despatch-carrier of the Huks. The woman was observed and all the houses she visited were marked. On D Day, Magsaysay distributed his men all over Manila, armed and ready for action, and rounded up a total of 105 Huks, including all except one covered by Commander Arthur's revelations. But even he was eventually shot in an encounter.

Actually this man had been assigned the job of assassinating Magsaysay at the time of his first meeting with Commander Arthur. But the jeep in which he travelled broke down on the way and by the time he arrived at the rendezvous Magsaysay had gone. This turn of events was perhaps responsible for a change in the mind of Commander Arthur. At his first meeting with Magsaysay he was all the time aware that he was talking to a condemned man, but the fact that Magsaysay survived the meeting must have affected him profoundly and he decided to throw in his lot with him.

Now the brains of the Huk movement had been suppressed and their attack plans and documents seized. This was a tremendous triumph for the Defence Secretary. The President felt gratified about his choice and Magsaysay became a hero in the eyes of the public. It cannot be said that the activities of the Huks ceased altogether after their leaders were rounded up. But this was the first phase of the fight and the authorities had come out successful in it.

Magsaysay now urged the President to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in respect of cases involving offences such as sedition and political murder. It must be said to Quirino's credit that he had so much faith in his Defence Secretary that he accepted his suggestion and made an immediate pronouncement to the effect, taking upon himself the entire blame and responsibility for the step. It was rather an irony that Magsaysay, who fought for democratic principles all his life, should have been instrumental in this democratic lapse. But it must be remembered that he was dealing with a battalion of desperate men. The existing act empowered the police to detain suspects for only six hours. The Huks were dreaded men; if they were freed for a moment, they would certainly resume their violence—the smallest loophole was enough for them to slip through.

After getting the Habeas Corpus Act suspended, Magsaysay turned to organising the judicial tribunal that was to try the Politburo members. The normal pace of law was unsuited now, for there were a large number of wrongdoers and a sense of urgency was necessary in tackling their cases. Magsaysay employed all his ingenuity to discover means of speedy disposal. Procedural matters and formalities, even if they were inevitable, irked him. He fidgeted while legal experts examined each of the hundred-odd cases and prepared the papers for the prosecution. The Secretary for Justice found that he could not share his haste, and events moved at their own pace until the middle of 1951, when he resigned. Magsaysay at once recommended the appointment of Justice Castelo to the office and Quirino accepted the advice.

As soon as Castelo took over, events began to move fast and the Defence and Justice Departments worked together smoothly. The question arises whether tampering with the machinery of justice was justifiable from any angle and whether it could be defended from an ethical point of view, especially when we remember that Magsaysay was a passionate believer in democracy. It is inconceivable that he could have spent much time brooding over these abstract considerations. He was a man of action; and he was dealing with ruthless men of action; and he wanted to be a match for his opponents. It was a great campaign that he was planning and he wanted to make sure that every detail was contributing to its consummation—the liquidation of the Huk menace.

Yet he never forgot the fact that the Huks were his own countrymen and that they had a right to join any rebellious movement, especially in the context of the misrule prevailing at about this time. And he drew a distinction between those Huks who were in the movement through extraneous causes and those who were just trouble-lovers and anarchists. To wean away the one from the other he intensified the programme started under Roxas and continued under Quirino of offering inducements to the Huks who surrendered to start life anew. The members of the organisation were asked either to accept the resettlement programme or face annihilation. There was no room for half measures.

Eventually over 9,000 Huks surrendered and were engaged in the Edcor project (Economic Development Corps)—those killed and captured numbered 12,000. The Edcor farms offered each ex-Huk family six to eight hectares of land. They were given implements, living quarters and seeds. Each unit had its own public amenities. There was a lot of criticism against this scheme and it was said that a Huk received better treatment than a normal peaceable citizen. But Magsaysay's answer was that the Edcor scheme had helped him to deal effectively with at least 50% of the outlaws.

Between January and September, 1951, Magaysay launched a great offensive, starting in the area of Mount Arayat, Pampanga. He drove the Huks from the mountains to the swamps and on to Laguna Bay and thence back to the starting point. He chased them from place to place and soon they were deprived of their hideouts, training grounds and bases. On December 29, *The New York Times* had reported that the initiative had been wrested from the Huks but that they still constituted a threat. But by about September, 1951, it could be said that not only had the initiative passed on to the Government but that the Huks were no more a dreaded body.

• • •

MAGSAYSAY'S fame spread far and wide. He was a national hero now and his countrymen looked upon him with love and admiration. Foreigners, particularly Americans, extolled his achievements. People liked to talk about him and think of him as their saviour. He was not averse to all the publicity he received and he watched with interest the image of himself that was gradually taking shape in the public mind. He liked it. He displayed a genius for handling Pressmen. He admitted them at close quarters, hobnobbed with them and put them at their ease. Although there was a separate information section of the Army to hand out news, he forestalled it by giving out most of the decisions and activities of his department direct to them.

The Congress sanctioned without a demur an enormous appropriation in the budget under defence—over twice the amount allotted in the days of Kangelon. Some critics said that if Kangelon had been treated as well as Magsaysay in the matter of funds, he might have put down the Huk movement earlier. But such criticism hardly troubled Magsaysay for he knew that his place was secure—in the hearts of the Filipinos.

(To Be Concluded)

Funding: Tattva Herit... Digitization: eGangotri

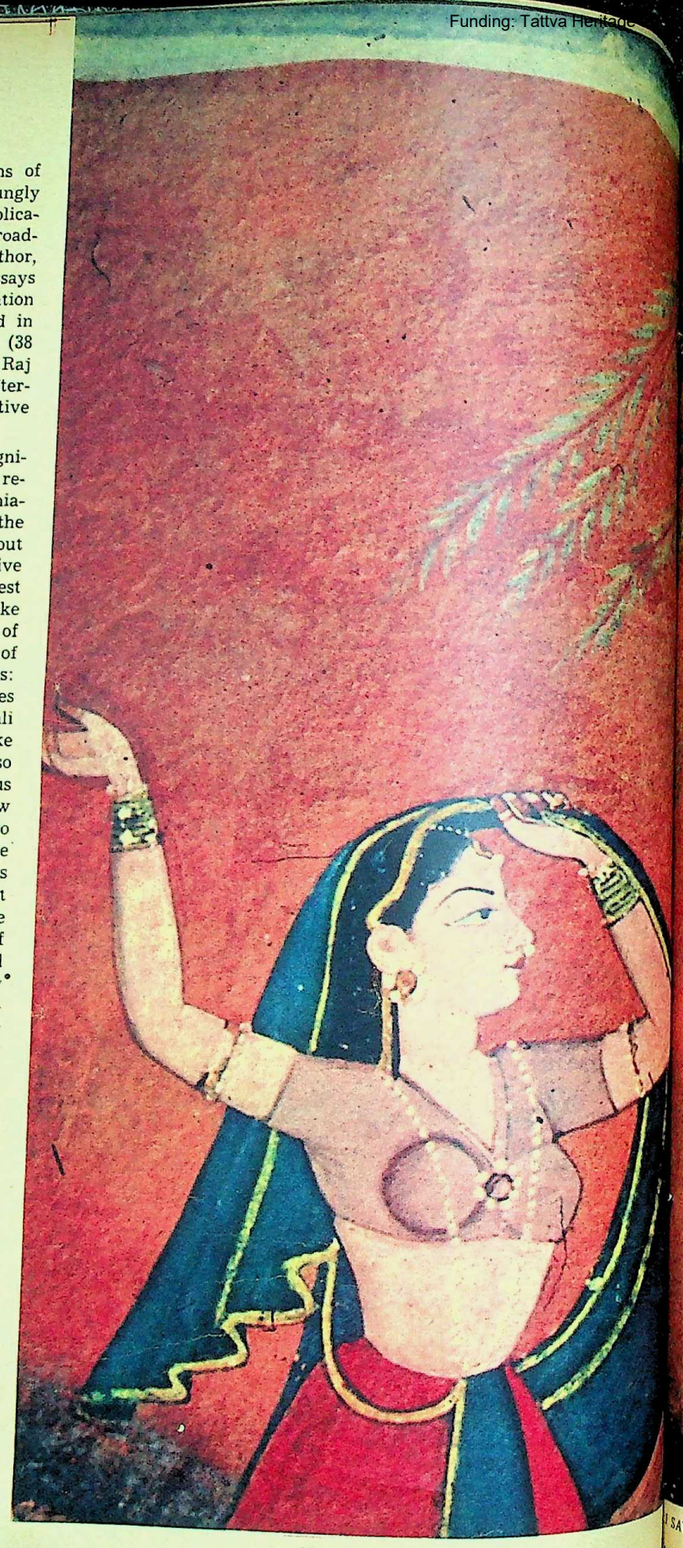
The Basohli School Of Painting

ONE of the most imaginative specimens of book production in India bears, intriguingly enough, the official imprint—The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. The credit, perhaps, goes to the author, Dr. M. S. Randhawa, who has, in his recent essays in art appreciation, achieved a unique combination of sensibility and scholarship, as exemplified in the volume under review: *Basohli Painting* (38 plates in colour. Price: Rs. 35). Dr. Mulk Raj Anand contributes a sensitively written "Afterword". Each plate is accompanied by a descriptive note.

The eloquent Basohli style, of which magnificent examples are reproduced in this book, represents, in a sense, the glories of Indian miniature painting. No doubt it has its origins in the idioms evolved by the early Moghul and Rajput masters, with the emphasis on flat, decorative colour and precise, rhythmic line. But at its best it reveals many distinctive qualities which make it intensely expressive through the medium of colour. Dr. Randhawa, writing on the essence of the Basohli style, observes significantly thus: "While the beauty of the Kangra painting lies mainly in its rhythmic line, the charm of Basohli painting is in its colour appeal. Vibrant colours like yellow and red which the Basohli artists used so liberally seem to penetrate the eye, and move us deeply. The colours are used symbolically. Yellow is the colour of spring and sunshine and mango blossoms. It is symbolic of the warmth of the Indian spring and the passion of lovers. It is lavishly used by Basohli artists to portray vast open spaces drenched in sunlight. Blue is the colour of Krishna, the cowherd God, as also of the dark rain clouds which fertilise the earth. Red is the colour of the God of Love, and admirably suits the passionate themes which form the subject-matter of Basohli paintings... Another characteristic of these paintings is the liberal use of gold and silver paints. Gold is used for embroidery and ornaments, and silver for embroidery as well as for painting of dress, windows and pillars of pavilions." Gold and silver are best seen in plates Nos. 26 ("On the threshold of Youth" and 27 ("The Vigil of the Expectant Heroine").

The quotation-laden historical part of Dr. Randhawa's text is necessarily heavy, and follows the pattern set by our plodding archaeologists and art historians, to whom the period and provenance of a painting have always meant much more than the painting itself—but they are harmless because they never agree! But, of course, Dr. Randhawa does not stop with names and dates, which actually provide the right perspective for his illuminating interpretation. Though he lacks Coomaraswamy's insight and gift of the inevitable word, he can explain the significance of a work of art with tenderness and feeling. As an example, I mention his following comment on some of Jayadeva's lines of which the corresponding illustration is plate No. 20 ("The Ecstasy of Love"):

"The union of lovers is the most exalted experience in life. In the Ecstasy of Love, joy is pinpointed, self is forgotten, and two become one. The supreme joy thus achieved is the experience of lovers as well as poets and mystics. The Hindu poets and mystics in their inspired poetry interpreted the union of God and Soul in the beautiful imagery of human love, for any other vocabulary is too inadequate to express such an experience.



(Courtesy, Punjab Museum, Patiala.)

"I SAW SUPREMELY FAIR!"

...the Soul with God is the end for ...l is created, and ultimately the ...ns the Source of Life."

...ments perhaps sound naive, but ...ent with the spirit of the theme. ...nting is naivete itself and herein ...h. No other school of Indian art ...s sustenance on the patronage of ...more uninhibited and unsophisti-cated. The flamboyant Basohli figures, despite their celestial setting, are conspicuous for their primeval warmth and elemental abandon. They are intimate, intense; they may any moment spring to life, just to prove how vital they are. They can never assume, as their counterparts in Kangra or Moghul miniatures do, an attitude of studied reticence or remoteness.

The monograph admirably succeeds in capturing this essential charm of Basohli painting. None of the 38 plates ever bores. They are all in impeccable colour and most of them illustrate the inevitable Krishna theme, the artist's delight. There is one reproduction which should be of particular interest to our avant-garde artists. It bears the title, "The Birth of Evil" (plate 4). It may reveal a new world even to Dali and Chagall!

A. S. R.

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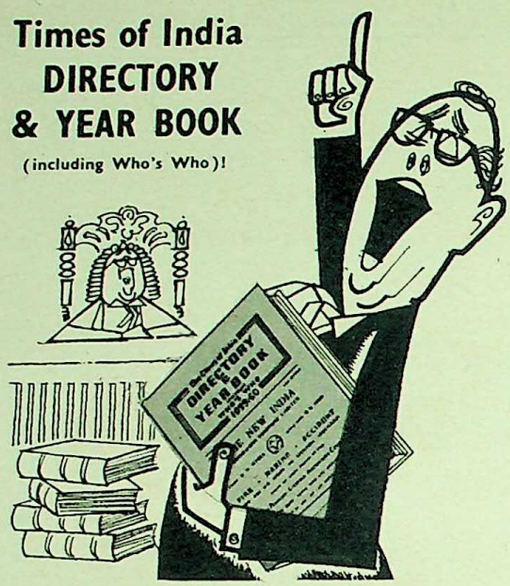

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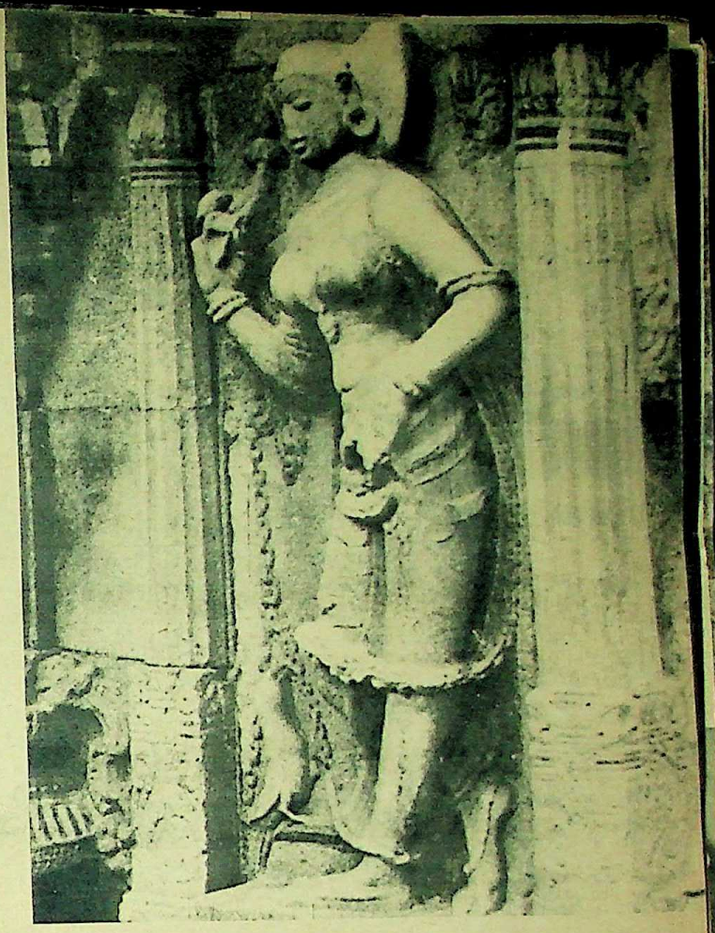
Srirangam's Kannan Temple

FINE SCULPTURES adorn this small shrine situated within the precincts of the Srirangam Temple. The nayika figures are sensitively carved and are seen in a variety of poses (below, centre and right). Narada (extreme left) is very rarely depicted in temple sculpture.



AN APSARA FIGURE. (Photographs by P. V. Subramanyam.)

This small shrine, dedicated to Kannan (Krishna), stands within the precincts of the main temple at Srirangam, and was built by the great Krishna Deva Raya of Vijayanagar. It is in an unfinished state, but the many stone figures that adorn it show a high degree of craftsmanship. Particularly noteworthy are the nayika figures carved with remarkable sensitivity and attention to detail.

Funding: Tattva Nidhi and IKS MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

"What happened to you?" Narayan Babu shouted. "I told you to come at five-thirty! You must have gone to the football match, as usual, I suppose."

The Lost Illusion

by KOBITA SARKAR

IT was the somnolent hour—hot and drowsy and somehow humid by implication. Narayan Babu sat on the long verandah of the old ancestral home, smoking his *hookah*. He was an impressive figure, created as much by nature as by the spartan habits of a lifetime. For Narayan Babu was a strict disciplinarian even with himself. He was the eldest son of the family, and even though his brothers lived separately in their own homes, ever since their father's death, Narayan Babu was, for all spiritual and practical purposes, the head of the family, which he ruled with a despotic hand. He felt it was his duty to direct them, and theirs to obey his least suggestion implicity. He had acquired a crushing authority through years of unmitigated tryranny which had cast a spell of petrifaction over them and deprived them of their last shred of resistance. He was convinced that the head of a joint family was a sort of miniature superman, who by his unerring wisdom, held the family together.

Yes, Narayan Babu thought, Kalyan was a fine, upstanding boy and Gopal was also well-settled in life. They were both well provided for, had steady, lucrative professions and their marriages had completed their social and financial prosperity. At least, Kalyan had made an excellent match. He was not quite sure about Gopal's wife, Rajani. She talked obediently enough, but there was a certain streak in her of, he did not know what—modernity, perhaps? He had noticed that at times, when he pointed out the error of her ways to her, she succeeded in making him feel vaguely ridiculous.

He dismissed his brothers and turned to the subject of his sisters. Of his five sisters, four did not matter, ever since they had married. He had, in a sense, amputated them from the main body of the family, and now he welcomed them on brief visits with the formality accorded honoured guests. But his fourth sister, Usha, who was twelve years younger than he, was his favourite. She was a pleasant-looking girl with an obliging, happy temperament, who adored her brother. She alone did not look upon him as an ogre, nor did she consider herself tyrannised.

To Narayan Babu she was the epitome of loving, obedient sisterhood. His features always grew perceptibly softer when he thought of her. He also thought briefly of his wife, that quiet long-suffering woman, who had ungrudgingly done her duty by him, then, after giving birth to a son, had died as unobtrusively as she had lived. The son was now a grown boy, going to college. Narayan Babu frowned slightly. He was vaguely disappointed in him. He could not quite tell why. The boy was certainly obedient enough, nor was he particularly unintelligent or reckless. He was, in fact, a nice, normal nonentity, crushed by the domineering spirit of his father. He managed to avoid too much unpleasantness by the simple expedient of keeping out of his father's sight.

On the whole, Narayan Babu considered himself very fortunate, for the family which he ruled with such wisdom and forethought, he was convinced, duly appreciated and loved him. It was as well that he had never heard their true opinions. If Kalyan had a seemingly obsequious air, it was because he just could not help himself. Gopal, on the other hand, rarely retaliated, because he felt that it was altogether a waste of time to argue with his brother. He considered him a bit of a blustering maniac and laughed with Rajani behind Narayan Babu's back, cheerfully ignoring him, except when it simply could not be avoided.

* * *

KALYAN, on his way back from work on Saturday afternoon, dropped in for the weekly conference he had with his brother before going home. Narayan Babu had decided to hold an elaborate *puja* in the house this year. Narayan Babu dictated a list of the people he wanted to invite for the *puja* and the meal which would follow, and this Kalyan wrote down dutifully. Then they came to Kalyan's in-laws.

"You must call your wife's parents, of course," said Narayan Babu. "But think up some way of keeping that disreputable brother-in-law of yours away. I don't like his attitude towards Usha. I think that that good-for-nothing is a bit familiar."

"But *dada*, how *can* I?" asked the miserable Kalyan. "If you don't want him, don't call the whole family. It will mean a lot of trouble with my wife, but..."

"No, no, I can't do that," said Narayan Babu hurriedly. "I must call your in-laws. Apart from the fact that custom demands it, your father-in-law is an important person... a most important person. Why, just yesterday I was talking to Abinash about the Corporation elections, in which I am interested, as you know, and he said that your father-in-law was the person I should speak to. No, no, I must have them. But you do something about that brother-in-law of yours."

"But what can I do?"

"That is your affair. But if he comes, I shall hold you personally responsible for it."

Kalyan squirmed unhappily, while Narayan Babu went on intoning the list. They got through the rest of the details cursorily, and Kalyan, having refused to take lunch, with enough apologies to cover the most heinous crime, rose to leave.

"Tell Gopal to come and see me this evening at five-thirty. He will have to make arangements for the *puja* itself," were Narayan Babu's parting instructions. Kalyan was still shaken with the idea of having to put his brother-in-law off.

That evening, the warm, mild south breeze, which is one of the great compensations of the city, was blowing and Narayan Babu sat talking with Usha.

"I told that rascal Gopal to come at five-thirty, and it's seven-thirty already!" he exclaimed.

Usha set about pacifying him, but it was only after dinner that Gopal came in slowly.

"What happened to you?" Narayan Babu shouted. "I told you to come at five-thirty! You must have gone to the football match, as usual, I suppose."

"Quite an exciting match after a long time," said Gopal cheerfully, ignoring his brother's wrath.

Narayan Babu was furious and shouted at him for some minutes. Gopal reacted like a deaf-mute. When Narayan Babu's rage had abated somewhat he returned to the actual business on hand.

"I sent for you to make arrangements for the *puja*." He outlined the details roughly. At last it was over and Gopal rose to take his leave.

"And why hasn't that wife of yours been here for so long?" was Narayan Babu's parting shot.

Gopal murmured excuses for her and said something about how busy she had

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE

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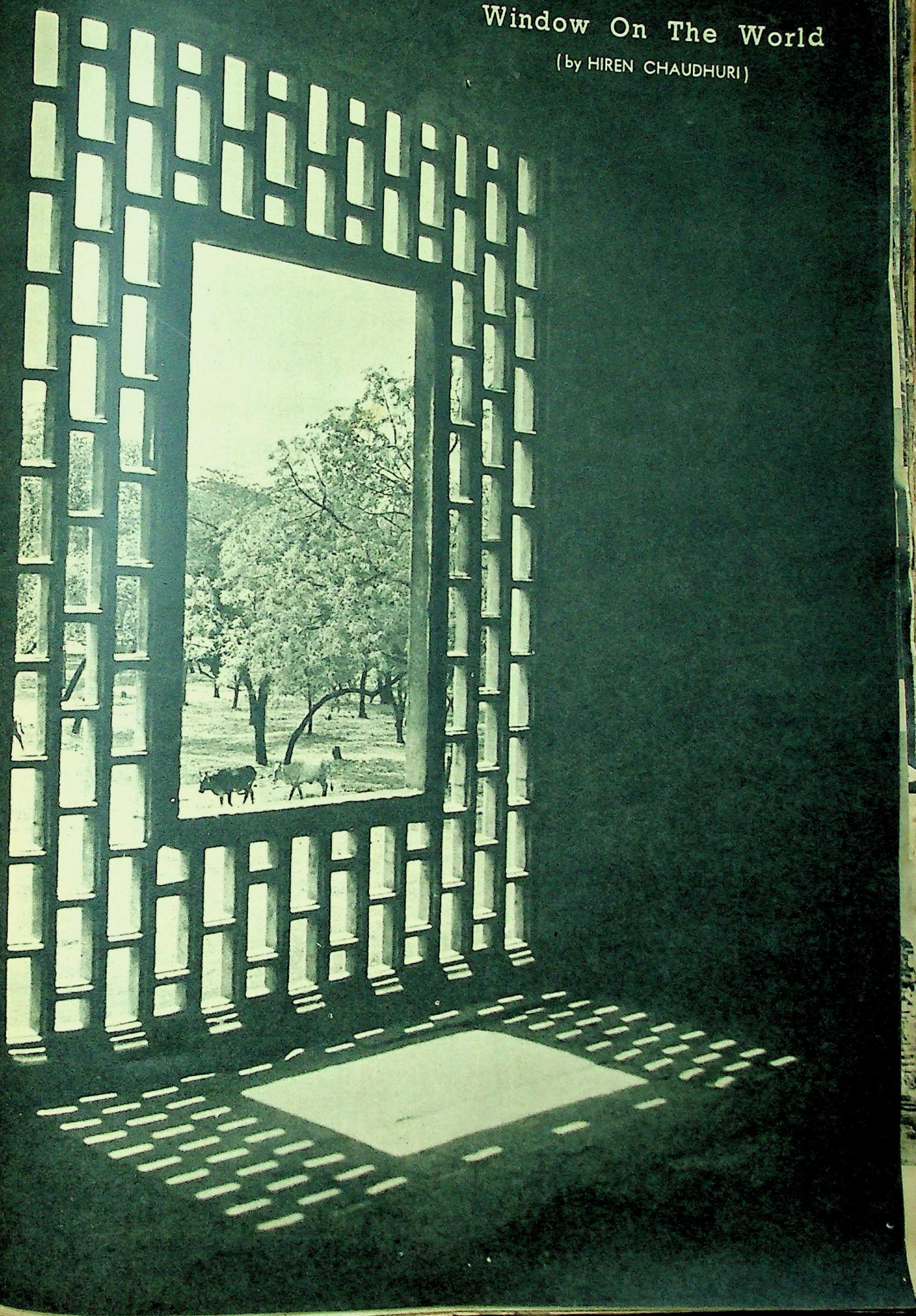
Window On The World

(by HIREN CHAUDHURI)



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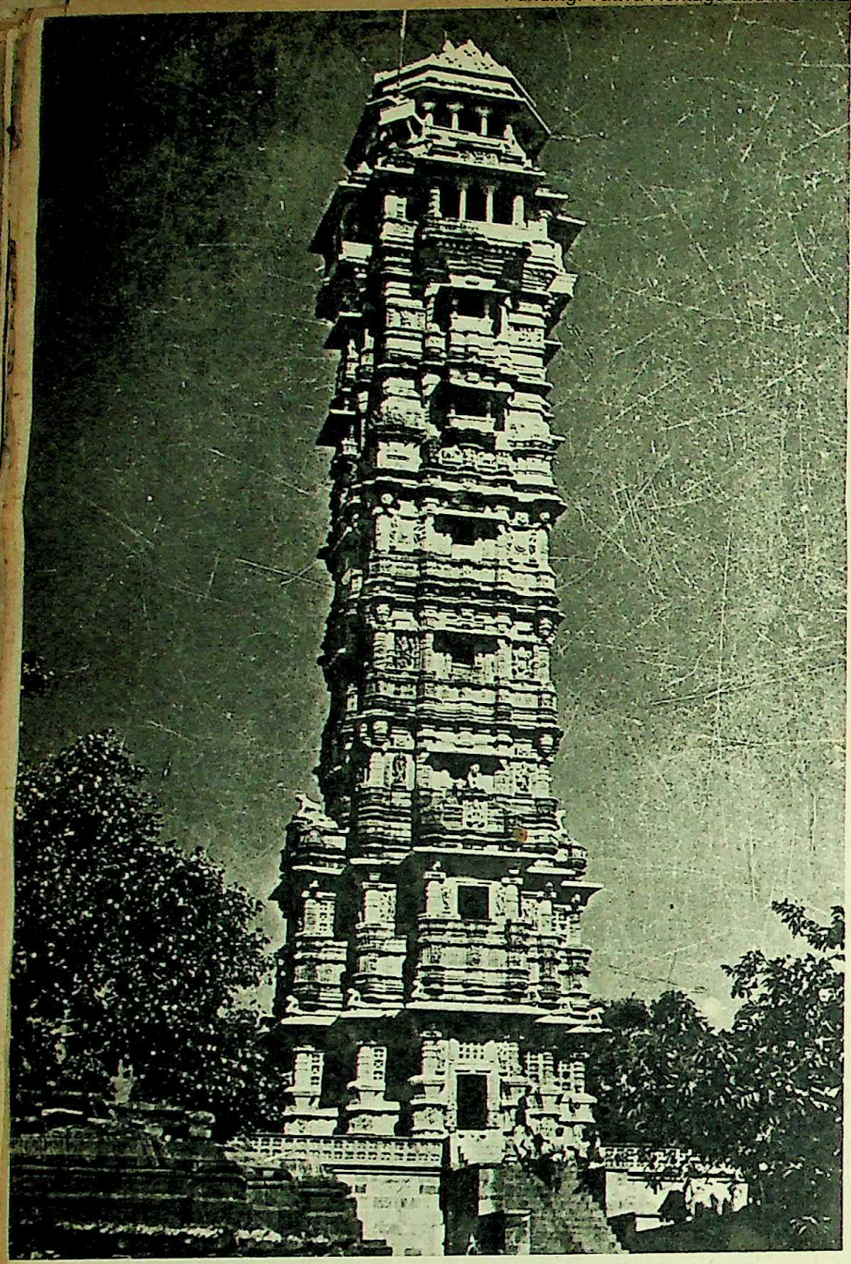


THE FAMED VIJAYASTAMBHA, or Tower of Victory, was built in 1440 A.D. It rises to a height of nearly 120 ft.

The Temples Of Chitorgarh

WHILE Indian history is replete with inspiring accounts of the valour of the Ranas of Chitor, an eloquent tribute to their religious fervour and love of art is contained in the many architectural monuments that are found today at the site of their capital. The temples and other structures can be broadly divided into three groups belonging to different periods from the 8th to the 17th century A.D.

The first phase starts with the massive temples of Kalika Mata and Kumbha Shyamji. The influence of the later Gupta architectural style is strongly evident here, and they retain much of their original splendour in spite of the fact that they were the objects of vandalism on three occasions in the history of the Rajput state.

Situated on high ground at the eastern edge of the fort, the Kalika Mata Temple was constructed in the 8th century and was at first dedicated to Surya, whose image, seated in a chariot with seven horses driven by Aruna, can be seen above the lintel of the main entrance to the *garbhagriha*. On either side of the Sun are Siva and Vishnu, accompanied by Indra and other devas.

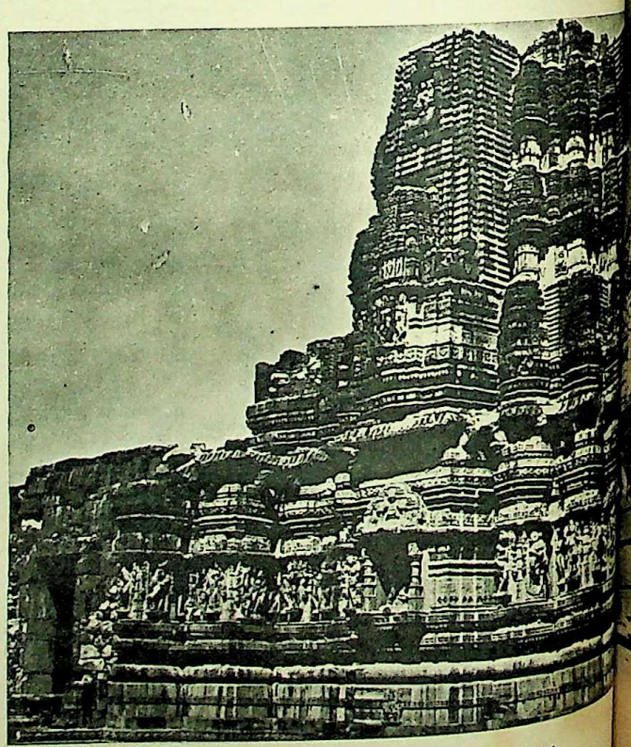
The temple has a porch, a huge *sabhamandapa* and a spacious *garbhagriha*. The architecture is mainly Chalukyan in inspiration. The mandapa has a dome supported on massive, finely carved monolithic pillars with exquisite pot and pattern motifs reminiscent of the later Gupta style. The Surya images are found in four niches on the walls. The ceiling is profusely covered with carvings depicting various mythological episodes. The central section contains the image of Mahishasuramardini. The structure is in a good state of preservation, but unfortunately the original sikhara is lost and the present one is plastered, without any decorative work.

The sculptures on the plinth of the Kumbha Shyamji Temple are similar to those of the Kalika Mata shrine. The deity is Vishnu, but the prominence of Shakti images here, particularly on the plinth (a part of the original construction), suggests that it could not have been built as a Vaishnavite shrine. This difference in dates of construction is also brought out in the disparity in the quality of carvings on the base and the superstructure. The latter figures have a natural suppleness that differentiates them from the work of a more skilful hand.

The carvings at the base are crude in conception and finish and are apparently additions and replacements of a later period carried out during the reign of Maharana Kumbha in the mid-15th century. (It is surprising, however, that this ruler who was not only a great warrior and administrator but also a poet and connoisseur of art accepted this inferior work.)

DECLINE IN QUALITY

The second phase covers the fine temples of Samidheshwar and Kukabeshwar Mahadev (11th to 12th century). These structures are smaller and their designs less elaborate. In general the stone work shows a decline in quality. An imitation of the Khajuraho style is obvious in the sculptures, but the faces are comparatively inexpressive and the body portions inelegant. The ma



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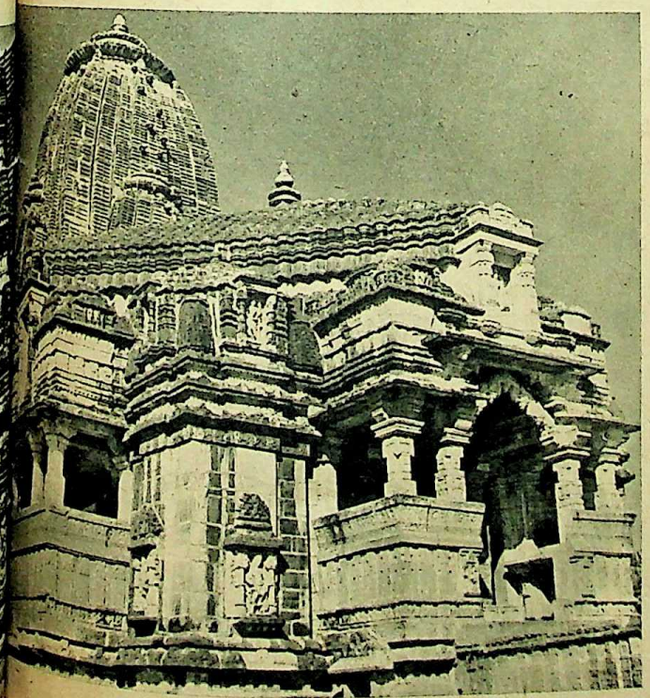
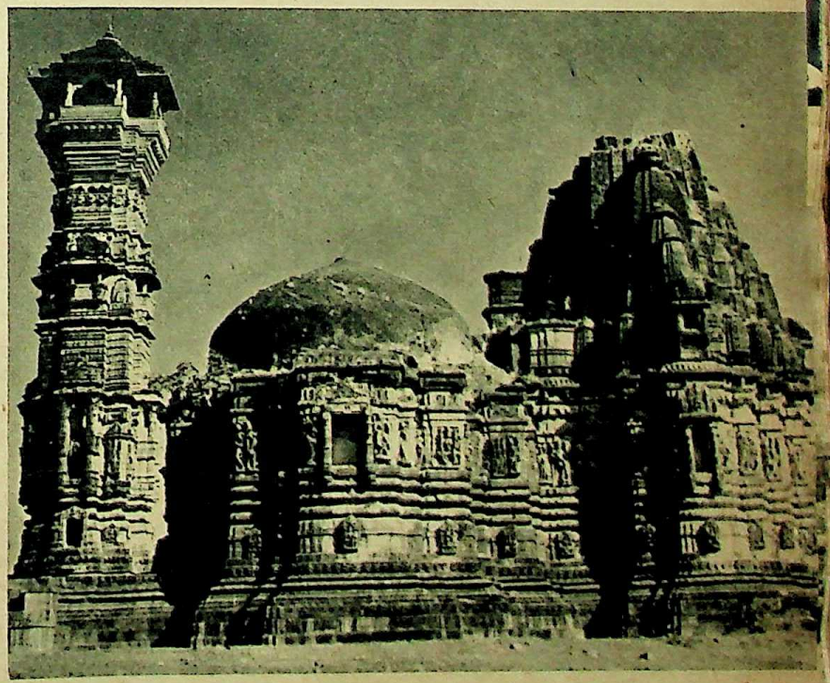
The third phase, from the 14th to the 16th century, saw Chitor rising to a place of prominence in the history of India. In the early 14th century, the city was sacked by Alauddin Khilji, but the Ranas regained their power during the reign of Rana Kumbha and his successors. In the 16th century, Akbar's army virtually crushed the kingdom. But Chitor emerged from these struggles as an enduring symbol of Rajput courage and heroism.

A large number of temples and other monuments were constructed or renovated in this period. Noteworthy among these are the Shrinagar Chauri, Satbis Deori, the Digambar Jain temples, the Sati gates and the famed Tower of Victory. But in many cases it is found that the quality of sculpture was on the decline. Excessive ornamentation, lack of expression and crude finish are frequently encountered. The pot and foliage pattern gave way to unattractive motifs, the carved ceilings became plain and the original sikharas were abandoned in preference to the Moghul type of domes covered with plaster.

H. B. PAL

THE SHRINE OF MIRABAI. Queen of Rana Kumbha, she is remembered as a great devotee of Krishna. (Photographs by author.)





DEDICATED TO VISHNU, the Kumbha Shyamji Temple is one of the oldest structures in Chitor. It was renovated in the 15th century. Right: A Jain mandir, with a Kirtistambha (Tower of Fame) to the left.

ANATHA.

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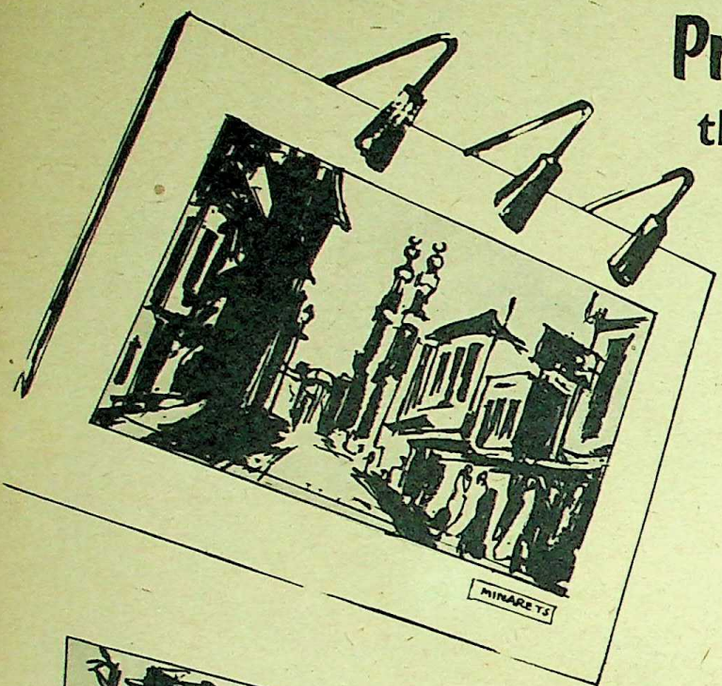

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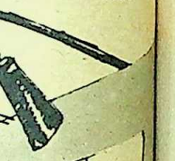
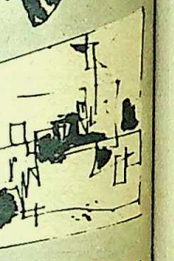
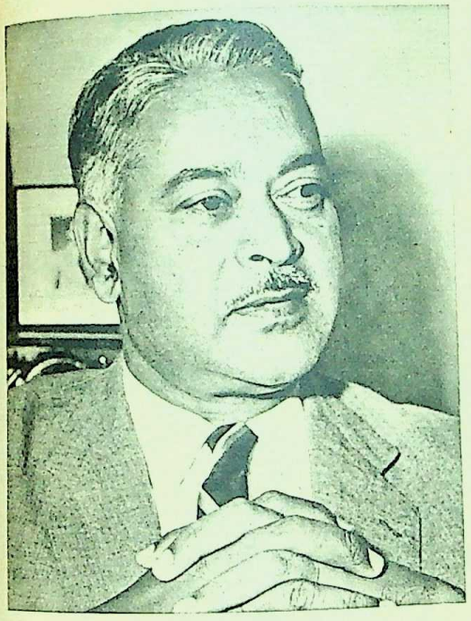




Foreign News

BANK CLERK HISANAGA SHIMAZU, 26, and his bride, the former Princess Suga, 21, pose for photographers after their wedding in Tokyo. The bride is the youngest daughter of Emperor Hirohito and Empress Nagako of Japan.



PAKISTAN'S NEW CHIEF JUSTICE, Mr. Alvin Robert Cornelius, a Catholic, is the first Christian to hold this post.

ISRAELI PREMIER David Ben-Gurion (left), 73, confers with West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, 84, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. The two leaders, paying independent formal visits to the U.S., were meeting for the first time.

POPE JOHN XXIII blesses the cheering crowd as he leaves Rome's Church of Santa Maria del Soccorso after Lenten services.

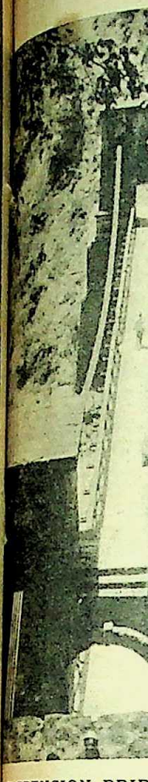
IN UNFAMILIAR GARB, American evangelist Dr. Billy Graham rides past the Sphinx and Pyramids.

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

Sacred Kedarnath

THE PILGRIM CENTRE. The shrine is at right and the Mandakini river is seen descending along the mountainside. Below, left: A simple structure, the temple stands at an altitude of 11,750 feet. Below: The sacred pool in the Vishwanath shrine, at Guptakashi, 24 miles from Rudraprayag.



SUSPENSION BRID
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MARKING a spo
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A rock, considered
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The pilgrimage to
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There is no image o
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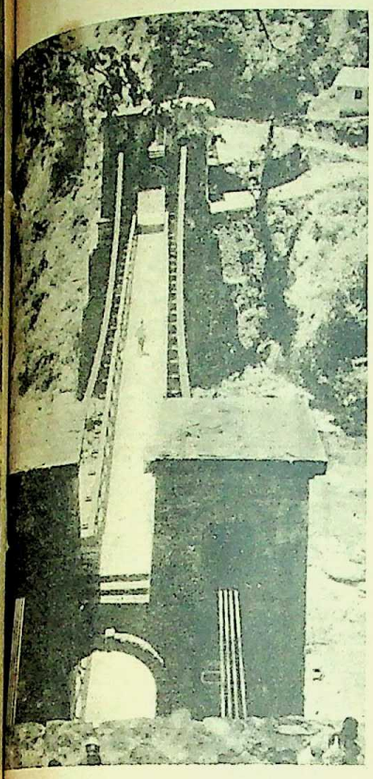
Funding: Tattva Heritage and R

...hrine is at right descending along simple structure, ...e of 11,750 feet. ...shwanath shrine, Rudraprayag.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ten miles below Kedarnath. (Photographs by Ram Panjabi)

MARKING a spot where, according to legend, Sadasiva, in his flight from the Pandavas, assumed the ...of a buffalo and attempted to escape pursuers by diving into the earth, Ke...ath, in Garhwal District, is one of the ...ed shrines of North India, attracting ...gious from all over the country. The ...le shrine stands below the snow-peak ...ahapanth, at a height of 11,750 feet, ...the Himalayan range providing a ...tiful backdrop.

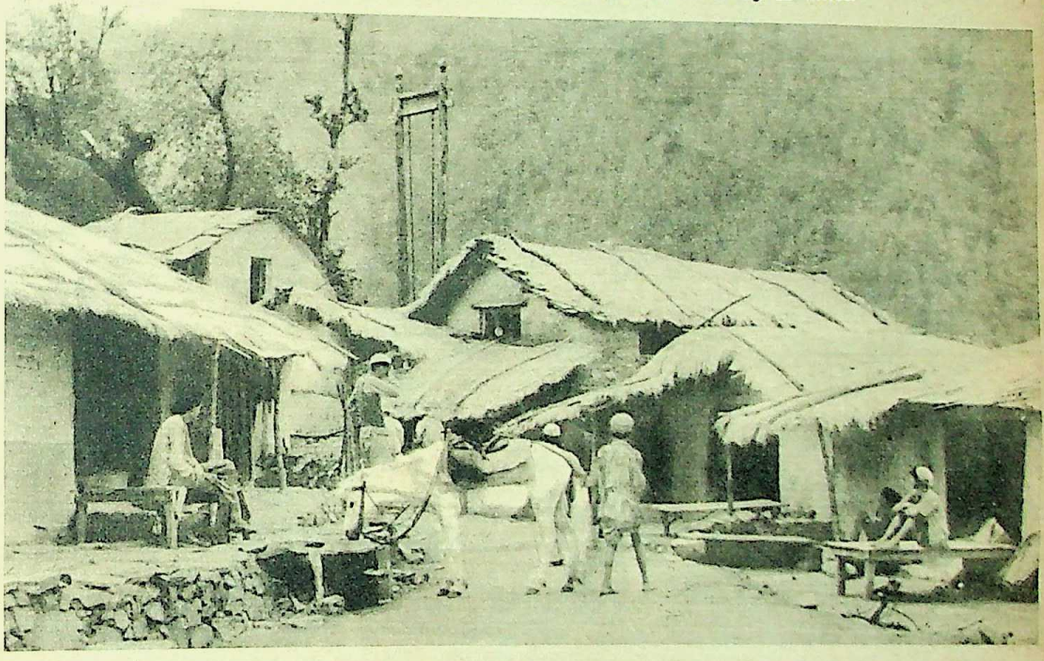
...A rock, considered a part of the buffa...body assumed by Siva, is the object ...orship. The remaining portions are ...ed to be found at Tungnath, Rudra... Madhyamaheshwar and Kalpeshwar.

The pilgrimage to Kedarnath is under...n during the Uttarakhand Yatra (from April to October). The shrine is 136 ...e from the nearest railway station. Of ...distance the major part can be cover...by bus, leaving some 30 miles to be ...e on foot or on horseback. The bridle...l lies along the course of the Manda...river and passes through attractive ...ntain terrain.

The last stage on the journey to Ke...ath is reached when one arrives at ...ara. Most pilgrims spend the night ...e chatti here, and it is advisable to do ...r continuing the trek in the morning ...comes to the spot known as Dev Dek... ("Seeing the Gods"), from where one ...watch the glory of the rising sun en...ing the Kedarnath valley in a brilli... array of colours.

There is no image or linga in the tem... only a triangular mound of mother... with an elaborately worked covering ...ilver and gold.

THE "DHOLI" is available for those who find the trek on the high mountains an arduous task. The extension of the motor road has cut down the climb by 11 miles.



A HAMLET called Mahikhanda. Several such settlements mark the route to Kedarnath. Below: Taking a rest during the up-hill journey.

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja...

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

One Big Pool Of Milk

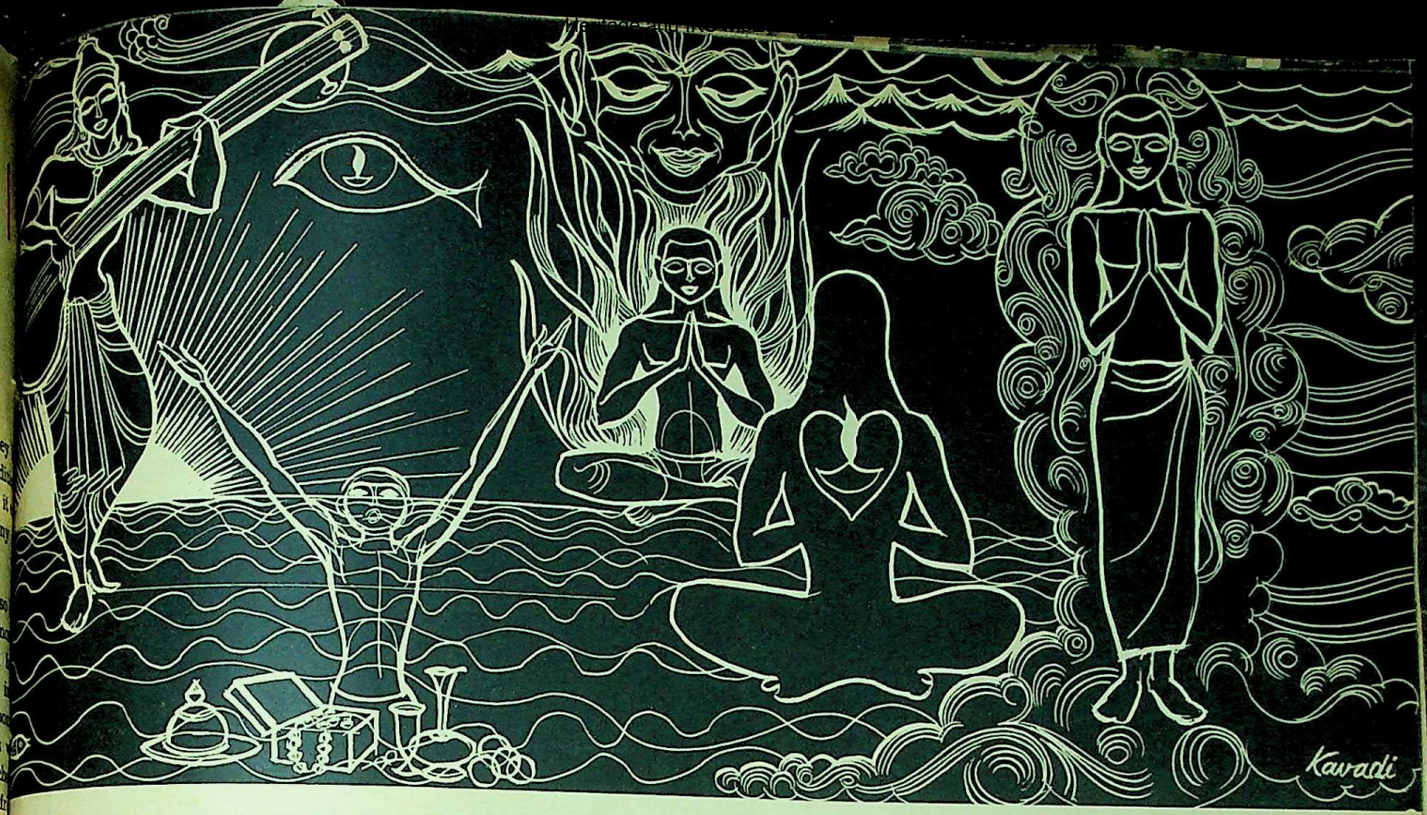
LAL and Dyal were cousins. Everyone in the village knew that they were extremely fond of each other. And two people getting along smoothly means a lot in a village. Real brothers of the blood have to get on together somehow: but cousins living in such complete amity were bound to win the respect and admiration of all.

Lal and Dyal therefore enjoyed a unique position in the village. No one dared to come in their way. Farm servants worked for them submissively and everyone listened to them. A lovely feeling of contentment could be discerned on the faces of the cousins, for, besides enjoying this easily won influence, they made a comfortable living by joint-farming of their lands. Working together they bumper harvests, and by hiring addi help one of them could always take i and enjoy some leisure without an location of work.

In course of time, however, it so pened that the third man became m less a permanent fixture and Dyal to put in only a few hours' work i morning and retired in the afternoo was often seen, dressed in spotless clothes, whiling away long stretch time in the village square with his fr or just aimlessly watching the pa scene.

While Dyal thus spent his wo time cheerfully, Lal toiled in the f never protesting at his cousin's abs "You did not stir out of the village yesterday afternoon: the sprouting

The real strength of a relation is revealed only when one attempts to break it.



My prayers were heard by the gods of Heaven—and your blessings were showered on me from all sides.

* * *

Paritya bhutani paritya lokan, paritya
sarvah pradishodisascha, upasthay
prathamajamamritasya, atmanatmanamabhisamvivesa.

—Yajurveda.

Even after passing through innumerable lives and travelling through millions of worlds, my soul found no rest until I discovered a virgin soul—a new-born baby of the Divine Mother.

And, behold, that was none but my own soul!

I went deeper into my soul and there in my inner consciousness I found you, the ultimate goal of my journey...

* * *

Udyanam te purusha navayanam, jivatum te
dakshatatim krinomi. A hi rohemamritam
sukham ratham, atha jirvirvadatha
mavadasih.

—Atharvaveda

Steep and high is your path of pilgrimage, O man, never descending low.

I have equipped thee with the divine wisdom and power to live a full and vigorous life.

Come and enter the divine chariot of immortal bliss.

Never say you are old, O my traveller, with advancing age. Blessed with the wealth of wisdom, you shall ever remain young and vigorous.

Up and high goes your path, never descending low.

* * *

Soma! Rarandhi no hridih gavo na
yavaseshwa, marya tva swa okye.

—Rigveda.

O Soma, God of Serenity and Splendour, feed freely upon the harvest of our hearts.

As the cows browse in the pastures, enjoy and relish the feast of our overflowing hearts.

Make my heart your home and enjoy all its delights, just as a man enjoys the comforts of his home.

* * *

Yo agnim tanvodame, devam martah saparyati
tasma iddidayat vasuh.

—Rigveda.

O Vasu, God of all beings, thou reveal Thyself only to that mortal who kindles the sublime fire of life in the inner shrine of his self.

I shall burn the flame, keep it burning constantly. O my God, reveal thy mysteries to me. I shall always keep the fire of sacred life burning...

* * *

Idamut sreyo avasanamagam, sive me
dyava prithvi abhutam, asapatna me
pradiso bhavantu, no vai twam
dvismo, abhayam no astu.

—Atharvaveda.

Now in the last stage of my long journey, it is wise for me to withdraw from all strife and struggle.

Let the gods of earth and heaven protect me from adversities.

Let the whole universe be at peace with me.

I have no enmity in my heart. So I need fear no one.

Let me end my journey in sublime peace.

* * *

Utasvaya tanva samvade, kadantarvarune
bhuvani kim me havyamahrinano jusheta
kada mrilikam sumana abhikhyam.

—Rigveda.

O God, your separation has become unbearable. I crave for you, but I fail to hear your response.

I seek the guidance of my intuition and communicate with my deeper self. I ask my own soul to tell me when I shall merge into the sea of the supreme soul, the soul of the universe.

O, tell me, my Lord, when will you bless me by accepting my offerings?

And tell me, my inner self, when shall I meet Him face to face.

* * *

Yadagne syamaham tvam tvam va syamaham
syushte satya ihasishah.

—Samaveda.

O Lord! Bestow on me your last blessings. Let this be my last prayer.

I shall ask nothing hereafter.

But let this last wish come true.

Let us be one. I shall cast off my separate ego and merge in you completely.

Allow me to do so.

Or, my Lord, come forward and be one with me.

Make me divine or become human yourself. Let there be no distance, no distinction.

Then alone will your blessings come true.

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja...

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

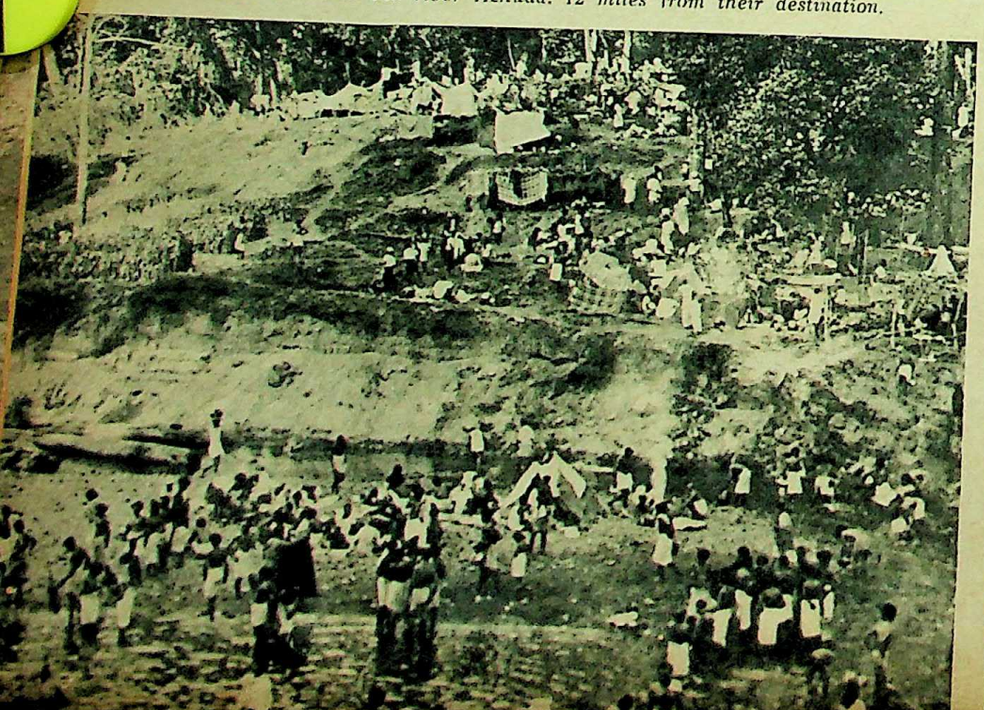
The Pilgrimage To Sabarimalai

EACH year an estimated four lakh de
votees cover the arduous route t
Sabarimalai in central Travancor
nd have darshan of Sasta, or Ayyappa
s the deity is popularly known to the pe
ple of Kerala. The shrine is an unimposin
structure atop a hill (*malai*) and the pil
traverses precipitous hill slopes and dens
forests infested with wild animals. Th
distance has to be covered on foot, a
occasions when a pilgrim party is attacke
by an elephant or a leopard are not ra
It is believed that death in this manner
a punishment for the pilgrim who m
have broken a pledge or failed in so
manner to carry out his devotional duti
according to the prescribed code.

Sasta is worshipped by the Malaya
as the son of Siva, though he is little know
outside Kerala. Legend has it that Vish
assumed the guise of Mohini to bring ba
Amrita, the nectar of immortality, fr
the Asuras. After this was accomplishe
Siva expressed a wish to see Vishnu i
the enchantress and was captivated by he
charms. Sasta is believed to have be
born of this divine romance in Kailasa.

The devas welcomed the birth of th
child because it was ordained that he ha
an important mission to fulfil—that of de
troying the demoness Mahishi. He wa
brought up by the Raja of Panthala

THE TEMPLE OF SASTA on a hilltop is reached after a long and perilous trek through dense forests infested with wild elephants and leopards. Below: Pilgrims take a bath in the river Azhuda, 12 miles from their destination.



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nce of the pilgrim

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS

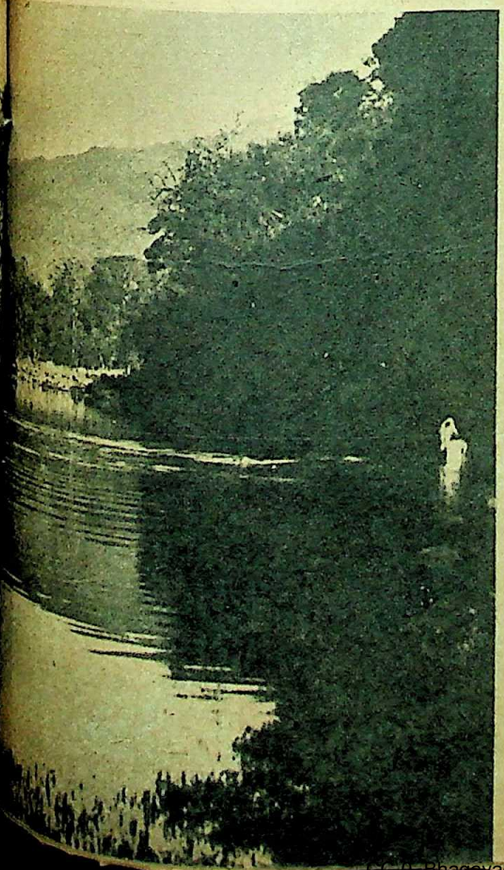
(central Travancore) who had, while on a hunting trip, come upon the infant in a forest and adopted him as his heir. As the new successor grew up, he aroused the wrath of the king's minister who sent him to the hills to get the milk of a leopard for the ailing queen. On this mission Sasta, who had learnt of his origin from the sage Narada, fought and killed Mahishi and brought with him to the palace a whole pack of leopards. The people recognised him as a god and built a shrine for him nearby on top of Sabarimalai.

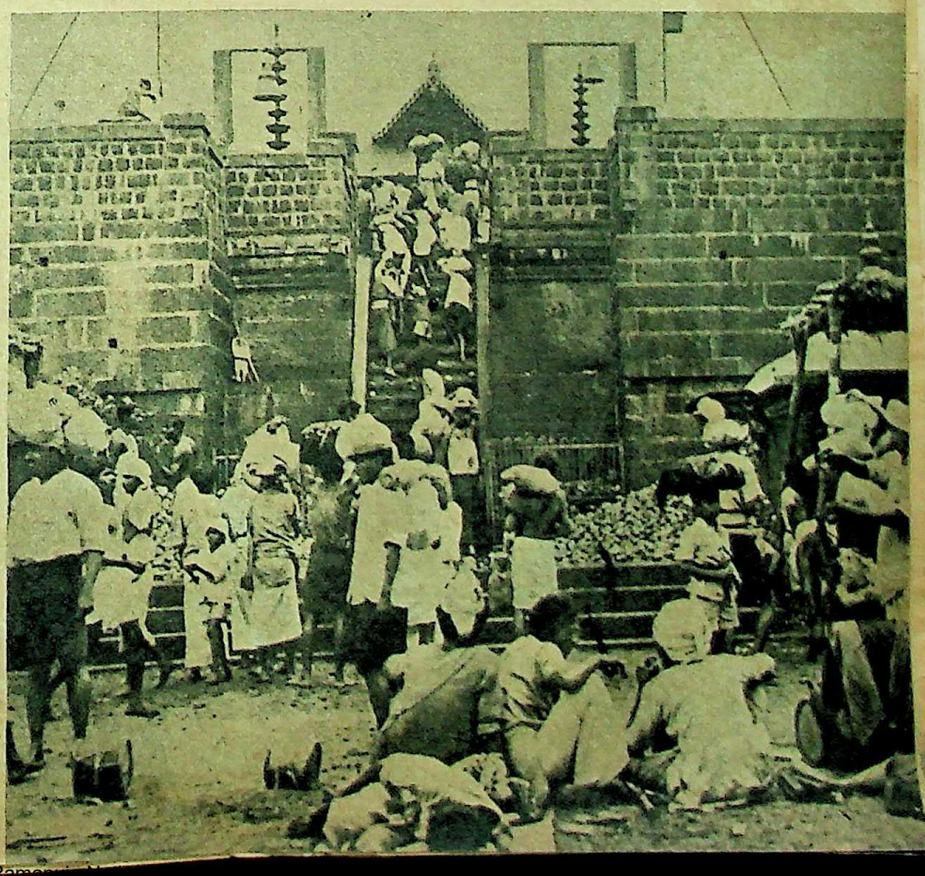
The pilgrims who annually visit the temple have to practise austerities for a period of 41 days, when they perform pujas, adhere to a strict vegetarian diet and cease to care for their hair and beard. They are enjoined to wear only black clothes and go barefoot.

There are some new routes to the temple, such as the one through the township of Vandi Periyar. From here a motorable road across teak forests and tea plantations brings one within eight miles of the temple, but this "easy" way is not preferred by the faithful.

The Sasta shrine stands on a platform with eighteen steps leading to it. On each occasion of a pilgrim's visit he breaks a coconut on one of these—the first year on the first step, and so on. After breaking the eighteenth he is permitted to plant a coconut tree. A few of these are seen at the temple commemorating the full performance of the pilgrimage.

THE IMAGE OF AYYAPPAN. He is worshipped as the son of Siva. The large numbers of devotees who annually visit the shrine include a few members of other communities also. Below, left: A view of the Pampa river. Right: The sacred eighteen steps leading to the temple. (Photographs by K. A. Narayanan.)





Funding: Tattva Heritage and KS Mol. Digitization: eGangotri

"Kumar Sambhav"

OF the themes ch... attention today, ... ing are those that ... or betray his want of ... for El Greco to paint ... for Rouault. Hence the ... master's work, seen in ... negativism and nihilism ... produced, acquires a ...

In India, present-... sculptors, apparently, ... for expressing themse... motifs—except when ... upon to execute some ... work which only expo... lack of faith. But ma... cers are prepared ... attempts to transcend ... mercialism of the age ... can still find some ... among this vanishing ... have no doubt that New ... tiya Kala Kendra, whi... son in Bombay recently ... pices of the Sur Singar ... nated by these adorab... They have so far presen... difficult stories, "Kuma... "Ramleela", through a ... aims at regenerating h... heroines, gods and ... making them acceptab... porary sensibility—alm... task indeed. The Bhar... dra's determined exp... regard to these two exa... resulted in antithetica... Sambhav" emerging ... tive and "Ramleela" ... commonplace. The s... dasa's classic in the ha... meaning, painstaking ...

A DANCE OF APSA... in Indraloka. Left: ... Rati (Kumudini L...

TARAKAS...

viable as the ... deplorable.

The "Kum... presented th... Kathak, which ... guidance of Br... the peak of pu... moving singin...

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS

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TARAKASUR (Raman Lal) receives the blessings of Brahma.

SHIVA and Parvati are reconciled.

viable as the failure of "Ramleela" is deplorable.

The "Kumar Sambhav" ballet was presented through the medium of Kathak, which under the imaginative guidance of Brijmohan Maharaj reached the peak of purity and plasticity. The moving singing of the Dagar brothers heightened its impact. Among the individual performances, those of Brijmohan Maharaj as Kamadeva, Pratap Pawar as Karttik and Agni, Raman Lal as Tarakasur and Shrimathi Kumudini Lakhia as Rati were most outstanding. Krishan Kumar in the pivotal role of Shiva seemed miscast. His movements were too heavy and unrhythmic and succeeded in making those he danced with shine all the brighter by contrast. On the whole, the ballet represented a unique blend of dance and music, of showmanship and sensibility, at their very best—and purest.

A. S. R

DANCE OF APSA in Indraloka. Left: (Kamadeva (Brijmohan Maharaj) in a Rati (Kumudini Lakhia).

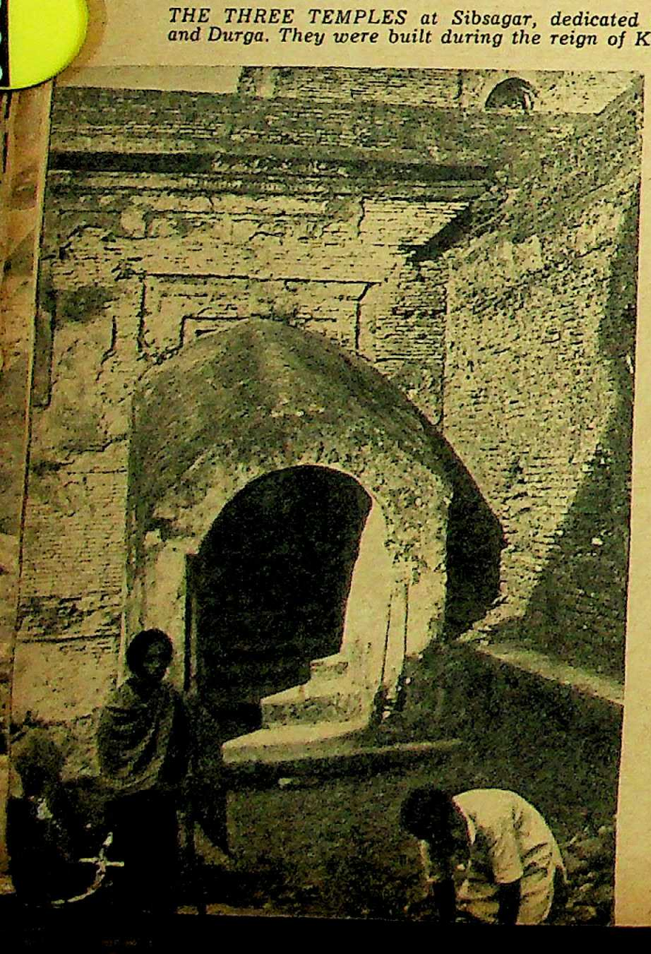
KUMAR seeks the blessings of his parents, Shiva (Krishan Kumar) and Parvati (Rina Singha), before fighting Tarakasur.

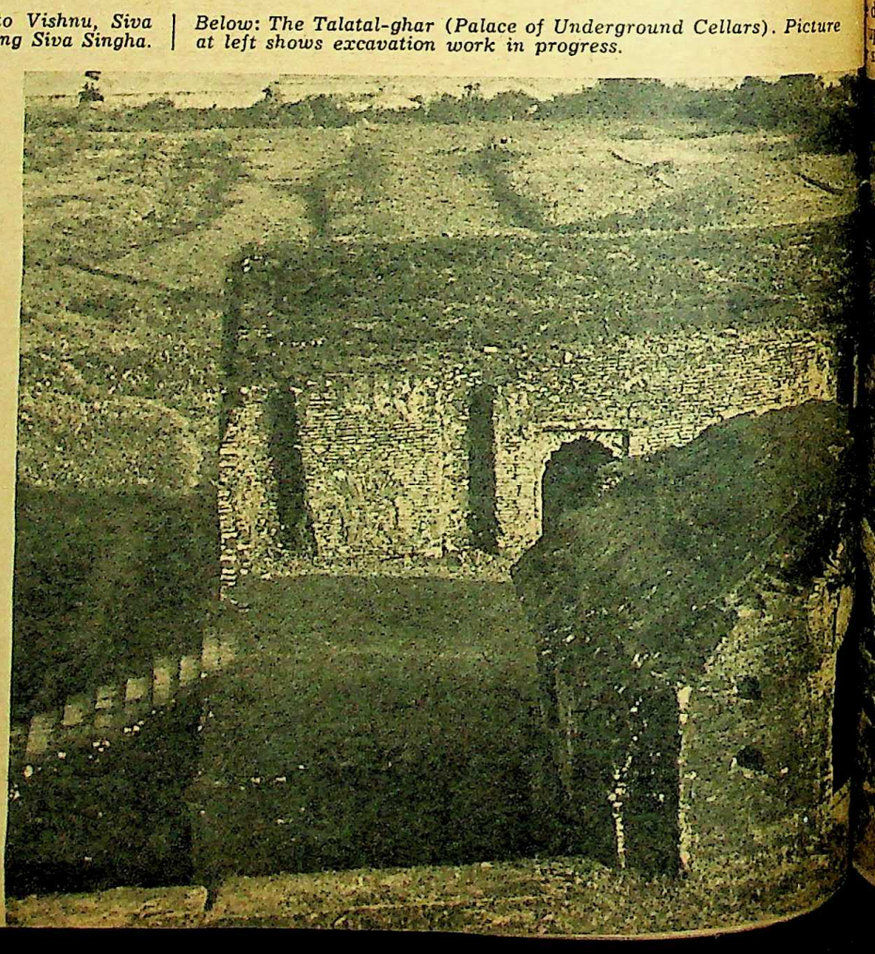
CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Relics Of The Ahom Kings

THE THREE TEMPLES at Sibsagar, dedicated to Vishnu, Siva and Durga. They were built during the reign of King Siva Singha. | *Below: The Talatal-ghar (Palace of Underground Cellars). Picture at left shows excavation work in progress.*





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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IRC

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ASSAM, like the other States of India, has become more alive to her ...ory and heritage since In...endence. Many of the ...uments now being restored ... however, not ancient, ...gh several temples which ...e still to be recovered from ...jungle appear centuries old.

...hen a structure, however ...sive and well built, is left ...out care in Assam, the jun... soon takes over. And this ...ns not merely moss and ...us spreading over the walls ... the weather doing the rest ... the damage, but, in a re...kably short time, trees, ...bs and grass actually ...uring the building.

...he Sibsagar region of As..., in the north-east, with its ...ples, palaces and hunting ...es, all built in the late ...enteenth and early eight...th centuries, during the ...gkhungia dynasty of the ...m kings, contains examples ...resenting the typical archi...ural styles of the period.

...he three temples with gilt ...es, standing by the great ...k in Sibsagar town, were ...t in the reign of King Siva ...gha.

...iva Singha's chief queen, ...leswari, had caused, in her ...time, much distress and un... because of her misdeeds ... her desecrations of the sac... images and temples. She ... responsible for introducing ... custom of burning the dead ...ontravention of the ancient ...oms of the dynasty. When ... died in agony, it was look...upon as a punishment for ... sins.

DECORATIVE MOTIFS on the wall of the Talatal-ghar.

Then, when her younger sister, Draupadi, became a power in the country, the latter caused the tank to be excavated and the temples to be built at what is now Sibsagar.

One temple is dedicated to Vishnu, while the others are consecrated to the worship of Siva and Durga.

The hunting lodge of the Ahom Kings, at Rangpur, is known as the Ranghar and can be spotted from the trunk road south-west of Sibsagar town. It was constructed in the reign of Pramatta Singha and is so designed as to enable elephants to be stabled on the ground floor. The hunting party's accommodation is on the upper storey and descending steps led straight to a waiting elephant's back. From the large archways above, the guests could watch in comfort whatever displays or sports were organised in the courtyard for their entertainment. Some carvings on the walls and two stone crocodiles on the roof are still to be seen.

Rudra Singha, who ruled before Pramatta Singha and Siva Singha, had ideas in advance of his time. Some of his progressive projects he managed to carry out in spite of the troubles he faced during his reign, from enemies within his realm and from the warring Nagas. One of his grandiose plans was to construct a brick city and palace, but no one in his kingdom had the necessary knowledge. Therefore an architect named Ghanasyam, a Muslim converted to Hinduism, was brought from Cooch Behar. Under his supervision rose-coloured bricks, one inch thick, looking like baked tiles, were made and the construction work was done. It is

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CC-0. Bhagavad Rama...

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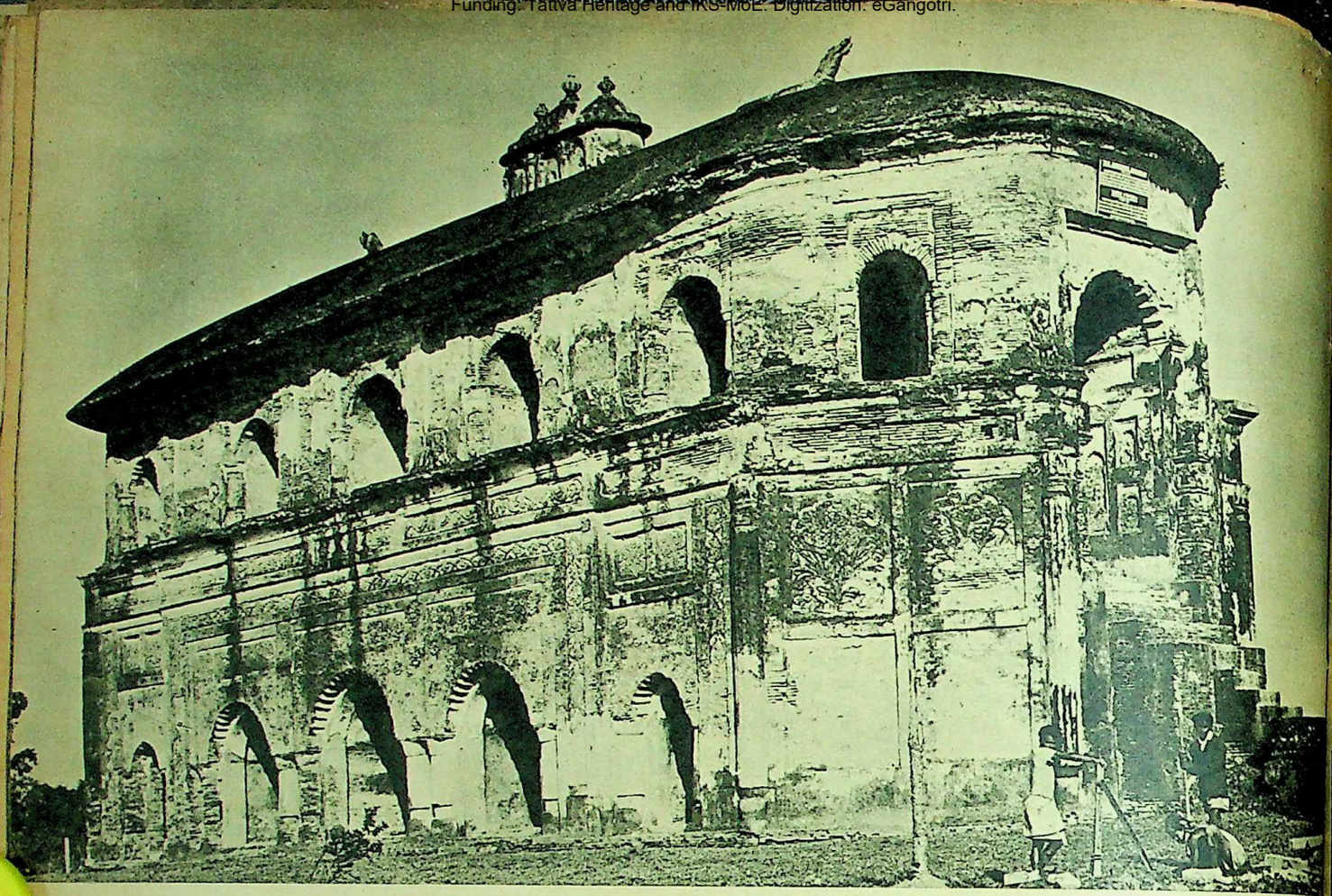


THE HUNTING LODGE of the Ahom Kings at Rangpur. It is designed that elephants can be stabled on the ground floor. Left: A shrine still in the clutches of the jungle.

The Ahom King

(Continued)

reported that when Ghanasyam was ready to leave, duly rewarded for his laudable work, documents containing a full account of the Ahom country and its inhabitants were found on his person and so he was put to death as a spy. One small building, said to be a fort or guard-house, between Ranghar and the Palace of Underground Cellars, has an arched roof made completely of these tile-like bricks.

The Palace of Underground Cellars (the Talatal-ghar) was built under Ghanasyam's supervision, but the notice on the site gives the King's name as Rajeswar Singha, who reigned after Pramatta Singha and Siva Singha. The *Tungkhungia Buranji* edited and compiled by S. K. Bhuyan, however, gives credit for the building of the Talatal-ghar to Rudra Singha.

Excavation work is in progress today on this site. There is little left of the upper storeys of the palace, but the underground rooms are there and on some of the outer walls there still remain traces of the ca... ings and decorations that at ... time adorned all the walls.

Not far from the Tala... ghar is the Jaysagar ... round which there are the ... ples built at the end of ... seventeenth century with ... same rose-coloured, tile-... bricks. These are also attri... ed to Rudra Singha. The ... is said to be the spot where ... king's mother, Jaymati, G... dhar Singha's queen, was ... tured to death by Sulik... Gadadhar's predecessor. G... dhar had fled from home ... fear of Sulikpha's men. ... mati was captured and tor... ed in an attempt to extr... information from her as to ... whereabouts of her husb... but she died faithful, with... revealing his hiding place.

As one looks at these gra... ful temples, palaces and lod... glowing in their tints of ... and gold, one becomes con... ous of the romance and beau... of those former times.

MARGARET FAIRFI...

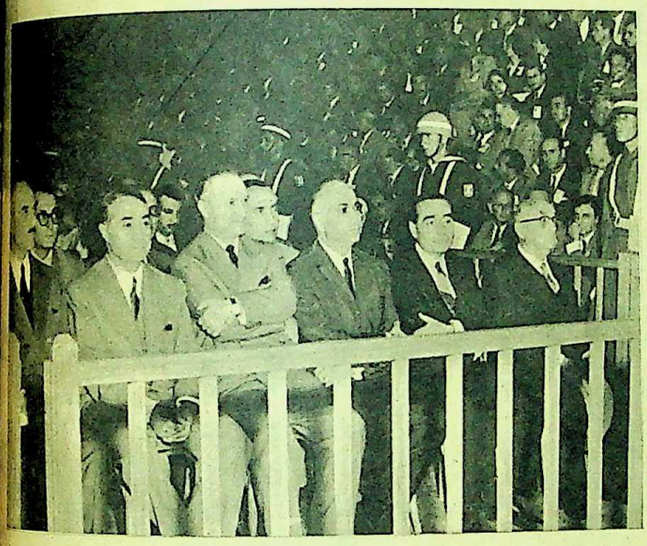
November 6, 1960

MURDER IN TOK...
Socialist Oppositio...
old rightist studen...

MEMBERS OF T...
General Gursel fa...
At right are ex-P...

Funding: Tattva Heritage and Knowledge

MURDER IN TOKYO. When addressing a political rally, Japan's Socialist Opposition leader Inejiro Asanuma is stabbed by 17-year-old rightist student Otoya Yamaguchi. Mr. Asanuma died on the way to hospital.



MEMBERS OF THE FORMER TURKISH REGIME ousted by General Gursel face trial for treason, on the island of Yassiada. At right are ex-President Celal Bayar and former Prime Minister Adnan Menderes.

QUEEN SIRIKIT of Thailand looks fondly at Princess Margaretha, three-year-old twin daughter of Prince Jean and Princess Josephine-Charlotte of Luxembourg, as she leaves Betzdorf Castle, followed by King Bhumibol Adulyadej. The Thai monarch and his Queen were on a state visit to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

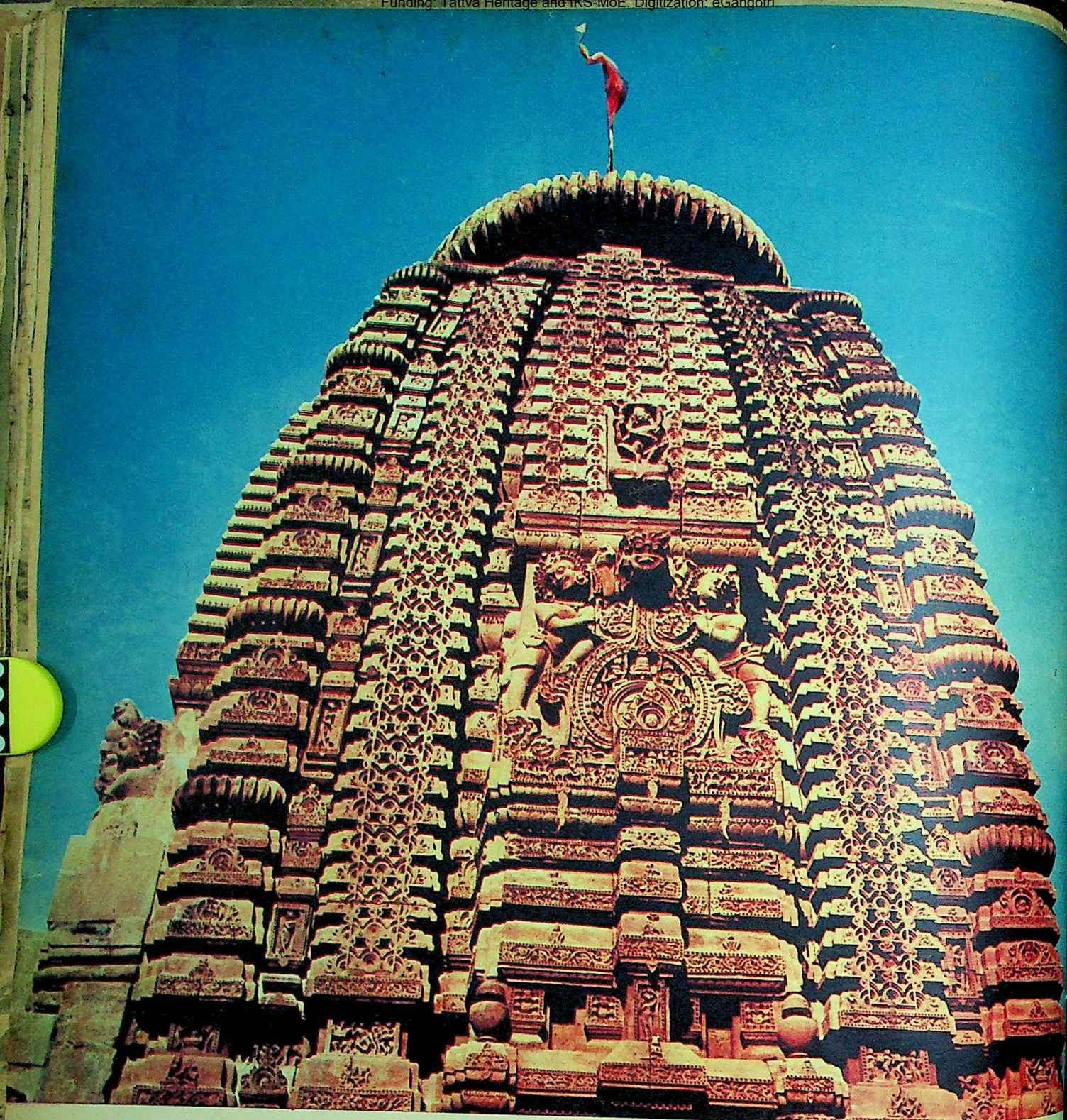
★ ★ ★

PRESIDENT Eisenhower reaches across a wooden fence in the grounds of the White House, Washington, to shake hands with well-wishers who had come to greet him on his 70th birthday. The package in his hand is a gold-painted golf ball presented by one of the children.

KING MAHENDRA OF NEPAL, on a state visit to Britain, photographed at Victoria Station, London, with Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. He was accompanied by Queen Ratna.

From Abroad

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri



THE MUKTESWARA SHRINE, 35 feet high, is exquisitely adorned with carvings, reflective of the best later Gupta-period style.

BHUBANESWAR: 'City Of God

by Dr. H. GOETZ

ORISSA is a curious territory: a narrow, but fertile coastal plain extending from Bengal to Andhra, hinged at the delta of the Mahanadi, to a large tract of mountains and jungles in the hinterland, still inhabited mainly by tribal peoples. The jungles have protected the country to some degree from foreign invasions, but they have also kept out many cultural influences, so that Orissan culture always has been conservative.

At one time Orissa enjoyed immense importance and wealth through the maritime trade between Bengal and the South, though territorially it was weak, split into several small states. In South-East Asia the name Orang Kling (Kalingas, Orissans) thus became, in history, equivalent to that of Indians, and the ancient art of Greater India (Java, Siam, Cambodia, Champa-Annam), is replete with motives the next parallels to which are found in the temples of Orissa.

The majority of the Orissan temples belong to the period when the area was united under strong dynasties—the Meghavahanas in the 1st century B.C., the Bhaumakaras in the 8th-10th century, the Somavamshis of Mahakosala in the 10th-12th, the Eastern Ganges of the 11th-15th, and the Suryavamshis of

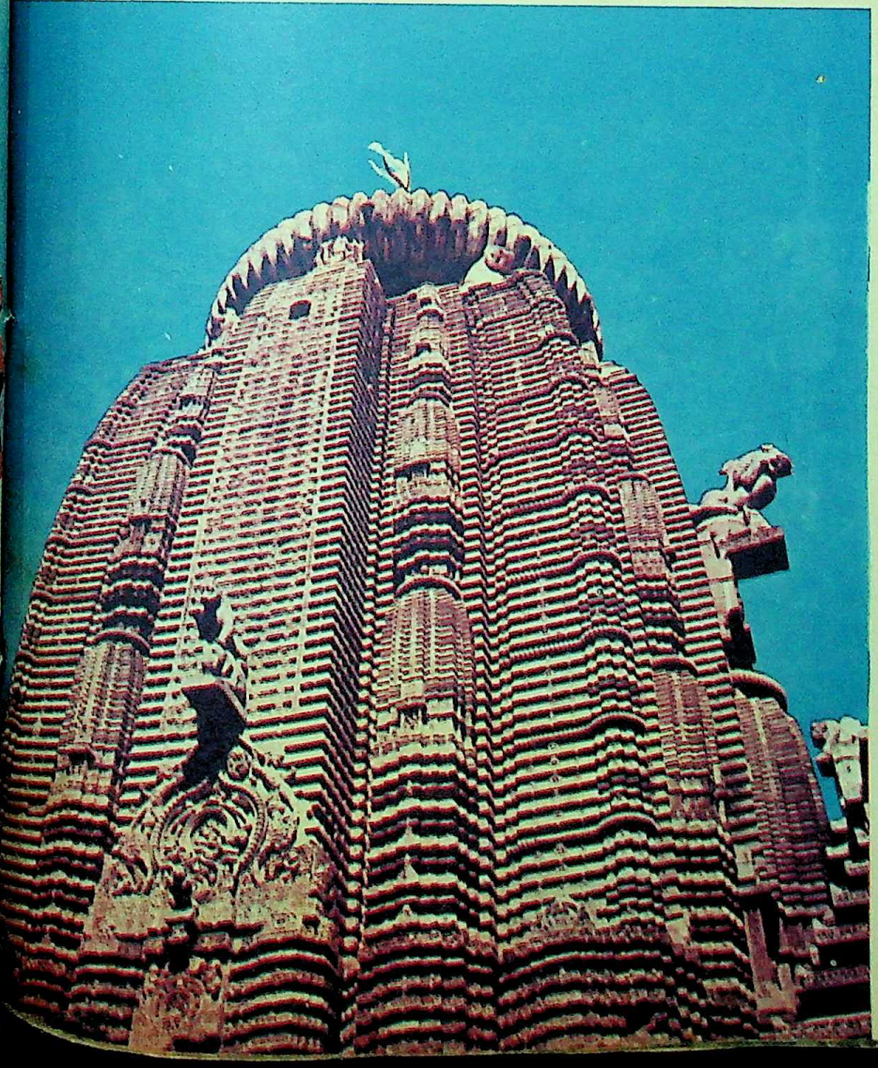
Maharaja Collection

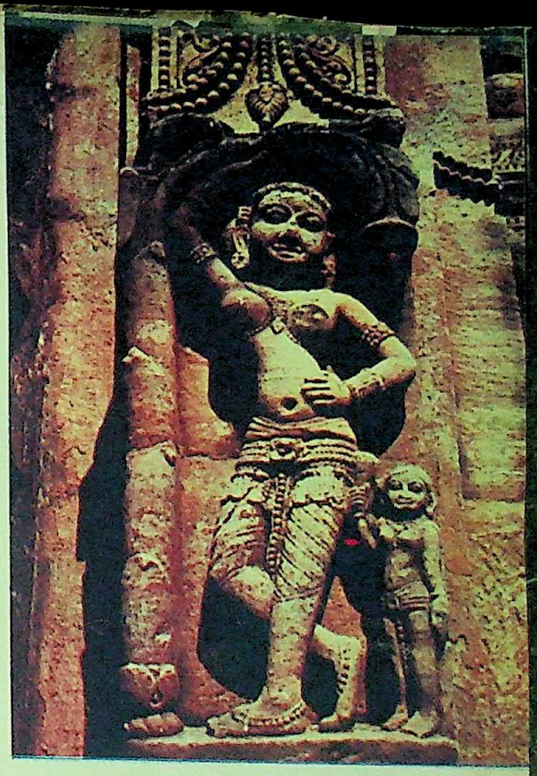
...8th-16th centuries. The seat of power was ...variably in the Mahanadi delta, mainly ...Bhubaneswar, through occasionally ...fting to Jajpur, Cuttack or Kalingapa-...

Bhubaneswar indeed reflects the ...ole rise and decline of ancient Orissan ... Most of the monuments outside the ...its of the city represent the work of the ...iod when it had not yet assumed its ...erwhelming holiness, or are suburban ...ectarian extensions of the main stream.

The Maurya capital Tosali (Dhauli), ...ere one of Asoka's edicts has been ...und, and Sisupalgarh, the capital of ...e Meghavahana dynasty (the most fa...ous king of which had been Kharavela; ...t century B.C.), were situated some miles ... the east. The walls of Sisupalgarh, ...th their eight gateways, mighty bas...ns and broad moat, can still be seen near ...e confluence of the Bhargavi and Daya, ...d in their centre there stand even today ...e pillars of a former palace or temple ...e famous caves of Udayagiri and K...nan...giri, six miles to the north-west, were ex...vated for Jain monks by order of Khara...la and his family, away from the capi..., like other monasteries and hermitages ... the kind. The principal Jain temple was ...uch nearer to Sisupalgarh, probably on ...e site of the present Lingaraja temple ...Then that great centre of the Saiva cult ...se to importance it is difficult to say. The ...

THE IMPOSING LINGARAJA
—the most sacred Siva temple in Orissa.





THE FEMALE FIGURES in the Orissan temples are noted for their poise and distinctive charm. (Photographs: Darshan Lall, 4; Denise Lequiller, 1)

religious books, of course, claim a hoary antiquity, and they may be right in so far as there already existed on the site some sanctuary. However, Hindu religion assumed its later character not before the last centuries B.C. and mainly in the Gupta period. Also, in Orissa, Buddhism was a dominant force until the 8th century at least, under the Sailodbhava and the early Bhaumakara kings.

The first Saiva temple of importance is the Parasurameswara, the date of which, like that of most Orissan temples, is controversial. Some scholars have tried to connect its foundation with the zealous champion of the cult of Siva and opponent of Harshavardhana of Thanesar—King Sasanka of Bengal. But whereas its architectural features, reminding one of the early temples of Aihole in the Deccan, would support such a claim, its sculptures appear to be of a later date. Like most of the Buddhist carvings at Nalatigiri, Ratnagiri and Udayagiri, the figures as well as ornaments here are treated as though they did not depict human, floral or architectural forms, but were rather abstract designs.

Such a tendency has nothing to do with any special religious outlook, but recurs everywhere and at any time whenever a highly developed art has been copied by a still undeveloped people. It points here to a time of great social changes, and also to the emergence of a genuine local art tradition. As a matter of fact, medieval Orissan art has clung to quite a number of characteristics of this transition period, especially the low platform, the rather cubic form of the building, the beehive-shaped sikhara, and the simple decoration (notwithstanding an overwhelming opulence of ornaments). And this evolution from Gupta art and architecture is very dissimilar from that noticed in Pala-Sena Bengal and Bihar. Except in the typology of its images, Orissan art has tended more towards the course taken under the Pratiharas of

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DONOR GROUP, Vaital Deul.

Bhubaneswar

(Continued)

Kanauj. The reason may have been the antagonism of the rising Siva cult to Tantric Buddhism prevalent in the Pala Empire. For the rise of Bhubaneswar went hand in hand with that of Orissan art and of Saivism.

The next monument at Bhubaneswar likewise is a Siva temple, the Vaital Deul. Its exact date is not known, but the wagon (*khakhara*) roof of its sanctuary reminds one of the Teli-ka-Mandir on Gwalior Fort, its sculptures of those of Osian in Rajasthan, of Pattadakal in the Deccan and of Kanchipuram in the South. It may thus belong to the middle of the 8th century or somewhat later. It is a beautiful shrine; but it seems to be rather the creation of builders and sculptors summoned from outside the region.

The first genuine example of the medieval Orissan temple is the small, but exquisite, Mukteswara, covered with the most arresting sculpture, which readily evokes memories of the best later Gupta tradition, without being clumsily imitative as in the Parasurameswara or appearing "foreign" as in the Vaital Deul. Here we meet for the first time the Orissan style proper, such as it flourished for half a millennium before registering a decline. And in this style we find many of the prototypes of Greater Indian art.

The date of this temple is controversial. Perhaps it was erected in the 9th or early 10th century; in any case not before Saivism became dominant, after the encouragement first given by the later Bhaumakara kings.

This raises the vexed problem of the time and circumstances of the construction of the imposing Lingaraja, the most sacred Siva temple in Orissa. Tradition has put back its origin into the times of the Brahmanical renaissance, *circa* 3rd century A.D. Others have attributed it to Yayati Kesari (Mahasivagupta Somavamshi, *c.* A.D. 970-1000). As far as these dates refer to the foundation or important rebuildings of this temple—as well as of others—they may be correct, but there is no evidence to support these conjectures in regard to the present structure. Its lofty proportions bring to mind the "skyscraper" temples of Konarka and Puri, and its striking similarity to the Anantavasudeva shrine, erected in A.D. 1278 by the Ganga king Bhanudeva, rather suggests the 13th century as the probable period of construction. In fact, Vira Narakesari, its reputed builder, has been identified with the Eastern Ganga Narasimha I (A.D. 1238-65), whereas inscriptions mention Anantavarman Chodaganga (1076-1147) and Anangabhima III (1211-38) as rebuilders of some parts of the temple.

THE IMPRESSIVE LINGARAJA

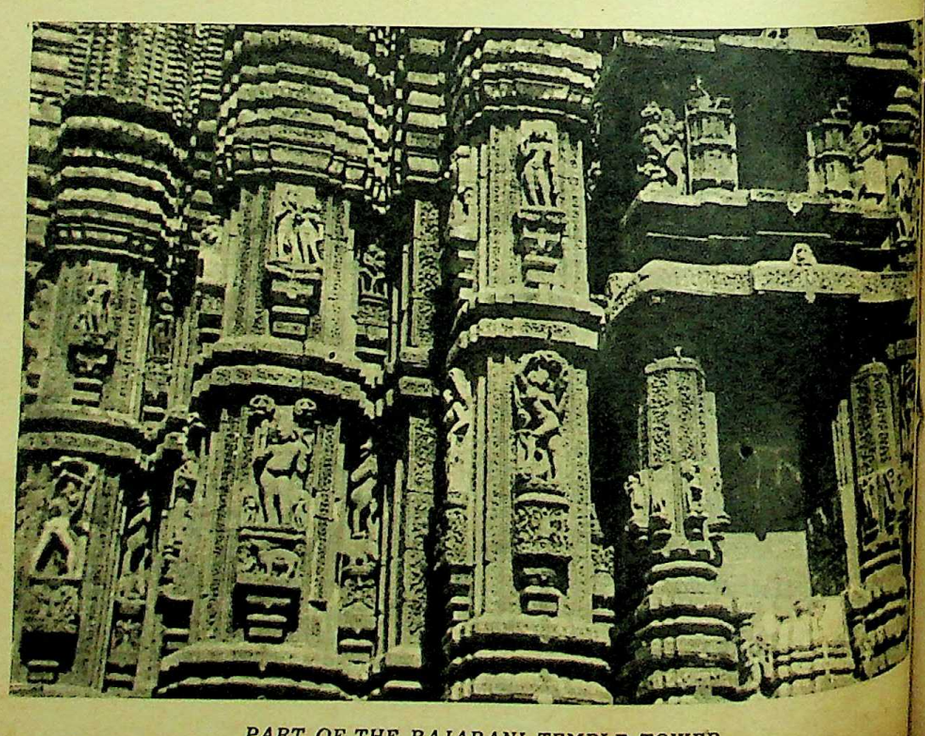
Thus it seems that from the Somavamshi kings to the 13th century one part after another of the temple had been successively reconstructed several times, on an increasingly grander scale. And, surrounded as it is by quite a cluster of smaller, but not to be neglected, shrines, with the vast Vindhasagar tank to add to the beauty of the setting, it is, indeed, one of the most impressive monuments in the whole of India.

Another temple, famous for its beautiful sculptures, is the one known as Rajarani (dedicated to Vishnu). Its *mandapa*, a rather heavy structure with thick columns entwined by snakes and resting on lion figures, is much older than the shrine and reminds one instantly of the later Pallava temples at Kanchipuram (8th-9th century). The shrine proper thus represents a more magnificent renovation of an older structure, as in the case of the Lingaraja. As a matter of fact, its builder had likewise been Anantavarman Chodaganga (A.D. 1118). The sculptures have such a striking affinity with those of Khajuraho that some famous pieces ("Mother and Child", and "Woman Writing a Letter" now in the National Museum, New Delhi, said to have been brought from Bhubaneswar have even been tentatively attributed to Khajuraho.

Anantavarman witnessed the collapse of the short-lived Chedi empire of Gangeyadeva and Lakshmikarna who had superseded the Chandelas of Khajuraho. The sculptures on the tower of the Rajarani, therefore, may be the work of artists whose fathers had migrated from Khajuraho to the Chedi kingdom, and who now, after its collapse, found work in Orissa.

There are, of course, many more temples at Bhubaneswar. But they are more or less repetitions and variations of the type laid down by the Lingaraja. Most of them are dedicated to Siva. With the Muslim advance into Bengal, Cuttack, situated almost impregnably between two arms of the Mahanadi, slowly began to supersede Bhubaneswar, which more and more became a religious centre and a seat of Saivism. It may have been for this reason that the Ganga kings tried to provide also the other cults with not less splendid centres: Anantavarman Chodaganga erecting the huge Jagannatha temple at Puri, Narasimhavarman the not less gigantic Sun temple at Konarka. Artistically these temples already reveal the decline of the creative vision of the Orissan tradition.

During the Muslim supremacy, Puri became the religious centre of the Hindus. Krishna was the most popular deity, the darling of the *Gita Govinda*; and Jagannatha of Puri, once a jungle deity venerated by the Saoras, was regarded as an incarnation of the Lord, especially after Chaitanya had ended his days in this town. Bhubaneswar was steadily deserted, though it retained its halo of holiness. Only today is it recovering its prestige, as the new capital of Orissa. But in spite of all these vicissitudes, Bhubaneswar is the centre and apogee of Orissan art, the monument of the most beautiful flowering of Orissan culture.



PART OF THE RAJARANI TEMPLE TOWER

London Letter

BRITAIN'S LABOUR DIFFICULTIES

SINCE the end of the war, the United Kingdom has passed through many different economic and social phases. There was the period of rationing and of acute shortages, of recurring trading and financial crises. There have been war scares, booms and near slumps. But it must be remembered that in all the fifteen years there has never been a time when people have been starving or when there has been really serious unemployment.

Our statesmen have never been happy about the balance of trade or the size of our gold and dollar reserves. There have been many gloomy prophecies of disaster, but still, on the whole, we have experienced fifteen years of steadily increasing individual prosperity. At present we are passing through what may be called the labour-shortage phase. There is no *real* shortage. It is simply that, for a multitude of reasons, there is difficulty in getting work done. This is partly because of ever-improving conditions, shortening hours and higher wages. Hard work has lost its attraction, except for the incurably ambitious, because of the lack of incentive in a country where everybody is taken care of from the cradle to the grave.

Travelling about the country, one finds many examples of this labour difficulty, which has hit hotels and tourism particularly hard. Students take on holiday jobs as waiters. At one hotel in Cornwall where I was staying recently, there was a Pakistani cook. Yet restrictive regulations discourage immigrant labour. The Government is expected to take steps to check the inflow of West Indians, for example. A recent analysis revealed that one person in 27 in Birmingham, our second largest city, is now coloured. The basic question is: How many people can this small island support without reducing the standard of living for all? It is a balancing feat, a bit like sailing a Bermudan sloop in a high wind.

One waiter whom I met at a West Country hotel, an elderly man of considerable charm and personality, told me that he worked during the summer season and then lived on unemployment benefit during the winter. He had been a butler—"a gentleman's gentleman". But I suppose the number of gentlemen who can afford gentlemen to serve them has been greatly reduced. In the same hotel, also waiting at table, was a student from Bristol University. When taking time off, he discarded his waiter's white coat and put on a Tonbridge blazer.

All very curious. The other day a bus in which I was travelling up to town was driven by a West Indian. Approaching Trafalgar Square from the Haymarket, he suddenly took a wrong turning and started to go down a one-way street, in defiance of a "No Entry" sign. Actually, he was a most competent driver, but he was a stranger in town and thus provided another sidelight on this odd labour situation.

If a householder tries to get any painting, decorating or other work done, he has the greatest difficulty in finding any professional to do it. The small building firm that I normally employ has a Russian carpenter. I wanted a small alteration done to the front of the house and none of the small local firms seemed really interested. They were slow to estimate and, when they finally did so, put in exorbitant figures. We had some decorating done very competently by what we call a "little man", that is to say a professional who is trying to supplement his wages by working in his spare time. But he, too, seems to have tired of it.

* * *

I KNOW somebody who wanted to add an extra room to his house. Last March the builder got as far as digging the preliminary trenches, and there, for a variety of reasons, the matter rests at the moment. Part of the trouble is said to be because there is, at present, a tremendous building boom and the contracting firms go for the profitable big jobs rather than the fiddling small ones. The best solution for the average householder is "do it yourself" and if I were not so utterly incompetent with paint brushes and the tools of carpentry, this I would gladly do.

Another aspect of the building boom, by the way, is that it has created a land famine. I happened to be foreman of a jury at the Old Bailey recently and it was mentioned that one of the accused, charged with receiving stolen property, had disposed of his 75-acre derelict farm to a speculative builder for £200,000. It was part of the defence that he therefore had no need to worry his head about crime.

High wages have some bearing on reluctance to work, but it should be remembered that £20 a week is still much above the average. The Tonbridgean I mentioned was earning £4-10s., plus board, plus tips. The hotel charged visitors £16-16s.-0d. a week.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL leaves his London home, at Hyde Park Gate, for the House of Commons, where leaders were to pay their tribute to the late Mr. Aneurin Bevan.

There was profound sorrow among the Indian community in London at the news of the death of Aneurin Bevan. I last met him at one of the functions held at India House by the High Commissioner, some time ago. Nye Bevan was a passionate believer in human freedom and racial equality. He was one of the architects of Indian independence, in the days when the idea was not so popular in ruling circles as it is now that it has become an accomplished fact.

In casual conversation he had the knack of persuading the person to whom he was talking that this particular discussion was of paramount importance. There was never the slightest suggestion of self-importance or pomposity about him. I remember that he began to criticise a certain newspaper, having discovered that I was a newspaper man and correctly judging that this would be the most provocative and productive line of talk. I took up the defence, though in this case it was not particularly easy. He would have none of it, and with anybody else the conversation might have become cantankerous. But not with Nye. He believed so fervently in what he said and listened so attentively to what I said. He enjoyed talking and arguing.

Once, in a television interview, I heard him admit that he would have liked to be Prime Minister, adding words to the effect that it was not for him to say whether he should or should not rise to high office. The choice rested with the Party. In cold print there may seem nothing remarkable about these statements, but it should be remembered that politicians are by custom coy and reticent about their ambitions. Bevan always spoke honestly, frankly, forcefully.

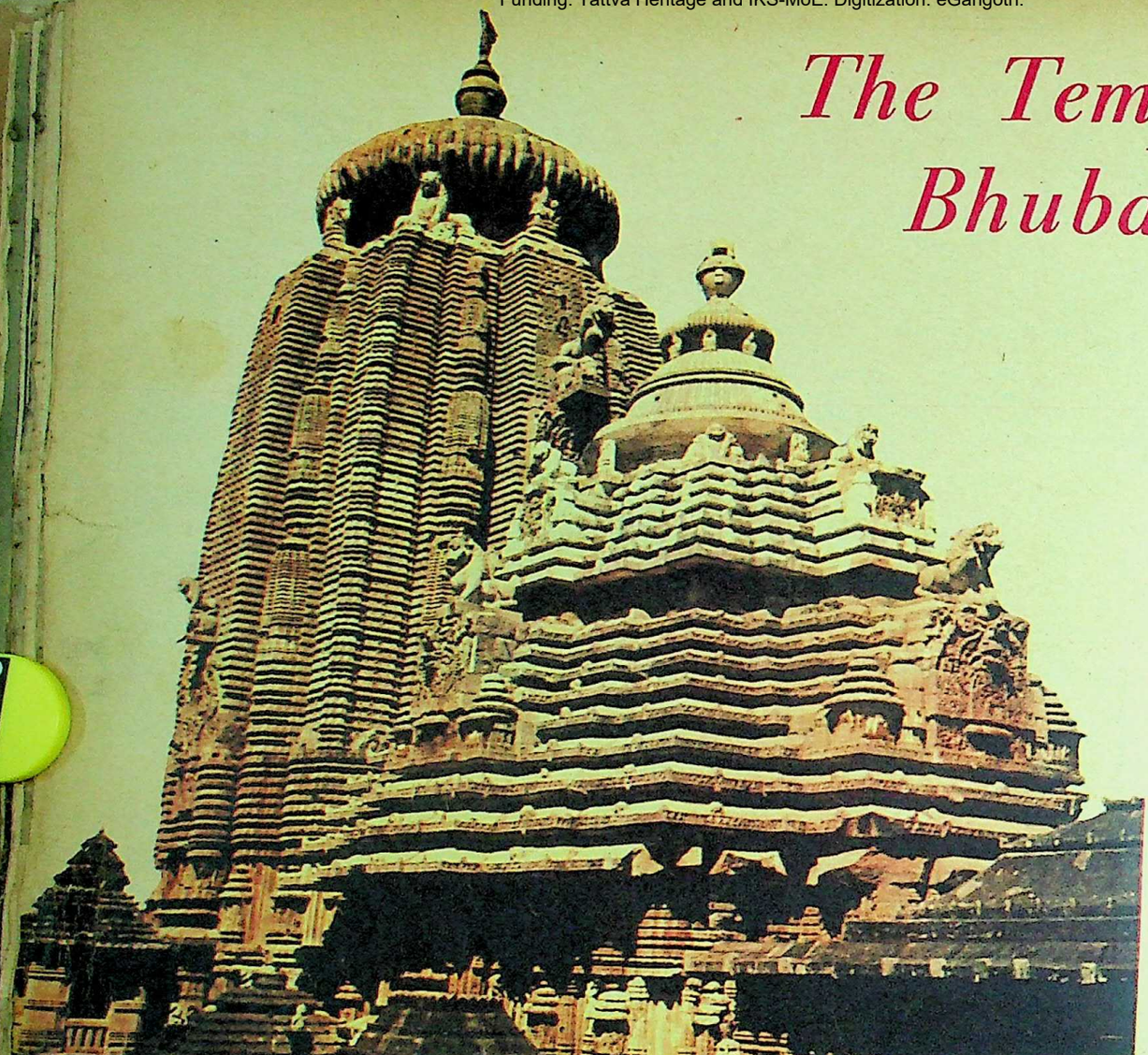
L. MARSLAND GANDER

BUMPER INDEPENDENCE ISSUE

The Illustrated Weekly of India, August 14, will be a special enlarged issue commemorating the thirteenth year of Independence. It will contain authoritative articles and outstanding picture features on various aspects of the Indian scene. Contributors include C. Rajagopalachari, U. N. Dhebar, Ajit Prasad Jain, V. P. Menon, Dr. Rammanohar Lohia, R. K. Narayan, Dr. A. V. Baliga, Jagjit Singh, A. S. Raman, S. Natarajan, Sunil Janah, J. N. Unwalla, R. R. Bharadwaj and Harbans Chadha.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

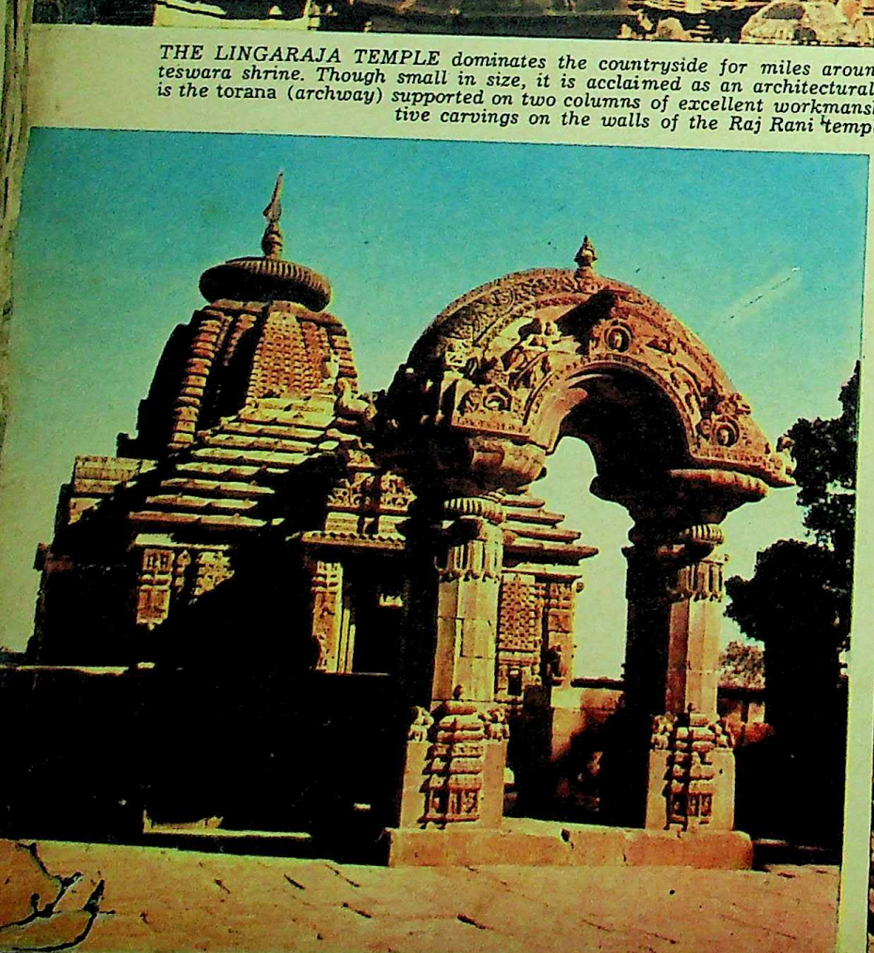
The Temples Of Bhubaneswar

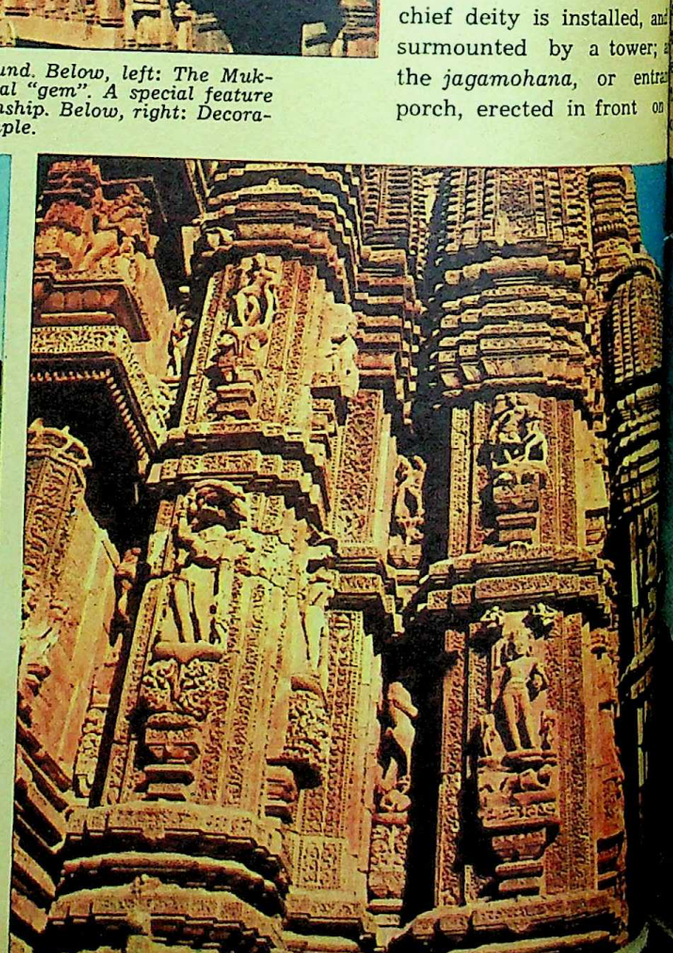


THANKS to the sculp and architectural wo to be found in its m celebrated temples, Bhub war attracts thousands of tors round the year. The is believed to have been fo ed by Yayati, belonging to Kesari dynasty of Orissa has been through the centu one of the most important re gious centres in the coun and came to be known as "city of temples". The sac lake here was at one time rounded by several thous shrines of which today only remain in various stages decay.

By and large the temples Bhubaneswar reflect the str tural pattern common Orissan architecture. A typ example consists of two ap ments: the *deul*, correspond to the *vimana* of the South a cubical inner hall where chief deity is installed, and surmounted by a tower; a the *jagamohana*, or entra porch, erected in front on

THE LINGARAJA TEMPLE dominates the countryside for miles around. Below, left: The Mukteswara shrine. Though small in size, it is acclaimed as an architectural "gem". A special feature is the torana *(archway) supported on two columns of excellent workmanship. Below, right: Decorative carvings on the walls of the Raj Rani temple.*





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square base with a pyramidal roof. In some cases additional *mandapas* were constructed in front of the *jagamohana*.

The great Lingaraja temple, built probably in 1000 A.D., has been described as the finest structure of its kind in India, a majestic edifice dominating the countryside for miles around. It is about 120 feet tall, but the impression of height of the *sikhara* is greatly enhanced by its vertical lines and the strongly emphasised ribs, of which two on each side bear reduced replicas of the whole tower. It is crowned by an immense *amalaka* (dome), below which are sculptures of lions. On top is a pot-shaped *kalasa*, or finial.

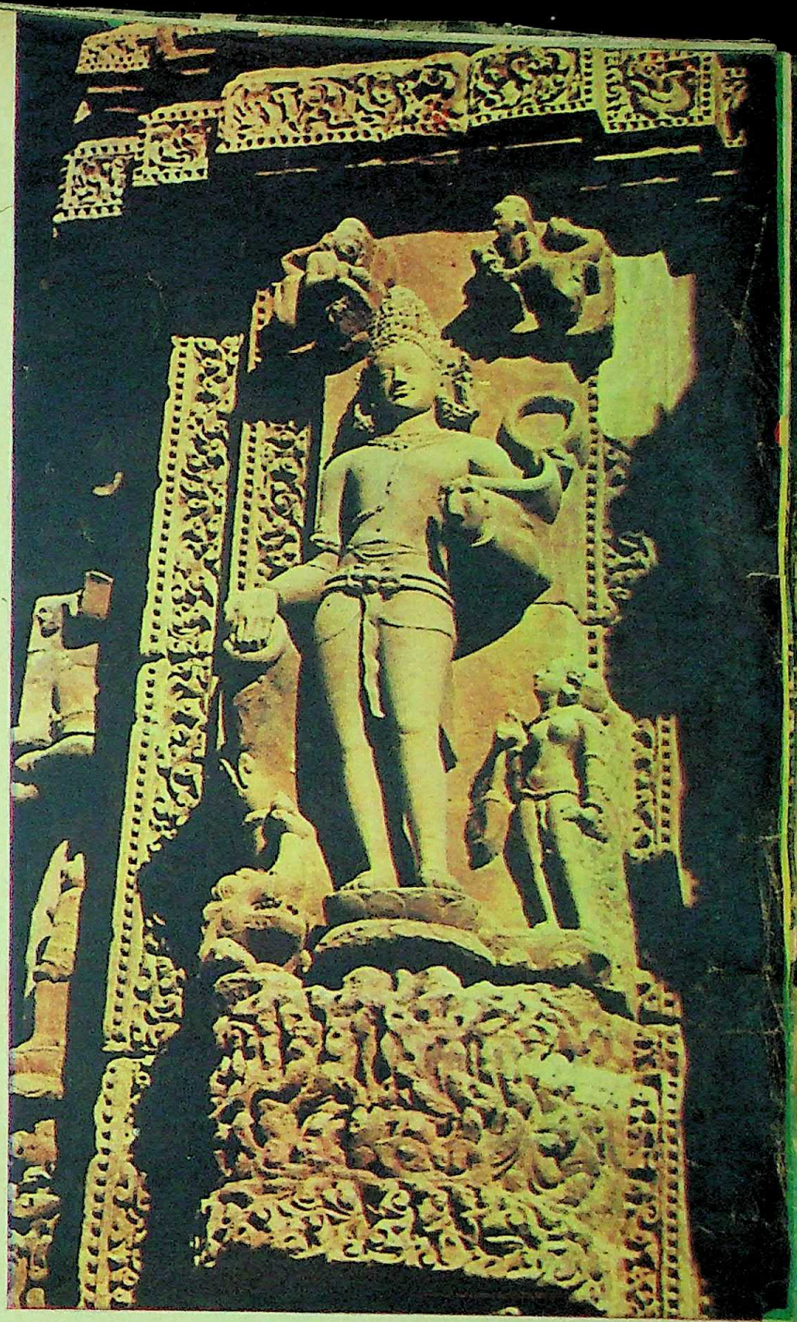
PERFECT HARMONY

In its original design, the temple consisted of the *vimana* where was installed the image of Tribhuvaneswara (Lord of the Three Worlds) popularly known as Lingaraja. An impressive entrance porch led to the inner hall. Other constructions, such as the *natyamandapa* (dance hall) are, in all likelihood, later additions though they are in perfect harmony with the overall architectural scheme. Lavish carvings embellish the outer walls of the temple. Among the many secondary shrines nearby, the one dedicated to Parvati is particularly noteworthy for the exquisite scroll work decorating its walls.

The Parasurameswara temple and the Vaital Deul reflect the early phases of Orissan architecture. The first was constructed in about 750 A.D. but is still in a good state of preservation. An attractive panel here depicts the marriage of Siva and Parvati.

The Vaital Deul differs considerably in design from the Parasurameswara temple and shows the influence of other styles: Dravidian and Buddhist. The *jagamohana* is of an uncommon design and in each of its angles is found a replica of the main shrine. Thus the Vaital Deul is representative of the five-shrined type of temple in the earliest stages of its evolution.

A few furlongs away from the Lingaraja temple is the Mukteswara shrine. It is comparatively small in size but is considered the handsomest of the Bhubaneswar temples, and was probably constructed in the 10th century. A special feature is the *torana* (archway) with its two columns of fine workmanship. There are excellently carved nagas and naginis here, perhaps the finest in Orissan sculpture.



AN IMAGE OF VARUNA from the Raj Rani temple (left).
(Photographs by P. S. Rao)

Not far away, set amidst an extensive paddy field, is the Raj Rani temple, belonging to a much later period of Orissan architecture. It is built of a yellowish sandstone, locally called *rajrania*, which probably accounts for its name. Here also are to be found fine decorative panels and human figures executed with great vigour and skill.

Orissa, known to the ancients as Kalinga, was the seat of great empires from as far back as 300 B.C. and in the course of its history has witnessed the building of many cities and magnificent temples some of which have been acclaimed as the most remarkable examples of architectural achievement in all Asia. The temple-building activities reached their peak of excellence in the 10th and 11th centuries and stretched roughly from 650 A.D. to 1200 A.D. This evolution is perhaps best traced in the fine structures of Bhubaneswar.

The sculptures decorating the temples display great sensitiveness and craftsmanship. There are many images of popular deities, female figures of enchanting grace depicted in a variety of poses, groups of musicians, warriors, crowds of worshippers, lions attacking elephants, serpents and stylised representations of flowers and plants. The bas-reliefs and other decorative panels also exhibit a high degree of artistic skill.

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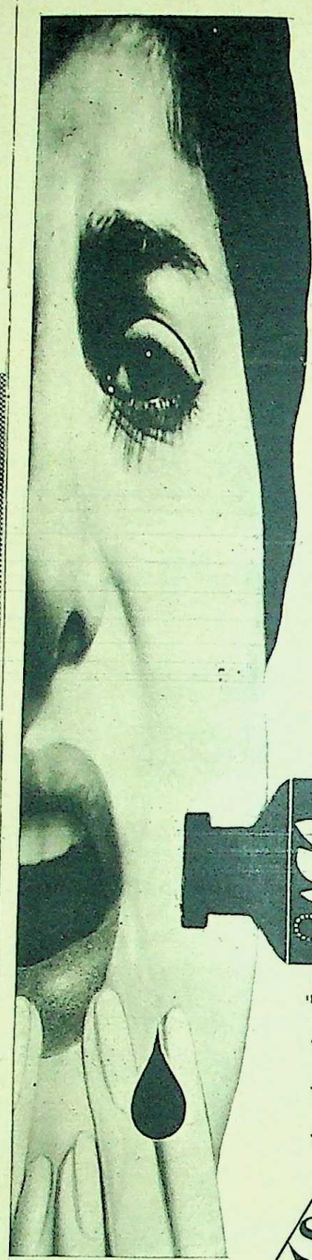

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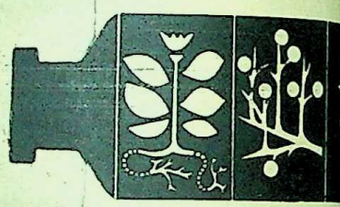

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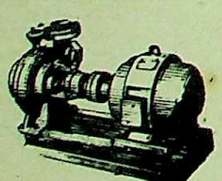

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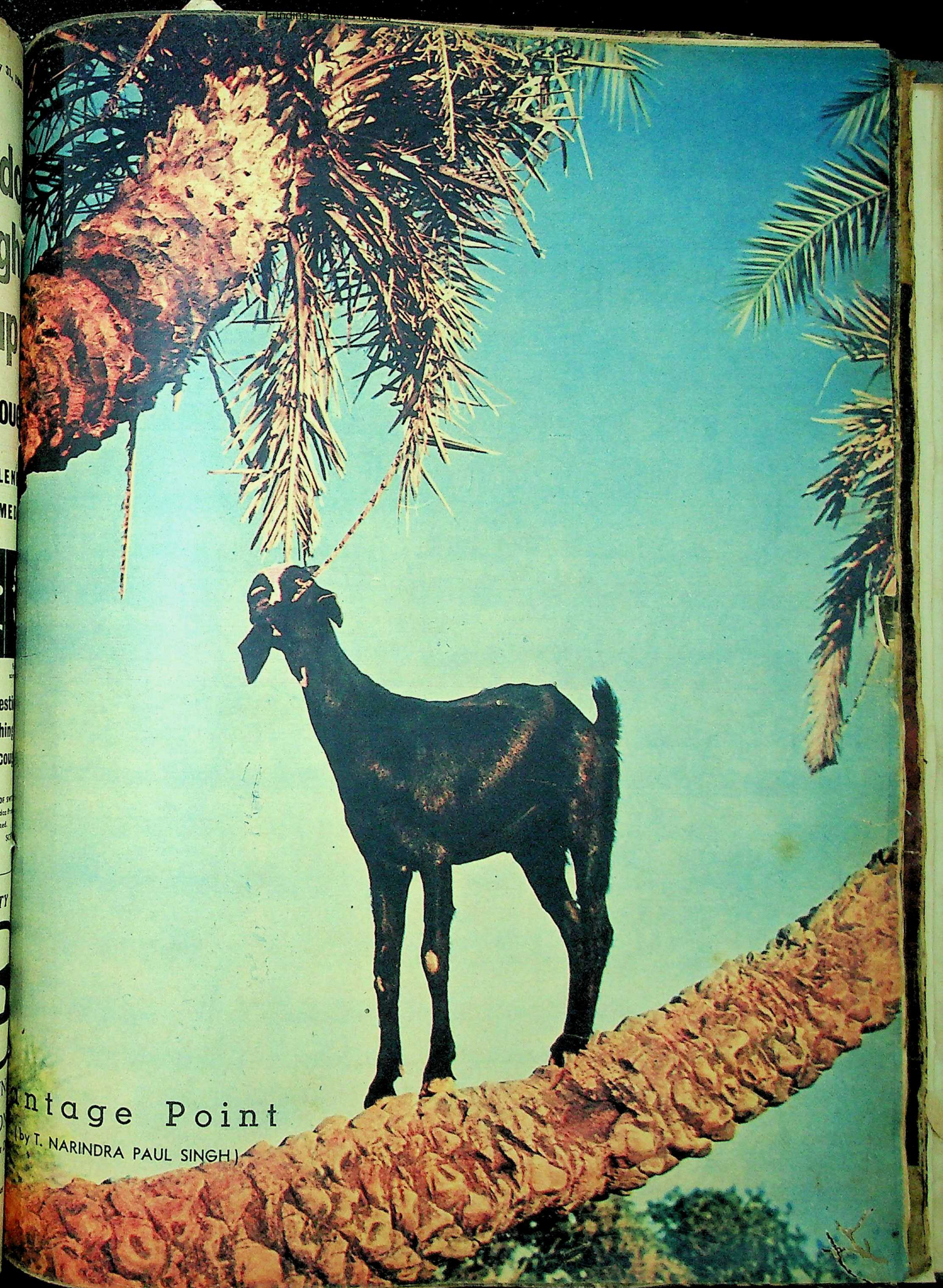

ntage Point

(by T. NARINDRA PAUL SINGH)

Funding: Lotus Heritage and IKS MHE, Digitization: Google

The sakhi tells Krishna: "See, there, your Radha!"

The Geeta Govinda In Dance

THOUGH it is now over 700 years that Jayadeva wrote the Geeta Govinda, its position in the realm of Indian *kavya* and *sangeeta* still remains rivalled. Its subject is simple—the trangement of Radha and Krishna ca by Krishna's amorous dalliance with *gopikas*, Radha's jealousy, Krishna's tance and the final reunion of two. In unfolding this theme, seems to have been borrowed from *Brahmavaivarta Purana*, Jayadeva exploited the *sringara rasa* to full and he has expressed himse poetry, mellifluous, rich in imagery aglow with sensuality. Jayadeva's position has been described as an er mystic poem, for it cleverly attempts plain the union of the individual soul the universal soul through the analog the *nayaka-nayaki bhedas* of Hindu psychology.

The *Geeta Govinda* is the ea song-book of the Hindus to give quence of lyrics with definite instruc regarding the *raga* and *tala* in which piece is to be rendered. These *ragas talas*, incidentally, are no longer in ence and the *Geeta Govinda* is now in modes which have been separ adopted by the Hindustani and Car systems of music. It is believed that deva wrote the *Geeta Govinda* for in expressional dance; it is perhaps be of this that he refers to himself, a beginning of the poem, as one who di the feet of Padmavati, his wife, in da

Ever since Jayadeva composed masterpiece it has been used in narr

THE MATSYA AVATAR—from the song describing the ten incarnations Vishnu. (Photographs by author.)

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A RASA DANCE IN MANIPURI STYLE. Geeta Govinda compositions form an integral part of the Manipuri repertoire. Below: Radha in despair.

dance and has, through the years, become an integral part of the *nritya* content of several Indian classical styles, in particular of Bharata Natyam, Kathakali, Kathak, Manipuri and Orissi.

The earliest form of stylised dance to incorporate the *Geeta Govinda* in its repertoire was the Orissi; this is not surprising, for Jayadeva lived in Orissa. It is recorded that in 1194, Anangabhimadeva, a king of the Ganga dynasty, constructed the *natya mandir*, or dance hall, as an annexe to the temple of Jagannath at Puri. This *natya mandir* was intended for the performances of the *maharis*, or dancing girls of the devadasi caste, and musicians who were in the service of the temple. The *Geeta Govinda*, which was composed at this time, was readily accepted as

by

MOHAN KHOKAR

This and the following feature, "The Krishna Theme in Kangra Art", will be of special interest to readers on the occasion of Janmashtami.

a part of the ritual songs and dances of the Jagannath temple. In 1435, Kapilendradeva, who established the rule of the Solar dynasty, introduced the custom of having the *maharis* dance twice every day in the temple of Jagannath, once at the time of *bhog*, or the Lord's midday meal, and again at the time of the ritual adornment of the Lord before his being put to bed. He also started the tradition of having the *Geeta Govinda* rendered in song and dance as part of the daily worship of the Jagannath temple. Later, in 1497, Kapilendradeva's grandson, Pratapa-rudradeva, made a strict ruling that only the *Geeta Govinda* and no other text should be recited or used for dance in the Jagannath temple—a decree which holds good to this day.

The Orissi is a Vaishnava dance and the *maharis*, who are its hereditary custodians, still perform it at the Jagannath

(Please Turn Over)

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The Geeta Govinda

(Continued)

temple at Puri and also at several other Vaishnava temples in Orissa. Since the beginning of the 17th century this dance is also performed by a class of boys known as *gotipuas*; these boys dress themselves as dancing girls and appear for the general entertainment of the people. Today, Orissi is performed by others as well and it has a codified technique and a distinct repertoire of its own. Excerpts from the *Geeta Govinda* are rendered through *abhinaya* in items such as the *Sabhinaya Nritya* and *Ishta Deva Bandana* and, apart from these, a favourite piece is the *Dasavatara* dance which is based on the first *ashtapadi* of Jayadeva's composition.

After Orissa, the *Geeta Govinda* was next used as a theme for expressional dance in Kerala—at least that is the information one gathers from available records. This may have been due to the fact that till the latter half of the 17th century the language of the theatre in Kerala was exclusively Sanskrit. The *Geeta Govinda* found its way into Kerala as early as the 15th century, first as a daily ritual recital in Vaishnava temples and then as the subject-matter of a form of dance-drama known as the *Ashtapadiyattam*, of which very little is now known. The *Ashtapadiyattam* paved the way for the emergence of another type of dance-drama—the *Krishnattam*, which was created about 1650 by Manavedan, a Zamorin of Calicut. Manavedan designed this art as a votive offering, and it is in the same form that it survives to this day. The text of the play, known as *Krishnapadi*, or *Krishnageethi*, is in Sanskrit, though it is written in the Malayalam script, and even a cursory glance reveals that it is nothing more than a clever imitation of the *Geeta Govinda*.

The *Krishnattam* play is intended for presentation in several successive nights. At the performance, the Sanskrit verses are sung or chanted by the musicians, while the dancers do the interpretative actions and movements. The *Krishnattam* is a very orthodox type of entertainment and much sanctity is attached to everything connected with its presentation. It can be performed only by the male members of certain privileged Nair families and it cannot be staged outside the jurisdiction of Calicut. It is now performed once every year, on the occasion of Krishna Jayanti, in the temple of Guruvayur. The *Krishnattam* was followed by the creation of *Ramanattam*, another type of dance-drama, and this eventually became Kathakali. The *Geeta Govinda* is also used in Kathakali, as an invocatory piece which is recited after the preliminary warming-up dances known as the *Thodayam* and *Purappadu* and before the commencement of the play proper.

From the latter half of the 18th century the *Geeta Govinda* also came to be used in Manipur dance. It was at this time that Manipur adopted the cult of Vaishnavism as propounded by Chaitanya Mahaprabhu of Bengal. King Bhagyachandra, a poet and a great patron of the arts, was the first to organise a performance of *Rasa Leela* in Manipuri technique. It is said that he did this in answer to a command which he received from Lord Krishna in a dream. He presented the *rasa* with the guidance of Guru Swarupanand and other dance masters from all over Manipur. His own daughter, Princess Bimbamanjarai, took the part of Radha. The *rasa* costume, known as *kumil*, was also designed by King Bhagyachandra.

Almost every village in Manipur today has a temple dedicated to Krishna and attached to each temple is a dance hall which is known as the *rasa mandal*. It is here that the *rasa* performance, enacted by women, takes place. There are five principal kinds of *rasa* dances and each is intended to be staged at certain fixed times of the year. These dances are the *Maha Rasa*, *Kunja Rasa*, *Vasant Rasa*, *Nitya Rasa* and *Diva Rasa*. The dancing is in *lasya* style and it is accompanied by songs in Sanskrit, Bengali, Maithili or any of the regional dialects. Lyrics from the *Geeta Govinda* are commonly employed in the *rasa* dances and apart from these the compositions of poets such as Vidyapati and Chandidas are also used.

IN BHARATA NATYAM

Today, songs from the *Geeta Govinda* are quite commonly used for *abhinaya* in Bharata Natyam. However, it appears that during the time of the devadasis there were very few among them who were considered to be acomplished enough to render the *Ashtapadis* of Jayadeva in *bhava*. This is borne out by what C. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, a prominent music and dance critic of his time, wrote in *The Hindu*, Madras, in 1920. He says: "I know of a time when the *Geeta Govinda* formed the most important part of a course of instruction in dance. The *Ashtapadis* are now within the faint recollection of some of the older members of the profession, as a thing that would aspire to use if they could. They hold that the *Ashtapadis* provide the highest test of proficiency in their art. She who could do justice to the *Ashtapadis* was considered an adept, a master musician or dancer, one who had no test to go through... At present there are only two representatives of Bharata Natyam in South India: of course, I mean only the highest exponents of it. I know them well and they do not include the *Geeta Govinda* in their repertoire. So we may take it that for all practical purposes that the oldest work on *abhinaya*, the *Geeta Govinda*, finds no place among us in the South."

Though songs from the *Geeta Govinda* are now very rarely used in Kathak, it is believed that in the early days of that dance, when it was performed as a *kathak* by Rasadharis, the *Ashtapadis* of Jayadeva formed an important part of the repertoire. Today, excerpts from the *Geeta Govinda* are performed by very few Kathak dancers, but any song which follows the same scheme of versification is known as an *Ashtapadi*.

A MAHARI, or devadasi, whose caste are hereditary custodians of the Orissi dance.

"THE COOL RAYS OF THE MOON..." (depicting a song from Jayadeva's classic).

KRISHNA PLUNGES INTO THE YAMUNA TO QUELL KALIYA. (*Dogra Art Gallery, Jammu.*)

The Krishna Theme in Kangra Art-1

by M. S. RANDHAWA

THE Krishna cult which inspired the works of the Vaishnava poets and mystics ultimately found expression in the Moghul, Gujarati, Rajasthani, Basohli and Kangra styles of painting. The *Harivamsa* section of the Mahabharata was illustrated in the Moghul style by the Hindu artists of Akbar—Basawan and Mukund—*circa* 1595 A.D., and these illustrations are included in the famous *Razmanama* paintings, now in the palace library of Jaipur. The eroded rocks in the background and the dervish-like figures in drapery with shaded folds introduce an exotic element which detracts considerably from the merit of these works.

The earliest paintings of the *Bhagavata Purana* are in the Gujarati style, and the manuscripts are dated 1598 and 1680 respectively. The former are in the Pothikhana collection of the Maharaja of Jaipur, and the latter in the Pustakaparkash collection in Jodhpur Fort. A series of paintings of the *Bhagavata Purana* were prepared in the mid-seventeenth century in Mewar, at Udaipur, Chitor and Chavanda, under the patronage of Rana Raj Singh (1652-1680), an ardent Vaishnavite who provided sanctuary to the image of Srinathji at Siheda, now known as Nathdwara.

In the last quarter of the seventeenth century the Basohli style of painting developed in the Jammu Hills under the patronage of Raja Kirpal Pal (1678-1693). There are two complete series of illustrations to the *Bhagavata Purana* in the Basohli style, probably painted in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

The finest paintings of Radha-Krishna in Rajasthan were executed at Kishangarh during the reign of Raja Savant Singh (1699-1764) by Nihal Chand, between the years 1735-1757. The Raja was inspired by the beauty of a courtesan who, on account of her fashionable attire, skilful coiffure and adornments, was called "Bani Thani". Savant Singh abdicated in 1757, and, accompanied by his mistress, proceeded to Brindavan, the land of Krishna, where he spent the remaining years of his life.

In these enchanting paintings the Raja is shown as Krishna and Bani Thani, his poetess mistress, as Radha. Surrounded by bevies of pretty maidservants, the couple are shown making love in pavilions cooled by fountains of water, accompanied by pairs of love-birds, sarus cranes and chakoras. Sometimes the lovers are shown sailing in a scarlet boat on a lotus-studded lake, or dallying in secluded groves where "life itself is conceived as a sort of listening—listening to music, to the sound of water, to time as it flies". With their mystic glamour and sensuous beauty these paintings no doubt represent the most inspired expression of the Radha-Krishna theme in Rajasthani art.

The Krishna theme of the *Bhagavata Purana* found its supreme expression in the paintings of the Kangra school, towards the close of the eighteenth century, and this group forms the subject matter of the present article.

The Kangra school was the discovery of Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, who first exhibited some paintings belonging to it at Allahabad in 1910. Later, in his brilliant monograph, *Rajput Painting* (1916), he gave a delightful exposition of the cultural background. Coomaraswamy's sensitive appreciation of these paintings made an immediate impression on art lovers all over the world, and the Kangra school was recognised as of sufficient significance to have an honoured place in world art. For a long time to come, the inspiring pages of *Rajput Painting* will continue to give happiness to art lovers.

Following Coomaraswamy, a number of connoisseurs and scholars carried on patient researches into the origins and development of Kangra painting. As a result, the history of the school is no longer shrouded in mystery, and its outlines are now fairly clear. O. C. Gangoly published (1926) some exquisite specimens in a folio entitled *Rajput Painting*. As he did not make an on-the-spot study, the provenance of a number of the paintings is given incorrectly. N. C. Mehta in his *Studies in Indian Painting* (1926) published some beautiful examples of the *Gita Govinda* series of the Kangra school, which he, however, incorrectly ascribed to the Garhwal school. J. C. French, a Bengal civilian, undertook a tour of the Punjab Himalayas in 1930 and saw the original family collections of the Rajas of Guler, Lambagraon, Mandi, Kulu, Arki and Chamba. He came to the conclusion that Haripur Guler was the birthplace of Kangra painting and it was from there that it reached Sujanpur Tira, the capital of Maharaja Sansar Chand.

After a lull of about 32 years, interest in the school was revived by the publication of two important books by W. G. Archer in 1952: *Indian Painting in the Punjab Hills* and *Kangra Painting*. Archer gave a brilliant and penetrating analysis of the various Pahari schools in the

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SWALLOWING THE FOREST FIRE. (*National Museum, New Delhi.*)

The Krishna Theme (CONTINUED)

first book and came to the conclusion that it was Haripur Guler which was the birthplace of Kangra painting.

Following the clue provided by Archer, I explored the Kangra Valley and discovered the ancient family collections of the Rajas and Wazirs of Guler, Nurpur and Lambagraon, and my researches confirmed his conclusions. The earliest works in the Kangra style were painted at Haripur Guler during the reign of Govardhan Chand, and most of the living artists now residing in the villages near Kangra trace their descent from the painters who once lived there. Their genealogies provided information of great value on this school, generally regarded as the work of anonymous painters. The portraits and family groups of the Rajas of Guler, particularly Govardhan Chand, Prakash Chand, and Bhup Singh, are in a very refined style. These paintings have provided clues to the provenance and dating of other works of the Guler school now scattered in various collections.

NURPUR SCHOOL

In 1954, Archer and myself, accompanied by Dr. Mulk Raj Anand, undertook a tour of the centres of painting in the Kangra Valley. This led to some important findings relating to the Nurpur school of which very little had been known. Karl Khandalavala summed up the research work which had been done so far in his volume, *Pahari Miniature Painting*. Though his conclusions are generally based on sound logic and reasoning, he made the faulty assumption that a school of painting flourished at Sujanpur Tira during the reign of Ghamand Chand (1751-86) for which there is no evidence whatever.

The birth of Kangra painting about the middle of the eighteenth century is indeed a phenomenon in the history of Indian art. Prior to this, the Kangra Valley could boast of no outstanding achievement in the field of art or literature, but from 1750 onwards it became the centre of a school of painting which has won a unique place in world art. What are the circumstances which led to the emergence of the Kangra style, which after Ajanta has been regarded as one of the greatest in Indian painting? It is now generally recognised that artists practising in the Moghul style migrated from Delhi to the Punjab Hill States in search of security and employment, and there they developed what is now known as the Kangra school. How did it happen?

The first exodus of artists from Delhi to the Basohli and Nurpur States took place in 1680-90, during the reign of Aurangzeb, whose puritanical zeal had damped art activity in the Imperial Capital. This led to the development of the Basohli school, which spread to nearly all the Hill States of the Punjab and Jammu.

Nadir Shah's invasion of North India and conquest of Delhi in 1739 led to the birth and development of the Kangra style in the Hill States of the Punjab and Jammu, while paralysing cultural life in Delhi itself. Artists from the court of Delhi, many of them Hindus, sought refuge in the courts of the Rajput Rajas of the Punjab and Jammu Hills about this period. Some who were practising in the Moghul style came to the court of Raja Govardhan Chand (1744-73) of Haripur Guler, a prince with a refined taste and rare discrimination. An artist by the name of Nainsukh was at the court of Raja Balvant Dev, a minor jagirdar of Jammu, and a painting, with date, of Balvant Dev (1784) has been recorded. Nainsukh and his brother Manak were Kashmiri Brahmins belonging to Jasrota in the Jammu Hills. It seems that on return from Delhi, they drifted, along with others, to the court of Govardhan Chand. This is proved by the large number of paintings of Govardhan Chand and members of his family which are now available in various collections.

NEW DIMENSIONS

Art escaped from the musty atmosphere of the Moghul court in Delhi to the pure air of the Punjab Hills. Here the artists were not required to paint flattering portraits of their masters, nor of princes and nobles drinking and making love to courtesans. The Moghul style with its gentle curves and flowing line ultimately achieved fulfilment in the charming landscape of the Kangra Valley. Moghul painting attained a very high level of technique in portraiture and in the depiction of courtly pomp and pageantry and hunting scenes. The portraits of Moghul emperors, their queens and nobles, are undoubtedly masterpieces as well as valuable historical records. However, an art whose main concern is the glorification of personal achievement cannot have any abiding value. The amours of a degenerate nobility and aspects of trade in human flesh can perhaps create an art which will amuse, but not the great art which inspires humanity.

The technique of Moghul painting was used by the refugee artists to depict episodes from the *Bhagavata Purana*, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. All great art is inspired by religion, and the Kangra artists were not mere craftsmen, but inspired men who led a life of devotion. This is one major factor which explains the high level of achievement seen in Kangra painting, as compared with Moghul.

The poetry of Jayadeva's *Gita Govinda*, Bihari's *Satsai*, celebrating the love of Radha and Krishna, and the poems by Keshav Das on *Nayaka-Nayikas* and *Baramasa* were their favourite themes. The translation of poetry into painting is a unique feature of the Kangra

UNION WITH KRISHNA. (*From the collection of Shrimati Madhuri Desai.*)

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IK

STEALING THE CLOTHES OF THE GOPIS. (*National Museum, New Delhi.*)

school. The background of poetry coupled with the flowing rhythmical line has given it a lyrical quality. It may be aptly described as frozen music. It is an art which pleases the mind and elevates the soul.

The ideals of womanhood which the Kangra painters had before them were Radha, Sita, Parvati, Usha and Damayanti, the Hindu epitomes of female beauty, free, pure, luminous and intense. Their models were the slim and graceful women of Kangra whose descendants even now lend charm to the Valley.

Prakash Chand (1773-1820) succeeded Govardhan Chand as the ruler of Guler. Like his father he was interested in painting and he was generous to a fault. It is said that he derived great pleasure from the sound produced by the tearing of cloth and his main hobby was to get pieces of cloth, which had been torn in his presence, distributed among the poor. He was a spendthrift and was heavily in debt. There is a painting in which he is shown along with his son in the company of Avtara Brahmin, a moneylender.

It is said that once a dispute arose regarding accounts between the Raja and the moneylender and it was decided to settle it by ordeal. The Raja and the moneylender each tied one of his legs to a pipal tree. After some time a branch of the tree suddenly fell upon the moneylender, crushing him, while the Raja escaped unhurt. Though the latter was vindicated he still repaid money to the moneylender's family. Prakash Chand was hardly interested in the administration of his State and entrusted the work to his able Minister, Dhyan Singh. He had cordial relations with Sansar Chand II of Kangra whom he visited frequently. There is a painting (executed at Nadaun) in the Punjab Museum, Patiala, in which they are shown together. Hence, it is likely that artists drifted to the court of Sansar Chand from Guler, possibly as early as 1780-1785. Prakash Chand abdicated in favour of his son Bhup Singh in 1790 and died in 1820.

Sansar Chand II (1775-1823) was only 10 years old when he succeeded his grandfather Raja Ghamand Chand as ruler of Kangra. He was the most renowned of its Rajas and, after Govardhan Chand and Prakash Chand, was the most generous patron of the art of painting. William Moorecroft, the traveller, who visited him in 1820 at Sujanpur Tira, mentions that he had a large collection of pictures, most of them representing the exploits of Krishna and Balarama. Thus we find that the original discoverer of Kangra painting was Moorecroft, though he did not realise its artistic significance. He further mentions that Sansar Chand spent his evenings listening to Brij Bhasha songs about Krishna.

ROYAL ROMANCE

Sansar Chand was romantically inclined, and, apart from his three Ranis from Suket, Sirmaur and Bara Banghal, he married Mokhu, a Gaddan beauty. The Raja was out on shikar and passed through the village of Bandla and at the fountain saw a beautiful woman filling a pot. Charmed by her, he made her his queen. As she was a married woman, he paid some compensation to her husband and got her released. The romance of the Raja and the Gaddan beauty is celebrated in Kangra folk songs, and is on the Radha-Krishna pattern (Radha was also a married woman). In the last days of his life, which he spent at Nadaun, Sansar Chand fell in love with a dancing girl whose name is given as Jamalo. The ruins of Jamalo's house are still shown to the visitor near the palace of the Raja at Nadaun.

Nadaun was a gay place during the reign of Sansar Chand, and there was a saying current in the Kangra hills, "Who will go away, once he comes to Nadaun?" This is explained by the fact that there were two hundred singing and dancing girls there, and whoever came under the spell of these enchantresses never thought of leaving the place. Sansar Chand also built a temple near the maidan at Sujanpur Tira in honour of Krishna and Radha and named his heir apparent Aniruddha Chand, after Krishna's son. The finest series on the Krishna theme were also painted under his patronage; they include such paintings as those of the *Bhagavata Purana*, Bihari Lal's *Satsai* and Jayadeva's *Gita Govinda*. It was from the court of Sansar Chand, after his decline, that Kangra artists dispersed to the courts of the Rajas of Mandi, Kulu, Arki and Garhwal, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Thus we find that the entire hill area—with Jammu in the west and Tehri-Garhwal in the east—came within the sweep of the great style of painting known as the *Kangra Kalam*.

Krishna had a special appeal for the people in the hill areas of the Western Himalayas. The Cowherd God was closer than any other deity to these simple farmers, foresters and herdsmen, and they regarded him as one of their own kind. Mothers adored him as a naughty and playful child and youngsters were devoted to him as one who tended calves and cows, and wore wreaths of leaves and wild flowers in the forest. The grown-ups worshipped him as the ideal lover and god. Legend surrounds him with all that makes existence beautiful: shady bowers, grassy swards, murmuring streams, exquisite viands and lovely women. Krishna and Radha are not only the symbols of God and his creation, of Purusha and Prakriti, they are also the symbols of Man and Woman, and Krishna-*lila* is their eternal love-play.

The frolics and amours of the Cowherd God were painted by the Kangra artists against the background of their native hills. In these works we do not find the flat and uninteresting plains of the Indo-Gangetic region, but the hills, winding streams, groves of mangoes and the charming landscape of Kangra, with lovely green paddy-fields, in which love-sick cranes wander, filling the air with the notes of their love-calls. It is a landscape of intoxicating beauty, suffused with love, filling one's mind with ineffable joy.

We see a deep love of nature in Kangra art. The paintings bear the impress of the characteristic landscape of the lower Beas Valley: low undulating hills, crowned with umbrella-like pipal and banyan trees, mango groves and farmers' homesteads, buried in clumps of bamboos and plantains, and fresh streams brimming with the glacial waters of the Dhaula Dhar, meandering through wave-like terraced fields. This is how the Kangra Valley looks and it is the mellow beauty of its landscape that we find portrayed in the Kangra paintings. In a landscape of such loveliness, the sensitive soul of an artist could hardly remain unaffected.

Truly great art takes its birth when the spirit of man is in unison with the spirit of nature. As Puran Singh observes: "The artistic expression of the soul-consciousness of a people is not so much in the nature of an acquired achievement as the spontaneous outflow of a spiritually rich self-realisation. The true artistic consciousness or religious consciousness blossoms in its own inner beauty when the inner self of man and the outer self of nature unite. Both partake of Reality which is beyond both." From their portrayal of clouds and lightning, mountains, rivers and forests, one can see that the Kangra painters were able to achieve that harmony with nature which is the fountainhead of all great art.

Folk motifs are freely painted by Kangra artists and their work has roots in the rural life of the Punjab Hills. Laurence Binyon rightly observes that "in the art of Kangra there is frankness and abandon, a spontaneous directness, which affects one like some of our own ballad poetry, with its stock turns of phrases and its traditional refrains, but also its heart-piercing sudden sweetnesses. It is something unique in the world's art." This spontaneous directness and sincerity is the product of the soil. We see young lads swimming in rivers, playing hide-and-seek with monkeys and peacocks, and tending cattle in the forest. Women going to the village well carrying pitchers are often shown. In painting episodes from the *Bhagavata Purana*, the artists depicted the everyday life of the villages as they saw it. They realised that poetry is part of such a life and drew upon it for inspiration as well as for themes for painting. They lived in harmony with their environment and realised an identity in spirit and being with universal life. This explains their success as artists and it also gives an abiding value to their works. It is agricultural and pastoral life which has inspired truly great art in the world, and these form the inspiration of Kangra painting.

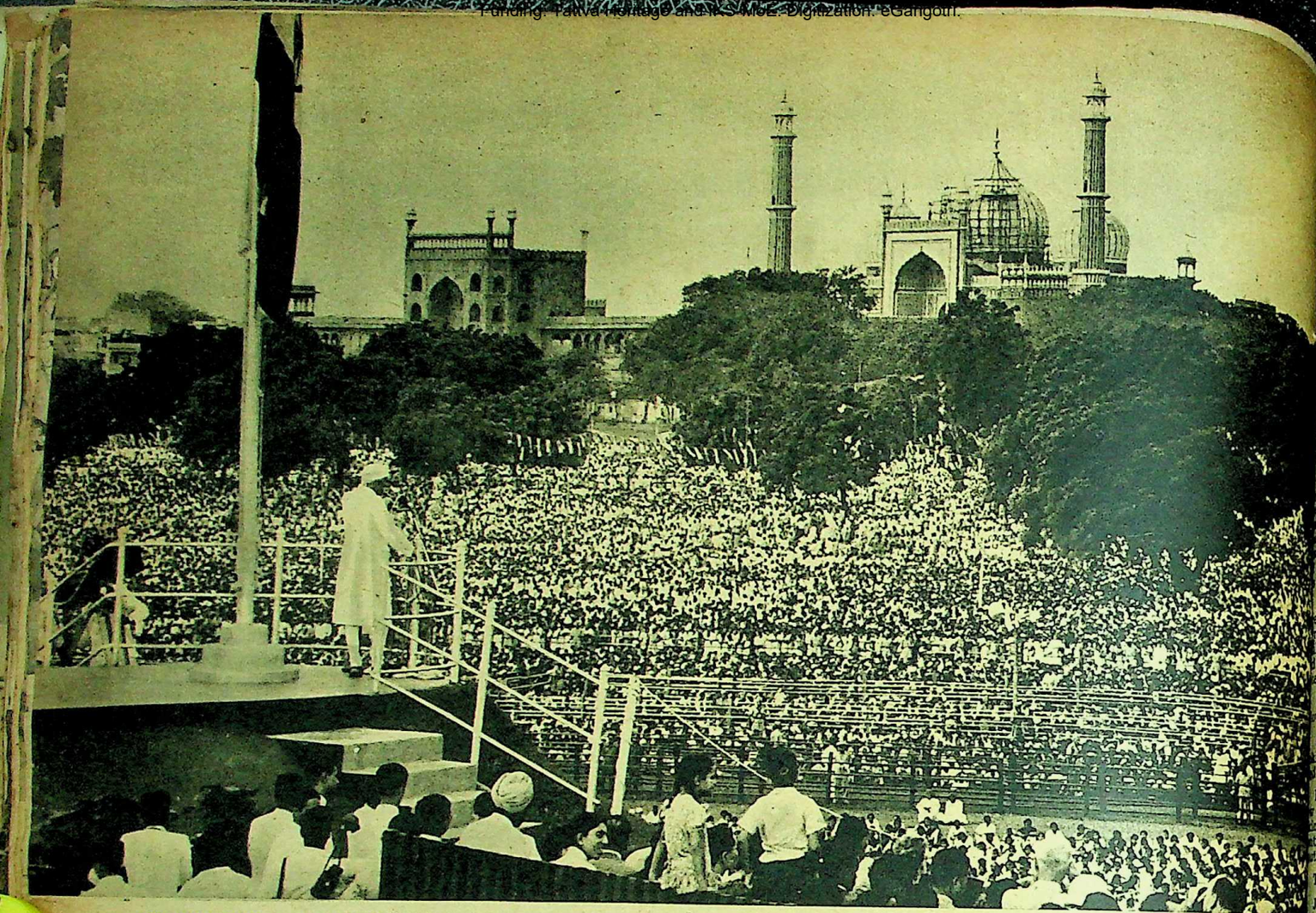
FAMILIAR MOTIFS

The flight of birds, and the mating cries of love-birds have always had a fascination for the Indian mind. In these paintings we often see flights of snow-white sarus cranes against the background of slate-blue monsoon clouds, and peacocks raising their graceful necks, crying with joy, hailing the rain clouds. Pairs of *chakoras*, moon-partridges, who are supposed to feed on moonbeams, and *papeehas*, the love-birds of Hindi poetry, are also depicted. The chorus of these birds is particularly enchanting in the spring.

Thus we find that the Moghul technique of painting, the inspiration of Vaishnavism, the charm of Sanskrit poetry, the beauty of the people of the Kangra Valley, and the lovely landscape of the Punjab Hills—all these elements combine to give us the art known as Kangra painting.

(*To Be Concluded*)

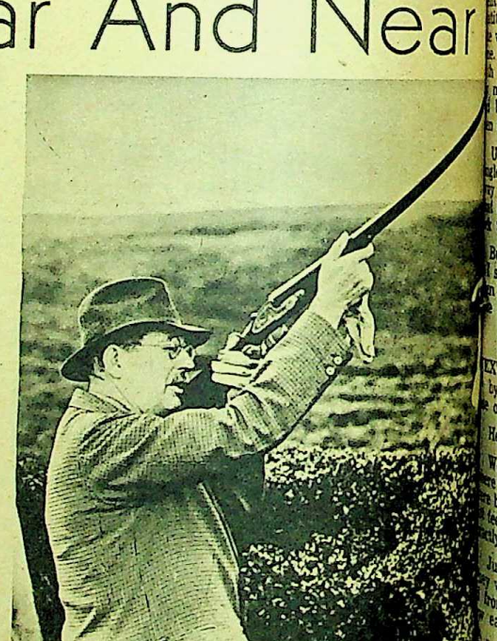
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



ON INDEPENDENCE DAY Prime Minister Nehru addresses the vast concourse after unfurling the national flag on the ramparts of the historic Red Fort in Delhi.

From Far And Near

QUEEN ELIZABETH chats with visiting Ghana Prime Minister, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, on the terrace of Balmoral Castle, Scotland. With them are the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The warmth and cordiality with which the African statesman was received by Her Majesty were the subject of worldwide comment, especially in the context of Britain's much criticised Colonial policy in Nyasaland.



Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, on a shooting holiday in Yorkshire. He was the guest of Lord Swinton, former Commonwealth Relations Secretary, whose estate at Masham in this county includes some famous grouse moors.

Malukote Collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and R...

For a second, the black dot of Gautam's ...d rose aloft on top of a mad wave, but it ...peared as quickly. And my feet trembled, ...head reeled, I felt short of breath, my eyes ...sion blurred, and everything before me was ...—the roar of the sea, the shouts of the ...ers, all became still...

When I came to again, little by little, I found ...self encircled by a crowd of people. Lean... over my face, an unknown lady was fan... me, and that *nulia*, seeing me open my ..., said with a big smile: "I have saved the ..., Didi! Babu is safe!"

Slowly, I sat up and found Gautaum sitting ...me, still languishing—tired and jaded.

Assisted by the fisherman, I somehow ...aged to get back to the hotel and there ...in a huddled heap on my bed, to sank into ...p, deep delightful sleep!

By the afternoon, as we sat on chairs ...the portico of the hotel, my tired limbs ...e already soothed, but Gautam still had ...severe pain, all over his body. Having ...ght incessantly with the mighty waves, he ...exhausted—also, shamed, like a defeat... soldier! He couldn't bring himself to lift ...face, even.

Meanwhile, news of his escapade had ...read! Everyone came to sympathise, to en... after his condition, and all the ...e I suffered from an odd feeling of shame ...unease. I wished I could run away from the ...ital.

Now Mrs. Glamour and her husband came. ...w are you feeling?" they asked Gautam.

Gautam smiled in embarrassment and, ...king up, said: "Quite O.K."—and then low... his head again.

Looking at the gentleman, I remembered ...I had laughed at him when he had been ...ing his sea bath with the help of a *nulia*. ...trasting the two, I had then felt proud of ...tam for his daring.

They left and strolled across to the beach.

Just then, I saw that *nulia!* While passing ...re the hotel, he turned his head and ...r us. He smiled and saluted us. And then he ...nt his way. My whole heart was filled with ...titude. Had he not been there, what dark ...e would have overtaken us, I could not ima...e. Surely Gautam would have died and. ...h him me, too. For if, within a month of ... marriage, my youth of twenty-two years ...d been blighted, what else would it have ...n for me but death?

Unconsciously, my fingers touched my gold ...gles. I then remembered that I had given ...y the bangles to the *nulia*. In return for ...t he had done for me, what he had given ...r to me, the gift was but a trifle.

But the man had gone some way by then. ...said to myself: "Well, there is no hurry. ...n he comes again tomorrow morning, I will ...e it a point to give him the bangles."

• • •

NEXT morning, Gautam was all right. He had ...by now shaken off his shame and un... of the previous day.

He said: "Let us go for a walk, shall we?"

We came out and stood upon the beach, ...re a little distance away the waves ...breaking upon the shore incessantly. I did ...feel like going any nearer. It was not fear ...tly, but a sort of abhorrence.

Just then, I saw the *nulia* with a companion. ...were carrying a big fishing-net, suspend... from a pole between their shoulders. We ...each other. He smiled, and so did I.

I argued in my mind: "Should I give away ...pair of bangles just now? But what would ...do with them? Perhaps, he'd give them to ...wife. Surely, he wouldn't sell them away! ...why bangles, anyway? Besides, gratitude ...be valued or repaid in gold. If I gave away ...bangles to him, wouldn't my mother rebuke ...? And my elder sister-in-law? She might ...say: 'Went for so short an outing only to ...e away the costly pair of bangles, did you, ...tan?' Rather I should make a gift of a pair ...churis to the fisherman, asking him to offer ...to his wife. But there can be no peace ...us," I felt, "until we leave this place."

Gautam and I had by now reached the shore. But everyone gathering shells was looking at us, at me! And in their penetrating stares I could see a ray of derision—as though they were laughing at us and whispering: "Serves you right, for your bravado!"

Even in Mrs. Glamour's look, it seemed, some such derision was present. Those long pencilled-out eyes, which had once widened in praise and wonder to say: "Look, look! How far into the sea he has gone!" were now full of mockery.

I said to Gautam: "Let us pack and leave in the morning. I am fed up."

Gautam agreed.

But there was no going next morning. Returning from the railway station, Gautam said that no berth was available for the next three days.

A couple of days later, as on all other days, Mrs. Glamour and her husband went down as we were watching. With the rosy towel spread across her bosom, giving her dishevelled hair a shake as she stepped down the staircase, the lady stopped for a moment on the threshold of our room and then, without a word, descended.

But, when they were returning after their bathe, I met her face to face at the bend of the staircase. At once she became a veritable fountain of words. "Did you hear?" she said. "Another was about to be drowned today, an old man. The *nulias* reached him in time and saved him. It is the duty of the *nulias* to keep a watch. The Government, they say, pay the *nulias* for that. Is it true?"

Her words kept ringing in my ears.

• • •

AT noon, stretching myself on the bed, I was thinking about it all and was absently rubbing my fingers upon the thin pair of *churis*. The pattern of the *churis* had been my elder sister's choice. My Didi! Whenever I remember her, my heart is filled with pleasure. Perhaps, no one else loves me so dearly—not even Gautam! It was she who bore the entire responsibility of the marriage ceremony—shopping, calling in the decorator, receiving the people from my father-in-law's house—everything. My father is an old man. It was not possible for him to keep an eye on everything. And, as for my elder brother, he was ever preoccupied with all sorts of games and gossip.

After my marriage, Didi gave me only one piece of advice. She said: "Look, Nami, the ornaments are neither for show, nor for decoration. They are, truly speaking, our safe-deposits, our future. See that you never sell them out of a whim—not even when you are in dire need."

"Well, won't she be angry," I asked myself, "if I gave away the *churis* to the *nulia*? Of course, I'm not going to give them away just now! But is it true, as Mrs. Glamour said, that they catch lots of fish in their boats and sell them: and that it is but their duty to rescue a drowning man? Strictly speaking, they are not so poor either. They get two annas per head for helping people in their bathing, and that must mean a lot of money, to be sure! I am not ungrateful, however. I do not deny that the *nulia* saved Gautam's life. But for him, what would have been my lot today? How could I have returned home? Moreover, my whole life would have been ruined at such a young age—but for him. No, I must give something to the *nulia*. Suppose I give him one of the several rings I have? I got them as presents. I won't, of course, part with the set with the pearl, the glittering one, presented by my elder sister's husband!"

When, on the day before our departure, Gautam harshly asked me why I was not getting my bags ready, I felt depressed. Since our marriage he had never been so curt. Perhaps he had thought that I was not prepared to go back so soon. My poor dear, he was feeling a stab of shame every moment! The very thought makes me laugh even now. What a mess he had got himself into! My elder sister-in-law had sent us out on a honeymoon. What a honeymoon it had been!

But throughout the day Gautam was very grave and ominous-looking, and naturally I had not the courage to tell him about the ring. And I couldn't surely give away the ring without his knowledge.

I thought I should wait. Surely he would be in the proper mood next morning and I would then have the opportunity to broach the subject. The *nulia*, too, was expected to come next morning, as usual, and then I would give him the ring—with Gautam's full consent.

Yes, I would have given the ring all right. And, surely, Gautam would not have objected. But who could foresee that there would be so much hurry and confusion the following morning?

We were late in rising. I had adjusted the timepiece to wake us up, but had forgotten to wind it. Naturally, it did not ring, and we didn't rise! And, when we were up, we had hardly an hour to get away.

• • •

AFTER taking tea, Gautam went straight down to settle the hotel bill. As soon as he returned, both of us got down to arranging our beddings and luggage. The odds and ends of our temporary establishment were by no means few. Some of the articles we had packed the previous day, but it took time to collect together the treasured trifles.

Engrossed in the work, I completely forgot about the *nulia*.

Having lumped all the bags and baggage in the carriage, the rickshawalla had just put his foot on the pedal when I saw the *nulia* coming along.

Seeing us, the man broke into a smile, and saluted, perhaps because he was expecting a tip from us.

What a shame, I had clean forgotten about the man! I felt so odd that I asked the rickshaw-puller to halt.

I said to Gautam: "Please feel in your purse. We haven't paid the man his tip."

"The money," answered Gautam, "is in your bag!"

True! I was so absent-minded. I opened the bag and saw that there were four or five tenners, two one-rupee notes and a few annas.

I was in a fix, for on reaching the station I would have to pay the rickshaw fare, and also porter charges. So I could not give away all the small change.

Therefore, I pulled out a one-rupee note and handed it to the *nulia*. He saluted happily and then said, smiling: "Please come again, Babu! Salaam, Didi, salaam!"

After saluting again, the man went away. I liked him exceedingly.

Soon after coming back from Puri, I told my elder sister-in-law: "Do you know, Didi, the *nulias* are so good, so excellent!"

She said, laughing: "Be careful, Nutan, don't speak so highly of them. Gautam might feel jealous!"

I burst into a laugh and said: "Good heavens, I haven't as yet told you of the incident—a real incident it was!"

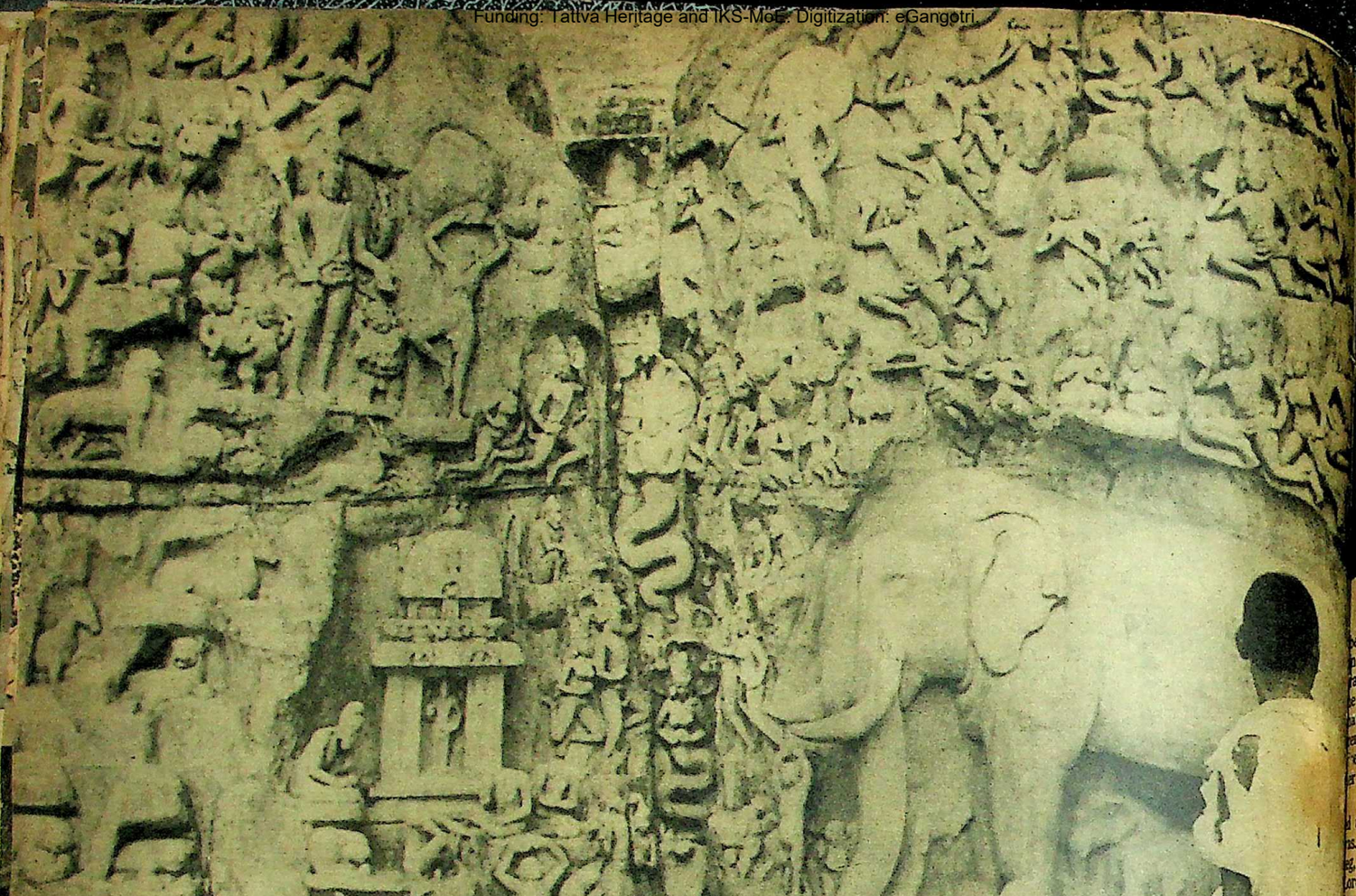
"Incident?" she lifted her eyes, big with surprise.

"Yes," I said, "your brother-in-law was within an inch of drowning. A *nulia* saw it and he at once swam out and rescued him. Usually, they take two annas per head for acting as a guide at a sea bath. But, when we came away, I gave him full one rupee as his reward."

While saying so, I don't know why, I fell into a reverie. The terrible scene of that occasion rose up before my eyes and I was lost in it. My sister-in-law asked something, and back to my senses I came. Did I really promise the fisherman my two bangles? Perhaps not. Was I sane at that moment? I don't remember what actually I said or did. No, surely I didn't mention the bangles! Besides, did the *nulia* wait for word from me? Never! Perhaps he had seen what was happening, himself, before I drew his attention, and, having seen, had jumped headlong into the sea at once. For, surely, it was his duty to save people from drowning!

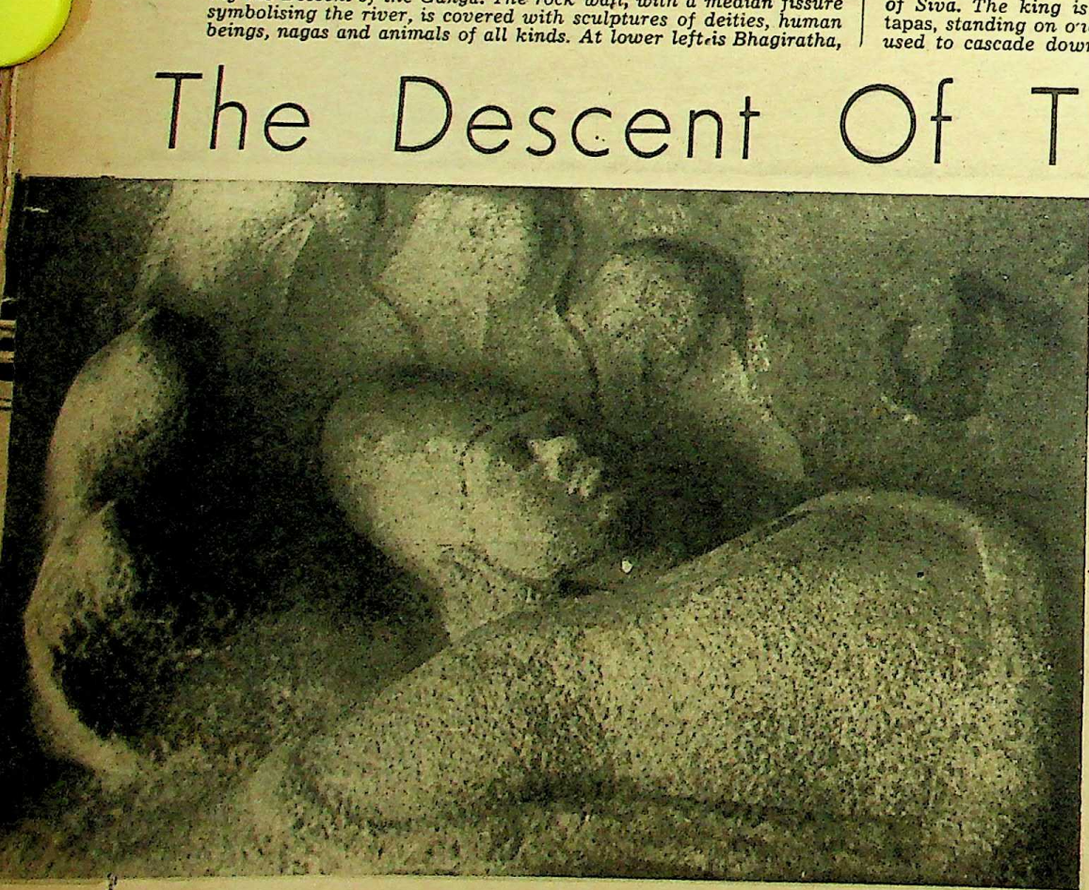
(Translated by Saroj Acharya and Jagannath Chakrabarti)

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri



THE MASSIVE BAS-RELIEF AT MAHABALIPURAM representing the Descent of the Ganga. The rock wall, with a median fissure symbolising the river, is covered with sculptures of deities, human beings, nagas and animals of all kinds. At lower left is Bhagiratha, bowing before a small shrine containing a standing image, probably of Siva. The king is represented at the top also in a posture of tapas, standing on one leg with hands upraised. At one time, water used to cascade down the central cleft. (Photographs by author)

The Descent Of The Ganga



VISHNU RECLINING ON ANANTA, from the Mahishamandapam.

AT Mahabalipuram, not far south of Madras, a story of great beauty has been carved, in serial form, in granite beside the sea. This story has a hundred characters and one must know something about them before one can appreciate the sculpture, in which each figure is radiant with joy and devotion.

Once upon a time there was a pious king named Bhagiratha—springing from Ayodhya's Solar dynasty. In earlier years pursuing their father King Sagara's sacrificial horse into Patala, the nether world

by ELLA MAILLART

his guilty predecessors had perished there by tens of thousands, burnt up by the anger of the sage Kapila. It devolved on the pious Bhagiratha to bring down to earth the heavenly river Ganga, through whose waters alone their ashes might be purified for the funeral rites and they might be prepared for a place in heaven.

So it came about that King Bhagiratha, confident of the power of devotion which filled him, prayed to Brahma

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A FINE CARVING from the Krishnamandapam.

...erate the celestial Ganga. For a thou-...nd years he performed austerities, until ...rahma, moved by his fervour, agreed that ...e Ganga should be released. But fearing ...at the Earth would be crushed by the ...remendous fall of the river, Brahma ad-...ed the King to implore Siva to receive ...er on his head and thus abate the impact.

Therefore Bhagiratha fasted and pray-...d again, having repaired to the Himala-...as. During his *tapas* he remained on one ...g, arms raised, thought centred on the ...ord. Moved by his intense devotion Siva ...greed to receive the Ganga on his head, ...nd at last the sacred waters poured down.

This story extols the power hidden in ...human being and underlines the possi-...ilities of yoga, the discipline which leads ...o union with the cosmic energy.

Some archaeologists interpret this ...rodigious rock-sculpture otherwise and ...all it "Arjuna's Penance". Arjuna, hero of ...he Mahabharata, purified himself in the ...Ganga before repairing to the Himalayas ...o perform austerities and worship Siva in ...rder to obtain a divine weapon from the ...ord. But Siva disguised himself as a Ki-rata—or hunter—and humbled the hero before granting his boon.

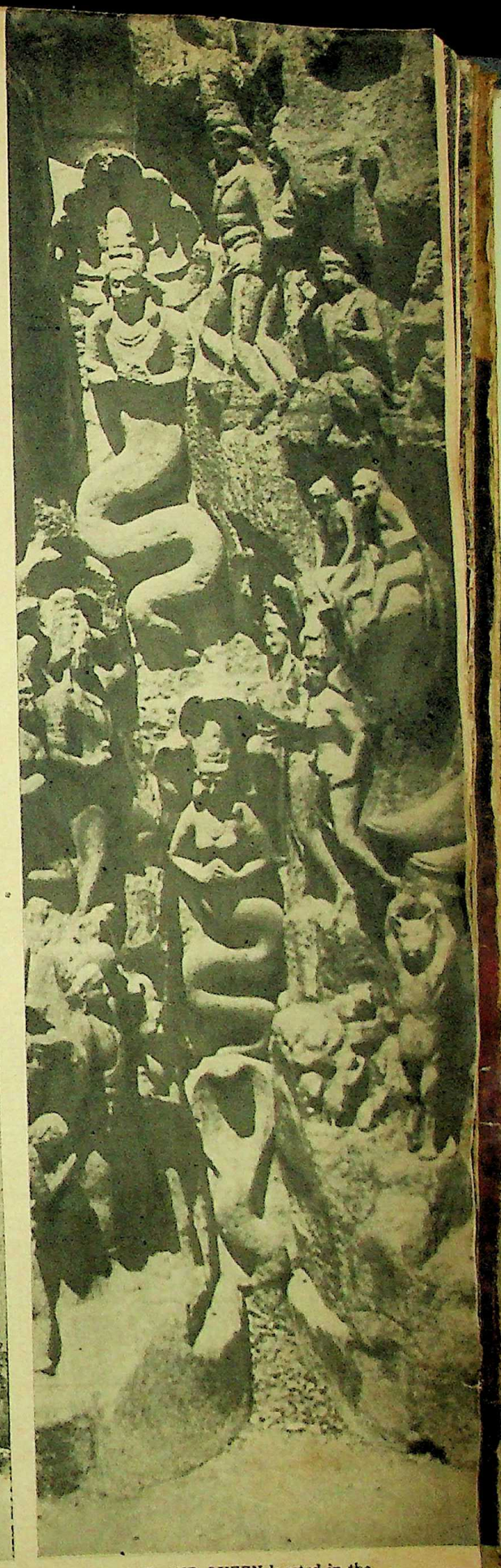
There is a famous poem of Bharavi which describes this fight and which, it is considered, may have inspired the artists of Mahabalipuram. The view is based, I understand, on the fact that Siva's hair is not down, as it would be if he were shown receiving the river on his head.

When one gazes peacefully at this magnificent cliff—one of the most striking bas-reliefs in the world—one feels oneself to be in the presence of rock as immutable as the Timeless itself. At one period, water, forever moving, used to cascade down the centre of the rock-face. The sacred river Ganga is the daughter of Mena and Himavan and is specially worshipped in this scorched country, where water is always hallowed, being esential for the day's rituals, as a symbol of divine grace.

Sprayed by its waters, the king and queen of the nagas who rule the underworld are blissfully worshipping the purifying stream. Their sinuous tails are full

(Please Turn Over)

SCULPTED IN THE ROUND is this arresting representation of a monkey family. Emphasis on essential forms, rather than on detail, is seen in this masterpiece of animal sculpture.



NAGA KING AND QUEEN located in the descending stream of the Ganga.

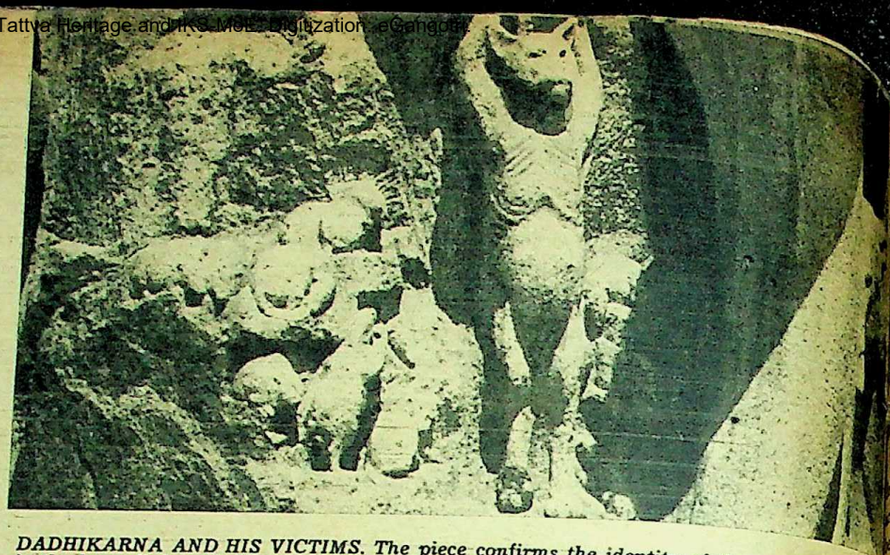
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS Mod... Digitization: eGangotri

NAGA QUEEN in an attitude of adoration.

Descent Of The Ganga

(Continued)

of a concentrated energy which one feels without having to touch the stone. The vertical cleft representing the Ganga is the focus of attention in the middle of the rock. It is about ninety feet in length and is surrounded by men, animals and heavenly beings filled with wonder and gratitude. Below the tusks of the great elephant, the fabled cat Dadhikarna caricatures the upright stance of the meditating ascetic. The cat assumes the mien of a yogin so as to deceive the mice which gambol round his paws.



DADHIKARNA AND HIS VICTIMS. The piece confirms the identity of the scene represented in the bas-relief as the Descent of the Ganga, for stories of false ascetic cats deluding innocent mice on the banks of the holy river occur in the Mahabharata and the Hitopadesa.

Some young Brahmins make their ablutions, or pray, while the pious king meditates by a shrine. The realism of his weary attitude, the energy of the simple lines and the true feeling for his *tapas*, are unforgettable.

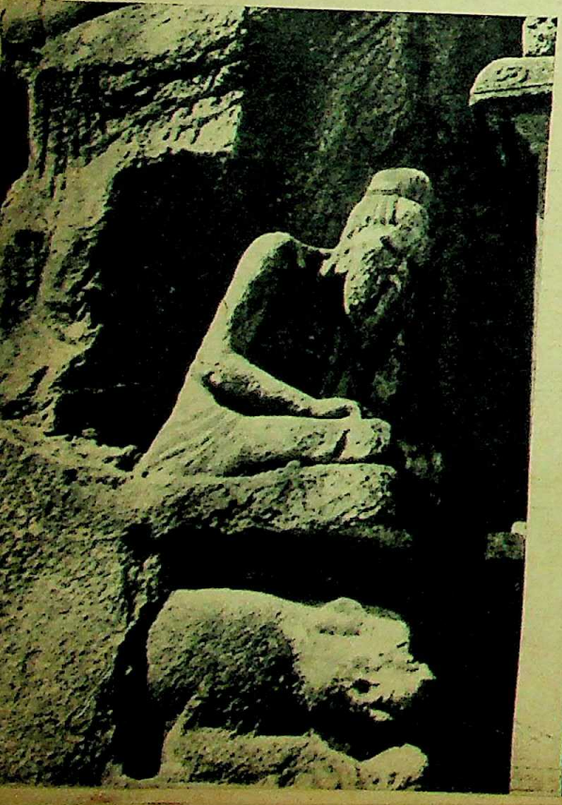
Elsewhere, handsome celestial beings —apsarases and gandharvas—perform the dance of thoughts and feelings. The gandharvas personify the sun's fire and reveal divine truths. They are gods of music and distil the elixir of immortality. The servants of Indra, likewise, are airy beings freed from human limitations. Hands joined, flying and weightless, they worship the Ganga. High up above, Siva, recognisable by his four arms, towers over the ascetic, who stands on one leg.

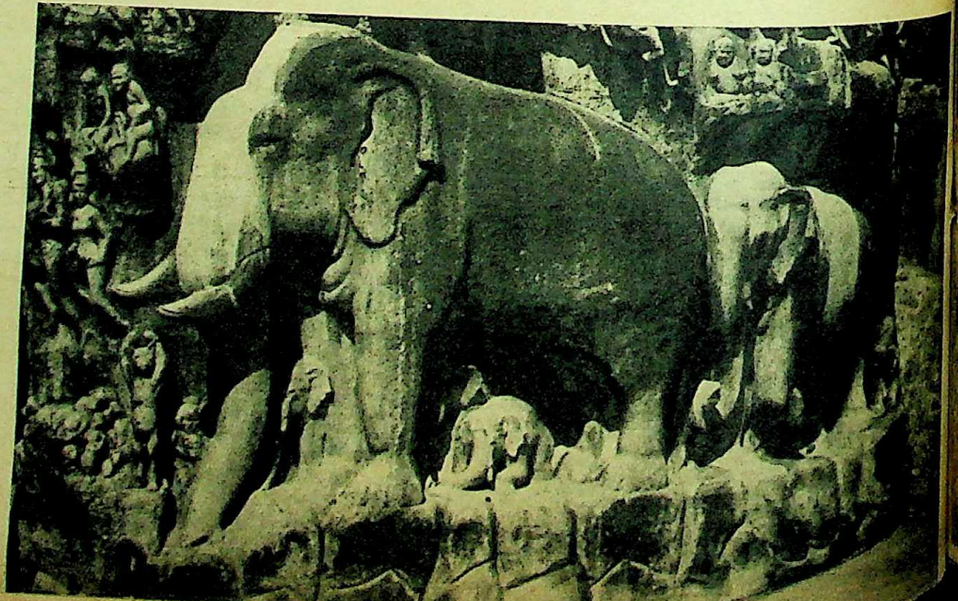
On the north side of this grand cliff is a small rock, standing free, reproducing a family of monkeys. This simple group is astonishing; only the essential volumes are carved—the feeling for living form is characteristic of the art of India.

Adjoining the Descent of the Ganga, the Krishnamandapam is a hall with four rows of three columns. Here again one is startled into forgetfulness, one becomes identified with what one sees, living in immediate life; the timid calf being licked by its mother and the stolid cowherd milking. More sculptures surround the scene, which fills the back wall of the hall where the grain of the hard stone is wonderful.

Further to the south, raised up like a box at the opera, a small cave shelters the great Vishnu, asleep on the divine serpent, Ananta. Vishnu, the supreme god, at once both being and becoming, is carved in a coarse granite which conveys the feeling of eternity. However, above the god two plump heavenly beings flutter through space. (To get the true feeling of flying, one must visit the famous Ellora cave with its Kailas temple, and see the celestial nymphs on the wall, or the flying car which takes Sita across India—all in striking contrast with the colossal plinth of elephants, immense and solid in a world of beauty and sensibility.)

Mahabalipuram used to be the seaport of Kanchipuram, where the reign of the architect-kings of the Pallava dynasty reached its zenith in the 7th century. The artists were free to express themselves, unshackled by the canons of ritual sculpture. In this great work, the Descent of the Ganga, they transformed the natural scene and expressed the deep unity of all things on Earth and in Heaven.





THE ANIMAL FIGURES are carved with an astonishing degree of realism. Left: King Bhagiratha engaged in tapas. His emaciated frame suggests the rigours of yogic discipline that he had undergone to propitiate Siva.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and

The first pool is the larger of the two ...d is for male bathers. From this the ...ter squirts through a marble spout ...ped like a cow's head into the women's ...hing pool thirty feet below. This motif ...ems to reflect Galta's reputation as "the ...ond Ganga," for the holy river, too, has ...s source near a rock formed somewhat ...e a cow's head.

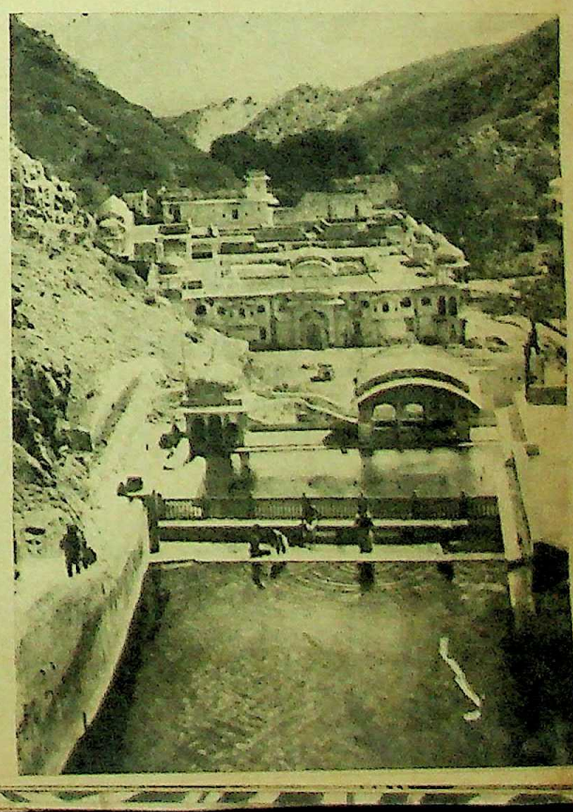
In the centre of the second pool is a ...ntain of white marble. At the far side ...e three pavilions, the two corner ones ...ing walled on two sides to serve as ...anging rooms. The central pavilion is ...re of an ornament. It has a crescent ...me and some excellent 19th-century ...rescoes on the outside.

Baisakhi is considered the most auspi...ous day for a bath at Galta. The whole ...rge overflows with people who come ...m far away. On several other festival ...ys, too, people visit the place in large ...mbers. Just above the pools stands a ...t *dharamsala.*

Below the pools are two small palaces ...d a fort, now empty and abandoned. ...everal furlongs lower down are more such ...alaces, walled enclosures and temples. ...his place was once the favourite summer ...esort of the Jaipur rulers. Some of the ...alaces have frescoes in them, the best of ...ese being a *raga-ragini* series said to be...ng to the 18th century. Also to be seen ...e ruins of one or two more ancient tem...es. Some of the carvings in them are ...ite remarkable, though heavy crusts of ...d have to be pried loose if one wants ...study the details. The road goes on ahead ...meet finally the Agra-Jaipur highway.

RAM PANJABI

A CARVED PANEL from a temple in the Galta Gorge. Below, left: From the upper pool the water falls to the one below through a marble spout shaped like a cow's head. Right: A general view, with the old summer palaces in the background. (Photographs by author)



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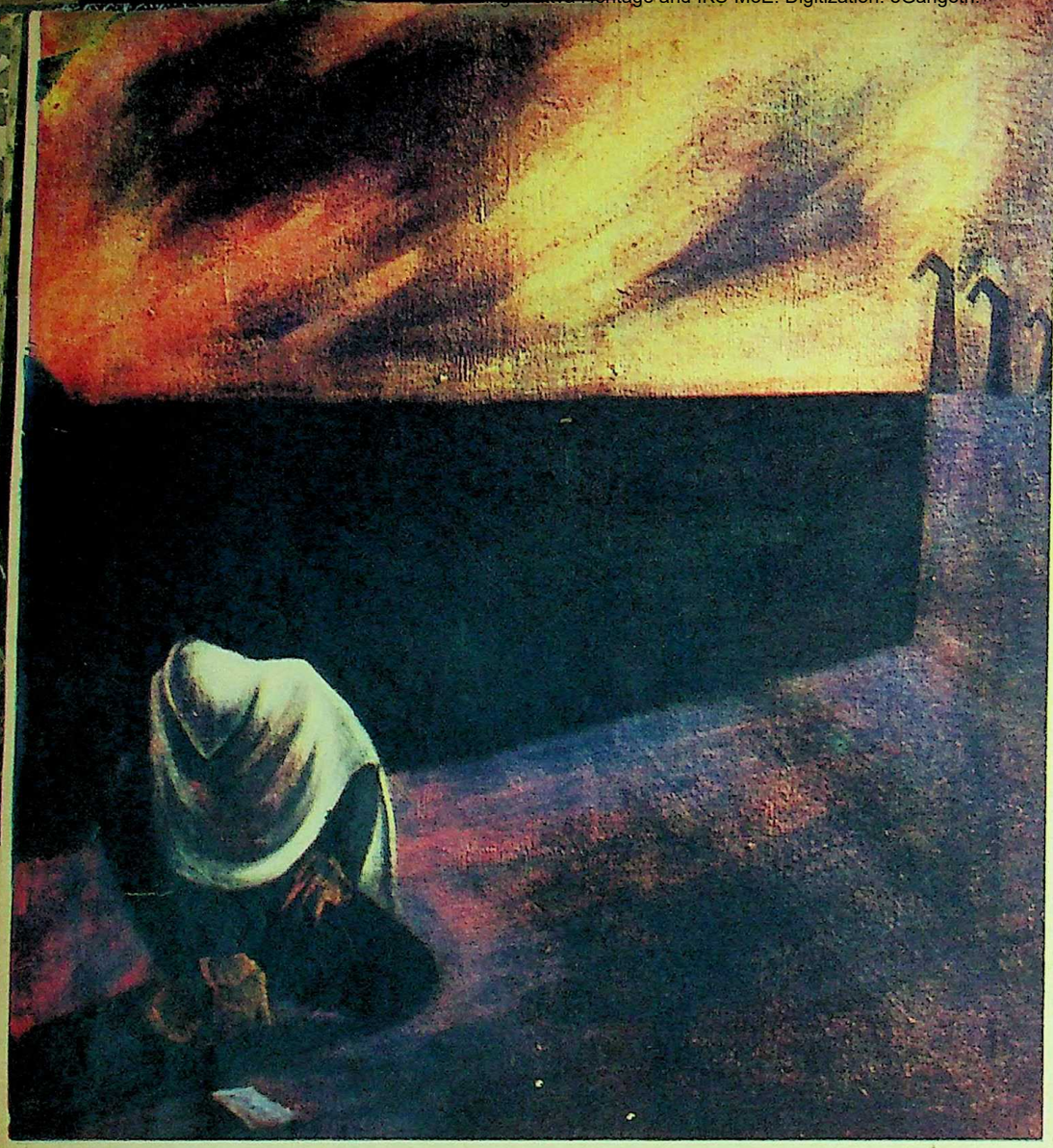


PILGRIM — *Satish Gujral*

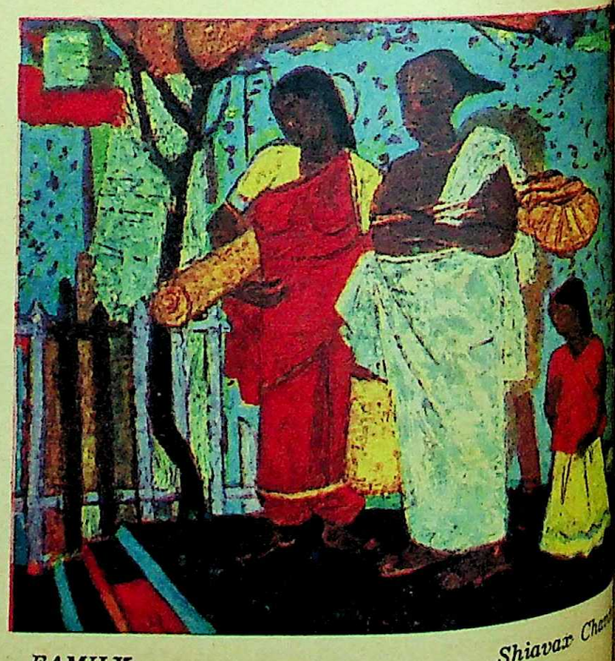
Social Realism In Indian Art

by A. S. RAMAN

ONE of the most popular and imprecise phrases in the current jargon of art criticism is social realism. It seems to mean almost anything from photographic naturalism to expressionistic effusions. Its significance apparently varies with the social milieu and intellectual climate at a given moment. Thus, for example, in Soviet Russia it is applied in relation to the sort of art which in other countries will be dismissed as utter bathos and banality. In Mexico, social realism assumes an equally direct but dynamic form while in Western Europe it has an altogether different connotation with the stress on the individuality of the artist and the intensity of his vision. Though the phrase "social realism" is of recent origin, its import in the context of modernity continues to be nebulous. In countries where the names of Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Rouault are anathema, the social realists assume the leadership of modern movement and dominate the scene.

There is nothing wrong with realism as the aesthetic norm, provided one knows what exactly it means. An artist would compromise on something very dear to his heart, namely, his desire to communicate his vision in the idiom that comes naturally to him. In creative activity what matters is the extent to which the artist is able to translate his own experience in the medium of his choice. All isms and ologies, fads and formulas, theories, techniques, are of secondary importance. In other words, the art is the thing, and if it is found wanting in a painter or a sculptor, he is a tragic failure, however polished or articulate he may be in other media. The phrase, "social realism" describes creative endeavour in the sense that compromises and concessions become inevitable if the artist has to express himself, not in his own language, but in that of his audience—an immense, nondescript mass of people at varying levels of understanding and sensibility. Thus the compulsion comes, not from within, but from without.

In India too we have many examples of what can be loosely described as social realism. The phrase itself, of course, is seldom used either by our critics or by our artists. But the result of the efforts of many of our leading painters and sculptors is best summed up by this convenient cliche. We are at once reminded of Amrita Sher-Gil. For she knew no other subject more intensely and intimately than the people around her—living, warm and vibrant. She rendered them with an



FAMILY — *Shiavax Chavda*

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization...

AT WORK — *M. F. Husain*

AS I SAW THEM — *Sailoz Mookherjea*

precision and plasticity without compromising her artistic integrity.

Many of our younger artists have been continuing Sher-Gil's mission with varying degrees of success. Among these, one of the most powerful is Satish Gujral who apparently never tires of describing himself as a social realist. There is strength in his social realism, because he owes it to his own convictions and not to commissars. That is why his work is so purposeful and compelling. Frankly, my first contact with the art of Satish Gujral was pleasant neither to me nor to the artist. For I found myself confronted with a world of nightmares. The subjects had all been provoked by the Partition bloodbath which had taken a heavy toll of the Gujral family. The colours were raw and revolting. The accents were heavy and hysterical. All the compositions were marred by an imbalance which immediately irritated the spectator. I realised that his roots lay as much in the horrors of Partition—which evidently he was determined to paint as directly and dramatically as they had happened—as in Mexico, particularly in the rich and resonant forms of social realism evolved by the Mexican master Sequeiros. So I felt greatly relieved when he left for Mexico. There he had a most distinguished career. His palette assumed a rich harmony and dignity which he would never have achieved in India. His basic technique, which he found handy for the interpretation of the Partition theme, was tempered by the radiance and mellowness of the discoveries of the Mexican social realists.

What is the source of the peculiar power of Gujral's art? Two influences have moulded Gujral's style and symbolism most. One was, as has been already mentioned, his own part, however small, in the tragedy of Partition. And the other was the spell that the Sequeiros canvases and the Orozcos cast over him in Mexico. There are other Indian artists who have suffered like Gujral, but without his advantage of a Mexican visual experience. In fact he is the first Indian artist to have had the benefit of studying at first hand a most virile phase of the modern movement, and it would be therefore interesting to watch what effect his experiments in India will have on the course of painting in this country.

Husain is another significant artist with a passion for the social realities. There is amazing power and plasticity in all his representative work despite his unpredictably individualistic, even eccentric, technique. His palette is sombre and sensitive, but one who looks at it closely seldom agrees to live with it. His paintings are the museum curator's delight and the private collector's nightmare. But they are fashionable.

Here, I feel, Sailoz Mookherjea scores over Husain by remaining truer to the traditions set by the Indian miniaturists. It is a pity that Delhi's once best known artist is today in obscurity for incomprehensible reasons. But judged by his representative work produced between the late

(Please Turn Over)

CONDOLENCE — *Prodosh Das Gupta*

forties and the early fifties, he emerges as an artist of whom any country would be proud. Subtle colour harmonies, crisp Parisian finesse in line, a feeling for his figures, whom he invests with a typical Indian grace and warmth: These sum up his work at its best. His pleasant paintings have all the stylish finish of a contemporary composition, and none of the modernist's boring pretensions and posturings. His significant work respresents a moving record of the Indian scene.

Ramkinkar renders vignettes of Santhal life with characteristic vigour and verisimilitude. His sketches are as fluent and precise as his sculptures, on which his reputation mainly rests. He is not known to be fond of working to schedule in a conventional manner. But his passion for creative activity and his indefatigable energy are legendary. He has no interest in classical, assiduously constructed, compositions. For he cannot reconcile them to his romantic flights of fancy and his iconoclastic adventures which are tempered with his transparent sympathies for the "underdog". Indeed his works are all eloquent essays in social realism—spontaneous, evocative, and, on the technical plane, immaculate.

N. S. Bendre is also a romanticist at heart, however highly he may think of his recent excursions into abstractionism. His mellow, sensitive delineation of the rural scene in all its warm, intimate detail is at

Social Realism In Indian Art

(Continued)

SANTHALS — *Gopal Ghose*

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

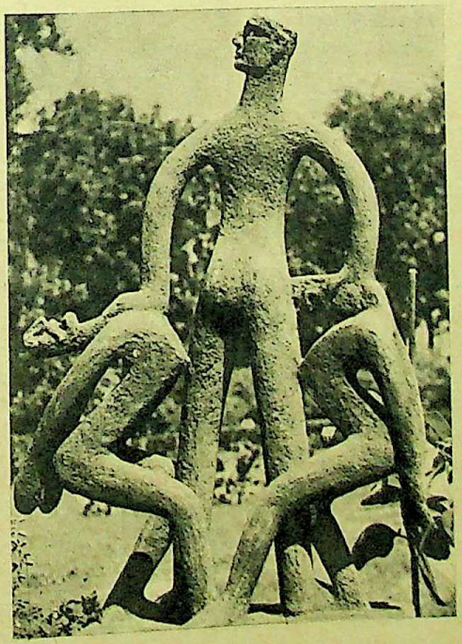
TRIUMPH OF LABOUR — *Devi Prosad Roy Chowdhury*

once reminiscent of Amrita Sher-Gil. Villagers—erect, elegant, earthy—and their ways of life provide the repertoire of his motifs which he interprets in gay and bold accents.

K. K. Hebbar is a comparatively unspectacular but equally forceful painter in the Sher-Gil tradition. One, however, wonders whether in his recent work there is anything at all even vaguely suggestive of her, though he owes his early inspiration and imagery to her. Today, his subjects are all based on what he knows of labourers, farmers, beggars, and naturally his work occasionally seems rather self-conscious, sentimental and stylized. But it is unique in the sense that it evokes the desired response in the spectator, not through the emotive medium of impastos, but with the help of flat, decorative lines and rhythmic patterns.

Shiavax Chavda, like a caricaturist, is one who observes the contemporary scene on the sly. That is why his manner of rendering his subjects is so cold and competent. But it has one quality which is essential to, but rare, in Indian painting. His compositions, which reveal his peerless draughtsmanship and characteristic sense of humour, are all delightfully diverting, if not provocative.

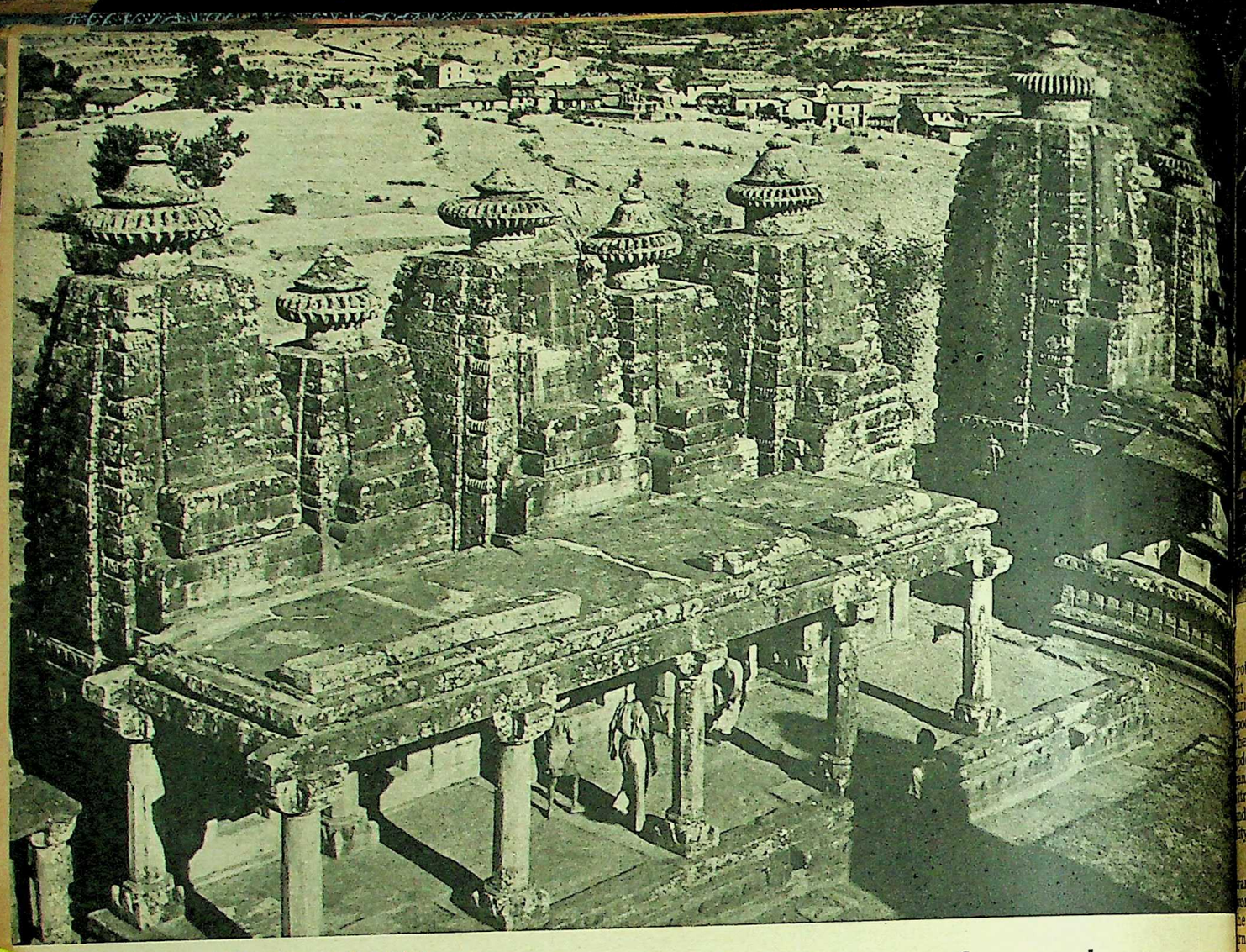
B. C. Sanyal is very good at paraphrasing the poetry inherent in any given fragment of the social milieu. Gopal Ghose's water-colours have the elusive charm of a Chinese landscape. His sense of atmosphere and his feeling for form are the secret of the charm of his lyrical renderings of the Bengal countryside. Makhan Dutta Gupta's robust compositions in oils, in contrast, are remarkable for their virile masculinity. Ramkumar surely has a place in any survey of social realism in the Indian context. But it is a pity he is still under the spell of Parisian cliches. He is no doubt stirred by what he sees in his country —poverty, illiteracy, squalor, hypocrisy. He is honest, competent and imaginative. But, somehow, with the best of intentions, he sounds vacuous. K. S. Kulkarni's approach to social realism is naive. But being a clever technician, he succeeds in making a momentary impact on the spectator.



OPPRESSION — *Dhanraj Bhagat*

A word about the social realism in sculpture. It assumes the most obvious form in the work of Devi Prosad Roy Chowdhury. But it is best seen in the moving, monumental carvings and castings by Ramkinkar. Prodosh Das Gupta is less banal than Roy Chowdhury, but shares his master's passion for dramatic overstatement. Dhanraj Bhagat, Chintamoni Kar, Amarnath Sehgal, Sankho Chaudhuri—they are all inspired by social themes which they render imaginatively in accents evolved through years and years of intensive experimentation. Bhagat's early work in wood, one feels, is truer to his vision and technique than his latest variations in the modern idiom. Being essentially a lyricist, he appears so unconvincing whenever he attempts to work on a giant scale in a big way. He is primarily a sculptor for the mantel-piece, not for the open air.

(More Pictures on Pages 52-53)



GROUP OF TEMPLES at Dwarahat, former capital of the Katyuri rulers. Below: Mahishasuramardani from Baijnath.

Temples Of Almor

THE Katyuri and Chand rulers of Kumaon built their shrines at such places as Dwarahat, Jageshwar, Katarmal and Champawat, some in groups, while others stand alone. The statues found in and around these temples are of a high artistic quality that merits attention.

Though till a few years ago most of these sites were difficult of access, one can reach them now by comfortable motor roads, and for those who wish to rest on the way, or to halt for a night or two, there are inspection and dak bungalows, mostly overlooking some beauty spot, while those on the look-out for cheaper accommodation will always find shopkeepers ready to allow them sleeping space above their shops, provided they take their food at these "hotels".

Situated at a height of 5,050 feet above sea level, Dwarahat lies 22 miles from Ranikhet (79 miles from Kathgodam, the nearest railhead on the North-Eastern Railway). This village was once the capital of the Katyuri rulers, who had their palace on the Chandragir hill, to its south. Dwarahat has a well-laid-out bazar and eight groups of temples, numbering, in all, 30, but only the temple of Badrinath still contains a deity. The temples are of Indo-Aryan style and are believed to have been built by the Katyuris mainly in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The temple of Shialdeo, or Dhwaj, near the Shialdeo Pokhra, is outstanding for its workmanship and is considered to be of earlier origin. It is elaborately carved with rows of gods on its outer walls, while warriors and elephants figure on its raised plinth. Originally, the shrine must have had an audience hall, which has now completely vanished, leaving the temple proper in so badly damaged a state that it might collapse at any moment. These temples were defiled and damaged by the Rohillas when they attacked this part of the Kumaon to plunder its supposed treasure.

The Sun Temple of Katarmal is found at a distance of 11 miles from Almora, the district headquarters, standing at a height of 5,400 feet above sea level. The shrine originally had a retaining wall measuring 100 by 160 feet. It was built on a raised platform. Though at present in a tottering condition, when intact with its *shikhara,* it must have been a charming and magnificent sight.

The Jageshwar, or Bal-Jageshwar, temple, twenty-six miles from Almora, is dedicated to the Lord Mahadeva and considered to be one of the twelve sec-

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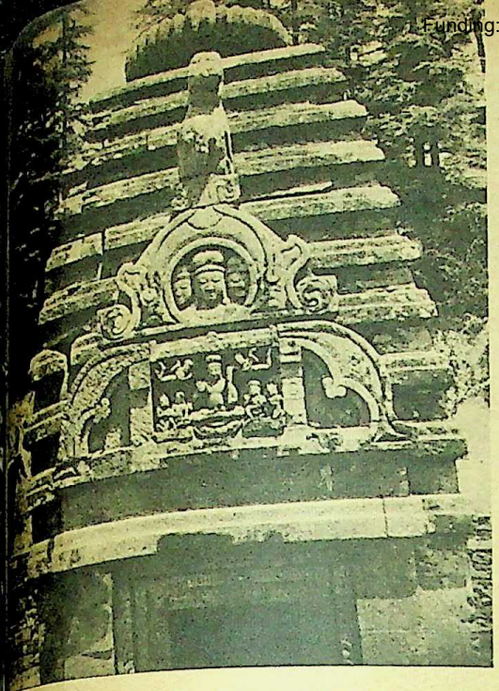
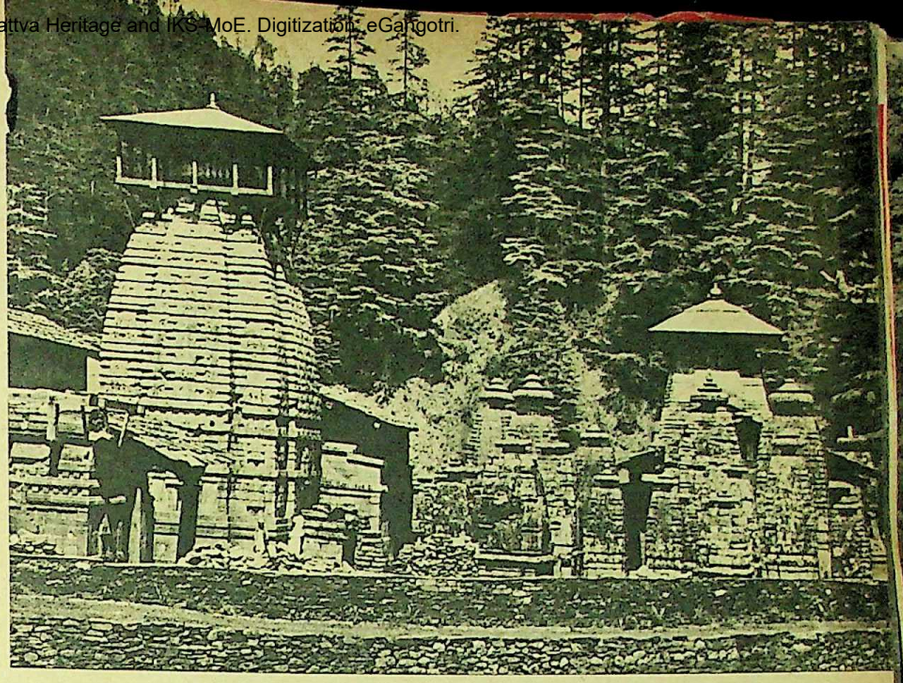


SHIKHARA at Jageshwar



THE JAGESHWAR TEMPLES, twenty-six miles from Almora

yotirlinga temples distributed through-ut India. Apart from it, there are 24 other hrines here, some of them built at a later poch, by the Katyuri and Chand Rulers. hey are dedicated to various gods and oddesses—Mrityunjaya, the Sun, Bha-ani. The Bal-Jageshwar temple is locally ttributed to king Salivahan of Ayodhya nd that of Mrityunjaya to king Vikrama-itya.

The art and architecture of Jagesh-ar are typically medieval, but the stone-orkers of the hills have departed from e generally-adopted formula of over-rnamentation in depicting subjects and ow none of that predilection for the rtrayal of erotic and secular scenes hich is so prominent with their contem-oraries elsewhere. And this is true not ly for Jageshwar but for the whole of e Kumaon.

ABANDONED SHRINES

In the fertile valley of the river Go-ati, 43 miles from Almora and 10 from usani, lies Baijnath, a beauty spot own for its climate, its views of the malayas and its deodar and pine forests.

At Baijnath there are a number of mples, though most are without the dei-es they once housed. Those in which e presiding deity still survives have so many other images along the walls of e *mandap*, while another large collec-on has been arranged in a hall erected y the Archaeological Department. At aijnath, it would seem that the local oneworkers made an attempt to carve most all the deities of Hindu mythology ough the exact date of all this work is t known, some of the statues which are ted are believed to be late additions to e temple by the Katyuri as well as the angoli rulers.

Two miles from Baijnath is the temple otibrahma, built by the Katyuris, and in e village of Tallahat, only a mile away that of Vishnu, locally known as Satya-arayan. Though the temple is in ruin, the gure of Vishnu housed in it is a beautiful specimen of Kumaoni sculpture, about five feet in height. A figure of Parvati of the same height and workmanship can be seen in the temple of Shiva at Baijnath. Apart from these, many of the other figures at Baijnath are of a high artistic order and can stand comparison with those of the same period found in almost any part of the country.

Bageshwar, at the confluence of the rivers Gomati and Sarayu, is a very old town, which, like Varanasi, is associated with Shiva. The town Bageshwar derives its name from the temple of the Lord Byaghra Nath. Kumaonis regard it as the Kashi of the North.

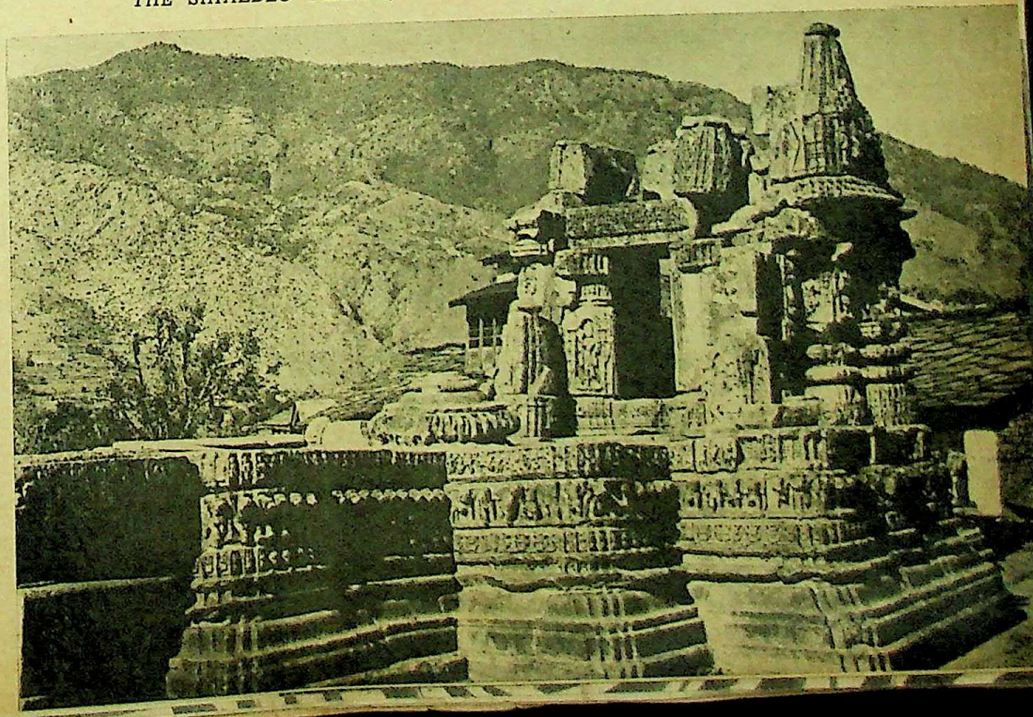
The temples of Baleshwar, Rataneshwar and Champawati Durga, the most artistic in the Almora district, are found at Champawat, on the Tanakpur-Pithoragarh motor road. Champawat was the ancient capital (A.D. 953 to 1563) of the Chand rulers of Kumaon. Though the exact date of execution of these temples is not known, they must be connected with the early days of the Chand dynasty.

The Baleshwar temple must have been a double shrine, consisting of a sanctum and a hall for religious audience. Whatever still stands of the ruin is striking. On the ceilings of the Baleshwar temple and the dome of the *mandap* attached to it are unusually-carved scenes of the Kala-Daman. On the outer walls are images of Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesha and other gods. The plinth is decorated with elephants in different patterns. The adjacent temples of Champawati Durga and Rataneshwar display, in addition to figures of different gods and goddesses, striking ornamental designs which are in a fair state of preservation.

The remains of a number of other temples can be seen in the locality. But these have collapsed and are now overgrown with grass and bushes. Whatever could be removed from them has been taken away and used for building purposes but something of its craftsmanship can be judged from the house built by the priest near by, and from the material incorporated in the boundary walls of the temples.

B. L. SHAH

THE SHIALDEO TEMPLE, DWARAHAT (*Photographs by author*)



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What Worries People Today

by NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

BY SHARING THEIR WORRIES a husband and wife can help create better understanding and greater happiness in the home. Below: Lack of faith, not necessarily in a religious sense, is often the root-cause of trouble. A divine service can be helpful in restoring confidence and courage.

THIRTY years ago, when I became Minister to New York's Marble Collegiate Church, the world was in the grip of the great depression that followed the stock-market crash of 1929. If anyone had asked me then what worried the people who came to me for help, the answer would have seemed very easy. They worried about jobs, about money, about getting along well enough to pay the rent and eat three meals a day. There were many in my own church, as elsewhere, who had neither jobs nor money, and many for whom paying their rent and getting their daily bread presented real problems.

* * *

BACK in the 'thirties I learned something in my work at the church about what really worries people. I learned that behind the stories of jobs lost, of money gone, of eviction from apartments and homes, there was often a deeper disturbance. With what little money there was at my disposal, I could help by giving charity, and I could offer the consolations of religion to those in distress. But that was not enough. These people who were desperate for help needed more than just a roof over their heads, a new job, or some money to tide them over. They needed mental as well as spiritual and financial rehabilitation.

As I was coming to this conclusion, my work brought me into friendship with a noted psychiatrist who had been a student of Sigmund Freud. He had not only gained a thorough grounding in the principles of psychotherapy but had also become convinced that no psychiatric treatment could effect a lasting cure unless, after the troubles had been rooted out, strong religious faith was brought in to replace them. Working with Dr. Smiley Blanton, I began to be able to help the people who brought their troubles to me as I never b... before. The psychiatrist c... discover the cause of the t... nal stress that had led to ... lost job or the financial str... And the minister could w... with him in building up a p... tive faith and a confident ... tude which would point ... way forward to achievemen... the face of failure.

The result of our work w... religio-psychiatric clinic wi... now occupies a building ... Park Avenue, New York, ... has a full-time staff of psych... rists, ministers, psycholog... and case workers. We tr... fulfil there literally the m... ing of the word "pastor": ... who is charged with the c... of souls.

To this clinic come hund... of troubled people. Many ... them are worried prima... about the same old mat... concerns of jobs, money ... housing. But more have ... problems of this kind. T... troubles are less tangible ... though they relate just ... much to the times in which ... live.

* * *

ANXIETY is the most fre... of these burdens. Pres... Harold W. Dodds of Prin... University has dubbed ou... "The Phenobarbital Age" ... cause of "the national an... neurosis which has deve... through lack of spiritual v... in life and education". He ... on to say: "The fatalism ... which people talk about t... ture, the amount of time ... money devoted to "hot ... pleasures, the level of c... standards of sex relations, ... the immoderate use of al... as an escape or as a cru... these are the symptoms o... nation's deficit in non-ma... things."

A feeling of depressio... another reason why ... come to us. One authority ... said: "Four people out of ... are not so happy as they ...

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Unhappiness is the most common state of mind." Sixty years ago, the first great American psychologist, William James, described depression as passive joylessness and dreariness, discouragement, dejection, lack of taste and zest and spring". He also said: "There is a pitch of unhappiness so great that the goods of nature may be entirely forgotten, and all sentiment of their existence vanish..." People come to our clinic with depressions of all sorts ranging from a vague feeling of sadness to a severe, almost incapacitating sense of uselessness.

* * *

LACK of faith is the third most common worry. This is not necessarily lack of religious faith. People who think of themselves as highly religious are often troubled by a profound lack of faith in themselves. This inability to believe in their own worth is characteristic of many persons today and has become an important source of worry. Walt Whitman wrote:

I say no man has ever yet
been half devout enough,

None has ever yet adored or
worship'd half enough,

None has begun to think how
divine he himself is, and
how certain the future is.

The fourth great cause of worry is inability to get along with other people. A frighteningly large number of people feel inadequate in business and social situations and worry about "not getting along". Once, when I had occasion to address the student body of a great university, I asked a group of young people what my topic should be. The students were unanimous in their answer: how to get along with other people. Another time a famous hostess came to see me with the complaint, "People come to my parties but they don't invite me to theirs." Her problem was hardly a devastating one, but it genuinely disturbed her. Concern over whether one is genuinely liked is very understandable. As Freud said, "Unless the personality has love, it sickens and dies."

Resentment comes fifth on the list of sources of worry. It often arises from the failure in personal relationships I have just mentioned. But more often it proceeds from the kind of self-centredness that causes a person to store up fancied insults and hoard old injuries. These grievances are almost always little things, but the people who become resentful are not aware of their unimportance; something buried in the subconscious mind seems to make them want to be hurt. They have failed to take to heart Samuel Johnson's advice: "It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

Number six among the worry-makers is the sense of guilt. And, of course, psychiatrists often say that this sense of guilt is the factor that underlies the other sources of disturbance as well. Dr. Blanton has pointed out that "individuals who are virtuous and kind are sometimes completely possessed by a sense of guilt which they cannot shake off or repent away". Mark Twain voiced a profound truth when he said: "The moral sense may take up more room in us than all our insides put together."

These, then, are the six great causes of worry as we see them in our clinic: Anxiety; Depression; Lack of faith; Inability to get along with other people; Resentment; and Sense of guilt.

* * *

THERE are many cares which distress people today and there are many ways in which their troubles are demonstrated. Still, in a world in which crisis always seems imminent, the fact that love and faith will keep us whole can be a pillar of hope to support any burden of worries, however great.

Basically, what really worries people today is the feeling that they do not know how to live. The objective of our clinic is to combine the traditional wisdom of religious faith with the modern techniques of psychiatry. We have found that this procedure can make worried people into happy, enthusiastic, and vital individuals. When counselling people who come to us for help, we first attempt to provide the psychological guidance they require in discovering and rooting out the causes of their trouble. Then we try to show them how to meet life more effectively, with confidence and without worry. It becomes strikingly evident to us, in most cases, that their deepest need is to find God.

A physician once told me that a large proportion of his patients did not need medicine as much as they needed God. And I recall that Tolstoy once said: "To know God is to live."

ALCOHOL IS NO CURE FOR ONE'S WORRIES.

TALKING THINGS OVER WITH THE PRIEST

Digitization: eGangotri

THE LAST YEARS OF NAPOLEON

3—THE VOYAGE OF EXIL

SYNOPSIS

After his defeat at Waterloo and the return of Louis XVIII to Paris, Napoleon, who had reached Rochefort, decided to surrender to the British, in the hope of being granted either asylum in England or safe conduct to America. Instead, he found himself exiled to St. Helena, with a limited retinue, on board the "Northumberland", flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn.

by RALPH KORNGOLD

WILLIAM Warden, surgeon on the NORTHUMBERLAND, thus describes Napoleon's arrival aboard the vessel:

"Our quarter-deck was covered with officers, and there were also some individuals of rank who had come round from motives of curiosity.

"The Marines occupied the front of the poop, and the officers kept the quarter-deck. A universal silence prevailed when the barge reached the side, and there was a grave but anxious aspect in all the spectators, which, in the opinion of others as well as in my own, was no small addition to the solemnity of the ceremonial. Count Bertrand ascended first and, having bowed, retired a few steps to give place to him whom he still considered as his master, and in whose presence he appeared to feel all his most respectful homage was still due.

"The whole ship's company seemed at this moment to be in breathless expectation. Lord Keith was the last who quitted the barge, and I cannot give you a more complete idea of the rapt attention of all on board to the figure of Napoleon, than that His Lordshop, high as he is in naval character, Admiral also of the Channel Fleet, to which we belonged, and arrayed in the full uniform of his rank, emblazoned with the decorations of his order, did not seem to be noticed, nor scarcely even to be seen, among the group which was subject to him.

"With a slow step Bonaparte mounted the gangway, and, on feeling himself firm on the quarter-deck, he raised his hat, when the guard presented arms and the drum rolled. The officers of the NORTHUMBERLAND, who were uncovered, stood considerably in advance. Those he approached, and saluted with an air of the most affable politeness..."

Napoleon was pleased with this reception, but was soon to be disillusioned. The ceremonial was not in his honour but in honour of Lord Keith. The admiralty had been much displeased by the honours shown him by Admiral Hotham and on the BELLEROPHON, and had given strict orders to Rear-Admiral Cockburn that this was not to happen again. He was to be treated as a general and was to be addressed as General Bonaparte—or, as Lord Bathurst preferred to spell it, Buonaparte. Thus, throughout the journey, the officers of the NORTHUMBERLAND remained covered in his presence, but neither they nor the admiral could refrain from showing him some of the consideration due to his rank and fame.

* * *

ADMIRAL Cockburn conducted him to the after-cabin, where he presented to him Captain Ross of the NORTHUMBERLAND and his principal officers, Colonel George Bingham of the 53rd Regiment—soon to be promoted to brigadier-general and placed in command of the garrison at St. Helena—and two members of Parliament, Lord Lowther and Mr. Lyttelton. The latter, who spoke French fluently, had a long conversation with Napoleon. Before the ship hove anchor, those of Napoleon's followers who were remaining behind were permitted to pay him another visit. Among them was Captain Piontkowski, a Polish officer who had been with him at Elba and now begged permission to accompany him to St. Helena. When Napoleon told him that he was helpless in the matter, he turned to Lord Keith and, with tears coursing down his cheeks, offered to go as a domestic if he could not do so as an officer.

The decision that Napoleon should bear the title of general was to result in endless complications. Throughout his exile he was to refuse to receive any communication addressed to "General Bonaparte". He was willing to assume an incognito and be kown as Colonel Muiron or as Baron Duroc (from the names of two heroic officers of his who had died in battle), but the British decision to reduce him to the rank of general he considered an insult to the people of France who had twice conferred imperial rank upon him by plebiscite. "The throne of France was granted before to Hugues Capet by a few bishops and nobles," he said to O'Meara at St. Helena. "The Imperial throne was given to me by the desire of the people, whose wishes were three times verified in a solemn manner. The Pope crossed the Alps to crown and anoint me." At another time he said: "I did not usurp the crown, I picked it up out of the gutter; the people placed it on my head; let their acts be respected."

* * *

WHAT manner of men and women were they who were to accompany Napoleon to his grim island prison in the Atlantic?

Count Henri Gratien Bertrand deserves first mention. Of him an English officer, Dr. Walter Henry, assistant-surgeon of the 66th regiment stationed at St. Helena, has written: "I believe Marshal Bertrand was the most honest and honourable man of the Longwood establishment, perhaps of the whole court of Napoleon." Bertrand, who had been with Napoleon on the island of Elba, was forty-two when he decided to accompany him to St. Helena. He was of medium height, sparely built and balding. He had taken part in the campaigns in Italy, Egypt, Germany and Russia, usually in charge of engineers.

He became brigadier-general at the age of twenty-seven, then, successively, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, divisional general, commander in chief of engineers with the army in Germany. In 1808 he became count of the Empire and three years later governor-general of Illyria. While capable and resourceful as an engineer, he was reputed to have been but an indifferent general. He came by the title of marshal through his appointment, in the fall of 1813, as grand marshal of the palace, an office not requiring military talent. Of the genuineness of his devotion to Napoleon there can be no doubt, yet it should be noted that he, too, had been proscribed by the Bourbons, a circumstance Lord Keith had chosen to overlook. In May, 1816, he was condemned to death *in absentia*. Had he not gone to St. Helena he would have had to live abroad until the political atmosphere had cleared in France. He apparently realised this, for he had taken the precaution to transfer his not inconsiderable fortune to England.

Napoleon's opinion of Bertrand varied with the mood he was in. At one time he said: "The name of Bertrand is linked with mine; as long as I live, he will live." At another time he referred to him as "the best military engineer in Europe", but on several occasions he called him a "nincompoop" and once declared that he had come to St. Helena not on account of any de- votion to him, but because otherwise he w have shared the fate of Labedoyere and executed by the Bourbons.

Countess Francoise Elizabeth Bert whose maiden name was Fanny Dillon, wa daughter of General Arthur Dillon—scion English lord of Irish extraction who had a ed French nationality—and of a Creole related to the Empress Josephine. Her f had been executed during the Revolution she had spent a part of her childhood with r tives in England and hence spoke English ently. At the time of her departure for St lena she was thirty and the mother of children. She was tall and graceful, golden-blond hair that contrasted with her dark eyes. She could, when she be exceedingly charming, but, disliking Ma de Montholon, she feuded with her from beginning.

Napoleon had been very generous t Bertrands at the time of their wedding. He presented them with an estate and with half a million francs in money and valu When Bertrand had been governor-gene Illyria, and later at the Tuileries, they ha ed in grand style. Fanny had been dissati at Elba, and the idea of living on a rock i Atlantic filled her with horror. Not only she tried to get Maitland to intervene wi British government to prevent her hu from going, but she had written to L Bathurst, asking for his aid in the matter. F ly she had extracted a promise from Bert that they would remain on the island o year, and but for his condemnation by court-martial he might have kept that pro

The Bertrand's three children were N leon, seven; Hortense, five; and Henri, thre boy whom they named Arthur, after his g father, was born to them at St. Helena, in J ary, 1817. Napoleon was fond of childre was never happier than when playing wi Bertrand brood. They amused him and he ed them, pinching their ears and noses, he was in the habit of doing even with a when in a good humour.

* * *

CHARLES Tristan, Marquis de Monoth and Comte de Lee, was the son of a co of dragoons, chief huntsman of the Duc de vence who was to become Louis XVIII, Ki France. His father died when he was five years later his mother married de Semo an astute and influential politician and co lor of the Parliament. When Montholon nine, his stepfather was appointed ambas to Turkey and journeyed to Constantinop way of Corsica, taking the boy with hi Ajaccio they became acquainted with the B partes. Montholon has claimed that he live a time with the Bonaparte family, that N leon's brother Lucien taught him Latin Napoleon himself, home on leave from French army, gave him lessons in mathem This, as many another statement made by is of doubtful verecity.

Montholon was thirty-two when he a panied Napoleon to St. Helena. He was of dium height, handsome and well-proport His manners were courtly and he had a flow of speech. It has been said of him t was more of a diplomat than a general and was more of a courtier than a diplomat. He was, how

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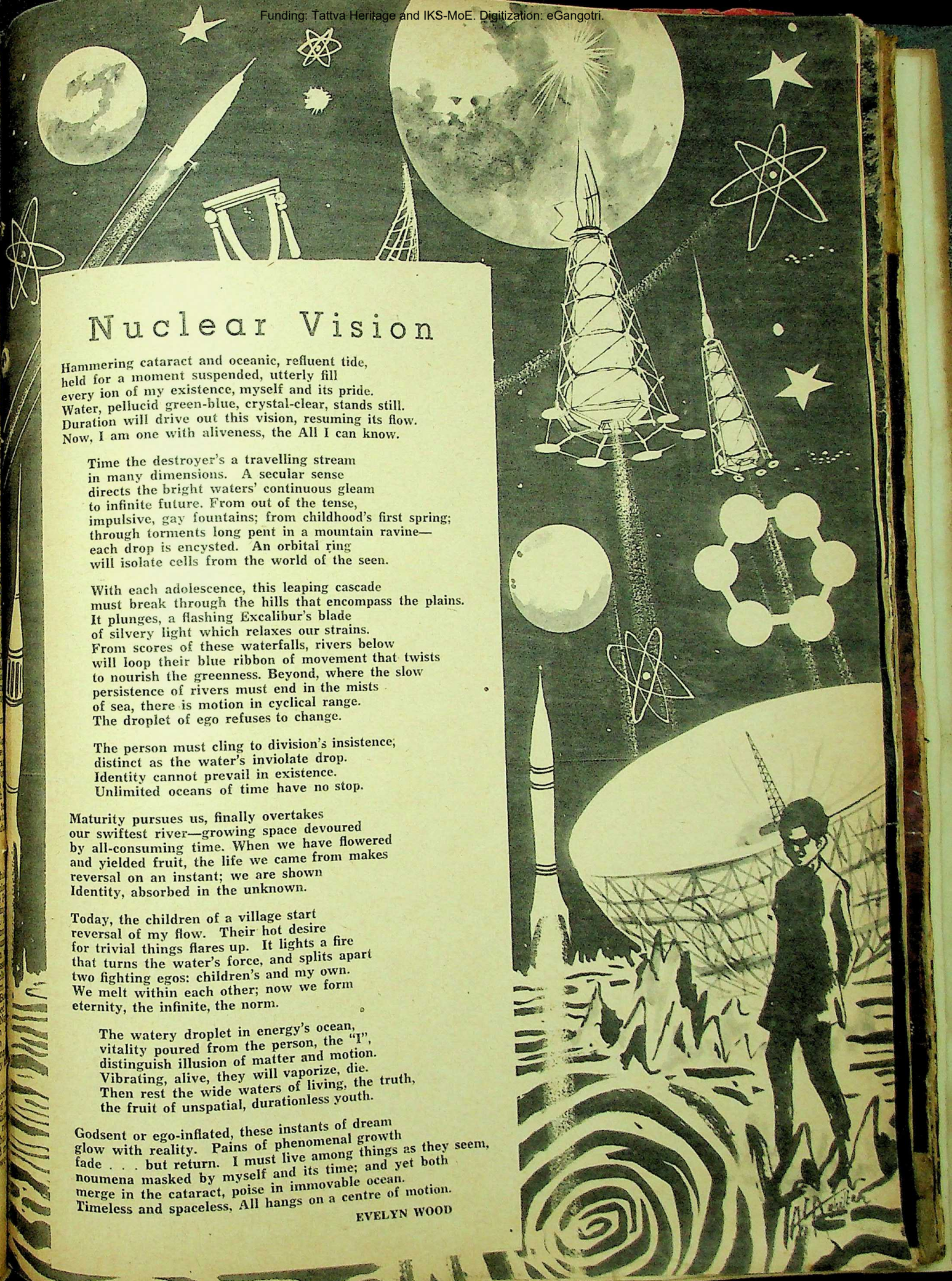


Nuclear Vision

Hammering cataract and oceanic, refluent tide,
held for a moment suspended, utterly fill
every ion of my existence, myself and its pride.
Water, pellucid green-blue, crystal-clear, stands still.
Duration will drive out this vision, resuming its flow.
Now, I am one with aliveness, the All I can know.

Time the destroyer's a travelling stream
in many dimensions. A secular sense
directs the bright waters' continuous gleam
to infinite future. From out of the tense,
impulsive, gay fountains; from childhood's first spring;
through torments long pent in a mountain ravine—
each drop is encysted. An orbital ring
will isolate cells from the world of the seen.

With each adolescence, this leaping cascade
must break through the hills that encompass the plains.
It plunges, a flashing Excalibur's blade
of silvery light which relaxes our strains.
From scores of these waterfalls, rivers below
will loop their blue ribbon of movement that twists
to nourish the greenness. Beyond, where the slow
persistence of rivers must end in the mists
of sea, there is motion in cyclical range.
The droplet of ego refuses to change.

The person must cling to division's insistence;
distinct as the water's inviolate drop.
Identity cannot prevail in existence.
Unlimited oceans of time have no stop.

Maturity pursues us, finally overtakes
our swiftest river—growing space devoured
by all-consuming time. When we have flowered
and yielded fruit, the life we came from makes
reversal on an instant; we are shown
Identity, absorbed in the unknown.

Today, the children of a village start
reversal of my flow. Their hot desire
for trivial things flares up. It lights a fire
that turns the water's force, and splits apart
two fighting egos: children's and my own.
We melt within each other; now we form
eternity, the infinite, the norm.

The watery droplet in energy's ocean,
vitality poured from the person, the "I",
distinguish illusion of matter and motion.
Vibrating, alive, they will vaporize, die.
Then rest the wide waters of living, the truth,
the fruit of unspatial, durationless youth.

Godsent or ego-inflated, these instants of dream
glow with reality. Pains of phenomenal growth
fade . . . but return. I must live among things as they seem,
noumena masked by myself and its time; and yet both
merge in the cataract, poise in immovable ocean.
Timeless and spaceless, All hangs on a centre of motion.

EVELYN WOOD

RUINS OF THE FORT built by Malik Fakhruddin, an early ruler of Herat.

Herat: ANCIENT BASTION OF THE ORIENT

ONE fine day in June. while sitting in our garden sipping tea (the favourite beverage of Afghanistan) and admiring our first blooms, my husband casually remarked, "This would be a nice time to visit Herat!"

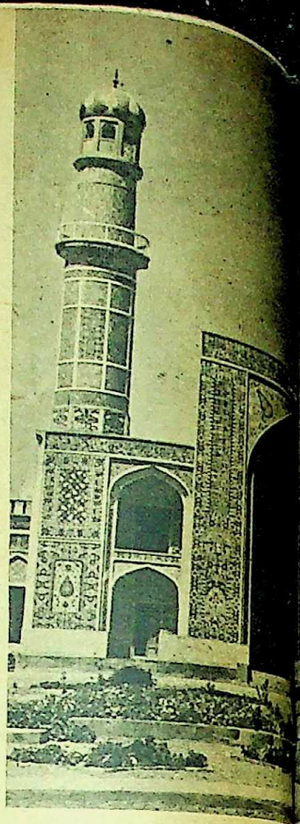
"When shall we go?" I promptly asked, giving him no time to think or retract his statement. Then hustle, bustle and excited preparations—and within a few days we were ready to start.

A borrowed station wagon carried us nobly over the difficult terrain from Kabul to Herat. To complicate matters, the heavy spring rains—combined with the melting snows from the mountains—had put out of commission practically every bridge beyond Kandahar. It was an arduous trip, but most interesting. The countryside unrolled before us in an ever-varying design—flat plains, grassy hills and torrents merged into scrub desert, which stretched out again into lush fields, with towering hills always in the distance. Finally we reached the beautiful straight highway leading us to our destination.

Herat, that ancient city of the Orient, lay before us as we passed the bridge over the wide, slow-flowing Hari-Rud. This, I reflected as I gazed eagerly around me, was the city whose history went as far back as that early book of the Aryans, the *Zend Avesta*, composed between 1000 and 500 B.C. This was where Alexander the Great, in 329 B.C., built Alexandria Aria as a bastion to help his advance into Asia. The same city had later been the flourishing capital of many a fabled dynasty, including the Timurids, under one of whom, Shah Rukh, Herat had reached its zenith of art and culture.

Later we went to see some of the city's superb monuments, braving the "120 days' dust-storm". This rather fearsome name is given to the hot summer winds which blow in great strength at midday, carrying a fine dust that penetrates every barricade put up against it. Starting out on our sightseeing trip we first went to the northern outskirts of the city, where stood in isolation the lovely Green Dome and the slender, crumbling minarets of Mussala. In these one sees typical examples of Timurid architecture, decorated with enamelled tile-work and inscriptions of the period. These, as well as a *madrassah* (religious school) and a mosque which have fallen into ruin, are attributed to Gawhar Shad, queen of Shah Rukh.

Driving further, this time to the north-east, we came to Gazergah—a garden that contains the mausoleums of many princes and the tomb of the great poet, Khaja Abdullah Ansar, as well as a sanctuary which, in the true sense of the word, houses refugees from life's vicissitudes. Old men and



mendicants, the disabled a the homeless, all find shel here. One comes across many architectural masterpiece, a also that incredibly intric piece of sculpture known as *"Sang-e-haft Kalam"* (t Stone of Seven Writings). O the face of one block of ston an inscription has been carv on seven different levels form a perfectly blended d sign!

THE MIR SAHIB

To bring us back from th lore of the past to the learni and graciousness of the prese was the wise Mir Sahib of Ga ergah, a spiritual leader of h people and a charming old ge tleman with a youthful fac sparkling eyes and a whi beard. His was an unfo gettable personality. He ente tained us to tea and his conve sation was scintillating, spice with humour. Without hesit tion he answered our ma questions, serious and frivolou We came away refreshed me tally and physically.

We next visited the famou mosque of Herat, the Masjid-e Ja'me, said to have been bu around A.D. 1200 by Sultan Mo hammed Ghori. It was indee a thing of beauty! It shimmers in the morning sun in a wealt of colour, the intricately work ed, inlaid tiles glowing lik jewels. The graceful arches im parted an even greater sense o spaciousness to the huge court yard. Many a time had thi building undergone restoration Even at the time we saw it, a new entrance was being erected —infinite, painstaking care go ing into the production of eac and every tile in order t

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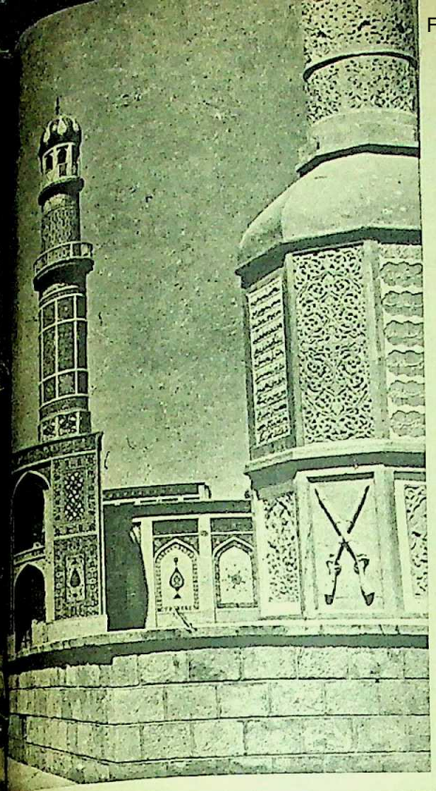
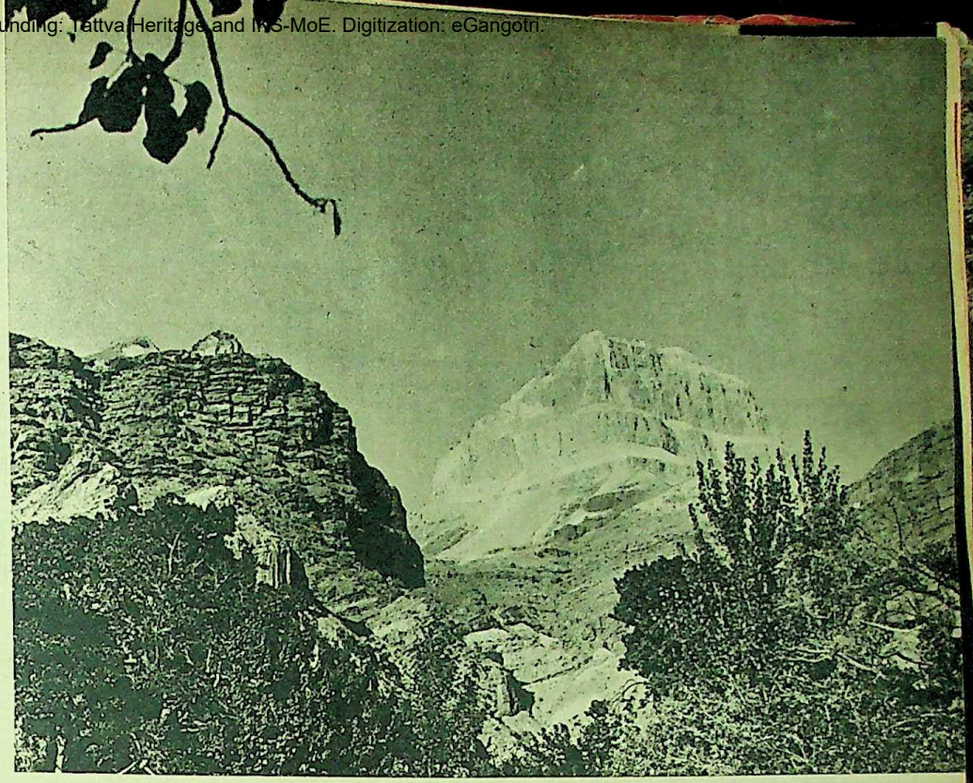




A RECENT ADDITION to the Masjid-e-Ja'me is this front entrance. The construction has been carried out with meticulous care to preserve the unity of form and colour of the ancient structure.

The mosque covers a total area of about 55,000 square yards and has 444 elegant minarets. Right: The cliffs of the Sabzak Mountains in Herat Province present a majestic sight.

preserve the unity of colour and design.

Herat had reached her peak of art and culture some five to six hundred years ago, when artists and poets flourished in this city and beautified it with every means at their disposal: architecture, mosaics, stone carving, painting and calligraphy. It had been a prosperous city with lovely gardens, mosques, libraries and religious schools, well worthy of the capital of a kingdom. As the empire-making epoch came to an end, Herat gradually turned into a sprawling centre of commerce—the western gate of trade into Afghanistan.

The city has long been famous for its indigenous silks. *Kanaviz* is the best known variety and comes in its natural colour of "off-white", as well as in bright scarlet, vivid green and royal purple. It is much sought after for traditional bridal clothes, while city women find its somewhat stiff, organdie-like texture and glowing colour attractive. Alongside the bright silk shops are the sombre establishments devoted to the sale of the equally famous felts of Herat. Among these heavy fabrics are *barak*, *kakma* and *kurk*. The first is used mainly for overcoats and jackets, while the other two are of finer quality. The *kurk*, particularly, is a speciality of Herat—a brown material with grey and white stripes.

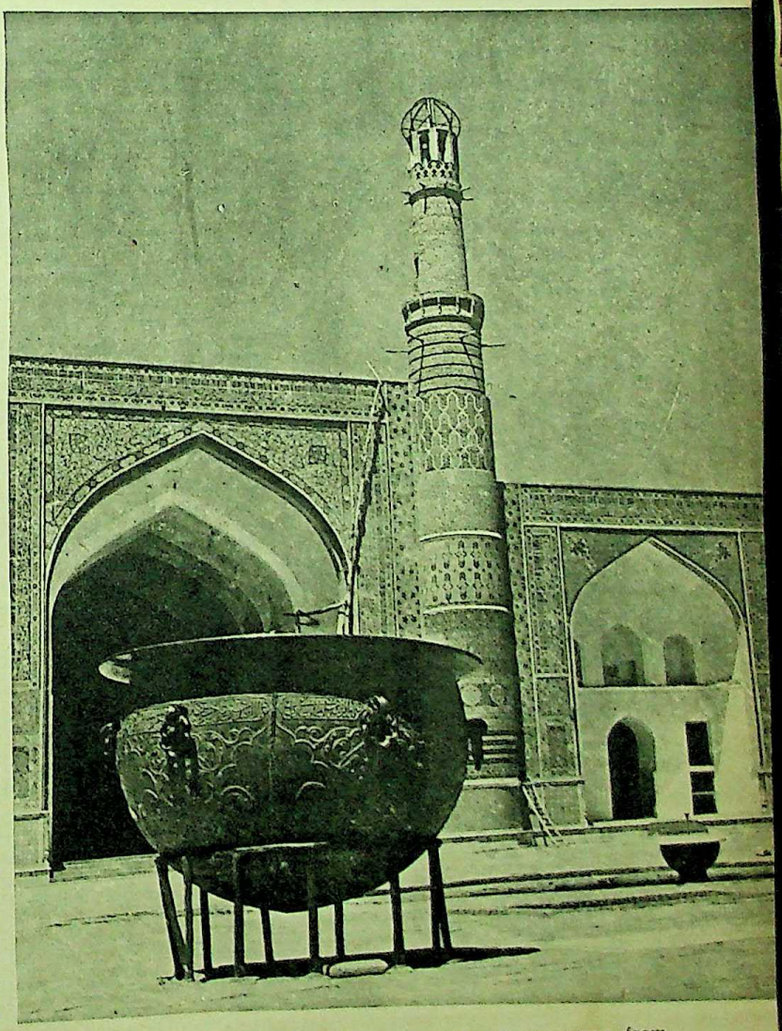
So far, handicrafts have been the main items of trade here, but now the city is growing fast and all the modern symbols of business and industry are in evidence: commercial firms, co-operatives, banks and other organisations.

The provincial governors have also begun to take an interest in beautifying the city again. Wide, paved roads, modern buildings and cinema houses have been constructed. The one girls' school in existence is still something of a makeshift affair though it has now more than six hundred pupils. A number of rest houses set in beautiful gardens have been built in various localities on the outskirts of the city.

AFGHAN HOSPITALITY

Though modern Herat is a city of merchants, the traditional hospitality of the Afghans still prevails. For us an invitation to dinner did not mean lamb chops or steak at the home of our host, the Governor. It included nothing less than *"katta pilau"* (a whole roast lamb smothered in *pilau* and studded with raisins and nuts). Then came vegetables, salad, chicken, *ash* (a type of Afghan ravioli) and yoghurt (curds). A delicious dessert prepared from rice, milk and sugar, subtly flavoured with exotic spices, was followed by a variety of luscious fruits, and, to give the repast an international flavour, a *demi-tasse* of coffee. It was really an occasion to remember!

PRITA K. SHALIZI



A MASSIVE IRON BOWL, in the court of the great mosque, from which food was distributed to the poor in the days of the old sultans. (Photographs by A. S. Asifi)

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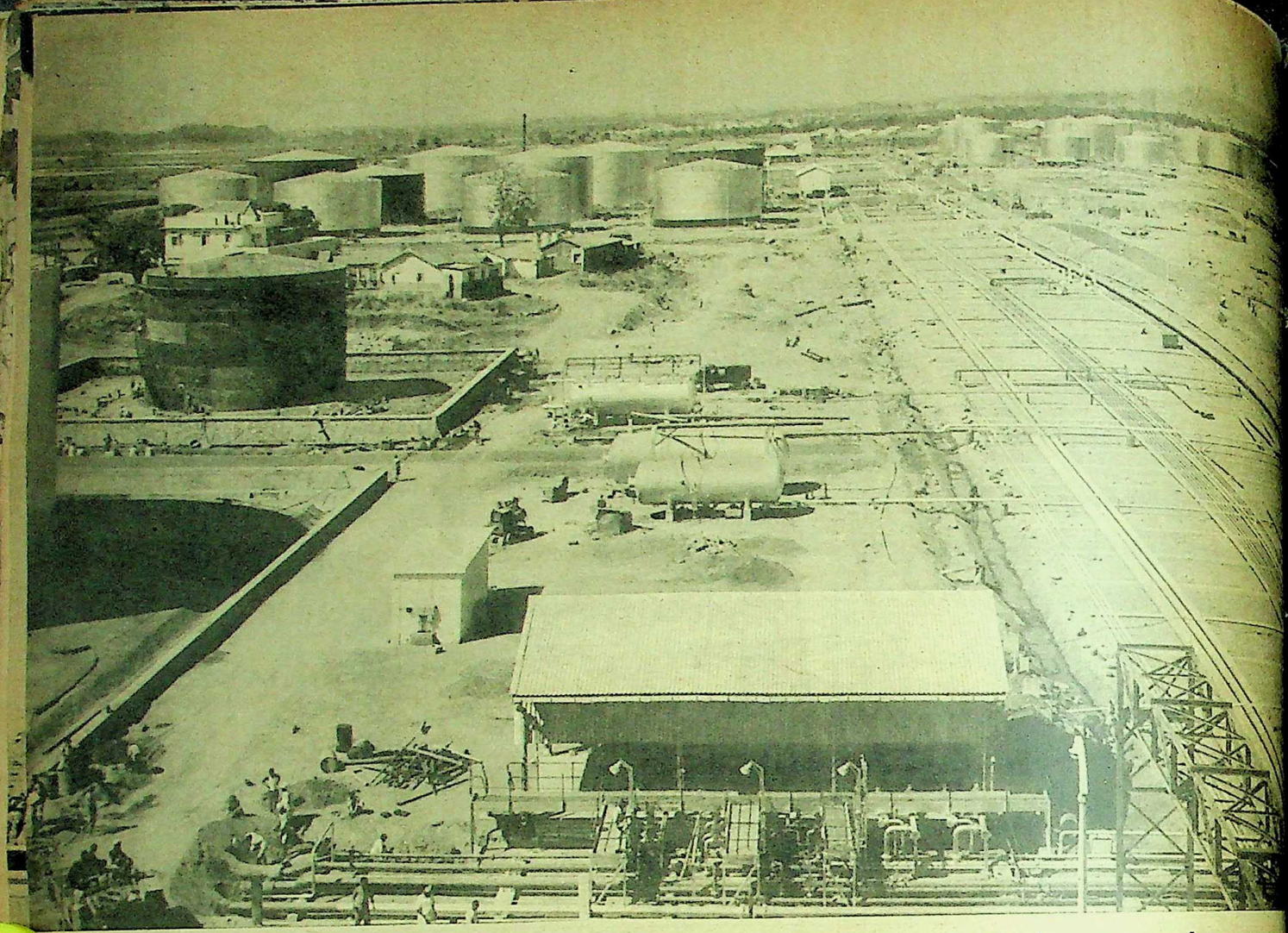

What Should Be Our Oil Policy

NEARLY 50% of the energy used in the world comes from oil and natural gas. The development of modern means of transport such as automobiles, aeroplanes, diesel locomotives, and some types of ocean-going vessels is due to oil. Modern agricultural machinery, such as tractors, harvesters and combines, and earth-moving equipment of the bulldozer, dragline and shovel type are powered and lubricated by it. Diesel power plants, both mobile and stationary, are extensively used for lighting townships, running factories, and in various mining operations. Apart from a variety of lubricants, there are a number of products obtained from oil, including many kinds of mineral waxes, greases, nitro-paraffins and also synthetic rubber.

Like iron and steel, the consumption of oil is an index of the technical advancement of a nation. The demand for diesel fuels, gasoline and lubricants gives an idea of its industrial capacity and of the intensity of its transportation.

Whether production can keep pace with the rapidly increasing demand for oil is an important question. The increasing role of oil in industrial development and its vital significance in war have often been the cause of international tension. The world's potential demand is higher than the actual consumption. Many countries have thought it better to curtail consumption for economic, financial or political reasons. But the potential demand has proved an incentive and that has been responsible for the remarkable rise in production during the last 50 years.

Oil policies differ with nations, depending upon such factors as reserves, techniques used in development and utilisation, requirements of industry, transport, agriculture and defence. Even countries with adequate oil reserves are taking steps towards conservation, and towards the manufacture of synthetic oil from coal and wood to meet national emergencies.

MAIN OBJECTIVES

An effective national oil policy should incorporate the following objectives:

(1) Adequate supplies of petroleum both in peace and in war must be assured;

(2) A necessary contribution towards the expansion of trade and industrial activity at home and abroad should be guaranteed by encouraging nationals to develop domestic as well as foreign oil resources;

(3) The oil industry should m... its utmost contribution to the ex... sion of a nation's economy and to ... raising of its standards of living, ... viding suitable and stable employm... at fair wage levels;

(4) Supplies of essential m... rials to all industrial units, in p... as well as in war, must be assure...

(5) In keeping with the poli... and economic set-up of the cou... concerned, relations between the g... ernment and industry, the state ... the individual, should be properly ... cordially maintained. The same sh... apply to relations with other nati...

In order to attain these objectives ... national oil policy should lay down ... that are flexible enough to keep pace ... the new conditions resulting from eco... mic change, scientific and technolog... progress and possible national emer... cies.

The following principles form ... basis of a sound national oil policy. ... best the public interest can be se... should be the main objective. In the ... industry, initiative, ingenuity and en... prise are required in all phases

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Perspective

(by KRISHNA SINGH)

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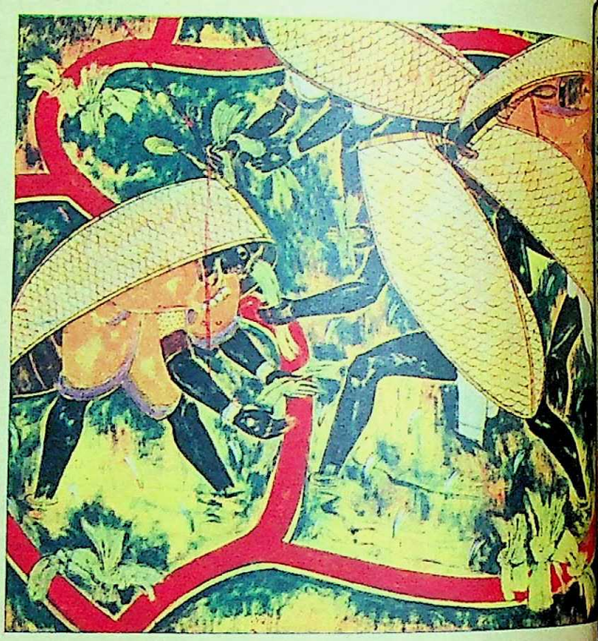
MOTHER AND CHILD — A. Paidi Raju

SCATTERED PETALS — Sheila Auden



FARMING — A. A. Almelkar

Folk Tradition And Modern Art

by A. S. RAMAN

ONE of the most virile forms that modern art in India has assumed has its root not in the ubiquitous Ecole de Paris, but in our fertile, though neglected, folk art tradition. Credit goes to that master-craftsman Jamini Roy, whose immaculate compositions in the style of the Bengal Pats were first made known to a large, receptive public by the souvenir-hunting GIs stationed in Calcutta during the war. The fabulous world of colour and fantasy revealed by Roy's fluent, exciting brushwork had an instant impact on international connoisseurship with the result that today, in India, there is no artist as well known abroad as Roy. Apparently success has come to this great virtuoso far too easily. For his work, considered as a whole, has little artistic significance. He has always subordinated his creative genius to his superb craftsmanship. While, thus, he has always remained peerless on the technical plane, many of our younger artists seem to have gone far ahead of him in their visual adventures. But being one of the major pioneers, he has an honoured place in any survey of modern art in India, particularly in the context of its neo-primitive phase. He has been the main inspiration behind all our current revivalist activity in the field of village crafts. If our younger artists today seek a modern idiom embedded in tradition, it is because of the possibilities suggested by his early work from which, however, his latest compositions are hard to tell. His contribution to modern Indian art consists in his sound appraisal of the potentialities of the folk art idioms as valid, adequate media for the Indian artist who has nothing but contempt for the post-impressionist, even anti-impressionist, cliches, but, at the same time, has the genuine urge to express himself in a manner acceptable to contemporary taste and sensibility. Roy has successfully demonstrated the fact that the modernist need not necessarily look up to Paris for his inspiration. There is enough material in his own country to sustain a living avant-garde movement. What matters is not merely the artist's determination to express himself in the modern idiom, but his equipment and integrity which are essential to any creative endeavour. Mere resoluteness unsupported by the technical resourcefulness and intellectual exclusiveness will only make one foolhardy.

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Sheila Auden

A. A. Almelkar

Art

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WOODEN TOY — *M. F. Husain*

VILLAGERS — *Rasik Raval*

Among our "neo-primitives", possibly the best known, after Jamini Roy, is Sheila Auden, now resident in London. She has assimilated a diversity of Bengal folk art forms under the direct guidance of Jamini Roy. Alpona, Kanthas, Pats, toys, dolls, scrolls and a number of other village crafts which add to the peculiar charm of Bengal have inspired her vision and under their impact she has produced her finest work. Sheila Auden has been our best woman artist since Amrita Sher-Gil, and she has been expressing herself so forcefully through the stark, schematic medium of folk art. Her work has all the simplicity and directness one associates with compositions by her master and mentor, Jamini Roy. And in addition she invests her delightful paintings and drawings with one quality which her guru may envy—warmth. Her figures having been stylized are symbolic, but human. They are gay, lively and graceful, unlike those created by the cold, cynical Jamini Roy.

Among the most earnest exponents of "neo-primitivism" are such gifted artists as K. Sreenivasulu, P. L. Narasimha Murthi, A. Paidi Raju, K. Rajiah and M. Rajaji—all followers of the Andhra tradition. After Bengal, Andhra Pradesh seems to provide the richest material for those who seek to express themselves in a traditional idiom without, at the same time, sounding stale or hackneyed. Their work reveals their insight and imagination which are all the more significant in view of the limitations under which they have chosen to work.

M. F. Husain, strictly speaking, belongs to that fraternity of modernists who draw their inspiration from the post-impressionists. But in some of his representative work

COMPOSITION — *K. Sreenivasulu*

(Please Turn Over)

Folk Tradition In Indian Art

(Continued)

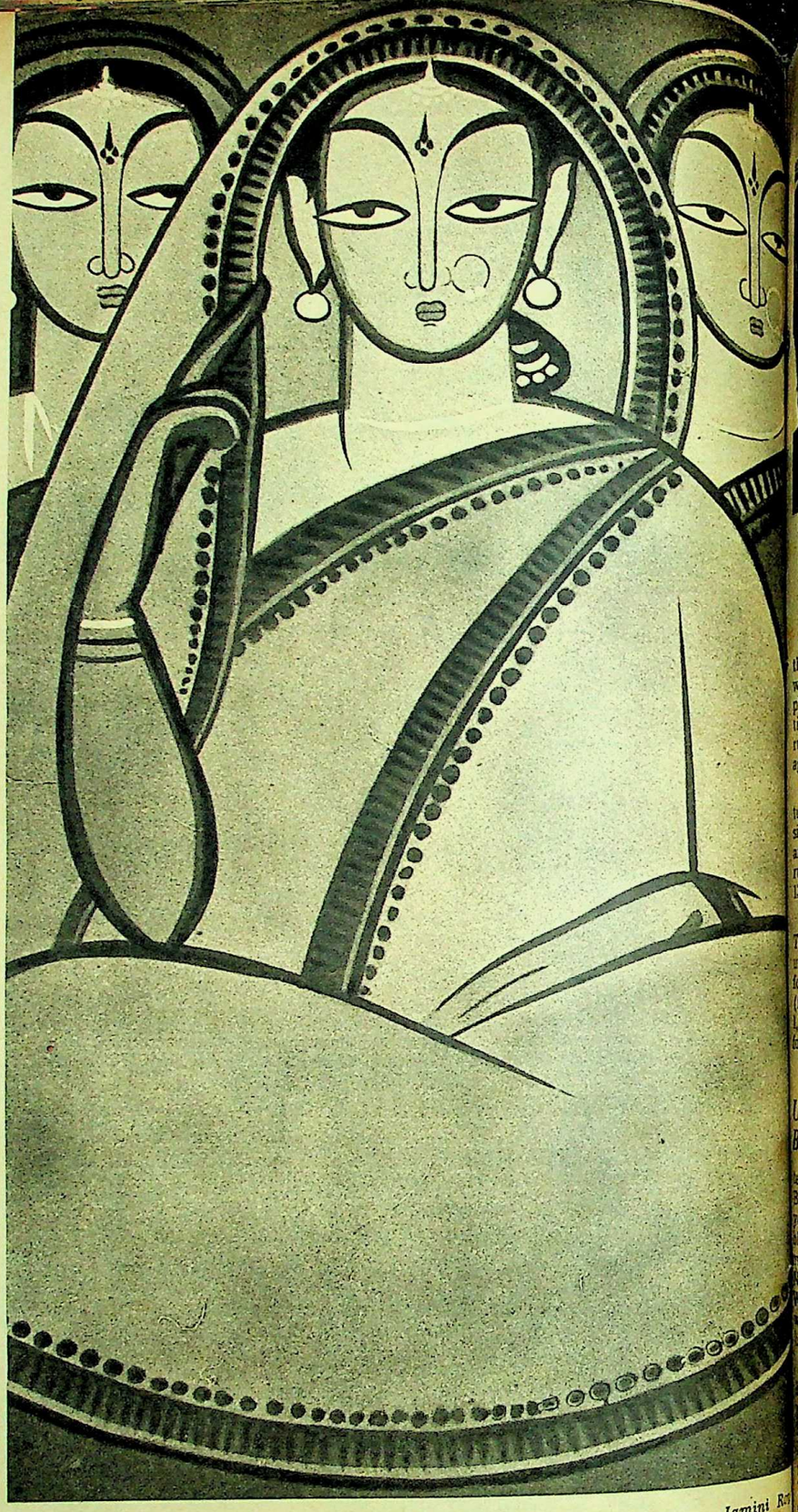
he hardly conceals his feeling for and understanding of the simple, sturdy repertoire of idioms and images on which the village craftsman draws so freely and so passionately. Among the most endearing works of Husain are his wooden toys which have a naive charm and refinement all their own.

Rasik Raval's artistic lineage goes farther back than that of any other painter in India. In fact, it is even older than that of the village craftsman. For it is prehistoric. His thin, vibrant lines enclosing emotively elongated figures—erect though emaciated, dignified though distorted, elegant though overstylized—immediately remind us of the cave drawings dating from the earliest of times. Of course, these are but a faint echo of something that can never be recreated in all its natural grandeur. What was the caveman's way of life has become, with Raval, stock-in-trade. But he is unique in the sense that he imitates no master or school, and no one can imitate him. He is more distinctive and individualistic than most of his colleagues. That is why either one likes his essays in neo-primitivism or does not. The question of one's coming to terms with them, therefore, does not arise.

THE REAL CHALLENGE

A. A. Almelkar's sense of decorative pattern is an eloquent proof of what he owes to folk art, though his stylized, sophisticated delineation of the human figure and the drapery bears the imprint of the Deccani miniatures. He has a genius for reducing, like the village craftsman, every composition to a decorative pattern, and for imparting to it a vigour and vitality which makes the work of most of our expressionist painters look insipid and anaemic.

Among the other modernists who have been consistently successful in the folk tradition, Devayani Krishna, Abani Sen and Badri Narayan deserve special mention. Modern art in India has been mostly derivative because of its dependence on the Ecole de Paris without the latter's intellectual base. That is why it has been of no significance judged in the context of the developments in the art world since the sixties of the last century. It has no future at all, unless it says something new and enduring in a language understood all over the world. This is of course not possible at all, if our so-called modernists continue to produce something that can only amuse the Westerner and annoy the Indian. Few countries provide richer raw material than India—even in the field of modern art. If the modernist is really what he claims to be—an a turer, an explorer—he has a virgin tory in India—particularly in her villages—the number is dwindling because of hasty urbanization. It that the craftsman—be he potter ver, metal-caster or woodcarver—w a traditional medium in a traditiona ner and yet expresses himself more and asserts his individuality more than any modernist.



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Udaykumar Back Home

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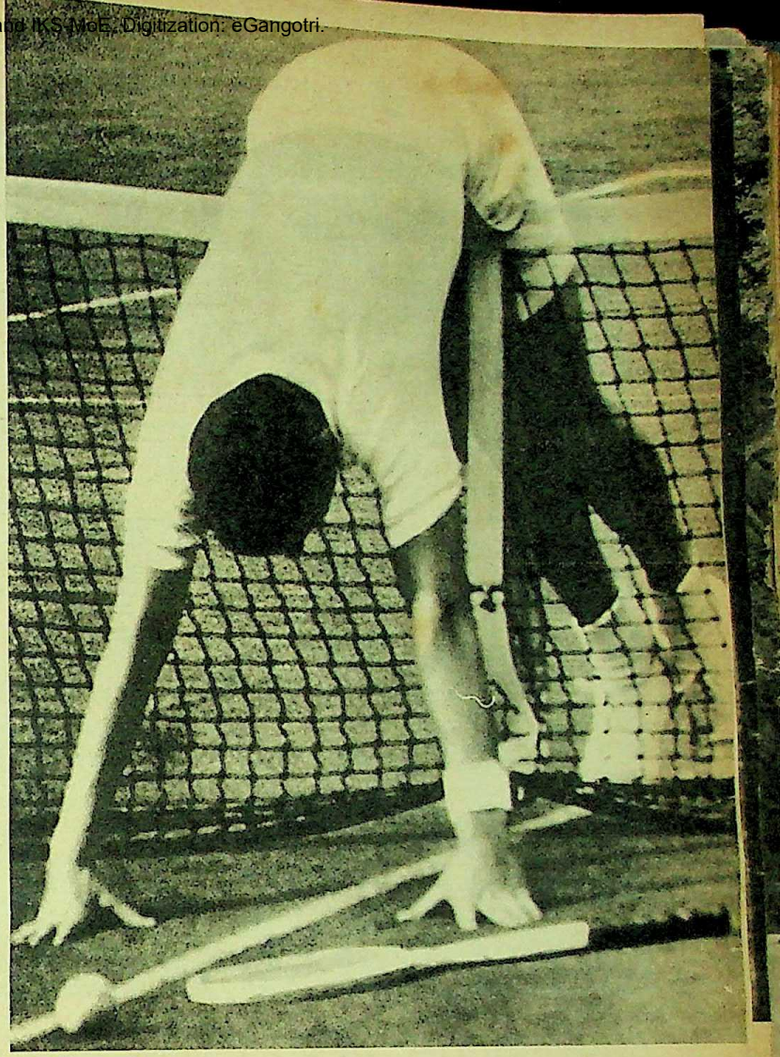
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

WEST ASIAN CHESS. India's No. 1 Manuel Aaron (left) became the West Asian Chess Champion by defeating Mongolia's Suren Mumu in the fourth game of their match at the Corporation Stadium, Madras. One down, Aaron rallied brilliantly to win the next three ties.



NEALE FRASER, the Australian lawn tennis ace, reaches over the net after one of his cannon-ball shots during the American National Tennis Championships at Forest Hills, New York. Fraser was in the process of trouncing Crawford Henry, of the United States, 6-1, 6-1, 6-1.

Occupying second place in the list is J. Burki, of Pakistan, who for Oxford University played 22 innings, was four times not out, and scored 961 runs (highest 144) for an average of 53.38.

The young Nawab of Pataudi turned out both for his university (Cambridge) and Sussex, and in 46 innings made 1,205 runs, with a highest score of 131, for an average of 30.89.

Abbas Ali Baig, the Indian Test cricketer, played for his university (Oxford) and also for Somerset. In 47 innings (four times not out) he made 1,185 runs, including one of 150, for an average of 27.55.

* * *

Udaykumar Back Home

A. J. Udaykumar, one of India's leading tennis internationals, is back home in Bombay after spending 2½ years in the U.K. From Wimbledon to the workaday world may be a far cry! But India's No. 3, who participated in the Wimbledon Championships, was privileged to combine business with sport.

While in Great Britain, Udaykumar underwent a course of practical training in Public Relations. His services were utilised by a leading firm of textile garment manufacturers. The management was appreciative of his sporting talents and allowed him, as a special case, to participate in all British and Continental tournaments.

* * *

India's Sad Loss

The deaths of Harbail Singh and B. N. Ghosh, in an aircrash near Moscow, have left a void in Indian hockey. These outstanding umpires were sent by the Indian Hockey Federation to supervise the hockey championship at the Rome Olympic Games. Later they visited some European countries and, just when they were on the last lap of their tour, they lost their lives in tragic circumstances.

As Mr. Ashwini Kumar, President of the Indian Hockey Federation, put it: "The loss of these individuals will not only be felt by those near and dear to them, but also by thousands of hockey fans and organisers within the country and wherever international hockey is played. In the passing of these stalwarts, India has lost, at a critical juncture when she needed their advice and guidance the most, two of her three Grade I International hockey umpires."

* * *

From Here And There

Britain's Jockey Club has taken an unprecedented step in British racing history by forming its own special investigation bureau to probe the increasing incidence of doping, which threatens to ruin the name of racing. The bureau is headed by former Scotland Yard Chief Detective Superintendent Fred Smith, who is reported to have been engaged at a salary of £100 a week to investigate recent incidents in which certain winners were almost left standing at the post.

* * *

The fourteenth All-India Women's National Hockey Championship will begin at Trivandrum on Saturday, October 22.

* * *

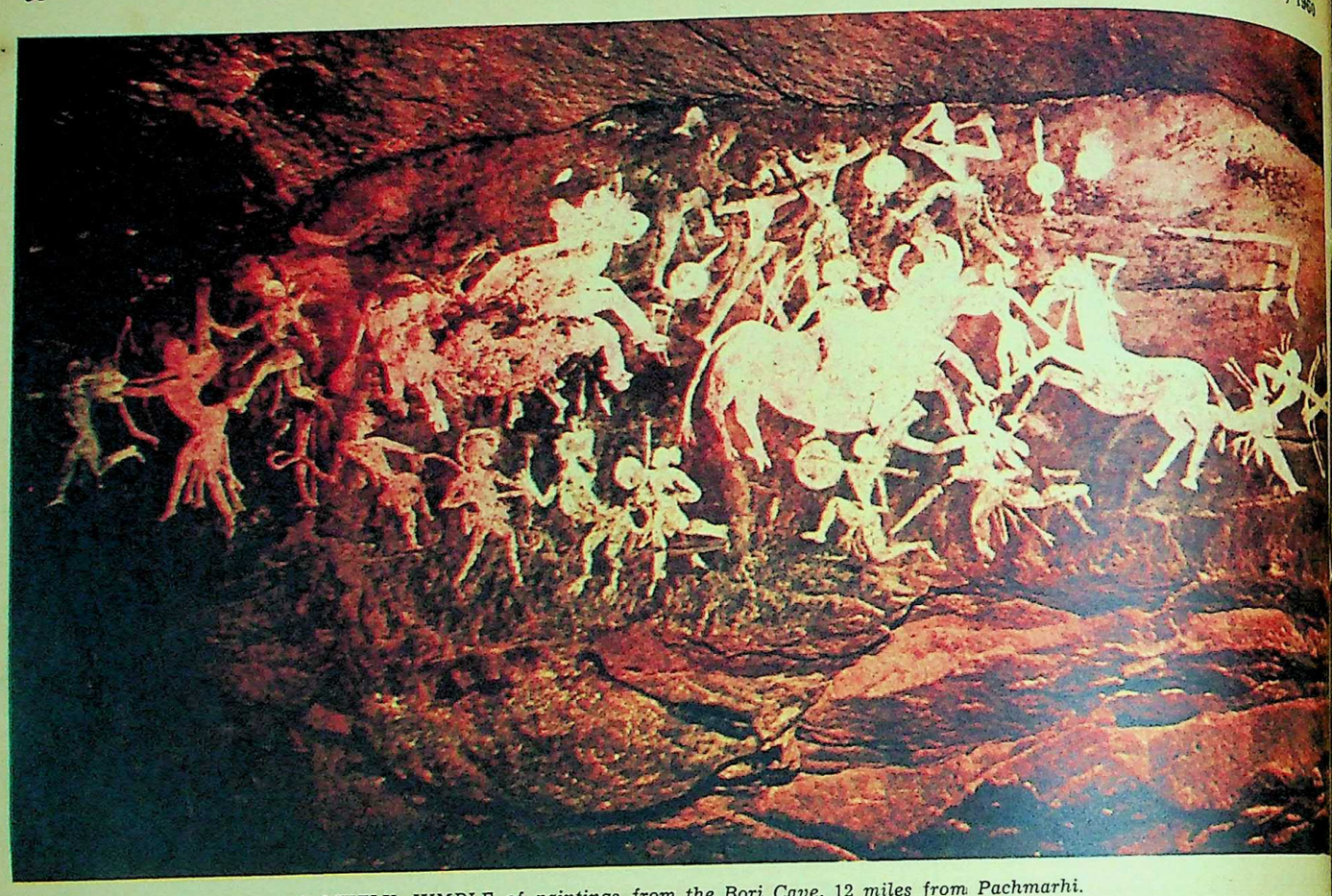
After a police probe, Oluf Jorgensen, Denmark's Olympic bicycle team's coach, has been suspended by the Danish Bicycle Union for doping. His suspension is thought to be the beginning of a full-grade exposure of widespread doping among Danish cyclists.

Doping rumours started after the tragic death of the Danish Olympic rider, Knut Enemark, in Rome.

* * *

Helge Jensen, the 23-year-old Canadian, recently beat the world record for the Channel swim, in either direction, by swimming from England to France in 10 hr. 23 min. He beat the previous England-France record, set by Brazilian lawyer Abilio Couto last year, by 2 hr. 26 min.; and also the France-England record of 10 hr. 50 min. set by Hassan Abd el Rehim, of Egypt.

KOPS AVENGES LAST YEAR'S DEFEAT. Erland Kops, the Danish ace and All-England Champion, avenged his last year's defeat by lowering the colours of Nandu Natekar in the final of the Cricket Club of India Open Badminton Championship in Bombay.



A LIVELY JUMBLE of paintings from the Bori Cave, 12 miles from Pachmarhi.

Rock Paintings Of The Mahadeo Hills

ANCIENT rock paintings have been discovered at a number of places in Central India. The first group to be noticed was at Singanpur in Raigarh district, Madhya Pradesh; later more sites were found in the same region and in various parts of Uttar Pradesh.

But nowhere is the work seen in such variety as in the Mahadeo hills, forming a rugged and beautiful range, with the holiday retreat of Pachmarhi at its centre. These hills are the loftiest points of the great Satpura Range which stretches across Central India. They are formed of soft red sandstone which is extremely susceptible to weathering; and, through the centuries, wind and rain have etched out a maze of peaks and gorges giving the area a certain grandeur.

The many overhanging cliffs, with a narrow shelf at the base, at some unknown time in the past evidently gave shelter to man. Pottery and stone implements have been found on the site, and one notices often small circular holes in the ground which were used for grinding grain. But, above all, the inhabitants left their mark in the form of a mass of paintings on the rock surface.

The shelters with paintings so far discovered number over sixty and stretch in a band some ten miles wide from the Morand river in the west to Tamia (on the road from Nagpur to Pachmarhi) in the east, a distance of 70 miles. The majority of the known shelters are near Pachmarhi, and it is perhaps so because this area has been more thoroughly explored. Since it is quite easy to find new shelters near Pachmarhi and in the less accessible parts of the hills one presumes that there must be hundreds more around.

Considering that the paintings have all along been exposed to the weather (only a very few are in actual caves such as those housing the prehistoric art of Europe) they are surprisingly well preserved. The great majority, being in white, stand out clearly against the pink rock face. Others are in various shades of red and a few in cream or grey. In size they vary from a few inches to about two feet.

There has been no attempt to make the surface even before painting; rather the pictures have been painted indiscriminately wherever the artist found a blank space, often at odd angles and regardless of overall design. And where there was no blank space the paintings have been done so close that often two o

The subjects are almost all animal human figures, sometimes grouped, as battle scenes, but more often unrela The commonest wild animals are the e phant and the sambur, though other tigers, panthers, spotted deer, monk bears, wild boars, porcupines and hare are represented. Among birds one fi peacocks and jungle fowls. There is e a fish and a scorpion, but strangely enou no snake. Oxen and horses are the c domestic animals portrayed; there are goats and dogs, but no cats.

The great majority of the human ures are warriors, carrying bow and arr or sword and shield, so that one's first pression of most of the sketches is mass of small white figures engaged fighting. Other weapons shown are gers, spears and axes; and in one she there is a line of pikemen. Most of the diers are on foot, but some are mount one well-preserved shelter has a v scene with two rival chieftains mounte caparisoned horses advancing towards other and surrounded by their armies a great variety of weapons.

Representations of peaceful occ tions are less common, but there

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

perched on ladders extracting the honey, and bees (represented by dots) buzzing round. There are pictures of men carrying loads but no wheeled vehicles. There are several rows of dancing figures, and in one shelter there is an interesting variety of musical instruments.

When were the paintings made, and by whom? Who were the people who chose to live in these isolated and sometimes well-nigh inaccessible cliffs, and yet depicted a mode of life in some ways far removed from the primitive one to be expected in such surroundings? Battles, such as those depicted here, with mounted and variously equipped soldiers, could hardly have been fought in these jungles on steep slopes.

There are not many clues in the pictures themselves. Very few suggest any religious significance, for instance. There is nothing Buddhist about the paintings, although there are ancient Buddhist rock-hewn caves in Pachmarhi. Nor do the paintings seem to have any connection with the ancient Hindu shrine of Mahadeo, which gives its name to the range.

The local people, mostly Korku and Gond tribesmen, have no traditions which throw light on the paintings. Indeed when questioned they attribute them to the gods.

Archaeologists have not been able to tell us much either. At one time it was thought that the earliest of these paintings might be prehistoric, like examples of palaeolithic cave art in Europe. But this is now thought to be extremely unlikely. It is true that stone implements are found in large numbers in the shelters, but there is no proof that the artists were the people who used them. And even the earliest paintings show metal-tipped arrows and spears. Perhaps the explanation is that metal was scarce in Central India long after its use was known, and that stone implements therefore continued to be used alongside metal for many centuries.

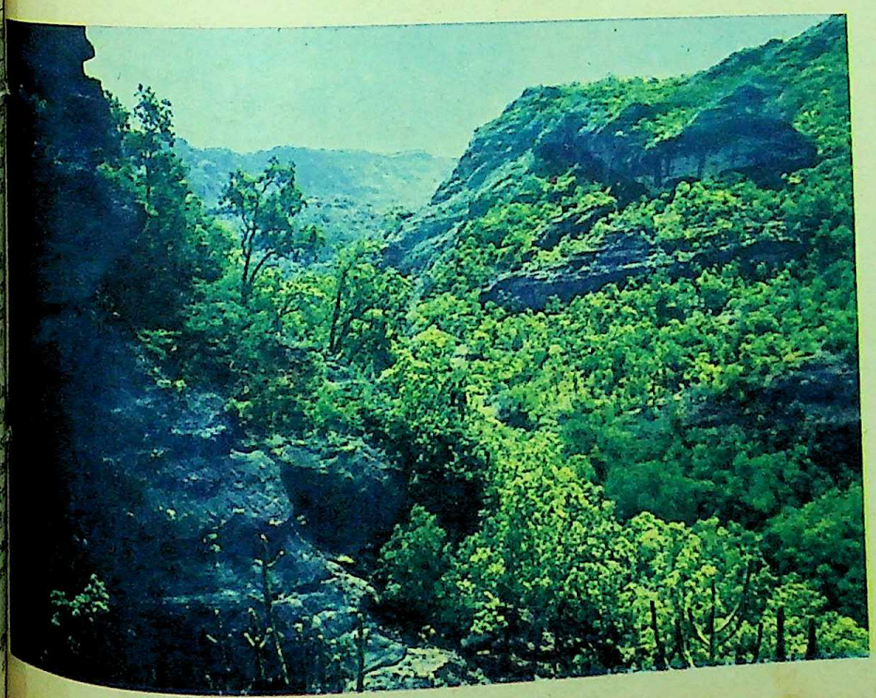
HUMAN FIGURES with a spotted animal. (Photographs: Eric Robertson, 2; Sol Resnick, 1)

The only thorough study of the paintings made so far is by Col. D. H. Gordon, who lived in Pachmarhi before the war. He recorded hundreds of the paintings and discovered that there were a number of distinct styles, and that where one overlapped another it was always in the same order. On this basis he was able to classify the paintings into a number of series. Moreover he found that the subject-matter corresponded to a large extent with the differences in style. The earliest series represented a simple and primitive hunting folk. They show many wild animals but no tame ones. Another interesting point in the early series is that humans are often shown with animal heads—perhaps animal masks worn in magic rites.

The later paintings, which are the ones to have survived in far greater numbers and variety, show warriors and pastoralists in a much more advanced stage of culture. And for dating them the clothes and hair-style provide some clues. The dress depicted bears no resemblance to modern Indian wear. The men are depicted in a loin cloth with two curious long tails hanging down—perhaps the legs of animal skins. Women wear a loose blouse and skirt, and often a ribbon or band crossing diagonally from shoulder to waist. Both men and women have long hair made into a large bun and they often wear enormous ear-rings. Col. Gordon found that such clothes and hair-style, as well as the type of weapons depicted, are comparable to those found at Ajanta, Ellora and elsewhere, and he therefore suggested the fifth to tenth centuries A.D. as the date of these paintings. The earliest examples, he suggested, were done around 500 B.C., but some archaeologists now think they may be as early as 1000 B.C.

The most we can say now is that the earlier paintings point to a primitive hunting culture and the later examples to a martial and pastoral people, who perhaps came seasonally to the shelters, either for gathering forest produce or for the shifting type of cultivation which was common in these parts until forbidden by law in recent years. The impression one gathers from the rock paintings is of a gay, simple and independent people, far removed from the sophisticated life depicted in the Ajanta caves (although it was probably contemporary), though not as primitive as the wild surroundings would suggest. And whoever they were their artists were capable of producing pictures of remarkable liveliness and vigour, and sometimes of beauty.

RHONA GHATE



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HILLS

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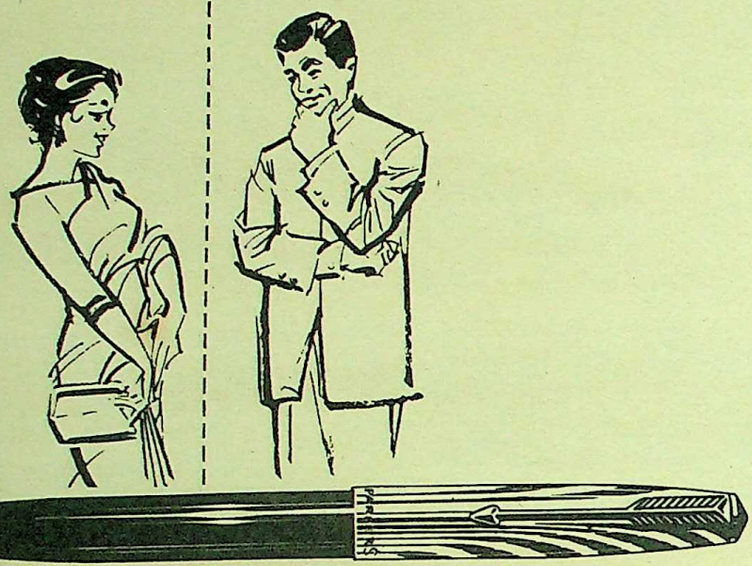

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Forhan's — THE TOOTHPASTE CREATED BY A DENTIST

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

A Hindu Temple In The U.S.S.R.

MORE than 100 years ago in the spring of 1847, the people of one of the largest cities of the Transcaucasus (now Tbilisi, capital of Georgia) witnessed a most extraordinary funeral. When a Brahmin traveller died in the city, the obsequies were carried out according to Hindu rites, following his last request. Commenting on the matter, the Tiflis newspaper, *Caucasus* declared: "The Brahmin was cremated according to Hindu rites and his ashes were thrown into the Kura River so that this river which flows to the Caspian Sea should carry them to the shore of eternal flames..."

What were these eternal flames on the shores of the Caspian?

Ask any Russian schoolboy what the Apsheron Peninsula near the city of Baku, the capital of Soviet Azerbaijan, is famous for and he will unhesitatingly say: "Oil." Oil, however, attracted the attention of people not more than 100 years ago. Prior to that there were only the flames of Apsheron, to make known the region. They were due to the ignited colourless gases which are frequently found where there is oil. The fires of Surakhany also enjoyed fame. The Arabian scholar Masudi wrote about them in the 10th century, and from the 12th century nearly all travellers in Azerbaijan spoke not only about the eternal flames, but of a temple of the fire-worshippers that had been erected at Surakhany. All of them, the Turk Chelebi, the German Kampfer, the Englishman Hanway and the Russian Golitsyn regarded the temple at Surakhany as a holy place of the fire-worshippers and the Hebrews. The same opinion was held by the Russian orientalist Berezin who was sent to Baku to study the temple by the Russian Academy of Sciences.

Berezin was hospitably received by the votaries of the temple and was able to make a thorough examination of the building on the following day when he engaged the priests and pilgrims in conversation. The temple and surrounding structures have been preserved to this day. The temple is built of grey stone on a rectangular base. There is a high archway in each of the four walls. A sacrificial altar stands in the centre of the temple and the roof is topped by a round belfry. Within the temple precincts were twenty-four rooms for the priests and pilgrims. The simple and severe style of the building served to set off that for which the pilgrims had come—the austere beauty of the flames emanating from stone chimneys at the corners.

INDIAN SETTLERS

Berezin's observations proved interesting and his first acquaintance with the inhabitants of the temple produced truly sensational material.

All the inhabitants of the temple as well as the pilgrims were Indians. All of them declared that they had nothing whatever to do with any fire-worshipping cult. They lived ascetic lives. They partook of food very moderately. From the walls of one of the cells, Berezin copied a picture done in green of the Goddess Kali with several pairs of arms. The attention of the savant was caught by the funeral rites. The dead body was cremated in the holy fires. A hearth of stone had been built for this purpose over a pit rich in gas near the temple. The body was anointed with ghee, then placed on the hearth and burned. The votaries of the temple related that the remains of highborn personages from India itself had more than once been sent to Surakhany for cremation. The ashes were subsequently sent back to India.

Berezin also mentioned the inscriptions he found on the walls of the temple and the cells. He thought they were written in Sanskrit, though it later appeared that only some of the prayers had been written in that language. He was able to bring many things to light, particularly the fact that the commonly accepted idea of the temple as a holy place of the Parsis or the Hebrews was erroneous. The main work, however, lay ahead.

SEVERAL inscriptions remain to be translated. When this work is complete it should be possible to trace the history of the temple.

THE SHRINE, as it stands today at Surakhany, Azerbaijan, was erected towards the beginning of the 18th century.

The temple continued to attract the Russian archaeologists for nearly a century. Soon after Berezin, it was visited by the well-known orientalist, Dorn, who managed to obtain a long manuscript from one of the votaries, the text of the *Mahabharata* and several prayers. Fresh articles on the history of the temple appeared in the 1900s and 1920s. Attempts were made to translate some of the inscriptions.

A translation of certain inscriptions made by the Director-General of Archaeology in India on the request of the Azerbaijan scholars was sent to them in 1936. And recently the late Soviet Indologist Vorobyov-Desyatovsky translated and published several additional inscriptions. All these inscriptions are deeds and official documents, some of them written in Gurumukhi and others in Devanagari. The earliest was written at the beginning of the 18th century and the latest in the second half of the 19th. And yet the contents of some of them are obscure. Those of them which are written in Gurmukhi contain the first line of a traditional Sikh prayer, while the Devanagari inscriptions mention the Lord Ganesa. One might conclude from this that the temple was regarded as a sacred place by the members of various religious sects. From these inscriptions and articles, moreover, one may gather a general idea of the history of the temple.

As is known, there was an increase in commerce between the countries of the Transcaucasus and India in the 16th century. More and more merchants and handicraftsmen from India appeared in Shemakh, Baku and other cities of Azerbaijan. It was among them, apparently, that the deification and worship of the fires on Apsheron Peninsula began. Certain structures resembling walls were erected near Surakhany by the Indians as far back as 1683. It was apparently at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century that the temple was re-erected as it stands today. The number of worshippers and votaries varied at different periods. Some sixty to seventy took part in the rites in the 18th and the first half of the 19th century. The ceremonies were usually conducted by Brahmins from India. The number of worshippers began sharply to decline in the second half of the 19th century. The last major ceremony was conducted here in 1850 in the presence of the Russian Czar Alexander II. By 1880 the last of the Brahmins felt so lonely that he left the temple.

A good deal has yet to be learnt about the temple. Not all the inscriptions have been translated. The further research of the Soviet savants and their Indian colleagues will undoubtedly help in establishing the proper historical background.

EDWIN GRANTOVSKY

...Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Our Young Folks' League

A JOURNEY INTO SPACE

My dear Nieces and Nephews,

I have published on our page this week, a very nice photograph of two valiant creatures. All unknown to themselves the dog, Daring, and the little rabbit, Marfoosha, have accomplished what few other living creatures have done—they have returned safely to earth after having been rocketed into interplanetary space.

You must have read a while ago about Able and Baker, the two little monkeys, who travelled in a U.S. rocket and came back safely, though, shortly after, Able died. ("Weekly" June 21).

Why do scientists use these animals for their experiments in space-travel? Is it right to subject dogs, rabbits and monkeys to tests that may be painful and dangerous? These are questions that are being repeatedly asked, not only by animal-lovers all over the world, but—what is more important for me!—by many of you in your letters.

Helpful Friends

Animals are used so that scientists may discover the reaction of living creatures to the unknown elements and forces at work beyond the atmosphere of our earth. If we are ever to travel to the moon, to other planets and, possibly, to other stellar-systems, these are the first steps towards making such space-flights safe for man.

You may still ask, "Is it justified?" My answer is "Yes, it is," even though this may horrify not only you, but a lot of grown-up animal lovers, too!

Why do I have such a seemingly heartless attitude towards our dumb friends? I do not. I love animals and dislike any form of *unnecessary* or *thoughtless* cruelty towards them. But I also realise that in man's quest for knowledge he has often had to seek the help and co-operation of his animal friends.

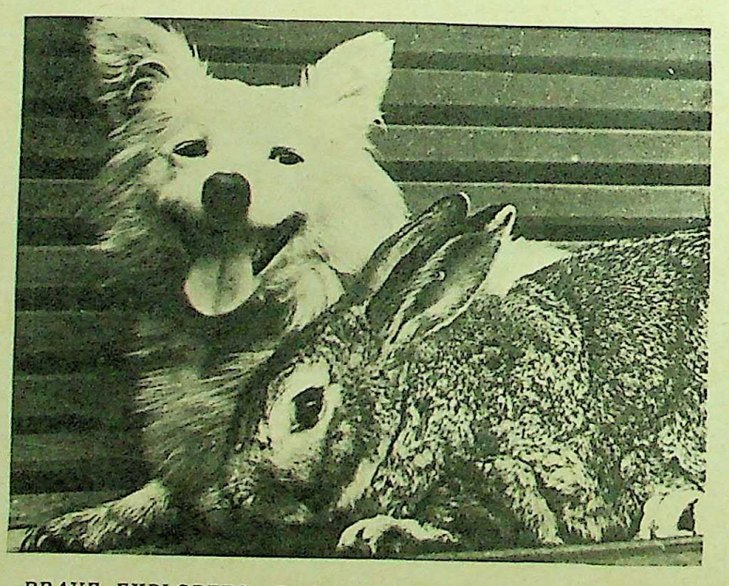
In the past, a disease like small-pox ravaged the cities of Europe as it still tends to in the East. Pasteur's experiments on cows led him to discover a vaccine that could control, fight and finally eradicate the disease. In India if everyone was able to be vaccinated in time, we could get rid of this great scourge, as Europe has done.

Again, skilful operations in surgery save pain and life, but to learn about our internal organs and their workings, men had to dissect and study animals. When doctors in Austria first began animal dissections, their laboratories were smashed and many had to flee for their lives, but they did not give up their search for knowledge.

Today we accept with gratitude the part animals play in our medical laboratories. Now we are realising that they will also share in our quest for other worlds.

Positive Gratitude

Scientists look after their animals with great care and many of them must be deeply attached to their dumb, faithful friends. I have far more respect for them than I do for those of us who ill-treat a horse or donkey or leave maimed, starving and diseased animals to roam the streets. Let us not merely be sentimental and say, "Oh, poor Laika," or "How cruel to let Able die", for at least these animals were serving a useful and important purpose for mankind. Let us rather be grateful for their help and show our gratitude by having an attitude of consideration for all members of their kind, throughout our life.



BRAVE EXPLORERS. Daring, and his little companion, Marfoosha returned safely to earth after their flight into interstellar space, in a Russian rocket. This was Daring's third space-flight.

Results Of Competitions Set On July 12

SENIOR SECTION

(Paint a picture entitled Journey Beyond The Stars).

GROUP A

First Prize (*A Pocket Thesaurus*):—Abdul Patel (Bombay).

Second Prize (*The Good Citizen*):—K. Balan (Salem).

GROUP B

Many entries in this section were excellent. I hope to publish them later.

First Prize (*Jataka Tales*):—Vijay Dahivadkar (Poona).

Second Prize (*Tenzing Of Everest*):—Phillip Butt (Hyderabad).

Special Prizes (*Letters From A Father*):—Binothy Butt (Hyderabad); (*Cradle Tales Of Hinduism*):—M. Daver (Bombay).

Consolation Prizes (Notebooks):—Sunder Thomas (Ankola); S. Prakash (Secunderabad); C. M. Vohra, P. Bhandari (Calcutta); Samarjit Sen (Simla); K. C. S. Sinha (Lucknow); M. Moses, R. Pezarkar (Bombay); S. Satyamoorthy (Trichy).

JUNIOR SECTION

(Make a coloured sketch illustrating your favourite fairy tale.)

GROUP A

Many of the entries in this group were very good.

First Prize (*The Story ... Bapu*):—A. V. Ramana (Nell...

Second Prize (*Insect So... ties*):—Balavelan (Bhubanesw...

Consolation Prizes (N... books):—Darius R. (Poona); ... Prasant (Manipuri); R. Vaidya... (Kharagpur); N. V. Lak... (Delhi); S. Sen Gupta (Kara...

GROUP B

First Prize (*Jack And The B... stalk*):—Rajni Rao (Bangalore)

Second Prize (*Count ... Me*):—Yvonne Ellicott (Calcu...

Consolation Prize (Notebook) Shashi Shourie (New Delhi).

New Competitions

SENIOR SECTION

GROUP A 15-16 years

GROUP B 12-14 years

Write a letter to a foreign ... friend, telling her, or him, ab... your life in India. It should be ... formal and friendly in style ... not an essay.

JUNIOR SECTION

GROUP A 9-11 years

GROUP B 6-8 years

Write a very short story abo... baby elephant.

Rules To Remember

Neatness will be taken into co... sideration in judging entries.

Typed entries will not be ... cepted.

MEMBERSHIP, BADGES AND PEN FRIENDS

Children between six ... sixteen years of age may ... come members of this Leag... To apply for membership, ... in and cut out the enrol... coupon that appears on th... pages almost every week; ... post it with a letter to A... Wendy, giving your full na... and address, the name of y... father, your school and ... principal.

* * *

Members who wish to h... our League badge can ob... it by sending Rs. 1.50 by ... ney order to The Cas... (Y.F.L. Badges), "The Illustra... Weekly of India," Post ... 213, Bombay 1.

* * *

For pen friends, Leagu... may write to the addre... published from time ... time in the pen friends' colu... Aunty Wendy does not se... any addresses to individuals.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

GOPIS IN SEARCH OF KRISHNA. (From the collection of Shrimati Madhuri Desai.)

The Krishna Theme in Kangra Art - II

Of the Kangra paintings, the most outstanding are the series illustrating the *Gita Govinda*, Bihari's *Satsai*, Keshav Das's *Baramasa* and *Nayak-Nayiki Bheda*, and the *Bhagavata Purana*. With the exception of the last, they are either in the collection of the Maharaja of Tehri-Garhwal or the Raja of Lambagraon, which indicates that they were painted under the patronage of Maharaja Sansar Chand. The paintings of the *Bhagavata Purana* series are more than 110 in number. The average size of each is 12" x 8". The inner border is blue-black, and the outer stippled in red. The paintings of the *Rasapanchadhyaya* have a dark blue border with the floral design in gold. Those of the *Bhagavata Purana* are scattered in various collections. The largest of these, about fifty, was with Mr. Jugmohan Das Modi of Bombay. It has been recently acquired by the Government of India for the National Museum, New Delhi. Some are in the Bharat Kala Bhavan, Varanasi; the Provincial Museum, Lucknow; the Dogra Art Gallery, Jammu; the Punjab Museum, Patiala; the Lahore Museum; or with private collectors.

Who painted the famous series illustrating episodes from the *Bhagavata Purana*? One Chuniya is mentioned as the artist, but no details are known about him, and the information is not based on any sound evidence. Khandalavala believes that possibly they are the work of Kushan Lal, whom he equates with Khushala, son of Nainsukh. This assumption is also not supported by any evidence, and how a name like Kushan Lal could be twisted into Khushala is difficult to understand, especially to one familiar with the names of hill men.

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by M. S. RANDHAWA

According to Baden-Powell, there was in the employ of Maharaja Sansar Chand an artist by the name of Purkhu whose work was characterised by remarkable clearness of tone and delicacy of handling, though he was not so great a master of colour as many other artists inferior to him in other respects. These are qualities which characterise the *Bhagavata Purana* paintings, and Archer is of the opinion that they were painted by Purkhu. Though none of the works bears this name, from their masterly drawing and preference for green and generally subdued colouring, one can agree with Archer that they were possibly painted by Purkhu at Sujanpur Tira between 1790-1800.

The landscape shown is reminiscent of the country in the neighbourhood of Sujanpur Tira and Alampore, and some of the buildings depicted remind us of the town of Sujanpur and the ruined palaces of Sansar Chand on the hillock near the town. Moreover, it is also a well-known fact that Sansar Chand was a devotee of Krishna, and he built a temple in his honour in the precincts of his Tira palace. On the other hand, none of these paintings was discovered in Sujanpur Tira, Lambagraon and Alampore, or in the collection of the Maharaja of Tehri-Garhwal. The famous paintings of the *Baramasa*, the *Gita Govinda*, and Bihari's *Satsai* are either in the Lambagraon collection or with the Maharaja of Tehri-Garhwal whose ancestors received them as dowry from Aniruddha Chand. On the balance it seems reasonably certain that the pictures of the *Bhagavata Purana* were painted in the period 1790-1800 at Sujanpur Tira.

Are these series of paintings the work of one or more artists? Among them is a group illustrating the *Rasapanchadhyaya*, the five

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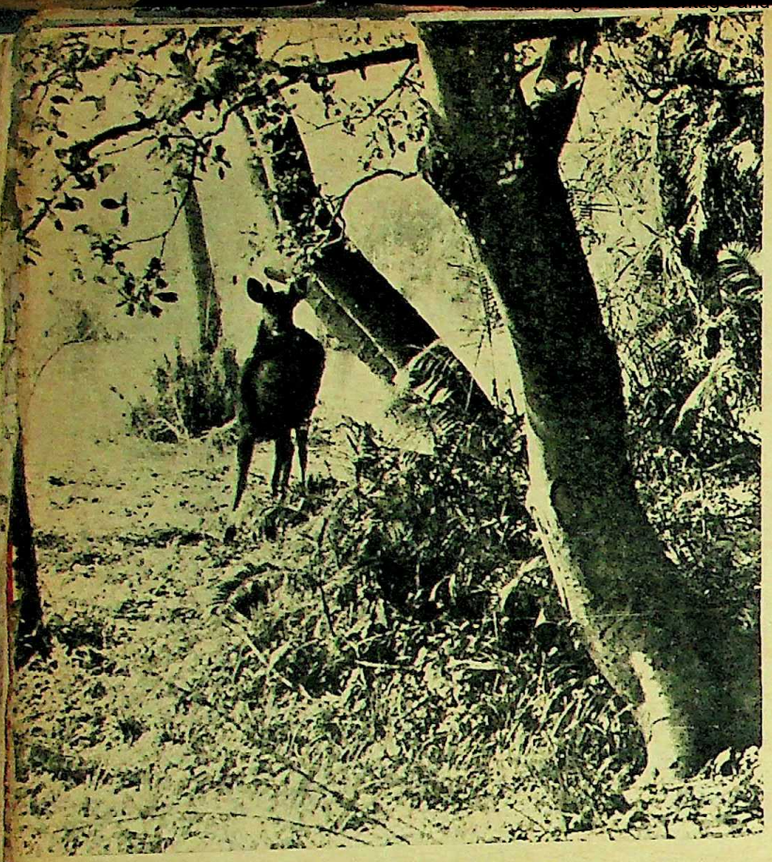
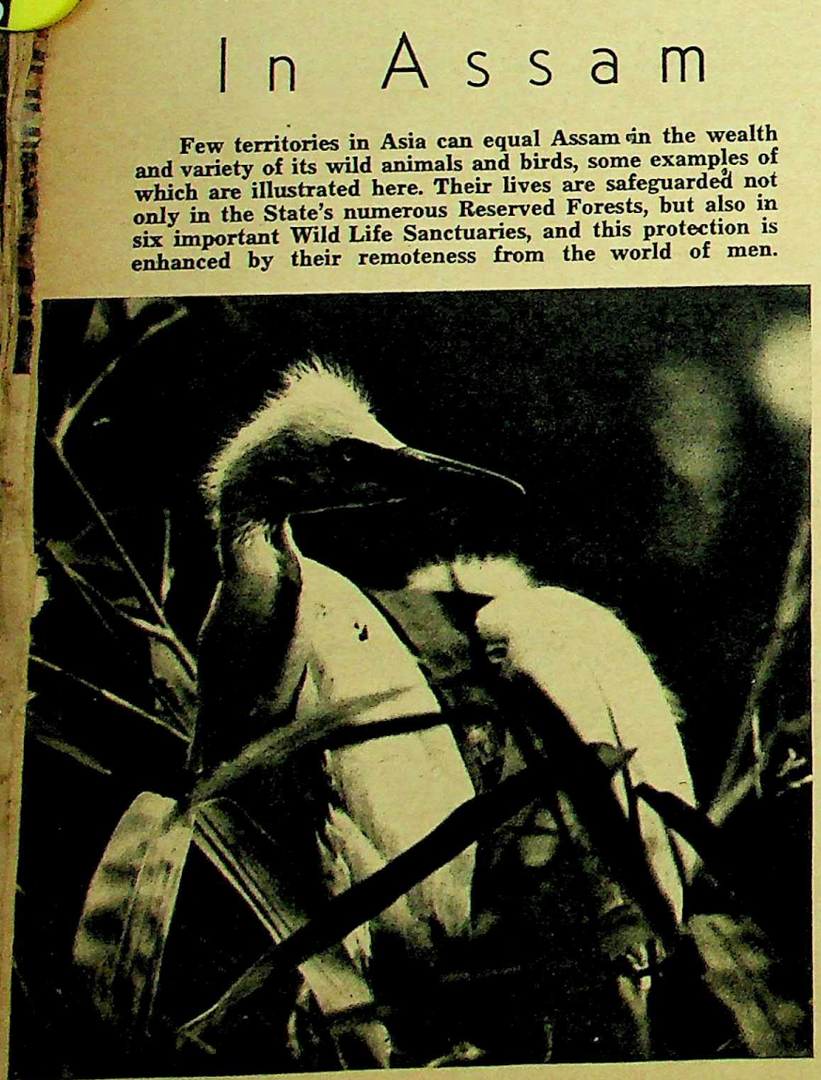


YOUNG SAMBHAR in the Monas Sanctuary.

Wild Life In Assam

Few territories in Asia can equal Assam in the wealth and variety of its wild animals and birds, some examples of which are illustrated here. Their lives are safeguarded not only in the State's numerous Reserved Forests, but also in six important Wild Life Sanctuaries, and this protection is enhanced by their remoteness from the world of men.



EGRET YOUNG in the Kaziranga Sanctuary.

RHINOS at Kaziranga. (Photographs by J. H. Burnett.)

ELEPHANTS at a Monas water-hole.

A WILD BULL BUFFALO at Kaziranga.

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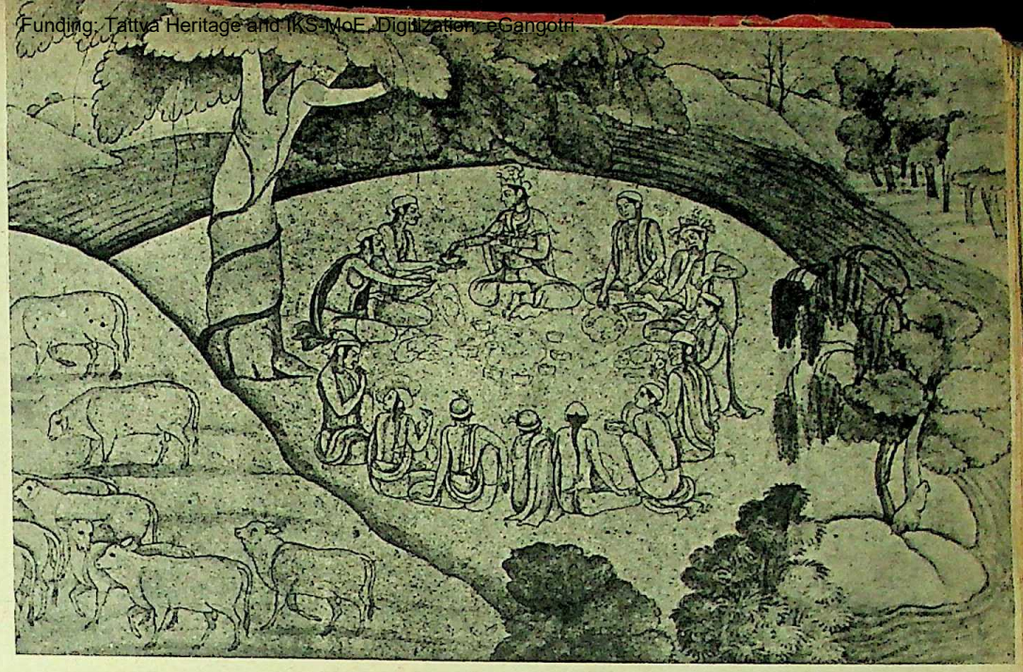

FEAST IN THE FOREST. (*Punjab Museum, Patiala.*)

...ters on *Rasa Lila* in which the full moon ...autumn is shown bathing the landscape in ...phosphorescent light. Archer is of the ...that they were executed by a dif... artist, and on account of the skill with ...ch he has painted moonlight, he calls him ...Master of Moonlight. The treatment of ...tation is slightly different, but the facial ...tulae and the drapery of the gopis and of ...ha are very similar to those in other paint... of the *Bhagavata Purana*. The women are ...lowy and slender, their faces decorated with ...icate curls of downy hair, and their expres... serene and modest. Hanging from the dark ...es are long sprays of flowering creepers. ...e landscape backgrounds are of simple con...uction consisting of gently rolling hills ...vered with green grass and dotted with ...mps of trees with rounded crowns. It is like... that they were also painted by the master ...ist who created the other paintings, and he ...roduced these variations to suit the special ...eme of the chapter on *Rasa Lila*.

RHYTHMICAL EXALTATION

Above all, the series is characterised by ...rhythmic line of supreme beauty. Describing ...e paintings of the *Bhagavata Purana*, Archer ...ightly observes: "It is rather in the use of an ...tensely fluid line that the artist of the *Bha...vata Purana* detaches himself from former ...uler art. He reaches, indeed, a new level of ...rhythmical exaltation while the use of shaded ...dline gives each of his compositions a lumin... clarity which was nowhere else achieved ...n Kangra art."

The Hindu adoration of the cow is evident ...n most of the *Bhagavata Purana* paintings. The ...ows appear as partners of human beings in ...e drama of life and share their joys and sor...ows. When the astrologer Garga forecasts the ...struction of the tyrant Kamsa by Krishna, ...ey listen with rapt attention while the calves ...sk about with joy. When Nanda and Yasoda ...erform a *yajna* to celebrate the birth of ...rishna and Balarama, apart from the Brahmin ...ests, the cows along with their calves also ...rticipate and stand in a row behind the ...ests who chant hymns and offer ghee to the ...crificial fire. When Krishna is attacked by ...e demon Bakasura, not only the cowherd boys but the calves also charge the demon. When he plays the flute in the forest, the cows also listen intently. The most beautiful time of day is the hour of cow-dust, when the cows are driven home by Krishna playing the flute, watched by admiring groups of women on their way to the river, carrying pitchers to fetch water, or watching eagerly from the windows and balconies of houses. Eager and pushing cows, jostling their way home, lend charm to the street, and as the author of the ballad *Heer Ranjha* describes

When they troop home, our tiny street
Wears beauty like a diadem.

Apart from the paintings there are a number of line drawings of the *Bhagavata Purana* in the Punjab Museum (Patiala), and the Calcutta Museum. Some of these are reproduced here. Very likely they are the work of a different artist, who was superior in draughtsmanship to the creator of the paintings. These sketches are more animated, the study of cattle is more intimate, and the line more fluid Nanda is shown with a longer beard though the style of clothes is the same as in the paintings. The background of the sketch showing Nanda and his family consulting astrologers is reminiscent of the town of Sujanpur Tira, capital of Sansar Chand.

One of the most beautiful in this group of sketches is "Feast in the Forest" in which the entire scene is represented in a series of concentric circles. The purity, simplicity and continuity of the circle and its rippling beauty are well illustrated in this painting. The innermost circle is of Krishna and his cowherd companions seated on a circular island in the river. The current of the river is shown by a series of parallel lines. The giant tree clasped by the coils of a liana balances the clump of trees on the bank of the river. The limpid harmony of this drawing, with the river waltzing around the island sanctified by the divine Krishna, creates a feeling of bliss.

COWHERDS' CAMP

Another sketch by the same artist shows Nanda and his followers camping on the banks of the Jamuna. They are halting on their way from Gokul to Brindavan. How eloquently the bustling life of a herdsmen's encampment is depicted in this drawing! A young lad is joyfully swimming in the river, while cows are quietly drinking water. One man is hewing wood, while another is erecting the framework on which a tent is to be supported. Household chores like cleaning of utensils, churning of curds, cooking of meals and milking of cows are also depicted. Nanda and Yasoda, the central figures, are playing with Krishna and Balarama, while a herd of cows is resting contentedly outside the tent.

In fact, in a small space so much is shown without creating the impression of crowding that one is filled with admiration for the skill of the artist. In this drawing the artist has given us a glimpse of life in the villages of Kangra in the closing years of the eighteenth century, in an eloquent manner. All the facts are stated sincerely without inhibitions. In fact, it is the folk element in these drawings, with their naivete of expression which has a special charm for people who are familiar with the flowery glades of the Kangra Valley, its simple people, and their festivals.

These drawings also provide us a clue to the charm and magnetism of Kangra painting. "A vigorous archaic outline is the basis of its language," observes Coomaraswamy. "Uncompromising as the golden rule of art and life, sensitive, reticent and tender, it perfectly reflects the self-control and sweet serenity of Indian life." One marvels at the skill and steadiness of these artists, who with the aid of fine brushes have drawn delicate curves without fear or faltering, and have in the process given us an art, which has the rhythmic beauty of the dancing current of rivers, of climbers tenderly clasping the trunks of the giant trees of the forest, and of love-birds making music in the branches.

(*Concluded*)

MIGRATION FROM GOKUL TO BRINDAVAN. (*Also from the Punjab Museum.*)

Digitization: eGangotri.

GIRIAMA GIRLS, from the Kenya Coast, The dress and ornaments are traditional in style except for the cloth worn (left) over the grass-skirt-shaped dress.

Almost all of them are what is here known as "European"—even in Tanganyika, or Uganda, where there is no colour-bar. They are not only Britishers, by all means, or American and Scandinavian tourists in light shorts and open shirts! There are many others, members of "the trading community"—in other words glorified commercial travellers. They come from Greece, Italy, Poland and both Germanies, or are Christian Arabs from the Lebanon, Afrikaans-speaking Boers from South Africa, or English-speakers from other Commonwealth countries, and all are eager to demonstrate their ideological Europeanness with their dark blue suits and long trousers which cling to ever-sweating knees. Their females, in light silk dresses with arms and legs bare, are rather better off at temperatures between 90 and 105 degrees Fahrenheit, with 98 per cent. humidity, though their rouge tends to trickle down their white, powdered faces.

As you try to enjoy a little breeze from the receptionist's table-fan, while waiting by the telephone booth, in which a gentleman is speaking rapid Afrikaans, you turn the revolving wire rack labelled "Original Photo Postcards for Sale." Their advanced continental technique is surprising: there are cleverly chosen views of Mounts Kilimanjaro, Elgon and Kenya, showing snowscapes, clouds and grandiose summits. At the next turn, animals: galloping zebras, giraffes at a water hole, bathing elephants, a lioness playing with cubs, another flirting with a maned male, crocodiles and hippos in the Nile swamps of Uganda. It is all real, even if taken from a car in a wild-life sanctuary.

The telephone booth is still occupied by the same rasping Afrikaans conversation, so are many more types in similar national dr[illegible] Bantu agriculturists—with skirts of grass, [illegible] light, silky-looking bark-cloth, instead of le[illegible] ther—Giryama, Wa-Mwanwezi, Wa-Suk[illegible] Wa-Ruanda, Wa-Yao, Wa-Makonde... It [illegible] quite an ethnographic collection, even if all [illegible] three hundred tribes of the area are not [illegible] presented!

The Afrikaans conversation still conti[illegible] and the gentleman in the telephone bo[illegible] wipes his red neck with a blue silk handk[illegible] chief which turns black with perspiration. [illegible] rican dress seems better suited to this co[illegible] try, you ponder and: "Ah well, soon I'll be [illegible] safari in African ease and out of all [illegible] you console yourself—that is, as long as [illegible] have *not* yet been to an African village in [illegible] second half of our twentieth century

But I have. So let me warn you in [illegible] At long last on safari, we sat in a banana [illegible] tivators' village around the Nile swamps [illegible] Uganda. We were a party of five [illegible] African outsiders and one African teacher, [illegible] a local Gombolola Chief playing the host. [illegible] surrounding plantain gardens were stea[illegible] with green heat and we were huddled in [illegible] brief afternoon shade of the south-eastern [illegible] andah, trying to chase a few thousand flies [illegible] into the sunbeams that beat down from [illegible] north-west, hoping against hope that the [illegible] sistent creatures would be killed by the [illegible] outside, as we feared that we soon would [illegible] in the shade. The Sinhalese anthropology [illegible] duate in our party agreed on one point [illegible] with me, though I came from India and [illegible] it: the sun and heat in those parts could ha[illegible] be more oppressive, whilst the damp and [illegible] here seemed worse.

The Point Of Honour

by Dr. U. R. EHRENFELS

DESCENDING the steps of an East African hotel in the morning, you feel as though you were in South Asia—in India, Pakistan or Ceylon—with the hum of the receptionist's table-fan, the dark-skinned servants in long, white robes and the fact that here too they are called "boys". Ivory curios, carved-wood figurines and other folk-craft articles behind shining glass panes, side by side with French perfume bottles give you the same feeling here that you have to pay at least five times the price these things would cost you either in the village where they are made or in Paris. But then you remember that your bill of something between 35 and 75 East African shillings per day for boarding and lodging is actually less than corresponding prices in India, if for one Indian rupee you calculate one and a half East African shillings.

Calculating and comparing makes you feel more like being in Europe or the Near East. Your room looks more streamlined, but smaller, than in most South Asian hotels. On the other hand you sit down to a breakfast in good old British-Indian style: first orange juice, then porridge or corn flakes with cold milk, but—then again—a small, aromatic cup of *cafe au lait*, along with *croissants* and iced butter, instead of a big pot of bitter Anglo-Indian tea! And if you crack a joke over it, your African table boy will respond with a very typical sense of humour, as un-Asian as the white little spirals of frizzy beard stumps, revealed between his chin folds by his broad grin. Looking up into his cheerful eyes over the flat nose and everted lips, you notice more white spirals along his temples creeping from beneath a fez, which is the symbol of a respectable servant in East Africa and again reminds you of the Near East, or at least of the Near East of the old days. And so do the guests.

I give the wheel another turn, to the sector, "African Types". Here are Masai warriors, with stern faces, Grecian noses. Some anthropologists think they were related to the Proto-Semitic peoples of the Near East. Anyway, here they still carry shields and light togas made of skin, like Esau's, over perfect, slim bodies. Their women, equally well built, wear picturesque bead-strings over classical breasts. There

The Gombolola Chief offered lime juice [illegible] small porcelain cups, his stern face courteo[illegible] ly attentive, even though little rivulets [illegible] down his brow and cheeks to disappear al[illegible] the sinews of his neck into a cream-colou[illegible] "under-shirt" over which he wore a ka[illegible] The *kanzu* is a long, floating desert coat, wh[illegible] Arab camel-riders wear as an only garment [illegible] protect themselves against sandstorms [illegible] which is meant to let the air pass freely, [illegible] our Chief had a tight-fitting sports ja[illegible]

A YOUNG KARAMOJO, from Uganda—"dress" and hair style traditional. This, like the photograph heading the page, was one of the many artistic picture postcards which attracted the author's attention in his East African hotel lobby.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

yes, opened one as if to wink, turned his head a yawn and then looked away, as if to say, go away, please don't disturb me."

Since we could not get anything more out him, we retraced our steps to watch the eeding lionesses. Slowly we edged in with ution as we feared they might resent our rusion. One of the lionesses walked away d the other twitched her tail and growled acingly, flattening her ears. She was warn- us but was not bent on charging. However, en we got close to her, she stood up looked us in the face, her lips and mouth ered with blood. Finally, we compelled her leave the kill. The bait, half eaten, lay open the vultures, but none dared to alight. gle crows however flew down from the n trees to the spot. On reaching it they de quick stabs at the meat while the lion- es looked on.

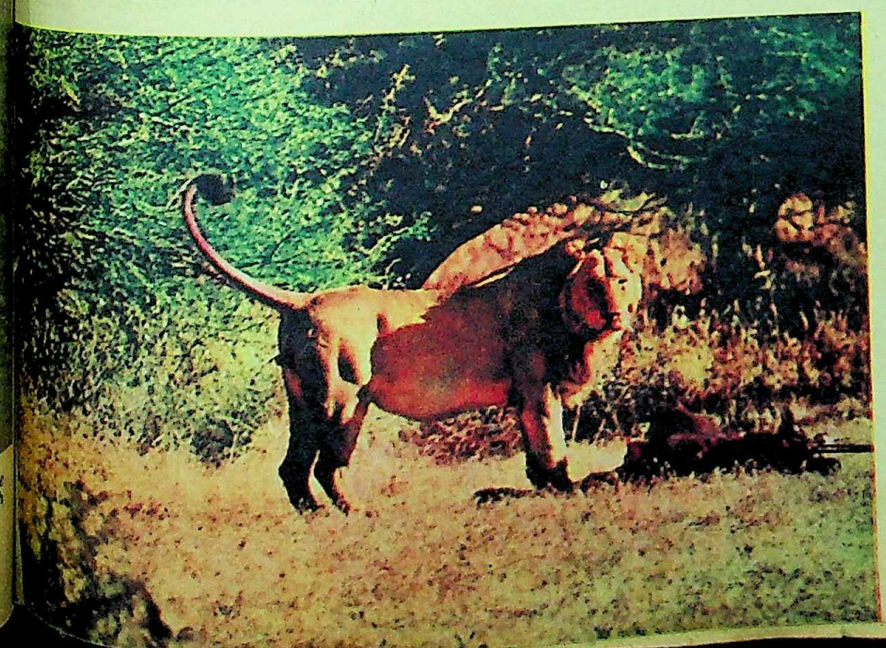
The afternoon heat had subsided and the lion, seeing the bait there all for himself, stood up, stretched himself and walked towards it. I could now see his black and tawny mane, clearly a good specimen of the Indian lion. There was an abundant growth of hair on the tail tuft and elbows, a distinctive character of the Indian lion. (The rounder and shorter head may also be typical of the Gir lion. Constant inbreeding appears to have made him slightly stockier than what he may originally have been. At one time it was believed that the Gujarat lion was maneless, a theory based on specimens with short neck hairs.)

A lioness with cubs was reported lurking in close proximity of the maidan and so we went in search of her. She was nursing two small cubs about 14 days old, the size of jungle cats. Now I realised how lucky I was to come upon an entire lion family. As the lioness with cubs did not get on well with her sisters, she kept aloof and was waiting to dine until the others had finished. We therefore thought it would be discreet to keep Leo and his two spouses off the food, if the mother lioness was to have her meal. The two shikaris moved in and the lion showed his defiance by raising his tail above his back and emitting a sinister grunt. However, though he resented the intrusion, he turned his back and stepped briskly into the bush. We were now afraid that the two lionesses would return before the mother lioness came in. I went to the spot where the lioness and the cubs were, while the shikaris kept guard over her dinner. The cubs were playing with the tail tuft of their mother and were quite active after their feed.

After some time the lioness stood up and began walking towards the kill, stopping every now and then for the cubs to follow her. Seeing that the road was clear, she stepped into the open and came to the left-over dinner. The cubs did not break cover immediately but did so cautiously. It was amusing to watch them as they had on them an expression of deep curiosity. Nervously they approached the carcass but made no attempt to feed.

It was now nearing sunset. I heard a cheetal's alarm-call in the distance. The vultures had settled on a nearby tree and the crows were becoming restless as the time for their roosting approached. Small birds were flitting from tree to tree. A white scavenger vulture settled on the ground to watch the last phase of the lion's banquet. But it was not over—the lionesses and their lord, having completed their forty winks, returned to the bag of bones and drove out the mother lioness and her cubs.

It is gratifying that the rare Asiatic lion has been saved from extinction in its Indian home, and credit goes to the Gujarat State and its Forest Department for finding ways and means to perpetuate the species in spite of the increasing threat from live-stock owners. The Gir forest is famous for two things: the Indian lion and the milch buffalo. Let us hope that both these valuable animals will be allowed to live peacefully together. The lion is an attraction to foreign and Indian tourists alike. The last census taken in 1955 showed that there were 290 of these animals. It should be interesting to know the present figure.



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AN EARLY PAINTING

Maharaja Sansar Chand : The Patron Of Kangra Painting

by M. S. RANDHAWA

MAHARAJA Sansar Chand of Kangra, the greatest patron of painting in the Punjab hills, was born in 1766 at Bijapur, a village about six miles from Lambagraon in the Palampur tehsil of the Kangra district. His father, Tegh Chand, died after a brief and uneventful rule of one year only. The Katoch dynasty which Sansar Chand headed was of great antiquity, and Susarma Chandra, their remote ancestor, was an ally of the Kauravas in the Mahabharata war. The original seat of the family is said to have been Multan. After the great battle of Kurukshetra, they lost their lands in Multan and retired to the Jalandhara district where they built the fort of Kangra.

The kingdom of Jalandhara or Trigarta, at the beginning of the eleventh century, embraced almost all the country between the Sutlej and the Ravi in the outer hills, as well as the area in the plains known as the Jalandhar Doab. The country to the west of Kangra was also called Katoch, and was one of three provinces of the Kangra valley, the other two being Changar and Palam. Changar is the name given to the area south of Palam, which consists of chains of barren low hills, while Palam is the fertile area to the east, between Kangra and Baijnath, studded with tea-gardens and paddy fields.

The ascendancy of the Katoch rajas after a long period of obscurity commences with the accession of Ghamand Chand, grandfather of Sansar Chand, to the *gaddi* in 1751. The Moghul empire was in the throes of dissolution and, taking advantage of the confusion that prevailed, he recovered all the territories that had been wrested from his ancestors, except Kangra Fort.

Ahmad Shah Durrani, who was in control of the Punjab, appointed Ghamand Chand as Governor of the Jalandhar Doab in 1758. The Raja raised a large army, made up of Afghan mercenaries and of his subjects the hill Rajputs. He defeated the Raja of Chamba and seized the fertile taluqa of Palam, which is the rice-bowl of the Kangra valley. He founded the town of Sujanpore Tira and embellished it with many new buildings. Ghamand Chand, however, had no taste for the fine arts. As his name indicates, he was proud and also insensitive and cruel. The portraits of this ruler which exist are late productions and seem to have been painted during the reign of Sansar Chand, his grandson.

Now let us examine the condition of the Punjab plains during the period of forty years, from 1739, when Nadir Shah invaded the Punjab and Delhi, to 1779, when Ranjit Singh occupied Lahore. Chaos and confusion prevailed, and the authority of the Moghul governors of Lahore did not extend beyond the city walls. A weak regime uncertain of its future always indulges in terrorism in an effort at self-preservation. The sole preoccupation of the Muslim Governors of the Punjab was repression of the Sikhs. Zakariya Khan (1726-1734), the Governor of the Punjab, carried out a ruthless repression of them.

Ahmad Shah Abdali, or Durrani, invaded the plains of northern India ten times, from 1748 to 1768. He followed only a policy of looting and could not consolidate his power. The insecurity of property was such that the common saying of the age was, "Whatever you eat is yours. The rest belongs to Ahmad Shah." The Sikhs carried on a relentless guerilla warfare against him and his representatives, and despite the systematic policy of extermination which was followed against them, they grew from strength to strength. The guerillas ultimately became organised into eleven confederacies.

Mir Mannu (1745-1752), who was the next Governor of the Punjab, followed the policy of his predecessor. During this period there arose Jussa Singh Ahluwalia, a dynamic leader of the Sikhs.

Adina Baig, an Arain peasant, rose from the rank of a humble soldier to a position of power. Mughalani Begum, the widow of Mir Mannu, was then ruling the Punjab. She made Adina the *faujdar* of Jullundur. The Afghans, the Sikhs and the Marathas were now contending for power and Adina adroitly played one off against the other. He called the Marathas under Raghunatha Rao to his assistance and with their help chased the Afghans out of the Punjab. The Marathas appointed Adina as Governor of Lahore in 1758. Against the Sikhs, Adina followed a policy of [illegible] sion, alternating with spells of appeasement. He transferred his headquarters to Batala, which became the seat of government in the Punjab.

It will be seen that conditions in the Punjab plains were hardly suitable for the development of the arts and crafts. For this development is necessary, and only in the Punjab hills there peace and security. The traders supplied between Delhi and Kashmir followed the route through the lower hills from Sirhind, Bilaspur, Siba, Haripur, Nurpur and Basohli to Jammu. Thus the hill Rajas, by levying taxes on the caravans of merchants, gained wealth which otherwise they could not have dreamt of.

The Rajas were occasionally harassed by the leaders of the Sikh confederacies. Jai Singh Ramgarhia claimed overlordship of the hills and made Ghamand Chand of Kangra, Prithvi Singh of Nurpur and Raj Singh of Chamba his tributaries. This however did not imply any interference with the rhythm of life of the people of the hills, which continued to be peaceful as compared with the plains.

When Sansar Chand ascended the gaddi in 1776, he was only ten years of age. The Sikh *missals* were extending their power towards the hills. Sansar Chand raised a large army of mercenaries, consisting of Rajputs and Afghans, and extended his rule over all the neighbouring Rajput states.

Kangra Fort, the ancient capital of the Katoch kingdom and the symbol of power in the Punjab hills, had been conquered by the Moghul army of Jehangir in 1620. From that time it had remained in the possession of the Moghuls. Nadaun was now the capital of the Raja of Kangra. The last Moghul Governor to hold from Kangra Fort was Saif Ali Khan who, though cut off from Delhi, continued to hold the fort in the name of the Emperor. In 1[illegible] Saif Ali Khan died, and the Fort was conquered by Jai Singh, the leader of Kanheya misl of Batala. In 1786, Jai Singh surrendered the Fort to Sansar Chand, who was then twelve years of age, in exchange for territory in the plains which the latter gave him. A place impregnable to the armies and artillery of the times, its possession gave control of the neighbouring country. There is a proverb in the hills: "He who holds Kangra Fort holds the hills."

Thus, with the occupation of Kangra Fort, Sansar Chand became the most powerful Raja of the Punjab hills and embarked on a career of conquest. In 1787, he defeated and killed Raja Raj Singh of Chamba at Nerti and annexed the fertile tract of Rihlu. His third battle was with Raja Dharam Prakash of Sirmur.

Sansar Chand's sister was married to Dharam Prakash, and it is said that one day she taunted her husband that her brother had more syces in his employ than his whole army. A battle took place on the boundary of Kahlur and Dharam Prakash was killed. After this Sansar Chand attacked Kutlehr and captured the Fort, building a new fort at Solah Singhi. He took possession of the fort of Ramgarh from Raja Prakash Chand of Guler, who was thereafter his vassal. He also incorporated portions of the territory of the state of Baghal in his expanding hill empire. In 1792, he invaded Mandi and plundered the capital. The Raja of Suket tendered his allegiance, and Raja Ishwari Sen of Mandi was carried as a prisoner to Sujanpore, where he was detained for twelve years.

In 1804, Aniruddha Chand the son of Sansar Chand was married at Jasrota. This marriage link explains the presence of portraits of the chiefs of Jasrota and Jammu in the collection of Sansar Chand, inherited by the Raja of Lambagraon. The illustrations to the *Bhagavata Purana* in the Basohli style, in the Raja of Lambagraon's possession, were most likely painted at Jasrota, which, like Nurpur and Basohli, was a flourishing capital on the trade route to Jammu.

When the Moghul power collapsed, the question was who was to fill the vacuum in the North. While Ranjit Singh was consolidat[illegible]

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power in the plains, Sansar Chand also aspiring to recover the territory ruled his ancestors in the same plains and he even ant of occupying Lahore. The favourite tation at his court was *"Lahore prapat!"* aning "May you gain Lahore!" Whenever merchant brought costly goods to Ranjit ngh and he did not buy them, he used to take m to Sansar Chand, who invariably bought m to show his superiority over his rival.

While Sansar Chand was organising his dom in the hills on feudal lines, a mighty al upheaval had already taken place in the s of the Punjab. Sikhism, which was ed on a repudiation of the caste system, erged as a militant social revolutionary re, and the so-called *shudras*, who had been pressed for so long, once ennobled by Guru bind Singh into the Khalsa, organised themves into confederacies or *missals*. Ranjit th brought the *missals* together, conquered plains of the Punjab and then turned his ention to the hills. Unaware of the strength his rival, Sansar Chand invaded Hoshiarpur 1803, but was defeated and driven back into hills by Ranjit Singh.

Disappointed in his designs on the plains, 1805 Sansar Chand turned his armies against hlur and annexed a portion of the territory the right bank of the Sutlej. Ultimately this ved to be a turning point in his fortunes, his decline started. At about this time he given shelter to the deposed Nawab of mpur, Ghulam Mohammed, whom he had ceived with great courtesy. The Nawab, who s regarded as a military expert, as a measure of economy advised him to employ Rohillas in place of the more costly Rajputs and Pathans.

The Gorkhas of Nepal were extending their sway over the Western Himalayas during these years and were dreaming of fashioning a hill empire. When the change-over suggested by the refugee Nawab was about to take place, Amar Singh Thapa, the leader of the Gorkhas, was invited by the Raja of Bilaspur to attack Sansar Chand. All the hill Rajas, who were smarting under the defeats and indignities suffered by them at the hands of Sansar Chand, also joined the Gorkhas. Sansar Chand was defeated at Mahal Morian, and after a short halt at Tira Sujanpore he took refuge in Kangra Fort along with his family.

DISASTROUS DAYS

The Gorkhas then advanced into the State and laid siege to the Fort, but all their efforts to capture it were fruitless. For four years they plundered and laid waste the country. "The memory of those disastrous days," writes Fraser, "stands out as a landmark in the annals of the hills. Time is computed with reference to that period, and every misfortune justly or unjustly is ascribed to that prolific source of misery and distress. The people, harassed and bewildered, fled to the neighbouring kingdoms, some to Chamba, some to the plains of Jalandhar Doab. Other hill chieftains made raids with impunity and aggravated the general disorder. For three years this state of anarchy continued. In the fertile valleys of Kangra, not a blade of cultivation was to be seen, grass grew up in the towns and tigresses whelped in the streets of Nadaun."

The siege lasted for four years and Sansar Chand and his army were in a desperate situation. One night he left the Fort in the charge of his faithful Wazir, Naurang, and, disguised as a peasant along with his family, reached Tira Sujanpore. He made an appeal to the British for help against the Gorkhas. When they did not respond he was compelled to seek the help of his erstwhile enemy and rival Ranjit Singh. They met at Jawalamukhi and a treaty was made under which Kangra Fort and the adjoining territory were ceded to Ranjit Singh, who swore friendship to the unfortunate Katoch prince over the sacred flame of Jwalamukhi. In August, 1809, the Sikh army attacked the Gorkhas and chased them across the Sutlej. With the cession of Kangra Fort, the Kangra state and all other hill states became subjects and tributaries of the Sikhs.

In a letter received by the Vice-President of the East India Company on September 19, 1809, from Sansar Chand, he describes the siege of Kangra by the Gorkhas and how he was compelled to deliver the Fort to Ranjit Singh. "Gorkhas in conjunction with the Rajas in this quarter attacked my possessions, but I relied with perfect confidence on the favour of the British Government. I felt no alarm and continued to carry on the war with them for the space for four years. During this time I made several applications to the British Government and Mr. Seton at Delhi for assistance, but without success, and the stores of grain which I had collected in Kote Kangrah being at length exhausted, and the several Rajahs in conjunction with the Gorkhas having invested me so closely on all sides that even imagination itself could scarcely have found a path through the difficult passes, while at the same time some of my small forts fell into the hands of the enemy, I was compelled in order to save myself to deliver the fort of Kote Kangrah to Sardar Ranjit Singh. But what greatly excited my astonishment was, that while all Chiefs and Rulers of Hindustan and other countries were each in proportion to his attachment and submission to the British Government reposing in tranquillity under the shadow of its protection, I who had sincerely manifested my devotion to its interests should be neglected, and failed to obtain the object of my wishes."

He concludes the letter with a request that when the Punjab was occupied by the British his possessions might be restored to him, while he on his part would be prepared to join his interests with those of the British Government and to sacrifice his life in its service.

In 1809, Sansar Chand employed two European adventurers. Of these, O'Brien was an Irishman, a deserter from the forces of the East India Company, who established a factory of small arms and raised a disciplined force of 1,400 men, for whom he designed a quaint Georgian uniform. The other was James, an Englishman, who was a gunner. Moorcroft, the English traveller, who saw these men, writes: "Both these men are of use to the Raja and might be of more, but their means are limited, and their habits not of the most temperate description... Ranjit Singh exacts military service from Sansar Chand and put him foremost in the attack on the Kahlur Raja, whose forts were taken by the troops and artillery of Sansar Chand, under O'Brien and James." Both these men figure in paintings. O'Brien is seen participating in the frolics of Holi with Sansar Chand, and James parading troops dressed in scarlet coats and wearing blue helmets.

In his later years O'Brien, feeling insecure in the Sujanpore Tira court, tried to get into touch with the British at Ludhiana. O'Brien had degenerated into a drunkard, as is shown in the following account: "A harkaru despatched on the 23rd ultimo with a letter from Colonel Ochterlony for Mr. O'Brien, said that he arrived at Sujanpur about 3 p.m. on the 27th and went to the residence of Mr. O'Brien, whom he found in the utmost intoxication. He was supported in bed by two servants to receive the letter from the harkaru, and MacDonald was sent for to read it. O'Brien desired the harkaru to rest himself, which, as he could not obtain an answer, he did.

"For three days O'Brien remained in his zenana in an uninterrupted state of drunkenness, and on the 30th fell into a fever, and desisted from drinking, when his senses returned. His Darogha then asked what orders he had for the harkaru and O'Brien desired that he should be taken to the Raja, which was done. The harkaru learnt that O'Brien was frequently under the influence of excessive intoxication for nearly a fortnight, when the fit usually terminated as on the present occasion, by a severe illness, after which he would continue well and sober for a short time." In spite of his being a drunkard, the Irishman on account of his lovable qualities had won the affection of the populace. His tomb is situated on the brow of a low cliff overhanging the Beas river. Behind this tomb are two grotesquely sculptured stone horses. It is said that when he died his horses were slain, "to follow him to such bourne as he might attain", following the old custom of the Huns.

The period 1786-1805 was a glorious chapter in the history of Kangra. Law and order were established in the valley and unruly hill chieftains were tamed and brought under control. The arts and crafts were encouraged and there was much building activity. Sansar Chand settled goldsmiths, blacksmiths, carpenters, and weavers, who were experts in carpet making, at Sujanpore. Nadaun was a gay place during his reign and there was a saying current in the Kangra hills, "Who will go away, once he comes to Nadaun?" This is explained by the fact that there were two hundred singing and dancing girls at Nadaun, and whoever came under the spell of these enchantresses never thought of leaving.

Ghulam Mohiuddin writes of the Raja in the *Tarikh-i-Punjab*: "For many years he passed his days in great felicity. He was generous in conduct, kind to his subjects, just as Naushirvan, and a second Akbar in the recognition of men's good qualities. Crowds of people of skill and talent, professional soldiers and others resorted to Kangra and gained happiness from his gifts and favours. Those addicted to pleasure, who live for the gratification of others, flocked from all quarters and profited exceedingly by his liberality. Performers and story-tellers collected in such numbers and received such gifts and favours at his hands that he was regarded

(*Please Turn Over*)

PRESIDING OVER A DANCE PERFORMANCE, AS A YOUNG MAN.

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Maharaja Sansar Chand

(CONTINUED)

as the Hatim of that age, and in generosity as the Rustam of that time!"

Sansar Chand was a great builder and raised many new buildings. At Alampur he built a palace and planted a garden which is said to have rivalled the Shalimar gardens at Lahore. Its ruins are impressive even today and justify the appellation, "the city of gardens", by which Alampur is still known in the hills. In the early part of his reign, he resided in the Amtar palace, near Nadaun, on the left bank of the Beas, which was the ancient seat of the family, after the loss of Kangra Fort to the Moghuls.

The town of Tira Sujanpore, which was his capital, was vastly improved by him. He extended the palace at Tira and built a large reception hall with twenty-two gates, through which the chiefs of the twenty-two hill states were expected to make their entrance, each by his own door, to pay homage to Sansar Chand, whose throne stood at the head of the hall. In 1786 he also repaired the temple at Baijnath, rather injudiciously obliterating many of its features.

The temple of Gauri Shankar at Tira was constructed by him in 1794, and it is known after him as Sansarchandeshwar. An unusual feature of this temple is the life-size images of Shiva and Parvati. Elsewhere in the hills Shiva is nearly always worshipped in the form of a lingam. In 1791, he constructed the Krishna temple—dedicated to Murlimanohar—on the fringe of the maidan. The inscription bears the names of Misra and Bakru, the masons of Nadaun. His Rani from Suket built the Narbadeshwar temple, which was decorated with mural paintings in 1824.

MIGRATION OF ARTISTS

Sansar Chand was mystically inclined and was an ardent Hindu. He had great faith in holy men and soothsayers. He used to consult Fazil Shah, a Moslem saint, whenever he embarked on a battle. When Fazil Shah died, he built a mausoleum over his grave at Nadaun. He was also a devotee of Bhikhe Shah, whose tomb is at Bhawarna. Gosain Sarupgir and Mani Ram, well-known saints, were supported by him. There are many miracles attributed to all these saints, some of whom figure in Kangra paintings, particularly those illustrating the *Bhagavata Purana*.

When did the artists from Guler reach Tira Sujanpore? Most likely in the period 1784-86. There are a number of portraits of Sansar Chand in which he is shown as a beardless youth of hardly eighteen years. When he became overlord of the Punjab hills by the acquisition of Kangra Fort in 1786, most of the talented artists from the court of his amiable but feeble contemporary, Prakash Chand of Guler, came over to Tira Sujanpore.

In the evolution and development of miniature painting, in Persia as well as in India, the most creative periods have been those when artists of genius got an opportunity of working for enlightened and appreciative rulers. Real artists, whether poets or painters, are men of extraordinary sensitivity, who respond to appreciation of their work. There is nothing so encouraging as sincere praise, which raises the spirit of man to the heights of creative effort.

"Behind the world bewilderment, beneath the tangle of political and economic problems," says Laurence Binyon, "lives the spirit of man, delicate and sensitive, which has expressed through creative art its relation to the world and to the universe... The most precious and enduring is the art which embodies most fully the desires, the exultations, and the agonies of that spirit. The calm serenity of the Bodhisattva with the Blue Lily, of the Ajanta caves, the agony of Christ on the cross, so vividly expressed in Grunewald's Isenheim altar-piece, the joys of love expressed in the faces of Radha and Krishna in the Kangra paintings, are all manifestations of that spirit."

Persia's greatest painter, Bihzad, whose work is characterised by lustrous colour, as also Mirak and Sultan Mohammed, who painted miniatures of a dazzling beauty, enjoyed the patronage of Shah Tahmasp of the Safavi dynasty, in the sixteenth century. Moghul art owes its rise and development to the liberal patronage of Akbar, who used to examine the works of his painters weekly and to confer rewards according to excellence of workmanship. Jehangir, though lacking his father's religious and mystical feeling, was voluptuously appreciative of exquisite workmanship and gave enormous prices to his artists for their paintings. When, during the reign of Aurangzeb, the royal patronage was withdrawn, art also languished.

In the history of Kangra painting, it was the patronage of Rajas Govardhan Chand and Sansar Chand, particularly the latter, which stimulated work of the highest quality. The artists responded to the appreciation which Sansar Chand gave them unhesitatingly, and embarked upon ambitious projects of illustrating all the Hindu classics, the *Mahabharata*, the *Ramayana*, the *Bhagavata Purana*, the *Shiva Purana*, the *Markendeya Purana*, the *Gita Govinda* of Jayadeva, the *Rasikapriya* of Keshav Das, and the *Sat Sai* of Bihari. Their output was enormous, and there is no museum worth the name, in India or Europe, which has not some of their paintings.

PRODUCTIVE PERIODS

That creative arts flourish in politically safe periods is a well-known *cliche*. Usually it is assumed that the best paintings in the Kangra style were painted during the period 1780-1805, when Sansar Chand was at the height of his glory. This may not, however, be true. The false biological analogy with the life-span of man, in which youth is regarded as more productive than old age, is sometimes applied in the case of the rise and development of art as well, and the early period of an art is regarded as more beautiful and more vigorous than its later phases, which are compared to the senile decay of man.

Dr. Mulk Raj Anand points out that some of the best paintings of the Oudh School were painted under the patronage of Wajid Ali Shah (1847-1856 A.D.), the last King of Oudh, though he was virtually a puppet in the hands of the British, who were then well on the way to becoming the paramount power in India. Divested of the cares of his kingdom by Ranjit Singh, from 1810 onwards Sansar Chand led a retired life at Nadaun and Alampur. The daily routine of prayers, witnessing dance performances, listening to music and seeing paintings, was almost his only preoccupation. It seems that the best artists remained with him and he continued to admire their works and to encourage them. The series of paintings illustrating the *Gita Govinda*, Bihari's *Sat Sai*, and the drawings of the Nala-Damayanti series were painted during the period 1810-1823. In the last two series there is a preponderance of unfinished paintings in the form of drawings, which indicate that the artist, Manak, who painted them did not survive his patron.

The history of art shows that prominent patrons of art, who give a new trend and direction to art activity have usually been virile men with a zest for life. The facts which have been collected about the life of Sansar Chand indicate that he was of a romantic temperament. Apart from his three queens from Suket, Sirmaur and Bara Banghal, he also married Nokhu, a Gaddan beauty.

Below the Dhauladhar is the picturesque village of Bandla. Green ears of wheat were swaying in the morning breeze. White *kainth* flowers were vying with the snow-peaks in purity. It was the lovely month of April, when the Kangra valley puts on the smile of spring. From behind a veil of mist, glimpses could he had of the shining snow of the Dhauladhar. The air was heavy with the scent of gardenias. In the distance were the neat houses of the Gaddi shepherds. Sansar Chand was out on shikar followed by a retinue of soldiers on horseback. Near the fountain was standing a Gaddi maiden, lithe and handsome, clad in a woollen gown, a black rope tied round her waist and wearing a necklace of amber beads. When her dark hair, caught by [illegible] breeze, fell across her lovely face, it seemed [illegible] if a cloud had covered the moon. Her [illegible] beauty spread a charm about her. The [illegible] was fascinated and forgot all about his [illegible]

"Who are you, girl, filling your pitcher [illegible] this fountain? Are you a dryad from the [illegible] est, or an *apsaras* who has strayed from [illegible] heaven?"

"Neither am I a dryad nor an apsaras [illegible] am a simple shepherd girl, and that is [illegible] home," said she, pointing towards a cottage [illegible] the fringe of the village.

"Come with me to Sujanpore. I will [illegible] you my queen. Here you sleep on the [illegible] At Sujanpore you will sleep on a bed [illegible] with silver. Here you eat coarse rice and [illegible] from a brass plate. There you will eat [illegible] of thirty-six varieties in utensils of silver."

"I am happy, O Raja, in my cottage in [illegible] village, in the company of my kids and lambs [illegible] sheep and goats. I do not want to go to [illegible] Sujanpore."

Intoxicated by her beauty, the Raja would not listen to her arguments. He called for a palanquin, in which she was asked to sit. But beneath the swoop of an eagle a monal [illegible] comes paralysed, so it was with the Gaddi girl. Post haste was she carried to Sujanpore. She was a married woman, and for long she remembered her husband, Dhanna by name. Dhanna often came and grazed his flock of goats and sheep below the palace walls, while she looked at him wistfully. After the lapse of some years she became reconciled to her new situation and the Raja paid some compensation to Dhanna and to her brother, Tota, of Kandi village, and thus had her released from her marriage bond with the shepherd. The romance of Sansar Chand and Nokhu, the Gaddan beauty, later on ennobled and renamed Gulab Dassi, is celebrated in Kangra folk songs.

In the last days of his life, Sansar Chand fell in love with a dancing girl, whose name is given as Jamalo. Now he was a frustrated middle-aged man, who had suffered considerable humiliation at the hands of Ranjit Singh. While he was dreaming of becoming the monarch of the Punjab plains, he had been deprived even of his conquests in the hills. With his ambition gone and his glory faded, he found solace in the company of Jamalo, who entertained him with songs and dances. He shut himself up with Jamalo in the Amtar palace at Nadaun, overlooking the Beas. The courtiers and visitors were asked to salute a *kamal* tree at the entrance to the palace and to depart. The *kamal* tree and the ruins of Jamalo's house are still pointed out to visitors, near the palace of the Raja of Nadaun. The Amtar palace enjoyed a delightful location, on a hillock beside the river. As a result of the earthquake of 19[illegible] it has been totally demolished and now only a few ruined walls stand on the site.

COURTIER OF THE BRITISH

From 1810 onwards, Sansar Chand was in contact with the East India Company, which had already become the supreme power in India. He was suffering from deep humiliation and was hoping that the British might restore his kingdom to him. He sent his Wazir, Umar Singh, to Lord Lake, who in his letter dated January 10, 1810, thus wrote to him: "Your vizier Aumeed Singh has arrived here and cemented the foundations of amity and friendship in such a manner that no difference or separation of interests exists." Beyond expressing sentiments of friendship the British authorities had no intention of involving themselves in a struggle with Ranjit Singh.

A letter received from him on September 6, 1811, shows that he was completely demoralised. The letter includes a Persian verse which is translated thus:

So exalted art thou that the
Inhabitants of Heaven
Aspire to the honour of
Being the porter at your gate.
What occasion is there for me to
Inform you of the wishes of my heart,
Since you yourself are well acquainted
With the circumstances of the broken
spirit?

In a letter addressed to John Monckton, officiating Chief Secretary, Fort Willi[illegible]

received on April [illegible] knowledges the r[illegible] Judge of Varanasi [illegible] Mohammed Khan [illegible] at Nadaun.

When he hear[illegible] Thapa, the Gork[illegible] him so much mis[illegible] 1815, he felt very [illegible] ernor-General: "I[illegible] pleasure with wh[illegible] the signal success [illegible] capture of the acc[illegible]

The world has [illegible]
ful tidings
The heart is at [illegible]
ated.
May the Almig[illegible]
cious to the B[illegible]
its dependents,
by a series of [illegible]
indeed is the f[illegible]
friends.

He concludes [illegible] for the health o[illegible] writes: "I trust th[illegible] lordship will be [illegible] me with kind l[illegible] health and welfa[illegible] est and dearest t[illegible]

He had a fr[illegible] Bamboo Khan, a[illegible] were sent secret[illegible] Company. In a [illegible] 1815, he thus wr[illegible] pearance united [illegible] jit Singh, but I [illegible] the British Gov[illegible] utmost sincerity [illegible] cludes, "My obje[illegible] sions, together [illegible] restored to me a[illegible] left in my hand[illegible]

In 1819 he s[illegible] In a letter rece[illegible] refers to an em[illegible] from his wardro[illegible] ago since a sm[illegible] from my wardr[illegible] fully made kno[illegible]

In all these [illegible] cribed as Raja [illegible] hand-made pape[illegible] as covers for p[illegible] borders. They [illegible] bear the seal of [illegible] of his accession [illegible] A.D. 1777-78).

Sansar Cha[illegible] Palace, over[illegible]

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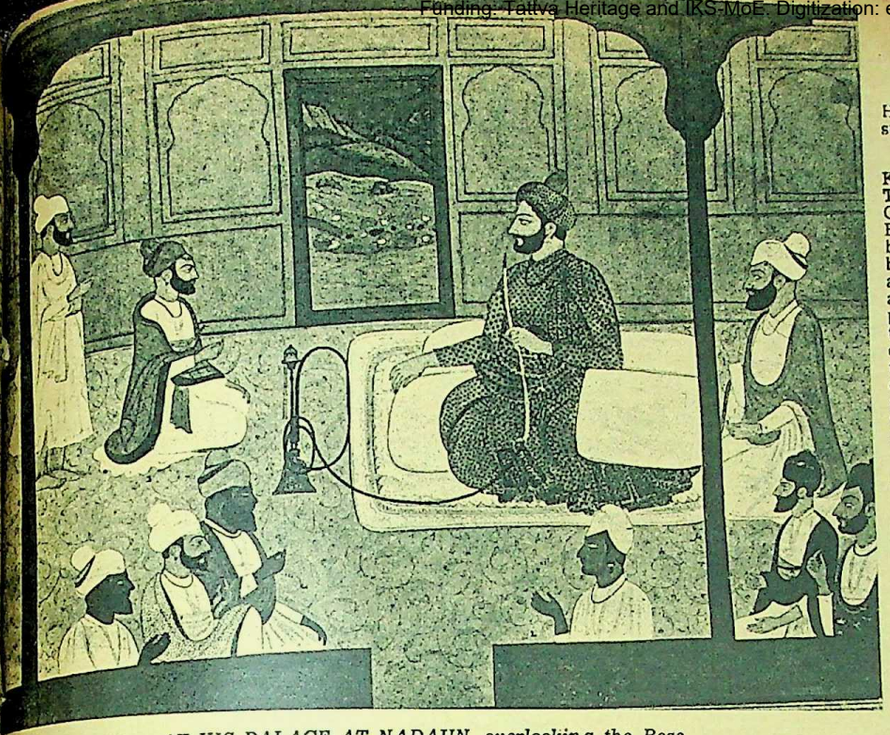
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



AT HIS PALACE AT NADAUN, overlooking the Beas.

received on April 13, 1815, Sansar Chand acknowledges the receipt of Rs. 65,000 from the judge of Varanasi, in favour of Nawab Ghulam Mohammed Khan of Rampur, who was residing at Nadaun.

When he heard of the defeat of Amar Singh Thapa, the Gorkha general who had caused him so much misery, by Ochterloney, in April, 1815, he felt very happy. He wrote to the Governor-General: "It is impossible to describe the pleasure with which I received the accounts of the signal success of the British armies and the capture of the accused, Ummer Singh.

The world has been refreshed by these grateful tidings
The heart is at ease and the spirit is exhilarated.
May the Almighty render this event auspicious to the British Government and to all its dependents, and cause it to be followed by a series of victories and triumphs, for this indeed is the first wish and desire of sincere friends.

He concludes with expressions of solicitude for the health of the Governor-General, and writes: "I trust that until a happy meeting your lordship will be graciously pleased to honour me with kind letters informing me of your health and welfare, which are the objects nearest and dearest to my heart."

He had a friend by the name of Nawab Bamboo Khan, at Delhi, and all these letters were sent secretly through the Nawab to the Company. In a letter received on October 30, 1815, he thus writes: "I am at this day in appearance united more closely than ever to Ranjit Singh, but I feel the firmest attachment to the British Government and I have with the utmost sincerity sought its protection." He concludes, "My object is to get my former possessions, together with the Fort of Kangra, restored to me and the administration of justice left in my hands."

In 1819 he seems to have travelled in Oudh. In a letter received on November 19, 1821, he refers to an emerald rosary which was stolen from his wardrobe. He writes: "It is two years ago since a small emerald rosary was stolen from my wardrobe, a circumstance which was fully made known at Varanasi and Mirzapur."

In all these letters Sansar Chand is described as Raja of Nadaun. The letters are on hand-made paper, similar to that which is used as covers for paintings, and have illuminated borders. They are all in the Persian script and bear the seal of Sansar Chand, giving the date of his accession as Hijri 1191 (equivalent to A.D. 1777-78).

Sansar Chand spent his winters in the Tira Palace, overlooking Sujanpore, and his summers in the garden palace of Alampore. In 1820, Moorcroft, an English traveller, paid a visit to Sansar Chand at Alampore, while on his way to Samarkand on a mission to purchase ponies. He was able to cure Fateh Chand, his younger brother, of a serious malady. Sansar Chand and Fateh Chand were so much overwhelmed with gratitude that Sansar Chand gave him a robe of honour and also conferred a land grant on him. Fateh Chand became his "turban brother".

As Moorcroft describes the occasion, "Fateh Chand, when sufficiently restored, insisted on exchanging his turban for my hat, and making me his brother by adoption. He placed his turban on my head and my hat on his; each of us waved his hand, holding a handful of rupees round the other's head and the rupees were distributed amongst the servants. He also gave me some green *dub* grass, which I was desired to wear, and thus, notwithstanding the difference of caste and complexion, I became an honorary member of the family of Sansar Chand. Whatever might be the value of such an association, it was a most unequivocal testimony of the sincerity of their gratitude."

Describing the daily life of the Raja at Alampore, Moorcroft writes: "Raja Sansar Chand spends the early part of the day in the ceremonies of his religion, and from ten till noon in communication with his officers and courtiers. For several days prior to my departure, he passed this period at a small bungala, which he had given up for my accommodation, on the outside of the garden. At noon the Raja retires for two or three hours, after which he ordinarily plays at chess for some time, and the evening is devoted in singing and naching in which the performers recite most commonly Brijbhasha songs relating to Krishna. Sansar Chand is fond of drawing and has many artists in his employ; he has a large collection of pictures, but the greater part represent the feats of Krishna and Balarama, the adventures of Arjuna, and subjects from the Mahabharata."

Moorcroft left an interesting account of Sansar Chand and his family. He writes thus: "In the evening I waited upon the Raja at his desire, and found him with his son and grandson in an open building in a garden. Raja Sansar Chand is a tall, well-formed man, about sixty. His complexion is dark, but his features are fine and expressive. His son, Rai Aniruddha Chand, has a very handsome face and ruddy complexion, but is remarkably corpulent. He has two sons, one of twelve and the other of five of age, both less fair than himself. Sansar Chand was formerly the most powerful Raja from the Sutlej to the Indus. All the potentates from the Sutlej river to Kashmir were his tributaries or dependants, and he was extremely wealthy, possessing a revenue of thirty-five lacs of rupees. He is now poor and in danger of being wholly subjected to Ranjit Singh."

The dawn of the Katoch kingdom in the Kangra valley proved to be a false dawn. Though his people were attached to Sansar Chand and affectionately called him "Pahar Badshah", the King of the Mountains, he could build up no real unity among them. The petty hill Rajas were jealous of their independence and were constantly intriguing against him. His army, consisting of mixed feudal levies of Rajputs and mercenaries such as Rohillas and Pathans, was no match for the organised and disciplined Khalsa army, which drew its inspiration from the social revolutionary creed of equality which Sikhism practised as well as preached. No wonder that, confronted by the might of Ranjit Singh's army, Sansar Chand's power collapsed like a house of cards.

After the death of Sansar Chand in December, 1823, his son, Rai Aniruddha Chand, succeeded him. However, he was Raja only in name and had to go frequently to the court of Ranjit Singh at Lahore to pay his feudal dues. In 1828, Aniruddha Chand paid a visit to Lahore with his family. He had with him his two sisters. Raja Dhian Singh of Jammu, who was the chief adviser to Maharaja Ranjit Singh, happened to see them and he wanted Aniruddha Chand to marry them to his son, Hira Singh, a handsome boy who had become a great favourite at the court.

The pride of the Katoch chief, who belonged to the oldest ruling family of the Punjab hills, was roused at the proposition of so degrading an alliance. He temporised, under the pretence of consulting his mother. On arrival at Nadaun he had to choose between his kingdom and honour. He chose the latter. He sent his entire family in secrecy across the Sutlej and they took refuge in the hills, under British protection. On October 16, 1828, Aniruddha Chand also followed, leaving his possessions at the mercy of Ranjit Singh. Infuriated at the frustration of his designs, Ranjit Singh invaded Kangra. Fateh Chand, Sansar Chand's brother, offered no resistance and surrendered unconditionally. Ranjit Singh gave him the jagir of Lambagraon.

Gulab Dassi, the concubine of Sansar Chand, was enticed away from the family, and fell on this occasion into Ranjit Singh's hands, with several children that she had borne to the late Raja. Ranjit Singh himself married two of the daughters, Mahtab Devi and Rajbanso, and the third was married to Lahna Singh Sandhanwalia. Upon a son, Jodhbir Chand, he conferred the jagir of Nadaun.

CLOSE OF AN EPOCH

Aniruddha Chand carried the best paintings from the collection of his father (including those of the *Gita Govinda*, and illustrations to Bihari's *Sat Sai*), along with his two sisters, to Hardwar, where he took shelter. The two princesses he married to Raja Sudarshan Shah of Garhwal, in 1831, and the paintings were given as a wedding dowry. At the close of the same year Aniruddha died of paralysis. It was thus that these famous Kangra paintings came to Tehri Garhwal. Some of the surviving artists also seem to have migrated to Tehri Garhwal, and some of the nineteenth-century paintings from Garhwal which were not painted by Mola Ram were possibly painted by them. After the death of Sansar Chand, the art of painting became stiff and formal. As the Katoch kingdom lost its independence, some of the artists also migrated to Lahore and Amritsar and enjoyed the patronage of the Sikh Rajas and Sardars. Thus we find the Rajput-inspired art of the Kangra valley evolving into the Sikh art of the Punjab plains.

Thus ends the most glorious period in the history of the Kangra valley. The reign of Sansar Chand can truly be called the golden age of Kangra. Sansar Chand will be remembered not so much for his military prowess and conquests as for his princely patronage of Kangra valley art, one of the most beautiful chapters in the art of the world, in which sentiments of human love are portrayed with an exquisite lyrical grace. In the history of the Punjab, the development of Kangra painting in the valley is like the fragrant breeze of spring, which still continues to exhilarate us. It no doubt has its place among the finest achievements of the human spirit.

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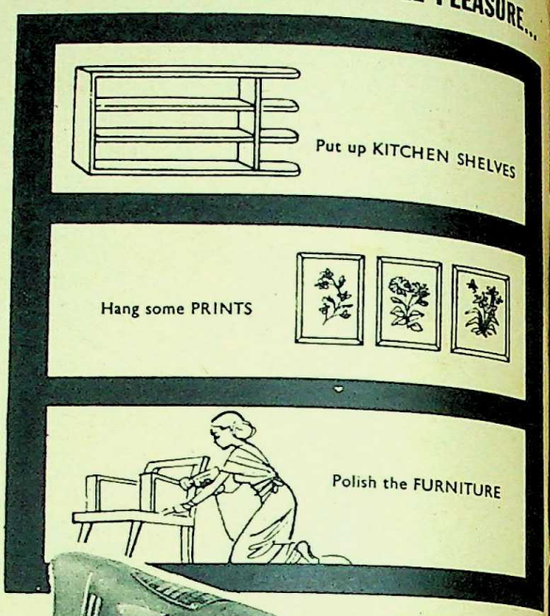

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Sivaramamurti's treatise on Indian Sculpture (Allied Publishers, pp. 164; Rs. 25) is less pompous. But it has its shortcomings. In fact it errs on the other side. It is too pedestrian, and not a single sentence comes to life. Empty, effusive epithets, such as "wonderful", "a great masterpiece", "marvellous", "beautiful", "attractive", "delightful", keep recurring irritatingly far too often in the same paragraph. The treatment of a grand subject is too sketchy and convictionless. An opportunity sadly missed. The reproductions however testify to the author's taste and judgment.

* * *

Of the numerous monographs on miniatures, currently in vogue, two deserve special notice. Entitled *Indian Miniature Painting*, (distributed in India by Taraporevala & Sons; Rs. 12.25.) Maurice Dimand's immaculately produced portfolio of some of the finest specimens of the Moghul and Rajput schools in foreign collections appears in the famous Uffici series. A few masterpieces from Indian collections are also included. There are sixteen colour plates, and it is difficult to say which is better than which. On the cover appears Bhag's "Portrait of Shah Jehan on Horseback", Moghul School, about 1630, which is on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The frontispiece is presumably a Mansur with the magpie motif (1608-18) and it can be seen at the State Library, Berlin, West Germany. Among the Rajasthani miniatures, Plates 14 and 16 with the Krishna theme are rich in colour and texture and the lyrical nuances characteristic of all miniature painting make an instant impact on the spectator. Plate 14 depicting Radha inviting Krishna to Her Pavilion represents an illustration to the Rasikapriya of Kesava Das belonging to the Malwa School, about 1634. Plate 16 deals with the Kaliya Mardan theme. This is also an illustration. It is from the Bhagavatha Purana and, stylistically, its affinities are with the Pahari School, about 1785. The Malwa miniature mentioned earlier is in the collection of the Seattle Art Museum and the Pahari painting can be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Plate 15 is typical of the Basohli Kalam (about 1700 A.D.). It illustrates the Ragini Ramakali, wife of Sri Raga. The nayika appears holding a cup of milk to a cobra. The serene profile, the rhythmic patterns of the drapery and the stylised but unsophisticated treatment of the trees and the rich resonance of the colour distinguish a Basohli miniature from the paintings belonging to the other Rahari schools and these can be seen at their best in this painting. The letterpress is rather sketchy but informative enough, and it should be of immense interest to readers in Europe and America not conversant with the essentials of Oriental art.

The other volume presents the "Paintings of the Sultans and Emperors of India" in American collections. This is a Lalit Kala Akademi publication (Rs. 20) and the author Richard Ettinghausen of the Freer Gallery, Washington D.C. He writes with passion and precision, and his selection of plates is discerning. The paintings reproduced in this tastefully produced monograph represent a wide range in theme and technique. Their principal source is the Freer Gallery of Art. Among the other collections included are those belonging to the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, and New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. An interesting Rembrandt copy of a Moghul miniature is reproduced with the text. To quote the author, "Rembrandt's copies are quickly drawn sketches, and there is also intimation of the author's chiaroscuro style which does not exist in the original; yet the spirit of the distant art is fully realised and in many cases it is even possible to recognise the persons portrayed in the originals."

On the whole, the volume is good value.

A. S. R.

Useful Inquiry

THERE is a general impression that a large proportion of university graduates in the country are unemployed. That this impression is not correct is one of the findings of an investigation made into the conditions of employment of the graduates who passed out of the Delhi University in 1950 and 1954. It is quite possible that what is true of Delhi graduates, who happen to live in and around the capital of the country, with its many public offices and private establishments offering avenues for employment, may not be equally true of graduates of other universities. This only shows that a great responsibility rests on these universities to encourage research studies like *University Education and Employment* (Asia, Rs. 2.50), undertaken under the chairmanship of the well-known economist Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao.

It is not that all is well with Delhi graduates. The survey has revealed that 40 per cent. of them —and among these are M.A.'s, science and law graduates—are in clerical jobs; that nearly 60 per cent. of them have a monthly income ranging only between Rs. 100-300, that several of them had to wait for nearly two years to get a job and that though most of them got jobs a large percentage of them secured them through personal or parental influence or through the influence of friends and relatives. These are all depressing factors. Conditions can be improved if, as suggested by Dr. Rao, the universities establish an agency to give vocational guidance to the undergraduates and also alter their courses and syllabuses in accordance with the economic requirements of the country.

M. V.

Homage To Gurudev

THE Tagore Centenary Volume published by the Vishveshvarananda Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur (Rs. 25), consists of two parts. The first is devoted to papers on various aspects of Tagore's life and work, some contributed by distinguished scholars. Selections from the poet's own writings have also been included. This section is well edited and many of the articles are of outstanding quality. Taken as a whole, it presents a vivid and clear picture of Tagore's creative genius.

The second part consists of a number of brief essays on various aspects of Indian culture. The subjects have been chosen without any unifying principle and the treatment in most cases is rather casual. The editor would have done well to limit the volume to the first part. He could then have allowed greater space to some of the Tagore studies which would have undoubtedly proved of great value. In its present form, the centenary volume, consisting of two parts of unequal merit, leaves the reader dissatisfied.

The illustrations, too, have not been chosen with sufficient care. Almost half of them deal with Buddhist art in Java—a theme which seems to have very little connection with the contents. The quality of reproduction is extremely poor. The number of misprints is surprisingly large. In a book as highly priced as this one, the reader is entitled to expect greater attention to the technical side of production.

V. S. N.

A Literary Monk

DURING the first half of the fifteenth century there was living in England an obscure monk, John Lydgate, who from his retirement inaugurated a new style in religious poetry, and wrote mumming plays that prepared the way for the great dramatic flowering of the Elizabethan Age. Professor W. F. Schirmer's standard book on the subject, *John Lydgate, A Study in the Culture of the XVth Century* (Methuen, 42s.), which was first published in German in 1952, has now been translated by Ann Keep and fills an important gap in the history of English literature.

In his own lifetime and for three generations after his death, Lydgate enjoyed a reputation equal to that of Chaucer. He himself called Chaucer his master, praising him for his mildness, kindness, and generosity. The fifteenth century generally tended to regard poetry as rhetoric, and was especially fond of florid language. It is therefore not surprising that the three English poets, Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, were seen as models worthy of emulation. Lydgate was admired in his own day, being called "a great ornament of the English tongue". But, later, his reputation declined and it was possible for Ritson to speak of him as "a voluminous, prosaick, and driveling monk", responsible for "stupid and fatiguing productions", whose still more stupid and disgusting author, "disgraces the name and patronage of his master Chaucer".

Professor Schirmer's book will rehabilitate this kindly, gentle scholar and poet, who appears in one of the many charming illustrations as a pilgrim journeying to Canterbury.

On Learning

IN his study of education, *The Idea of the University* (Peter Owen, 21s.), the eminent philosopher Karl Jaspers considers that today we have too much specialisation, for "scholarship depends on a relationship to the whole". He applies this idea to the whole organisation of a university, analyses the relationship between research and instruction, the meaning and logic behind academic departments and the respective roles of the administrator, teacher and student. He has some very relevant remarks on academic freedom and his book in general—it is essentially a profound essay in philosophy—is at the same time filled with practical suggestions about the behaviour of both teachers and taught. He concludes that "truth, striving all around us to be seen and recognised, will live or perish with our ability to realise the ideal of the university in its ever-changing forms".

T. P.

"Country Notes"

RARELY do we find someone so versatile and gifted as to combine the fourfold qualifications of naturalist, writer, photographer and artist. M. Krishnan is well known as an accurate and lively observer of wild life and as an outstanding contributor on his interesting experiences to several newspapers and magazines of this country. Some thirty-four of his excellent "country notes" are collected into a modestly priced publication *Jungle and Backyard* (Publications Division, Rs. 3) which deals with some of the wild animals, birds and plants he has encountered in his wanderings in South India, as well as with some of the tame and household creatures he has been in close contact with.

This little book demonstrates to all, if there be anyone who is not aware of it, that the author is not only a delightful writer of concise and informative prose but also one of the best of our wild life photographers, as is evidenced by the superb picture of a gaur (or Indian 'bison') on the front and of wild elephants mud-bathing on the back of the cover. His talent as an artist is also shown by the excellent new and hitherto unpublished black-and-white drawings which herald the start of each chapter and often serve as tail-pieces as well.

E. P. G.

Biblical Story

"AND Saul had a concubine whose name was Rizpah..." This cryptic reference and a later mention are the basis of Charles E. Israel's novel *Rizpah*, (Macmillan, 21s.), about the stormy life of a Hebrew girl from the tribe of Simeon.

Those were tumultuous times. The Lord's anointed, Saul led the warring tribes of Israel against the Philistines. The bare Biblical story throbs with drama, and the author has managed to blow it up, without losing its intensity. With remarkable insight and undoubted research, he has exploited the dramatic possibility of every line, building up a most credible picture of those violent days. Even his portrait of David, as a complex mixture of ambition and tenderness, does not seem a distortion, but is acceptable as viewed from Saul's camp.

Where he fails is in his treatment of Rizpah herself. True, he attempts no deep character study, but it is the element of vulgarity rather than the cliches which is so annoying. Rizpah has fabulous beauty, she has courage, wit and strong emotions. She is definitely for Technicolor and the large VistaVision screen.

This switch from genuine Biblical lore to Hollywood script has an echo in the author's own background. For while he has made a considerable study of Hebrew history, he has also spent three years in Hollywood, writing for radio and television. Born in the U.S.A., he is now settled in Canada, and has become one of its best-known writers. He has certainly produced a most readable historical novel.

S. J. S.

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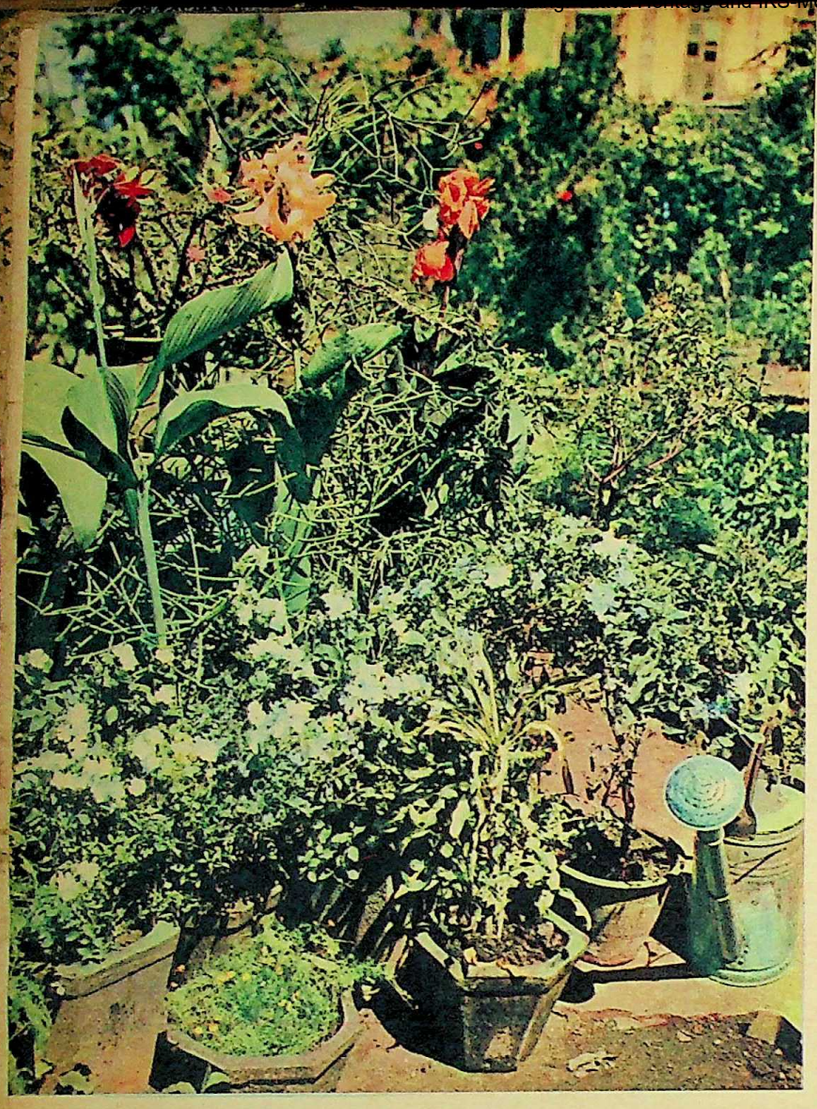

CANNAS IN THE SUN (Photographs by K. M. Mahajan)

HOME SECTION

HOW TO RUN A Garden Nursery

GARDENS have a special charm for all of us. But to enjoy a beautiful garden requires a lot of "back door" preparation. Before pots and plants can adorn our lawn, terrace or verandah, they need special care in a nursery, especially in the primary stages of development.

To run a small garden nursery successfully, one needs a clear-cut idea of the budget. Approximately Rs. 300 is required to begin with and about Rs. 100 every month goes towards its maintenance thereafter.

The most important aspect is correct planning and layout. This should provide the maximum sunshine and fresh air possible. Proper drainage is a necessity and one must try to avoid gravelly soil.

Flowers, flowering shrubs, vegetables, fruits and cacti are all products of a garden nursery. Each is allocated a proper area according to the need of sunshine. Roses are a "must" in any nursery. They flourish best in a rich and loamy soil generously treated with manure. However, one has to avoid over-manuring, otherwise the soil becomes "rose sick" and will kill through richness.

Vegetables can be grown as a side activity with much advantage to the home. Vegetable plots should be fully exposed to the sun and kept away from trees, as the root action and shade retard the growth.

Cacti are a class by themselves. With their rugged beauty, they are popular and go well in the garden, sitting-room or verandah, alike. They are space-saving items. Being mainly a product of the desert, they need very little water and are no problem to the *mali*.

Manure fertilisers are an essential factor in the success of the nursery as they increase the productivity of the soil. They contain three most important plant foods: nitrogen, phosphate and potash. Cowdung manure is often lacking in potash and this can be supplimented by artificial chemical fertilisers. Tea leaves and powdered egg shells can be used with advantage for roses, to provide cal- cium.

Judicious irrigation is also very important as it offsets diseases of the soil. The *mali* should be closely supervised otherwise left to his own judgement he usually arrives at the conclusion that water is a panacea for all the ills of the garden. The quantity of water required depends on the soil and the climate. Water should be supplied at *long intervals* but then in liberal *quantities*. It is a good idea to put in tubs at convenient spots in your compound to facilitate the watering of plants. The *mali* should be instructed to see that the soil is periodically eased, raked, inverted and that weeding takes place at regular intervals.

Seedlings are best raised in the nursery itself to ensure quality. To store them safely one requires shallow boxes or earthenware pots. An interesting observation is that the best time for sowing is before the full moon. Seeds should always be lightly sown in beds away from the shade, otherwise there may be heavy casualties.

Cutting and grafting go hand in hand. This is an art which comes after long practice and experience. Cuttings are best made from young wood and they should always be planted on a slight slant. Pruning is just as important. It is essential to see that dry leaves and twigs are promptly done away with.

A garden nursery is always grouped in to nursery beds, seed beds, potting ground, manure heaps and pits, a tool godown and a potting shed. Great care should be taken to safeguard against white ants, rats and plant pests. The *mali* should be asked to keep everything scrupulously clean as cleanliness preserves seedlings and cuttings.

Although the maintenance of the nursery is long and tedious the results are satisfying and rewarding.

SHIRIN JAMA

A VARIETY OF CACTI (left) and the delicate Gerbera or African daisy (right). These photographs were taken by courtesy of the late Mr. H. A. Fazalbhoy, at his nursery garden in Mahim, Bombay.

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First Prize

A. C. Ghosh, Howrah

Study Hour

FEBRUARY SNAPSHOTS PRIZE-WINNERS

The Illustrated Weekly of India monthly Snapshots Competition is open to amateurs only. Pictures must have been taken by the competitors themselves. Any number of prints may be submitted, but not those which have previously secured prizes. The minimum acceptable size for photographs is 6" x 8".

The first prize is Rs. 100 and the second prize, Rs. 50. In addition there are two or more consolation prizes of Rs. 25 each. No competitor may win a prize in this contest more than once in three months. No entry fee is charged. Photographs must be accompanied by sufficient return postage.

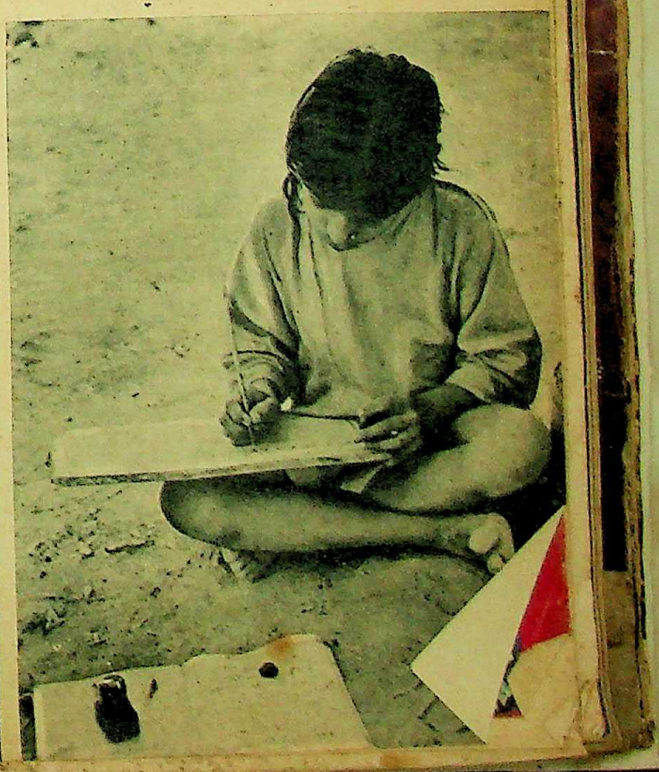
FURTHER SUBJECTS

Black and White

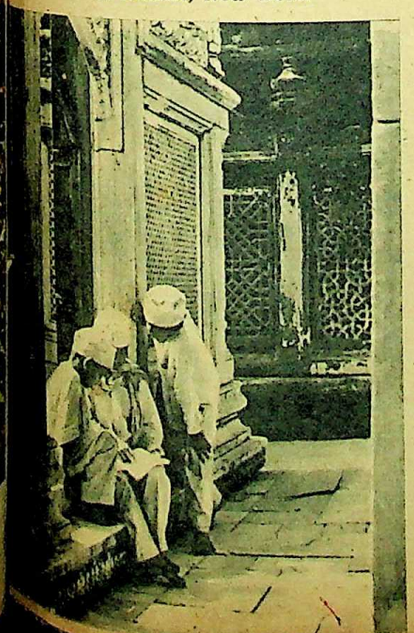
RIVERSCAPE
April 15

KEEPING FIT
May 15

Second Prize
P. Sitaram, New Delhi



Consolation Prize
B. M. Bhanot, New Delhi



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THIS WEEK'S READING

Some Recent Art Books

THE seventh and latest volume in the Methuen series, *Art Of The World*, is devoted to Mesopotamia and the Middle East (pp. 259; 45s.). The text is by that well-known authority on West Asian Art, Sir Leonard Woolley who died soon after the completion of his illuminating manuscript. The volume is lavishly but tastefully illustrated—nearly all the reproductions, except the line drawings, being in colour. The proud owners of the abundance of artistic treasures presented here comprise institutions such as the Louvre, the British Museum, the Museums of Damascus, Baghdad, Beirut, Ankara, Istanbul, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Chicago and Yale. As the author explains, the term "The Middle East" in the present context includes "the countries later known as Anatolia, Syria, Palestine, Iraq and Elam, which is part of Persia..." Sir Leonard traces the rise and fall of the various ancient civilisations nurtured in one of the world's artistically most fertile areas, and, while doing so, he displays his characteristic insight and objectivity. He does not devote any chapter exclusively to the critical appraisal of a particular period or provenance. On the contrary, he adopts the happier method of weaving his aesthetic assessments into the fabric of his historical narrative. The marginal references to the plates are particularly helpful.

The vitality and plasticity of Assyrian art can be best seen in the various figures in bas-relief reproduced in line. Of the numerous colour plates conspicuous for their tone and texture, the bull in relief, in glazed brick, from Babylon (570 B.C.), the ivory plaque from Nimrud depicting a young negro being killed by a lioness, the mural from a synagogue at Dura-Europos on the theme of the Capture of the Ark of Jehovah by the Philistines and the bronze head from Nineveh, latter half of the 3rd millennium B.C., are outstanding.

* * *

One of the finest volumes on the Ecole de Paris published in recent times bears the Oldbourne Press (London) imprint (Price: 6 gns.). Entitled *The School of Paris*, it presents "the painters and the artistic climate of Paris since 1910" in a truly magnificent manner. The subtly persuasive text is contributed by Raymond Nacenta. There are 103 fastidiously chosen colour reproductions representing the work of as many artists who emerge in their full stature. The sensuous Bonnard still life, "Vase de Fleurs", 1923, the first plate, is typical of that great master of colour. Picasso is represented by a little known but characteristic composition entitled "La Femme au Tambourin", 1935. But it is the Braque "Vanite", 1938, that makes the most powerful impact on the reader. The theme is human vanity and it is treated symbolically with extraordinary restraint and insight. The Matisse interior, "Le Boudoir", 1921, does full justice to

RAMAKALI RAGINI, WIFE OF SRI RAGA—Pahari, Basohli School; about 1700 A.D. (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)

that master of lyrical understatement. Rousseau le Douanier, Modigliani, Rouault, Chirico, Kandinsky, Chagall, Utrillo—they are all represented by their best works reproduced immaculately with finesse and feeling. The latest trends and tendencies are emphasised by the inclusion of Buffet, Pignon, Venard, Manessier and many other younger artists. The letterpress is crisp and lively despite its heavy, historical undertones.

What precisely is the Ecole de Paris? asks the author. After explaining what it is not, he answers thus: "The Ecole de Paris is... above all a centre of enthusiasm, a more or less feverish or ecstatic climate of research, inspiration, suggestions, and exchange of ideas; a seat of fervor and emulation. This fervor is maintained by the multitude and diversity of galleries, small or large, the number of which increases daily. And so there is not a capital in the world to compare with Paris in its predilection for painting, nor, therefore, in the intensity of the results in the art trade."

* * *

Stella Kramrisch's monograph on Indian Sculpture (University of Pennsylvania Press, $8) is typical of her work. Known for her scholarly expansiveness and integrity she discusses the significance of Indian sculptures in the particular context of the collection of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. She has chapters on "Plastic Symbols", "Plastic Form", "The *Subtle Body* in Sculpture", "The Image" and so on—titles which sound more abstract than abstractions themselves. She quotes extensively from the Vedas and Upanishads in support of her metaphysical interpretation of Indian art. She is as authentic as Coomaraswamy. She has his insight, but—what a pity—not his imagination. His faith she has in abundance, but not his feeling. Her prose is taut and wooden.

There are over sixty plates presenting a cross-section of the range and richness of the various schools of Indian sculpture. The earliest specimen dates from the 1st century B.C. It is a fine piece of stone-carving, the theme being "Worshipper". The four-faced Shiva Linga, Sambhar Lake, Rajasthan, represents the fade-out of the Glory that was Ind. This dates from the 17th century. There are several exquisite Mithuna sculptures and the bronzes with the Bhudevi and Nataraja themes are particularly striking.

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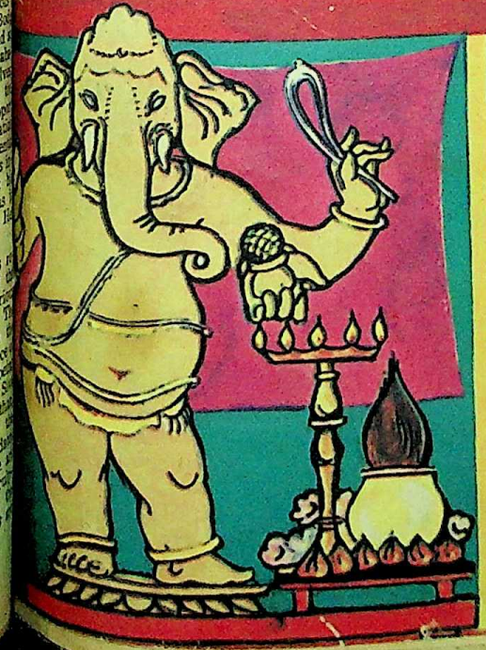
SUNDAY, JULY 29, 1962

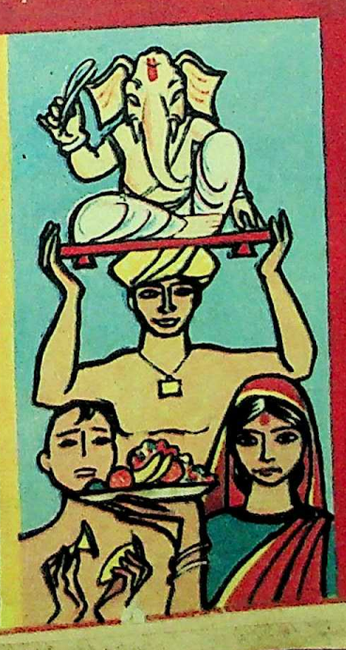
The Illustrated Weekly of India

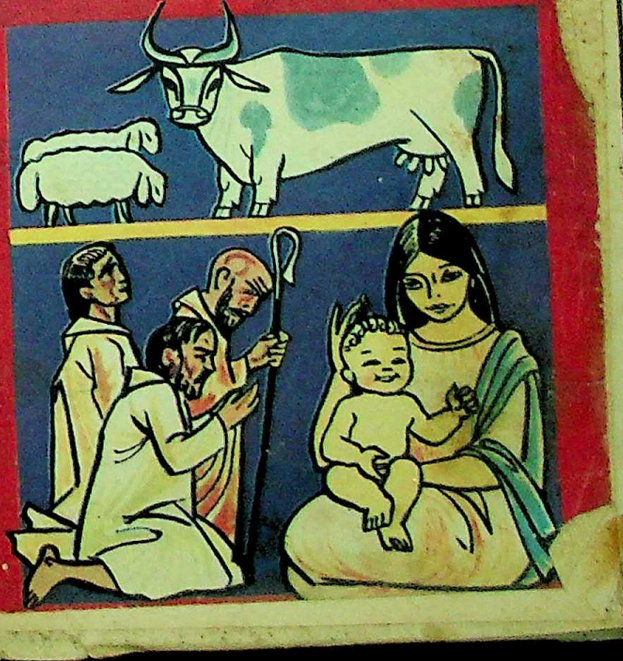
FESTIVALS OF INDIA

SPECIAL ISSUE

SEVENTY-FIVE NAYE PAISE







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INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING
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Air Conditioning
Chemistry and Chemical Engineering
Civil Engineering
Diesel Engineering
Electronics
Electrical Engineering
Industrial Management
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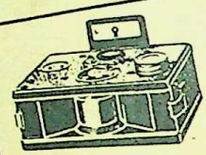

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NEXT WEEK

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Pongal

by M. KRISHNAN

MOST festivals pass me by... And no wonder they do, for I have no personal gods, no ecstatic, expectant prayers to offer, no feeling for religion or mythology deeper than an interest in stories, and hardly any knowledge of ritual. What joy or reassurance can a festival bring to men of such little faith? But still there are festivals, chief among them Pongal, that even such men look forward to.

If you ask a pundit, he will tell you the precise religious and temporal significance of Pongal, and no doubt it has other imports as well. Years ago, in a train proceeding from Guntakal to Bombay, an earnest American lady explained the real and inner meaning of many Hindu festivals to me. Pongal, of course, was the harvest festival; only, she called it "Shonkront"—had she acquired her knowledge of it in Bengal? Well, Shonkront now was the harvest festival, and it also marked the turn of the sun—or was it an equinox? It could be, she said, that it was Bosont, and not Shonkront, that marked the turn of the sun, or else an equinox. I am afraid I cannot recall anything of what she told me. The sun or the moon, or maybe some star, or failing all these the good earth, was in some way significantly related to Shonkront. All that I can now remember, ungallantly, is how that earnest American chin waggled, as she talked on and on.

Now the life-giving sun, the good earth, and the moon and the stars have all a very real significance during Pongal. And of course it is the harvest festival. It is the time when many crops have been gathered in, millet and other grain, sugarcane, sesamum and pulses, and it is the time when most wild herbs are in flower. Pongal, Sankranti, call it what you will, is always about mid-January. The days are mild and cool; there is not that steep contrast between the heat of the day and the dew-drenched chill of the night that February brings and there is not the humidity of November. The full moon, and the near full moon, are never so lovely in any other month as in November and February, but what of that? Have I not already made it clear that this festival has mainly a significance related to the sun and the earth?

* * *

PERHAPS that is why I like it so much, because I am so earth-bound myself, so content with the things that belong to the soil and the plains country. But that is not why I look forward to the festival as I realised the moment I had written the last sentence. It is that Sankranti is a time for general rejoicing and for a measure of primitive enjoyment of life, for enjoyment of simple, abundant fare and outdoor sports, a time, not of restlessness like spring, or spiritual regeneration like Dassera and some other festivals, but of plenty, and, significantly, not only peace but also action.

I think the Tamil word *"pongal"*, connoting a certain overflowing abundance, brings out the spirit of the festival adequately—but remember it is a symbolic overflowing and abundance that is meant, of the spirit (or should I say "of humanity"?) and not of the cooking pot. And it is not merely fulfilment or thanksgiving, you comprehend, not just the feeling that the harvest is over and gathered in and that there is enough and to spare—there is a brimming over, but nothing aggressively ebullient, no passionate fervour and no restive yearning, only a certain sense of sufficiency and good cheer and a willingness to rejoice, not in the flesh (mind you, I say that in no moralistic tone) but in the strength and skills of humanity.

All this, I am afraid, does not express the quiddity of Pongal, in spite of the circumstantial specification of what it is not. But the way people celebrate the festival will give some idea of what it is.

All over India Pongal is celebrated, under different names maybe, but at the same time and in the same spirit. Naturally, there are differences in the celebration, for ours is a diversified country and, moreover, the festival allows a certain scope for personal inclinations, as I have already pointed out.

* * *

BUT everywhere there is feasting, of a simple, natural kind. In the South, where rice is the staple cereal, they prepare the *pongal* of rice and *dal* boiled together in a pot; there are slightly more elaborate sweet dishes, too, with jaggery and coconut added. Sugarcane is quite emblematic of the occasion, and is eaten with a gusto licensed by convention everywhere. In the millet-growing areas, the heads of millet are roasted entire and the grain eaten with salt, and ghee if one cares for ghee; heads, with the grain not quite ripe and hard, but still with a milky tenderness, are chosen for the feast, and the roasted millet is eaten in company, on the field it grew in. And throughout Maharashtra, and elsewhere, too, where Maharashtrians reside, a sweet made of jaggery and sesamum and called *tilgul* is the feature of Sankranti. Typically it is just skinned sesamum mixed with powdered jaggery—incidentally, they have a similar sweet during the festival in the Tamil country, but there the sesamum seeds are mixed with a thick, boiled syrup of jaggery and shaped into balls. However, *tilgul* is often much more fancy in its make and looks, and is then usually termed *Sankranti halwa*; by a process requiring no little manual skill and culinary judgment, the seeds are coated with candy and rolled over a plank till they are exquisitely studded, minute spheres of glistening white and yellow and pink candy, with hearts of crunchy sesamum. People offer the sweet to their friends with a charming little request: *"Tilgul gya, gode bola"* (Accept this *tilgul*, and speak sweetly thereafter).

I am not trying to list or describe the various dishes and sweets made in different parts of India during the festival; I am only providing an indication of how simple, and natural to the season and soil, the feasting is.

The one feature of Pongal celebrations in the South that the visitor will remember is the Mattu-p-Pongal, the holiday for cattle. The bullocks, so inseparable and fundamental a part of our agriculture, and the milch cattle have their horns painted brightly and are led round in processions. Cattle, too, must look forward to Pongal; it is a time of plenty for them also.

In the Madras area, big cricket has been a feature of the festival, from ever since I can remember. The most important matches were always played during the Pongal holidays; even now they are played during those days, if they can be. How many fine cricketers I remember from those Pongal matches! Not all of them found recognition or played for their country, but some who did not should have.

New clothes are more typical of Dipavali than of Pongal, but people do dress for the occasion during Sankranti, and frequently buy themselves fine clothes. And the house is not neglected either; however modest one's home, its walls are given a clean, white coat of whitewash for Pongal.

* * *

MENTION of new clothes for the festival reminds me of a delightful passage that I read once, in a District Gazetteer, of all books—unfortunately, I cannot lay hands on the volume now, and so cannot quote from it. In many parts of the Karnataka area, particularly around the present site of the Tungabhadra Dam, a traditional form of concubinage, the Basavi system, was in vogue. A Basavi was always a woman with some ancestral property, usually enough to support her and her children, in those spacious days. She was dedicated to a god, and was free to choose any man she liked as her patron, but at Sankranti time she could dissolve her association with him, and was entitled, thereafter, to choose another man. The passage in the gazetteer that I referred to describes how, as the Sankranti Hubba approached, patrons who had sadly neglected all compliments till then could be seen making their way to the houses of their paramours, laden with finely-textured saris bordered with silver, and other costly presents!

In the Deccan, especially in jungleside villages, it is the custom for people to go hunting the day after Sankranti—and the hunting is real, not a make-believe formality to satisfy convention. I remember a remarkable incident that marked such a "Kinkaranti"-day hunt, in the days when there were Princes. A young Prince, not yet in his teens, went pig-hunting, accompanied only by his shikari. The boy shot at a big boar from long range, and only succeeded in wounding it. The boar charged promptly and the shikari gallantly pushed the boy behind him, and met the charge himself. The boar downed the man, and began to bite savagely at his hand—boars do bite, in addition to using their tusks, in close-in fighting. Having no time to reload, the boy rushed over its head with the rifle with all his strength. Now, the boar is perhaps the most courageous of all wild beasts in a fight, and once it has decided on attack it is rarely that it turns aside, but so frenzied and unexpected was this sudden assault that it decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and made off. I weighed that boar (which was shot subsequently) and it was a really big beast, turning the scale at well over 250 lb.; the barrel of the boy's rifle had been bent by the force with which it had been used as a club. An incident with a happy ending for all concerned—except, of course, for the boar.

Yes, Pongal is an occasion for camaraderie and good cheer, and, surprisingly, the urge in us to be friendly is as common as the urge (regrettably common) to be nasty. Logicians may argue that Pongal, being a harvest festival essentially, belongs to the past, when the land yielded enough for all and populations were small; they might go on to point out that in these days of overpopulation and insufficiency, a festival to celebrate the plentiful harvest is rather an anachronism. Well, we do have harvests every year even in these modern times, and obviously it is soon after harvest that there is most to go round. And if anyone, even a logician, thinks that Pongal is a population-produce-ratio festival, after reading all that I have written, may I request him, in slight modification of established usage, to accept my assurance that it is no such thing, and to speak sensibly hereafterwards?

NEXT WEEK

Problems of Indian Education

by J. W. ARIAN

(new series)

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

NAVARATRI

by MAYA RAO

NAVARATRI, one of the most colourful festivals of our country, is celebrated with great rejoicing. Refreshed with the showers of the monsoon, nature also appears in all her verdant glory, decked in the best flower trinkets, and welcomes the festival. The harvest has been garnered, the weather is serene and, in this autumnal splendour, the thoughts of the people wander into the dreamland of legends.

The legends woven round Navaratri are many and as varied as the customs and manners of our people in the different parts of the country. This nine-day festival is mainly dedicated to the Primordial Energy, Shakti, who is known as Durga, the consort of Siva. In order to destroy evil forces and uphold the good, she is known to have taken different forms, as Mahakali, Durga, Mahishasuramardini, Chamundi and Sakhambari. These various manifestations of Shakti have been the focal point of Dassera celebrations throughout the country for countless years.

In some places, the festival is dedicated to the three manifestations. Puja during the first three days is intended to propitiate the Goddess as Mahakali, to effect cure for disease and afford relief from poverty and grief; the next three days for Mahalakshmi to grant wealth and prosperity; and the remaining three days for Mahasaraswati to grant purity of mind.

With the spread of Vaishnavism, legends pertaining to this cult also have become a part of the Dassera festivities. For instance, Rama's victory over Ravana in the epic battle of Lanka is commemorated during Navaratri in the areas where Vaishnavism holds sway. Whatever the form of the worship may be, the central theme is one—the triumph of good over evil.

* * *

IN Bengal, Dassera, celebrated as Durga Puja also signifies the home-coming of Goddess Durga to her parents. According to legend, the daughter of Himavan, Uma was given in marriage to Siva. After his wedding Siva made it a condition that he would allow Uma to visit her parents only once a year—for ten days. Hence the Puja days form an occasion for the parents to invite their married daughters home and bestow choice gifts upon them.

The Puja is celebrated in the form of community worship. People of different localities get together and choose a place for worship, which is decorated artistically with coloured flowers, streamers and so on. On the sixth day of Navaratri, an idol of Durga is installed, and thereafter for three days a puja is performed in which women play a prominent part. They prepare all the special delicacies. It is believed that the Goddess is likely to go away if the devotees do not keep a vigilant eye. Hence a night-long performance of dramas and music is arranged and these are largely attended. On Dasami day, which marks the *finale* of the festival, the Goddess is taken in procession to the Ganga for immersion. The parting scene is most touching. A gloom pervades the home when 'the beloved' daughter leaves, yet there is a hope that she will return the following year, bringing happiness with her.

In the South, Navaratri is dedicated to the worship of the three Goddesses, Lakshmi, Saraswati and Durga. The Vaishnavas attribute the festival to Lakshmi, whose triumph by penance for Vishnu is commemorated, while the Saivas celebrate it as Parvati's victory in her pursuit of Siva. Though Navaratri is attributed to one Goddess or the other, the last three days are specially attributed to Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning.

A special feature of the Navaratri puja in the South is the *kolu*, celebrated mainly by women and children. They collect as many

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The other story connects Sivaratri with cosmogony: The supreme Siva resolved upon the dissolution of the worn-out world in order to create a new one. He let loose the forces of destruction on Sivaratri day, in the deluge of a thunderstorm. The stars trembled and were loosened. The universe was swept away by an inundation. The elements dissolved into the ethereal void. An arid silence prevailed. Again the almighty Sakti rose up and prayed Siva to bring the universe back into existence. Siva chose Sivaratri for this also and asked Sakti to keep vigil and fast, intoning the mantra, Aum. The atoms whirled in tune with the mystic chant. Air winged out; fire flared forth; the stars lit up; the planets hurtled on their courses, spinning in the void. The wheel of evolution was set in motion on Sivaratri. The rhythm of new life burst from the hush of that silent midnight, and in the morning the universe again smiled in vernal beauty.

OBSERVANCE FOR ALL

One can belong to any sect in India, one can observe Sivaratri; and there need be no difference of caste, school or sex in this. The whole day is spent in *japa*, holy study, holy hearing, holy singing and meditation. It is generally observed on the fourteenth day of the waning moon in the solar month of Kumbha (February 15—March 15). Sex and stomach are altogether forgotten that day and the heart is kept warm with Siva-consciousness. The devotees rise betimes, take their bath, gather flowers, make the Sivalingam and begin *japa sadhana*. The *japa* chosen for the occasion is, *Namah Sivaya*, meaning, "I salute Thee, O Siva!" Simply *Aum Siva Aum* will do. Chanted rhythmically, this mantra will set in motion the inner energies. At night, the devotees gather in the temple or in a holy place and offer *bilva* leaves and flowers to Siva. The image is bathed in milk, honey, butter and curds. A beautiful song of Saint Appar says: "The Lord Siva is in the *jiva* like fire in wood and butter in milk. Establish the churning rod of inner communion and turn it fast with the string of consciousness. Then the butter of Divinity will emerge." Such is the significance of the baths detailed above. To keep the mind engaged throughout the night, the devotees sing and listen to holy discourses and musical recitals of Siva's glory. In the morning they take their bath, worship Siva, feed first some good soul, then eat to break their fast. Apart from its spiritual effect, fasting has a benign influence on the health of the human body. Any stomach and intestinal disease can be cured by fasting. The repetition of God's name has a tremendous effect on the psychic planes. The ears are attuned to the inner harmony by hearing holy chants.

Thus, Sivaratri is an occasion for the transformation of the physical, vital, mental and psychic planes into the harmony of divine Consciousness.

"The world is Thy temple; all souls are Thy collective Self; love and service are worship. To see all happy by Thy Grace is my bliss," says a perfect Sage; and such is the inner meaning of all Vedagamic ceremonials.

Aum Sivam! Aum Shakti!
Aum Jaya Aum!

NATARAJA—from the Vellore Temple.
(Photograph by Krishan Khanna)

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BHAI DUJ

by AMITA MALIK

DOMESTIC festivals, if I may coin a phrase, are very often a reflection of a particular way of life. Thus in the United States, dauntless women pioneers often drove covered wagons and women now constitute a larger number of share-holders in business than men. So it is no doubt apt that one of the most important national festivals should be Mothers' Day. Mom-worship is now carried to the most blatant of commercial lengths in that land of exciting cults. Sometimes one wonders whether the original appreciation underlying this festival has not largely been smothered in TV commercials.

And, equally, it is a reflection of India's traditional way of life that two of the most heart-warming of domestic festivals, are Jamai Sashti (devoted to sons-in-law) and Bhai Duj, or Bratri Dwitiya, to give it its formal name, the latter, of course, being Brothers' Day.

It is still, perhaps, a man's world in India, where women pay their menfolk this annual tribute with so much loving care and tenderness. Nevertheless, Indian women now have so many formidable legal and constitutional rights—more so than in many Western countries—that they need no longer feel any sense of inferiority about there being neither a Mothers' Day nor a Sisters' Day in India. Although, to be fair, Durga Puja gives the much-loved daughter, like Uma, the privilege of returning to her parental home annually for her special share of spoiling and loving.

However, to revert to Bhai Duj: All of us who are sisters and go through the annual ritual of preparing our brothers' favourite sweets, choosing them new *dhotis* and other personal gifts with such fond care, must confess that no matter how many times one performs the ritual, one feels a tightness in the throat and a warmth in the heart as one anoints the brother's forehead with sandalwood paste and murmurs the affectionate blessing (to quote the simple Bengali version):

Bhai-yer kapale dilem phonta,
Jamer dwarey porelo kanta

"With this spot on my brother's forehead is nailed Yama's (the God of Death's) door."

A euphemistic wish of course, but none the less infinitely touching. And as brothers accept this wish and give their presents (making some return, from humble to lavish, according to their status in life) surely every sister feels secure in the knowledge that the bond between brother and sister is one of the purest as well as one of the most lasting in life.

What makes this custom all the more heartfelt is that an Indian woman can adopt a brother formally—it is not only her blood brother whom she thus anoints and honours. She can bestow this privileged position on any man of her acquaintance who, she feels, deserves it. This gracious gesture, naturally, is accepted with pride and affection by all men—except the unhappy rejected suitor, who has always looked on adoption as a brother by the very lady he seeks to court as one of the most subtle, if also one of the more final forms of rejection.

However, Indian men being as chivalrous as they are, it is quite common to hear them reply, when asked how many sisters they have, "Five", if they have four blood sisters and an "adopted" one. The adopted sister, if anything, is given very special treatment and participates in all the sisterly ceremonies connected with weddings and other special occasions. She also receives a *pranami* sari from the bridegroom as well as the bride, and other privileges normally accorded to sisters on such occasions.

One of the best known and most charming legends about adoption of brothers, of course, concerns the Rajput princess and the Moghul prince. A sudden attack by the prince on the Rajput kingdom while the ruler was away forced the princess to ask the aggressor to defend it against overwhelming odds. Alas, the Moghul prince who was better prepared and armed proceeded to make mincemeat of her men.

Whereupon the Rajput princess, who must have been remarkably clever as well as one of the most feminine of princesses in world history, chose the only way out—she sent a token to the Moghul prince, making him her brother. Both Rajput and Moghul chivalry being what they were, the hapless prince had no option but to call off the battle, accept the charming lady as his sister and, no doubt, prepare to lay down his life defending her honour.

So, perhaps, it was not as much of a man's world in India as we imagine, certainly not in Moghul and Rajput times. Nor is it now. Indeed, it is a lasting tribute to Indian womanhood that even in these modern days when Indian (girl) beatniks perform the Twist in "slimjims" and when women constitute something like 10 per cent. of the total membership of Parliament and when, for that matter, Indian women can preside over the United Nations with grace and competence, be Governors of States and prove skilful ambassadors abroad, that when it comes to Bhai Duj, they remain charmingly, unanimously and traditionally Indian.

Not an Indian woman exists who does not look forward anxiously to Brothers' Day every year and who does not celebrate it with the same hope as did her feminine ancestors from time immemorial. Perhaps not all do so with the same diplomatic finesse as the Rajput princess. But then, who would care to be a diplomat with a brother? Certainly not in India, where, thanks to that uniquely feminine garment known as the sari, a woman remains a woman and has never felt the need to wear the trousers—figuratively at any rate. For the Indian woman has always had her way—the clever, subtle feminine way. And her men have always loved and respected her for it.

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ways as possible and arrange them in a room, with fanciful decorations, placing the idols of Durga, Lakshmi and Saraswati in the centre. The women sing songs in praise of the Goddess, after which sweets, *pan-supari* and the like are distributed. During the last three days dedicated to Saraswati, all the books, musical instruments and other articles are collected near the place of worship and decorated with flowers. The Goddess is represented with a *Mangal Kalas*, a silver or copper vessel filled with rice to the brim, and with a coconut placed over it. Sweets made of jaggery, rice and cucumber are offered to the deity.

To the warriors and ruling clans, Navaratri is particularly sacred. Durga is worshipped by them as the Goddess of War, to whom sacrifices are offered. The legends say that, on this occasion, Sri Rama propitiated Durga, who, pleased with his offerings, helped him in annihilating his mighty foe, Ravana.

It is also said that, after the completion of twelve years' service in disguise at Virata's palace, the Pandavas recovered their arms hidden in the *Sami* tree and launched their attack on the Kauravas on Dassera day.

Vijayadasami, therefore, is considered auspicious for beginning battles. The veneration of weapons, as also implements of labour, *Ayudha Puja*, is probably a direct outcome of this legend. This custom is observed even today in all the principal States, like Rajasthan, Madhya Pradesh and Mysore, where Dassera is celebrated with regal pomp and pageantry. The spectacular procession in Mysore on Vijayadasami day, which draws crowds from all over the country and outside, is a sight yet to be rivalled.

* * *

In the North, Dassera has a dual significance. It is a festival to appease Durga by commemorating her victory over the *asuras*, at the same time an offering to Rama who routed Ravana.

In the Punjab, there are various legends pertaining to Durga associated with this festival. It is said that, in the days of yore, the *asuras*, who held sway over the Punjab for a while, prevented the people from eating any grain. So the starved citizens prayed to Durga to relieve them from this distress. In answer to their prayers, Durga sent her seven forms to kill the *asuras*. In the battle which lasted for seven days, the *asuras* were completely destroyed. On the eighth day, Durga appeared and blessed her people and asked them to eat as much as they wanted.

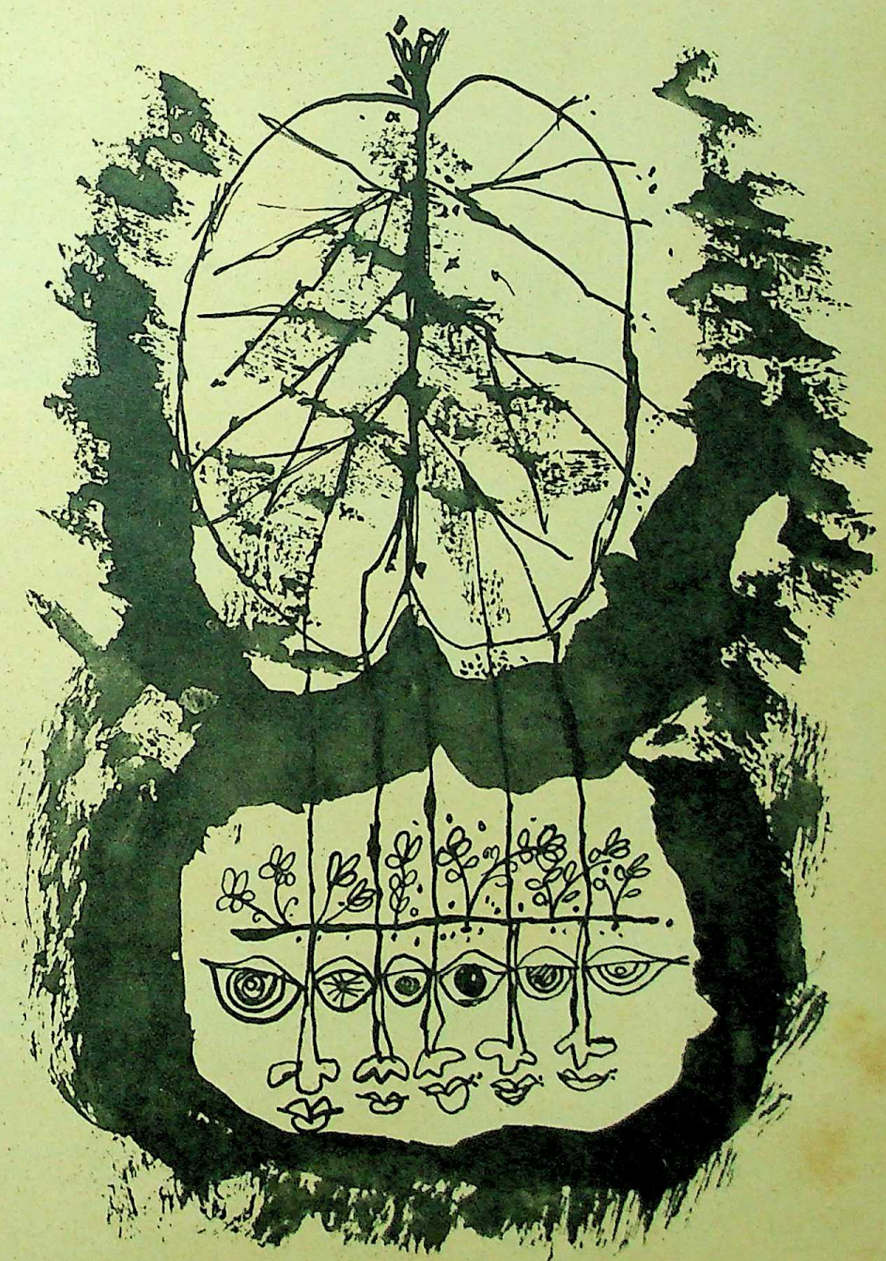
Accordingly, during the first seven days of Navaratri, the devotees observe a partial fast, eating only fruits, and on the eighth day they offer worship to Durga, giving her all kinds of delicacies made of wheat, rice and butter. On this day, all the young unmarried girls in the family are also honoured with gifts, for these *kanyas* are considered to be the human manifestations of Durga. Probably this legend refers to Durga in her manifestation as Sakhambhari, who fought the demons and protected the world.

Another legend associated with the festival is that of the Daksha Yajna. Daksha, the father of Sati, performed a *yajna* to which he invited all the princes and Gods, excepting Siva. Humiliated by this insult, Sati jumped into the sacrificial fire. Enraged at this outrageous offence, Siva danced his fiercest *Tandava*, carrying the burning body of Sati on his shoulders. It is said that, as he danced in a fury, pieces from Sati's body fell down at various places. Wherever the pieces fell, a form of Durga rose up. Temples were later erected at these places for these deities.

The most popular celebration of Dassera in the North is the Ramlila. The nine days signify the battle of Rama with Ravana and the tenth day marks his victory. To the devotees of Rama, it is a votive offering, an act of sharing in the sorrows and joys of their beloved deity who was at once man and God. They recreate the story of the Ramayana in the Ramlila.

The Ramlila is an open-air dramatic representation of the principal incidents in the Ramayana. In every city, town and hamlet, the moving verses of Tulsidas are brought to life by groups of players enacting the Ramlila. On the tenth day, the effigy of Ravana is burnt. The huge effigy is erected on a mighty framework of bamboos, filled with fireworks and covered on the outside with paper. On either side of Ravana are Meghanad, his son, and Kumbhakarna, his brother. Once the arrow of Rama shoots through the effigy of Ravana, all the three catch fire and fall down, bringing the whole festival to a close with the cheering cries of the crowd: *"Ramchandra ki Jai!"*

Thus one recaptures in this festival, celebrated alike by rich and poor, prince and peasant, not only the clatter of arms and the cries of angry demons, but also the wealth and magic of a forgotten age.



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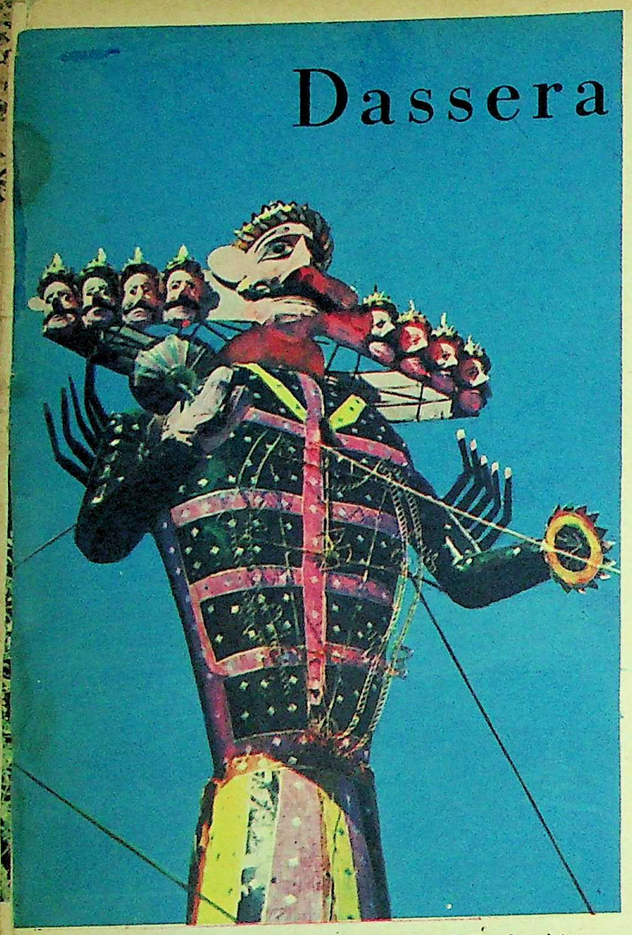
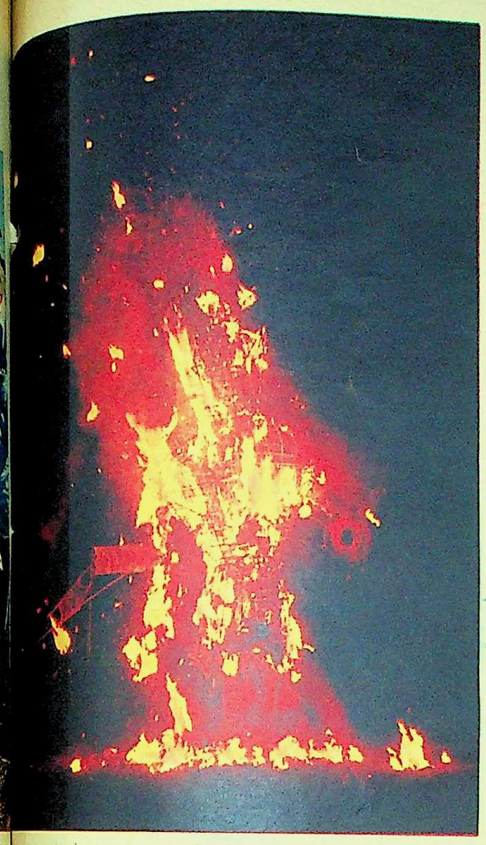
Dassera In Pictures



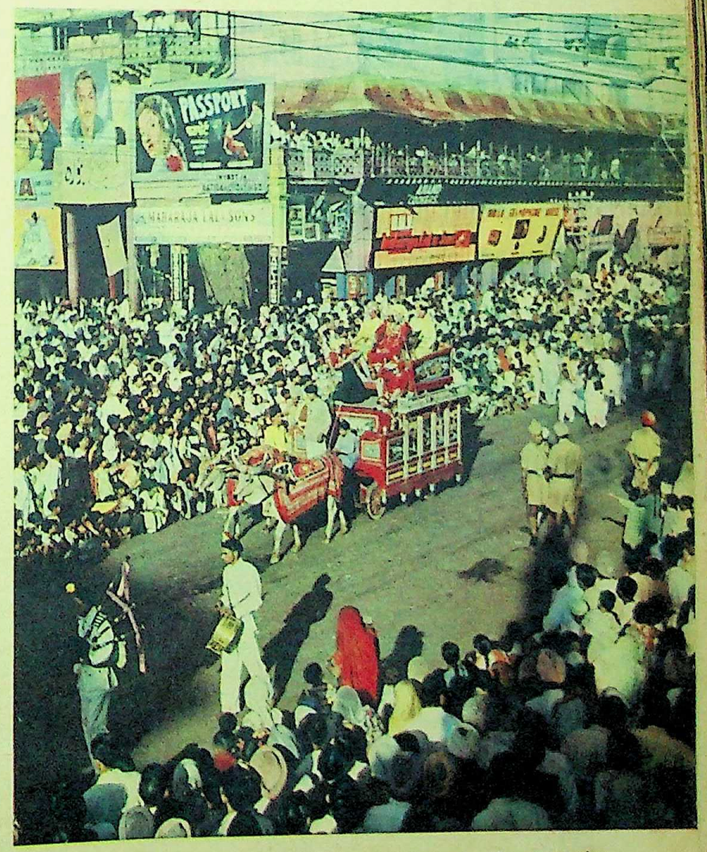
EFFIGY OF RAVANA. In Northern India, the victory of Rama is celebrated on Vijayadasami day.

HOURS ARE SPENT in preparing the effigies, which are painted in bright colours. Right: The Rakshasas go up in flames.



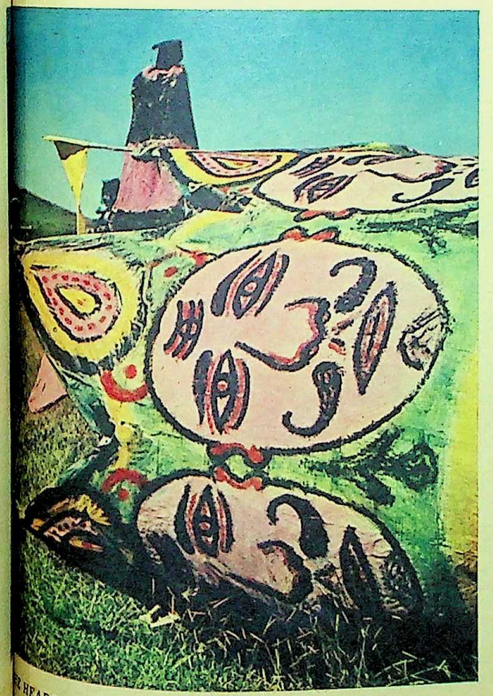
(Photographs: Shama Kilanjar 5; Shah Nematullah 2)

ONE OF THE HUGE FIGURES being installed in the grounds.



LARGE, ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS participate in the procession passing through the streets of Delhi.

RAVANA, Kumbhakarna and Meghanad are about to be consumed by fire.



HEADS OF RAVANA done up colourfully.

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Mahasivaratri

by SHUDDHANANDA BHARATI

THERE are three kinds of nights: one is *savaratri*, the night spent in feeding the body with food and pleasures; the second, Navaratri, the night when the soul takes a new birth in devotion. The third is Sivaratri, when *jiva*, the soul, is united with Siva, the Lord. We are concerned here with Sivaratri.

The Hindu festivals and rituals have a deep ontological meaning and metaphysical significance. They have emotional features which touch our hearts and transform our being. The Hindus are followers of two mighty authorities, which guide the God-ward *elan* of human life. These are the Vedas and the Agamas. The Vedas are fountains of spiritual knowledge and the Agamas are a storehouse of ritual precepts. The Vedas give the theory of spiritual life, and the Agamas lead one by graded practices to the Life Divine. The Vedas tell us, *"Tat Twam Asi"*—That Thou Art. That which is the quintessence of our being —the Brahman, or God—is in our heart's cave and to realise it is the object of human life. It is the Self, the Atman. We can know it by meditation. But the poor human creature tossed by mental waves and vital storms is often deluded into a labyrinth of tempting glamour. Lust, greed, envy, desire, egoism, and other forces of darkness land him in a pandemonium of doleful shades, "where peace and rest can never dwell, hope never comes and torture without end still urges".

CONFLICTING PASSIONS

Man suffers the woes and miseries of Dante's *Inferno* in his conflicting vital life, a life of battling passions. The Agama comes to his help now and lends a motherly hand to lift him step by step to the Paradise of Peace and Bliss. By a fourfold process of *charya* (moral purity), *kriya* (worship of God), *yoga* (life in tune with the inner Divine) and *jnana* (realisation of God in the Self), the Agama leads human evolution to the Divine Destiny of the Soul. All Hindu festivals, temple worship and austerities belong to the realm of the Agamas. India's religion is a synthesis of Veda and Agama. The Vedas end in Vedanta and the Agamas in Siddhanta. Vedanta, by self-analysis and self-reflection, ends in Self-realisation. Brahman is Truth; the world is a myth and the *jiva* is nothing but Brahman—*Brahma Satyam jagan mithya; jiva Brahmaiva na para* is the Vedantic dictum. Vedanta is otherwise called Advaita, which considers God and Soul as One. Siddhanta, otherwise called Pure Advaita (Shuddha-advaita), holds that *jiva* is in eternal unity with Siva and mental dirt and tarnish prevent the *jiva* from being conscious of the intrinsic Siva. It promulgates a system of yoga by which the soul can come into direct contact with the Divine and be That-conscious.

Hindu Temple worship, *vratas*, austerities, vigils and other ceremonials are only gradations of easy practices by which the ultimate goal of life can be reached by the approaches of purity, unity and divinity. Mahasivaratri is one of those *sadhana* days on which one automatically practises the yoga of divine love, service and consciousness. Now let us know what Siva means and what the Linga signifies.

THREE ENTITIES

There are three entities in us—one is *sava*, or mere matter, another is *jiva*, the soul or psychic being, and the third is Siva, the pure almighty Divine. *Jiva*, the soul, is caught between Siva and *sava*. Pursuing *sava*, or Nature, it goes down to animality; and pursuing Siva, or pure Bliss-Consciousness, in yoga, it ascends to Divinity. The Divine in man is represented in several psychic images. The Hindu anthropomorphic representations symbolise Divinity in its several aspects. Indeed, every religion has a symbol—a cross, a Kaaba, a fire, or a book. The symbol adopted depends upon the mental conception and vital receptivity of man. God is not a personality and wood and stone cannot be God; this everybody knows. But man wants something concrete to understand the abstract.

Just as sugar gives an idea of sweetness, milk an idea of whiteness, and lemon an idea of sourness, just as *Masjid* gives an idea of holiness, Cross gives an idea of Christian sacrifice and Swastika of Buddhistic Dharma, the Hindu Temple gives you an idea of the *tattvas*, or principles of existence, and of the Divine who is the heart and soul of things. For the man of Knowledge, the body is the temple, the heart the sanctum, the soul God and meditation worship, life-offering, and peace-living. For the man of service, every act is worship consecrated to God in humanity. For a *bhakta*, or devotee, love is religion and psychic devotion is life and to him all forms are God's omnipresence. Thus the Siddhanta adores God as *Guru* or Master, *Uru* or form and *Aru* or impersonal Truth-Light. God is one, but his aspects are many. Images represent the aspects of God made accessible to the imagination of man. Thus Nataraja, the king among forms, represents the Cosmic Dance of Siva, Dakshinamurti, the ultimate Silence of god's psychic dynamism, and Skanda, the Divine Flame which scorches the Demon forces.

The Siva Lingam is the most ancient form of God-representation. It is ridiculed by some as a phallic symbol, which it is not. The lingam has been found in the Mohenjodaro excavations. From Kanyakumari to Mount Kailas the Lingam is adored in sanctums. Rama, Bhima, Arjuna, Vali, Sage Sadasiva, Saint Basava, and Maharshi Ramana worshipped the Lingam. Sankara, the Vedantin, has dedicated thrilling songs to the Lingam. Saint Appar says, "My body is a temple and the divine in my heart's core is the Lingam." The Vedic Rishi says, "The thumb-shaped entity in my heart is Siva, Brahma, Hari, Indra and the Eternal God." India is "surrounded" by Lingams: Kailasanath in the North, Ramanath in the South, Somanath in the West and Viswanath in the East. Indeed, every natural phenomenon is Lingam-shaped—our head, our heart, a hill, a tree, a flame, the sun, the moon, the stars and the wide sky. "Akasa is the body of God," says the Veda and the Lingam is verily the form of the Sky, or *Akasa*.

There are thirty-six *tattvas* in us and *tattvas* are evolutes of Nature, the principles of our being, subtly woven into the conception of the Lingam. Let us enumerate them clearly: The Lingam contains three parts. The lower part is *Atma tattva*, which tapers towards the middle and broadens into *Vidya tattvam*, upon which stands the *Siva tattvam*. These are the inner mechanisms of our being.

BASIC PRINCIPLES

Atma Tattvam contains twenty-four primary substances, which constitute the gross and subtle human body. They are:

Elements: ether, air, fire, water, earth—5

Rudiments: sound, touch, taste, form, smell—5

Senses of Feeling: body, tongue, eye, ear, nose—5

Organs of action: hands, feet, mouth, bowels, pudenda—5

Inner instruments, or Antahkarana: Mind, intellect, thought and egoism—4.

The *Vidya Tattvas* are conditional elements. These mixed primary substances are seven in number:

Kala (Time), *Kala* (power of limited doing), *Vidya* (limited knowledge), *Niyati* (restriant, destiny), *Raga* (desire), *Purusha* (individual *jiva*) and *Maya* (the multiplying force of God).

There are five *Siva Tattvas* or principles of divinity:

Shuddha Vidya (pure Gnosis), *Isvaram* (Supremacy), *Sadakyam* (balance of forces of knowledge and action), *Sakti* (Cosmic Energy) and *Siva* (Bliss Eternal).

The Agama describes God in Linga form: "Salutations, O Flame Divine, Purity unstained, Light of Wisdom, sky-shaped Linga in our heart!" The Lingam is a symbol of the soul's identity with Sakti and its identity with Siva. To attain this identity in the soul is the sole object of the *Mahasivaratri Vratam*. Now let us look into the legendary aspect of the *Vrata*.

There are many stories about Mahasivaratri—one such is found in the Mahabharata; another in the *Bharata Shakti Mahakavyam*. The former runs as follows: Resting on a bed of arrows, Chitrabhanu gives out the glory of Mahasivaratri as the greatest of austerities, which confers yogic realisation. Chitrabhanu and his queen observed the Mahasivaratri fast and and vigil. Saint Ashtavakra, who was blessing them with the teaching of Vedanta, demanded, "O King, I think your fasting has something to do with your previous birth. Please explain."

SIGNIFICANT STORIES

The king replied with the following story:

In his previous birth he had been a bird-hunter. One day after his hunting, he was exhausted. He stretched his tired limbs under a *bilva* tree and slept soundly until it was dark. Waking up, he found the whole forest enveloped in pitch darkness and echoing to the frightful roars of wild beasts. He could not risk returning home and so spent his night in the *bilva* tree. It chanced to be the Sivaratri. Fear drove away sleep. There was nothing to eat, and hence, perforce, he had to fast. He plucked the *bilva* leaves and threw them down. It happened that the leaves fell upon a Lingam just beneath him under the tree. Leaves also fell due to his change of posture. Thus unconsciously he fulfilled all the conditions of Sivaratri. He returned home in the early morning, sold his catch and ate his fill after feeding a stranger who chanced to visit his house. This full Sivaratri observance, though accidental, obtained for him rebirth as King Chitrabhanu. But this does not mean that every one who observes the fast and vigil will be a king today when kings have left the political arena. What then, is the meaning of the story?

Ratri does not mean mere night. It really signifies withdrawal of the senses into the mind and the mind into the soul and surrender of the soul to the supreme Divine, Siva, who is the Lord of the *jiva*. The vigil implies inner wakefulness, a psychic opening to the descent of Siva-sakti or divine Consciousness. The Divine Energy wakes up when the human ego surrenders to God in the Self. Fasting means control of the senses from wandering after deluding objects; it means the starvation of lust, greed and envy, so that the mind may be pure enough for introspection and meditation upon the inner Divine. The hunter in this story, by starving the senses and keeping awake the soul to the reception of Grace, became king of himself, master of his destiny.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS

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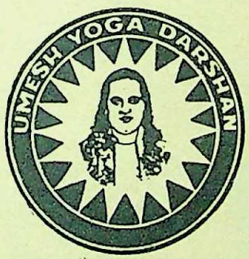

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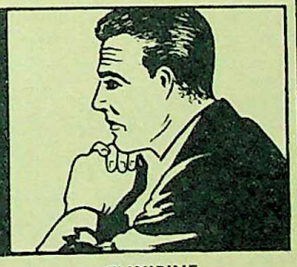

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OPEN TO ALL READERS **CLOSES: 5 P.M., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1962.** **CONTEST OF SKILL**

CLUES ACROSS

1 French writer and poet
4 **And you can —— him: the papers say you can.**
6 **"I'm pretty near finished having my own —— slap me around."**
7 **You drag me out here to see your friend, who wants me no more than a ——!**
10 Articles sold by grocers
14 Rub out
15 Always
17 Water from the clouds in drops
19 **'But what shall I do? I have no ——.'**
20 **I can imagine how they discussed it. ——, I'm not going down to meet that train to-morrow.**
21 **He's enough of a —— to marry a damned pretty wife.**
22 **Then I would advise seeing what you can do with a ——.**

CLUES DOWN

2 A circlet of metal worn on the finger
3 **"A ——! What the hell do you know?"**
5 Large covered wagons
8 **And inside the fire of their youth was even ——.**
9 **"This is glorious!" I cried, and then I looked at the —— by my side.**
11 **They talked about their wives, their kids, their ——.**
12 **"What a prodigious amount of —— that simple arrangement saves!" I ejaculated.**
13 **"——?" He considered the matter awhile.**
16 A passage out
18 Skilful

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF SEP. 2; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF SEP. 9.
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CASES	NAME
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CATCH	RAT
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GAIN	SHEEP
GAME	SHEET
HAVE	SINGER
HELL	SINNER
KID	TYING
KIN	WELL
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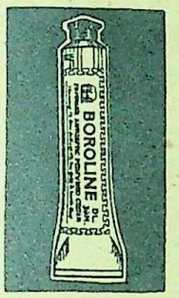

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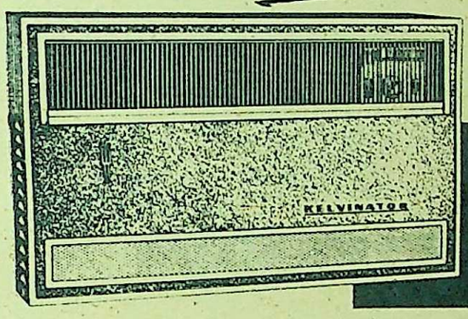

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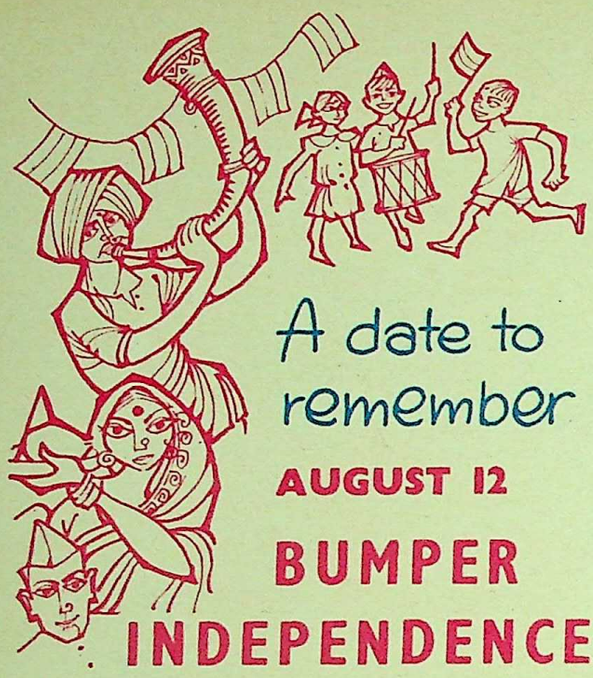

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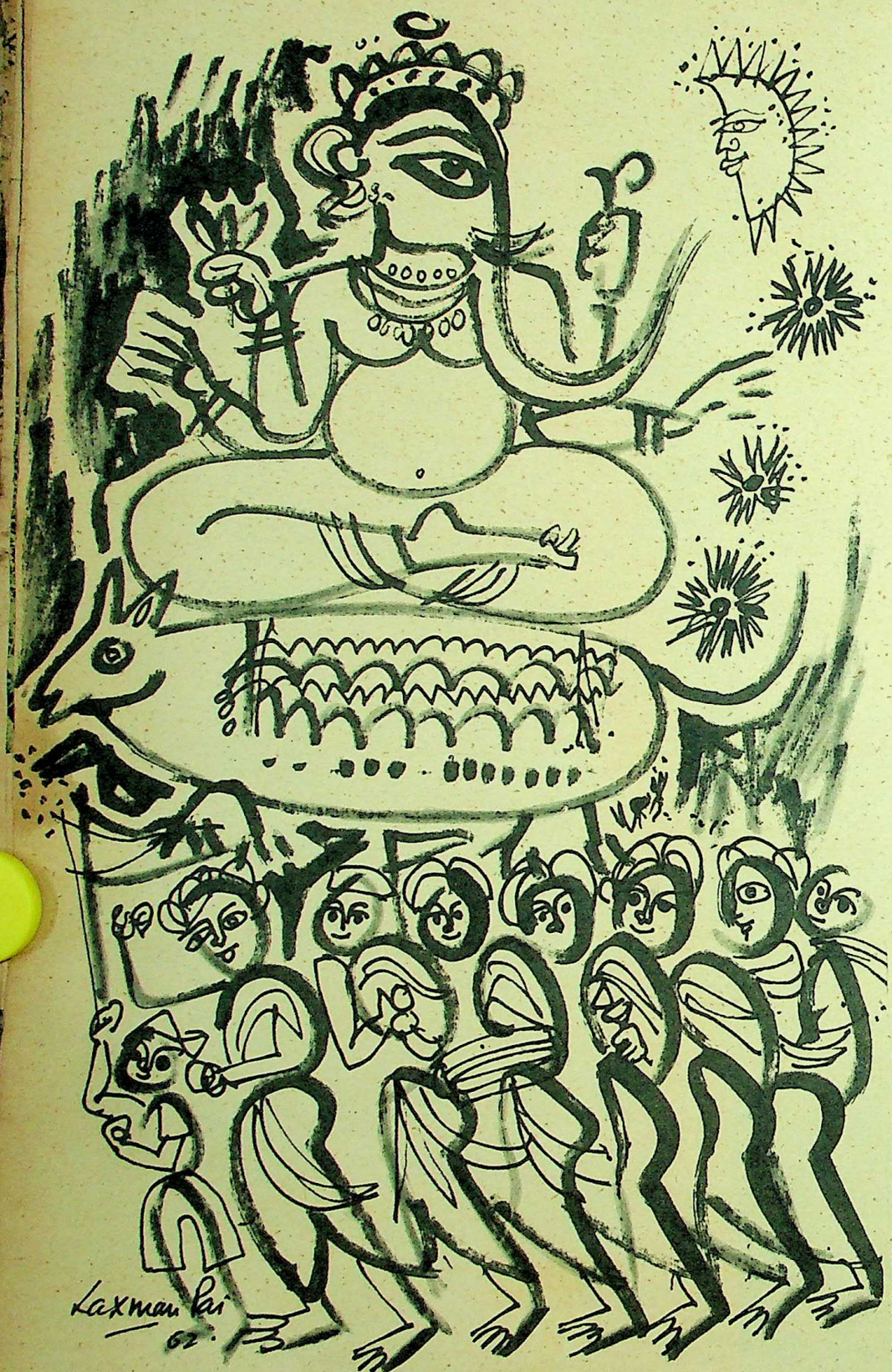

The Ganapati Festival

EVERY year in the month of Bhadrapada (August-September), on Ganesh Chaturthi day, the streets of all the towns of Maharashtra are thronged with innumerable and joyous processions carrying the images of Lord Ganapati. Children, naturally, head the processions, singing, chanting and dancing with bursting enthusiasm and gaiety all along the way. The elders too forget their inhibitions and sing and dance along with the children. This is done to the accompaniment of clanging cymbals, jangling *lezims*, rattling drums and blaring trumpets. It is a gay and colourful scene though the sophisticated may find it a bit too noisy and confused. But then noise and confusion are essential and inescapable ingredients of any traditional Indian festivity.

The processions carry the images to homes and *pandals*, specially erected for the festival by neighbourhood groups. There they are installed with ritual and ceremony and this marks the beginning of the Ganapati festival. In private homes it continues for two days while the neighbourhood groups celebrate it publicly for ten days crammed with lectures, plays, musical concerts and a variety of other programmes. It is the public celebrations that give the festival its special place and significance in Maharashtra, but the celebrations in private homes are not any less exciting.

In private homes the image is worshipped twice a day. Lamps are lit, silver bells tinkle and the family as well as visitors sing devotional songs. The children are the most enthusiastic among the worshippers and sing lustily. At least a part of the enthusiasm springs from the knowledge that the sweets offered to Ganapati will be given to them as his "blessings". One thing must be said for Hindu gods that they give their "blessings" immediately after worship, and the "blessings" are always a sweet mouthful!

During the two days of the festival, friends and relatives visit each other with their families. Even relatives who are hardly on speaking terms consider it incumbent to visit one another on that occasion.

MOMENTS OF DRAMA

These visits naturally are not without their moments of drama. Sparks fly and retorts are exchanged, particularly by the females of the tribe. Even otherwise, these visits provide an occasion for the exchange of gossip, revival of old feuds, veiled recrimination and not-so-veiled assertion of superior social status, display of new necklaces, saris and pretty daughters-in-law and dissection of the follies of those not present. At the same time the atmosphere is on the whole genial and there is an undercurrent of genuine warmth and affection.

Life, though pleasant, gets a bit too hectic during the two days, and children, both one's own and those of relatives, take a heavy toll of nerves and property. It is a bit difficult to keep on smiling and not to notice the crack in the mirror or the broken dome of the replica of the Taj Mahal, which is often the only showpiece of the household. But one has to do it and spread cheer all around.

Children have a rollicking time during the festival and there is nothing forced about their gaiety. They take it upon themselves to make the preparations for the installation of the idol. The papers and stationery on daddy's desk are unceremoniously stuffed into the drawers and the desk itself is pushed against the wall to form the pedestal for the image. Daddy is thoroughly upset when he cannot find his papers, and if the inkstand too is not upset that must be regarded as a miracle. But such upsets do not bother the children. They push a bench and grandfather's big wooden box against the desk to form two steps for the pedestal. This makes a deafening noise and drowns the shrill admonitions issuing from the kitchen.

Thereafter, a decorative arch is cut out of cardboard, covered with gold paper, and then fitted on to the pedestal. A castle with a moat around it is built on the bench while on the wooden box is spread a lawn on which cellulose cows graze on strips of green paper. Scissors, knives, nails, pins and gum are freely used in

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this exercise in decoration; and when eventually mother arrives on the scene she is literally pushed to the floor on finding her little daughter has failed to the desk while snipped-off bits of paper's fingers lie strewn all over the floor.

A string of winking, coloured bulbs is the *pièce de resistance* of these decorations. But children are not allowed to fool around with electric fittings; and it is left to daddy to fish out the string of bulbs used last year and contrive himself once again that it cannot be used for another year.

When the decorations are completed, the children consider themselves free to romp and play and raid as often as possible the boxes of sweets in the kitchen. With visitors bringing their children along, the kids have lots of company. They also have a free run of the house. But, with visitors around, decorum restrains the itching hands of daddy and the quivering vocal chords of mummy. The children throw all restraint to the winds and have the time of their lives, although they know what to expect when the visitors leave.

STRANGE GODS

The Hindu pantheon is crowded with strange gods and Ganapati is not the least strange among them. He has an elephant's head, and he is the son of Siva, the Destroyer, who is known to be a highly temperamental god, charged with animal vitality and fury. Yet Ganapati has none of the strength and grandeur of an elephant nor has he the fiery temper of Siva. He is a kindly and sedate god. He has a sweet tooth and, if his obesity is any indication, he is an unashamed gourmet. In his customary pose he is shown sitting relaxed, with his big, overhanging belly almost touching the floor while his hand is permanently held out to receive the sweets offered by his devotees.

He is not the kind of god who is always rushing across seven heavens and an equal number of nether worlds to kill demons, save damsels and devotees in distress and carry out the other multifarious duties of Hindu gods. He seems to dismiss all bloodshed, romance and frantic movement with a sardonic twirl of his trunk. He hardly ever moves around, and when he does he is supposed to ride a ludicrously small mouse, no bigger than his toe. I do not think he ever really rides the mouse. He keeps the mouse near his seat only as a deprecatory gesture towards all uncalled for excitement and movement in life.

Although he has an elephant's head, an outsized belly and a mouse as his means of locomotion, there is nothing ludicrous about Ganapati. One cannot treat him with levity even if one wants to. For there is a quiet dignity and poise about him. He is the god of learning and there is in his benign expression an understanding and wisdom that commands respect and inspires affection. Even the ordinary craftsmen modelling the images of Ganapati out of clay somehow, almost unconsciously, bring out these qualities of the deity.

Ganapati is a lovable god and children take to him instinctively. But it is rather surprising that we, the Marathas, should have put him at the centre of our major religious and cultural festival. For there is a wide gulf that separates the Maharashtrian temperament from the qualities associated with Ganapati. The two are almost antithetical. There is a strong puritanical streak in the Maharashtrian personality, and, before the advent of British rule, the Marathas restlessly campaigned for nearly two hundred years to build a powerful empire.

These historical memories have not made them exactly tolerant and sedate. Maharashtra has no doubt a worthy tradition of scholarship, but even this scholarship tends to be dry and militant and sometimes overlooks the necessity of relating logic to reality. On the other hand, Ganapati, as we have seen, is a kindly and sedate god, who loves good food and leavens his learning with understanding and wisdom.

It is stranger still that the Ganapati festival in its present form should have been initiated as an instrument of militant nationalist awakening and that too by Lokamanya Tilak, a most pugnacious and puritanical Maharashtrian leader. Tilak was an astute politician who knew how deeply religious the Indians were and how both were the British to hurt their religious susceptibilities. He, therefore, decided to graft the new national consciousness on to the traditional, religious sentiment. A religious festival seemed to him an excellent instrument to serve this end. So he launched the Ganapati festival in a new form, and encouraged people to organise themselves into neighbourhood groups for its public observance. Ganapati being the god of learning, the festival, as he conceived it, was to be used for educating the people through lectures, dramatic performances and other similar programmes. All these programmes, naturally, were to have a nationalist slant. Tilak's idea met with immediate and widespread acceptance, and the Ganapati festival became an integral part of Maharashtra's social and cultural life.

That Tilak should have thought and worked along these lines and succeeded is quite understandable. Yet the sedate and mild Ganapati seems to be an unlikely presiding deity for a festival meant to be an instrument of militant nationalism.

On second thoughts, however, this association of Ganapati with Maharashtrians and their militant nationalism is not as strange and contradictory as one may think. It is just one more manifestation of the essential ambivalence of Indian life in which opposites are always bewilderingly fused.

Apart from providing a forum for nationalistic propaganda, the Ganapati festival has contributed greatly to the social and cultural development of Maharashtra. It has taught people to organise themselves into neighbourhood groups for activities of various kinds and many a social worker has started his career as the Secretary of the local Ganapati Festival Committee. It has provided for many years, and to innumerable people, the only access to music, drama and the world of ideas; and it has also provided a very necessary outlet for local patriotism and artistic talent.

I have seen all this happen for many years. As the festival approaches people suddenly become apathetic. They grumble about how

---

by GANGADHAR GADGIL

---

things were mismanaged the previous year, about the poor quality of entertainment programmes, about the terribly boring lectures inflicted upon them and about the endless bickering among the members of the Festival Committee. They express serious doubts as to whether the daughter of the Chairman of the Committee really deserved the first prize in the local talent contest, and they are utterly convinced that the staging of plays by the neighbourhood boys is very harmful to their morals and that in any case they make too much of a racket during rehearsals. There is also a lot of shaking of heads about what happened to all the money collected last year.

Eventually the Committee comes into existence and the Secretary goes round all the homes for contributions. Everybody in a sense looks forward to the Secretary's visit. For everybody has so many caustic things to say, admonitions to make and advice to offer, and the visit provides an opportunity to corner the Secretary and get it all off one's chest. But very often the Secretary is an old hand at the game. He gives the folks hardly any chance to say all the things they are itching to say, and somehow all the caustic remarks lose their sting and appear tepid and inconsequential in his presence. In fact, very often it is the Secretary who takes the offensive and chides the folks for being so niggardly in their contributions and making the poor Secretary do all the work, while they just sit back and criticise.

The Ganapati festival is celebrated during the rainy season, so that the erection of a covered *pandal* is an inevitable first step in preparing for it. This generally eats up a big chunk of the Committee's funds and with the little money left it is generally impossible to arrange good programmes. But the erection of the *pandal* is a highly exciting event for the children of the neighbourhood. They watch the construction with absorbing interest, and the workmen can hardly do a thing without stepping on them. They climb up the poles, unroll the awning and crawl under it, try to carry off the planks for their own building projects and do not in the least mind being shoo'd away every few minutes.

The installation of loud speakers is another, and perhaps the most important, step in the preparation for the festival. They are installed not only in the *pandal* but all over the neighbourhood, and any resident of the area becomes highly indignant if there is not a loud speaker within a few yards of his tenement. The moment the installation is complete, the gramophone starts grinding away, and there is a constant and deafening blare of film music all over the neighbourhood from early morning to midnight. It becomes impossible for anybody to hear anybody else. Yet the blare of music makes them so happy that they talk and laugh more than ever.

The music is interrupted only when there are programmes going on in the *pandal*. Lectures of course have to be given a place in the list of programmes not because anybody particularly wants them, but because it is respectable to do so and also because they cost nothing at all. It is the easiest thing for the Secretary to arrange lectures. There is no dearth of public speakers in Maharashtra, and they hug the Secretary and shed tears of joy when he offers them a speaking engagement. If he is foolishly generous and offers them taxi fare, he earns their undying gratitude. If it were as easy to get an audience as it is to get speakers the secretaries of Ganapati Festival Committees would not have been the harassed, grim, constipated and irritable men that they generally are at the end of the festival. But the audience just does not turn up for lectures. Even the otherwise docile wife of the Secretary becomes rebellious when he tries to cajole her into attending. Many a time the Secretary constitutes the only audience for a lecture, and he cannot listen to it anyway because he is all the while busy chasing off the children, who want to play "catch thief" in the *pandal*, while the lecturer is expounding the philosophy of the Upanishads.

This is of course what happens to the average speaker. The star performers attract large audiences and are very much in demand.

Dramatic performances are a major attraction in the programmes for the festival. When I was a boy, these used to be performed by troupes of boys and girls, which were called *melas*. The valiant deeds of Shivaji and his Mawla warriors provided the themes for the plays they staged. I can now perceive how utterly banal they were. But at that time they used to inspire in me an irresistible urge to mount a charger, unsheathe the sword and kill all the Britishers holding my motherland in bondage. The British must consider themselves lucky that I never could get hold of a horse and a sword in those days. Cow-slaughter was another favourite theme of the plays staged by the *melas*. I used to feel a deep reverence for the girl playing the role of the cow goddess. She looked splendid with the dazzling golden crown on her head. Later on I discovered that the cow goddess was none other than the rather nasty girl living in an adjoining *chawl*. That was one of the earliest disillusionments in my life and made me indescribably bitter and sad.

BANAL TEAR-JERKERS

The *melas* have now almost disappeared and along with them the whole cultural cosmos of my early years. Now plays are staged by troupes of grown-up men and women. They are generally tear-jerkers and as banal as those staged by the *melas*. Worse still, they lack the innocence.

Mimicry, magic tricks, acrobatics, musical concerts—all these find a place in the programmes arranged for the Ganapati festival. The general level of these programmes is of course poor, but they have their bright spots.

The importance of the Ganapati festival in Maharashtrian social life is declining. Cultural and social activities have no longer to support themselves on the crutches of religion. Numerous secular organisations and forums have come into existence to promote these activities and they do the job much better. But one cannot forget the seminal role played by this festival in the social and cultural development of Maharashtra.

It introduced me, like many others, to music, drama and above all to the festive spirit and I think it still does that to many children. I remember how hard it used to be for me as a child to restrain my tears when the festival came to an end and the images of Ganapati were taken in a procession and submerged in the sea. I like to believe that children do not feel any differently today when Ganapati departs for his home in the heavens.

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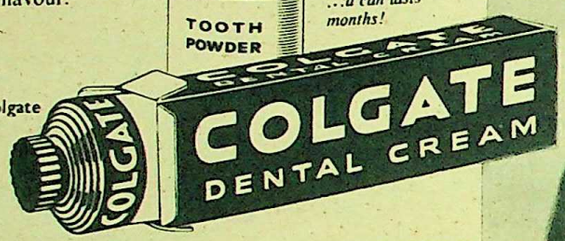

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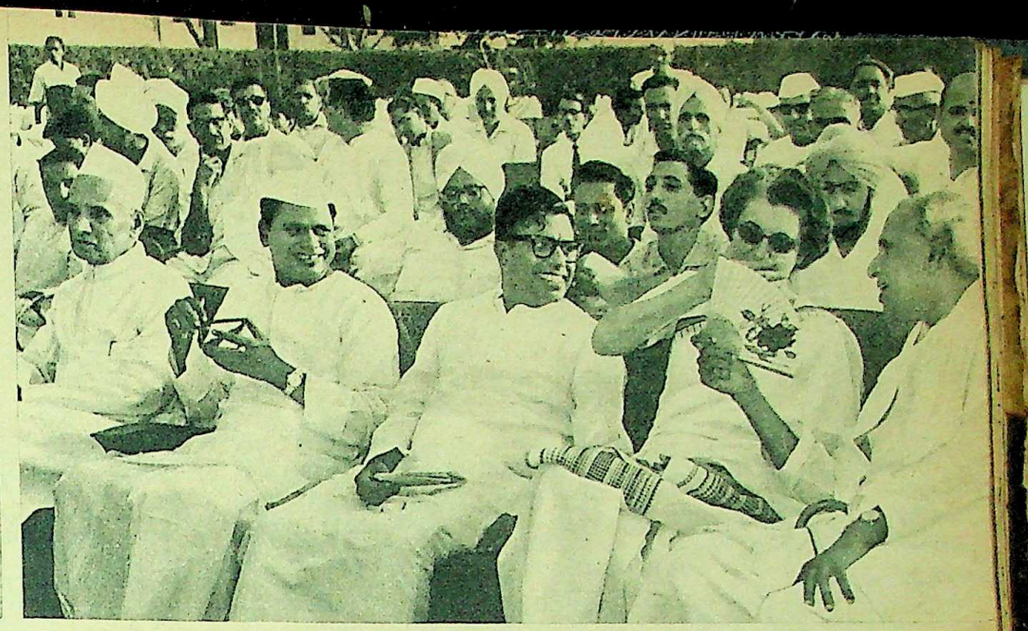


CHIVALROUSLY FANNING Mrs. Indira Gandhi is Defence Minister Krishna Menon at a reception given to Congress President D. Sanjivayya by the Delhi Pradesh Congress Committee. Looking on, amused, are Mr. C. Subramaniam (wearing spectacles), Minister for Steel and Heavy Industries, and Mr. Sanjivayya. At left is Mr. B. N. Datar, Minister of State for Home Affairs.

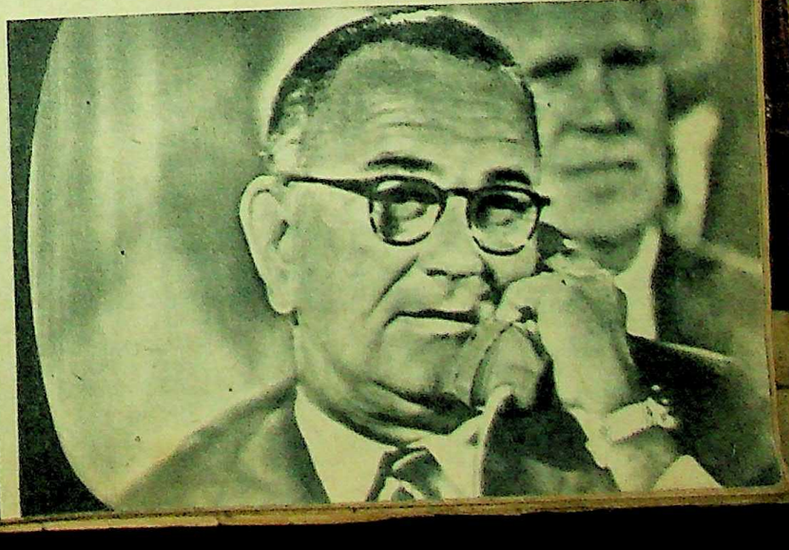
In The News

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE of France drives from Orly airport into Paris with visiting West German Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer. He looks obviously annoyed at the throwing of eggs and tomatoes en route.

PRIME MINISTER HAYATO IKEDA of Japan, accompanied by his wife and daughters, casts his vote in the elections to the Upper House.

WILLIAM FAULKNER, American novelist and Nobel Prize winner, died in his home at Oxford, Mississippi, at the age of 64. Of him President Kennedy said: "Since Henry James, no writer has left behind such a vast and enduring monument to the strength of American literature."

VICE PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON of the U.S. as he appears on an NBC monitor screen in New York's RCA building in the relay of a live television broadcast from the new satellite Telstar in outer space. By making worldwide TV broadcasts possible Telstar has opened a new era in communications.



Durga Puja

by KOBITA SARKAR

DURGA Puja is, to the Bengali mind, the festival of festivals, and with very good reason. It is a concerted break-away from routine—an abrupt change, for a few days, that makes this one week so very different from the fifty-one others, so much so, indeed, that one feels that the others exist only to culminate in *this* reality. For a few days before and during the Puja, you and the world around you are transformed into something rich and strange, by a process of metamorphosis that is created out of sheer goodwill. Everything that was dull yesterday suddenly becomes enchanted today, and, despite the cynic's reminders that reality will assert itself only too soon, there is a willing suspension of disbelief, a happy abandonment to the mood of the Festival of Illusion.

Nature has already prepared the way and put you in the mood. The lowering monsoon clouds are gone, and the bright autumn skies are flecked with fleecy clouds, like handfuls of cotton wool; the trees seem to wear a new air of pride as the birds chirp with a casualness that astonishes you anew each year. The *sheuli* flowers make a strange white carpet, every morning, under the tree that bore them. In the villages, the peasants have gathered in their harvest, and they now offer thanks to Durga, the Goddess of Plenty, vision of happiness. This is the time of reunion—of brothers and sisters, families and friends, all suffused in a haze of unimaginable benevolence.

Once each year, at the beginning of Autumn, on the sixth day of the moon, the Goddess Durga leaves her Himalayan abode and returns to her father's home—for four days. She brings with her a promise of plenty and good things, and a vow that evil shall be destroyed. She brings with her a promise that laughter and goodwill will ultimately prevail, however dark things may appear at the moment. She brings with her a short forgetting of the things one would rather not remember. And she brings with her what is the greatest festival of Bengal.

The origins of the legend are shrouded in antiquity and argument—the gaiety and excitement are self-evident and indisputable. That it symbolises the joy of the household in the return of a daughter is also beyond dispute. It is proof, too, of the special place of affection that a daughter enjoys in the family. For us, who lived as children outside Bengal, Calcutta was not the noisy city of turmoil so much as a symbol of the festival with its delightful chaos and its constant undercurrents of drama. The worst threat we faced through the year was being told that we were not going to be taken to Calcutta—for some breach of discipline, real or imagined. Such a threat was enough to put an end to the worst fractiousness.

It is not the actual Puja itself, nor the purely religious aspect, in which its whole appeal lies; it is the atmosphere—the change, external and inward, the temporary phase of general anticipation and eagerness that exists at this time, which accentuates the aura of care-free abandon. In fact, the conglomerate experience of Durga Puja, through the years, is, for most of us, a series of rich impressions, tinged understandably with an emotion that, in the final instance, is essentially personal—so personal, in fact, that it becomes an unconscious part of oneself. This is the season of homecoming for the outsider, too, of family reunions and renewal of emotional ties—a reminder, even today, of the supremacy of the family in the face of all other considerations.

Weeks before the actual event, signs of the Puja appear. *Agamani*, songs of welcome, fill the air, more so in the villages than in the city. Shops take on a festive air and customers pour in in their hordes, family by family, till late at night, for this is a family occasion. Bonuses are paid in Bengal during the Puja holidays, and money changes hands faster than you can keep count. Endless hours are spent in argument over the clothes, not merely for the immediate family, but for the relations and the servants also, for on this occasion of general rejoicing no one, however humble, is to be excluded. This is too grand, that is too cheap, that colour doesn't suit you, that sari would look better on someone else! And that lovely sophisticated sari that you have been envying for so long, the one that your cousin has—now is the time to whisper in your mother's ear that you like it so much, so very much that... and she will forget all the arguments she has had with you and buy it for you!

Little by little, one after another, appear the Durga *pratimas*, which are prepared by the image-makers of Kumartuli (a suburb of Calcutta) and represent their livelihood. The Durga images of my childhood subscribed to the current ideal of beauty—serene, dignified, with classical features, traditional eyes and heavy adornment. Now, the ten-armed Goddess, who still holds in each hand something symbolically auspicious for her children, is in her traditional clothes all right, with flowing long hair, installed atop the Himalayas, with the defeated demon, Mahishasura, underfoot in his death throes, and her sons, Karttikeya, the God of War, and Ganesa, the God of Fulfilment, and with Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning, and

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Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth. But the ideal of beauty, as expressed in Durga, has, through the years, undergone subtle and inevitable changes, for, though her face remains benign and eternally forgiving, the image-maker obviously seeks newer models, as the standards of beauty tend to become more contemporary. Sometimes, when one happens on a Durga in the traditional style, it has an appeal all its own.

The celebration of Durga Puja in the pre-war days was largely confined to certain traditional families in a locality, where everyone was welcome, and it was taken for granted that anyone who felt like it would go to pay his respects to the Goddess. It has now become a more sporadic affair, with each locality having its own Puja, sometimes more than one Puja. The tendency towards Sarvajanin Pujas—community rather than family Pujas (which, however, are open for participation to anyone)—has increased, and continues to be on the increase, owing perhaps to the change in the economic set-up which has also resulted in the slow disintegration of many traditions. Though in Calcutta certain families still maintain the tradition (admittedly on an increasingly modest scale), by and large the Sarvajanin Puja is the rule rather than the exception. Everyone gives his mite towards the Puja of the locality—and everyone automatically has a stake and an interest in it, and consequently a desire to make *his* Puja better than that of the others.

Every able-bodied person works overtime, and *pandals* go up almost overnight where there had been open space before; almost all night long the local stalwarts work, decorating and illuminating the place, striving to better their rivals. Sometimes, on an extra row of bulbs may depend the prestige of the entire locality! Of late, electric illumination and coloured bulbs have increased even more in popularity. Loud speakers are tried out and sudden blasts of sound ("Testing, testing... one, two, three") disrupt the air throughout the day, and most of the night. For the loud speaker, relaying popular music constantly and at full blast, is another of the post-war Puja features that seem to grow increasingly popular.

Above all this is the period of lovely confusion and general lack of discipline in the household. While youth and adolescence are busy in a more practical way, and housewives, harassed beyond measure, actually enjoy the gathering, the master of the household, whose customary routine inevitably has to give way to the temporary pressure of circumstance, is at his grouchy best, so much so that everyone in the place just decides to ignore him—a situation which he accepts with remarkable fortitude. Even the cat that normally makes your hair stand on end suddenly begins to reveal extenuating characteristics, and you begin to wonder whether, after all, you have not been too unkind to dumb animals.

The Puja, again, means holidays for the children—just the sort of holidays you dream of, for all authority is too preoccupied to keep a check on what you are up to! Now is the time to try out all those diabolically clever things that you have thought up during the last few months, for the worst that you can incur for your pranks is an absent-minded reproach. This is the time when cousins and friends are all in and out of each other's homes, when all age levels find unrestrained companionship—a spirit of abandon and freedom that turns the earth into a miniature paradise! In fact, it is the individual Pujas of my childhood which remain more vividly enshrined in my memory than all the subsequent ones, for, as time passes, one's idea of participation in the Puja also changes. In the more adult and practical functions, usage has dulled fancy.

Sketches by GOPAL GHOSE

And, even while all the frantic preparation is on hand, anticipation has turned into reality, and *Shashti* arrives to make anticipation fact. The Puja is here! All cares and ill-will have vanished, like smoke! Invitations as such cease to exist, and you go around, beginning a series of visits, seemingly at random, though this, over the years, has acquired an unconscious ritual and precedence. Wherever you go, sweets and drinks materialise in what may seem today uncomfortably generous quantities. In the old days, my stomach and my manners comfortably made short shrift not only of my share, but of the others also, with the efficiency of a vacuum-cleaner! In fact, I cannot recall a single Puja visit to Calcutta which did not end in a violent aftermath of illness!

Sometimes (depending on the auspicious moment decreed), the actual Puja takes place in the morning, and we all go for the *anjali*, when, along with the chanting of *mantras*, we, too, show our affection for the Goddess by offering *bel* leaves and flowers, and water from the Ganga. At the time there is the all-pervading perfume of sandalwood. In the evening, there is special cause for excitement, for we wear the new clothes that have been argued about and haggled over with such loving care that this change of raiment becomes a sort of minor adventure. Perhaps the fact that everyone is in new clothes is what gives the proceedings the air of ritual.

"Hurry!" says someone who has got ready first, and is impatient to get away.

"Hurry!" say the elders who want to get to the *pandals* fast enough so as not to miss any of the local drama.

"Hurry!" says my young brother, struggling with the intricacies of his first-worn dhoti, anxious to show off to his friends.

And "Hurry!" I no doubt repeat, from sheer momentum.

The *pandal* is still there when you arrive, and so is the community, both of which, in a sense, are going to last out their appointed time, for all your impatience. For after *Shashti* there is *Saptami*—the real beginning of the Puja—then *Ashtami* and *Navami*. And on all these days we follow more or less the same ritual; nor does the repetition tire us, for we know only too well that all this comes but once a year.

(*Please Turn Over*)

Durga Puja

(CONTINUED)

All around in the *pandals* there is delightful confusion. Each member of the family is anxious to get away to a friend or relation's family, and yet they are all vaguely aware that they must stick together, lest they get lost and precious time is wasted in getting the brood back together again! And from one *pandal* to the next one goes, exchanging the same pleasantries with those one meets, making the same small, petty observations which seem somehow vastly important now. As often as not, one bumps into a friend or relative whom one usually meets at "important" community functions, like weddings and funerals, which they patronise with predictable regularity. One bridges the gap of time that exists between the last contact and this. Sometimes, especially as a child, you notice how deep the ravages of time are, and, with the spontaneous unthinking reaction of childhood, utterly devoid of malice, exclaim: "How old you look, Satishkaka!"

Satishkaka might smile, but your friends and relations shuffle uneasily and whisper dire threats of what is going to happen to you when you get back home, making you wish all the more that this lighted festivity would go on for ever. From one *pandal* to the next you go, and each seems more wonderful than the last. At one or two, you manage to squeeze yourself into the first row, to get a better view of the *arati* in progress. There is a feeling of being, at this moment, in a cocoon of personal emotion, entirely devoid of contact with the world. The air is incense-laden, the lamps flicker, the priest slowly circles his arm with the lighted *pradip* before the Goddess, in homage, ringing a bell rhythmically with his other hand as the conch-shells blow—and the sound of the drum-beat drowns out all further sound, as all heads are bowed in silent prayer.

Eventually, we return to our own locality—footsore and weary, but valiantly trying not to show it—to see the "theatre". Seated on the ground, we wait with bated breath for the performance to start. Various announcements, some pertinent, some irrelevant, to the approaching performance are made from time to time, whetting our curiosity further. Finally, the little boy pulls the curtains apart and has his brief moment of glory, when we all clap, or else a murmur goes through the waiting crowd. All the local talent, all the ambitious "actors" and "actors as actresses", have put their heart and soul into this effort. We see Rama's might worsting Ravana, and we weep real tears at Sita's unjust treatment, completely oblivious of the fact that Sita is really the good-for-nothing son of the rich lawyer round the corner who spends his non-Sita hours bullying us and making us fetch and carry, generally, in a manner that would earn him decidedly un-ladylike language, to say the least.

Another time we see a historical play which lingers in the mind because of the swords that clash at the least provocation and the pistols that go off backstage, nearly suffocating us with the smoke. In this play, too, there is the extraordinary "foreigner", fantastically costumed, his face caked with paint that makes him look like some Halloween hallucination. He speaks broken Bengali (which we ape for days afterwards), to accentuate the fact that he is a foreigner, and, when he is worsted, we all clap happily.

More recently, we have been seeing a lot of Sarat Chatterjee and Tagore, with their more contemporary themes, and women taking the female roles, and the slow death of the *jatras*—or the traditional opera. These new plays sometimes have a highly localised twist, which gives every second sentence a double meaning that provides a special diversion for the audience. And, for days afterwards, our neighbour's son wears a woebegone look of world-weariness and answers us in monosyllables—largely, one suspects, a hang-over from his role of the disillusioned youth in the Puja play. But, while he is on the stage, we accept his transformation wholly and uncritically.

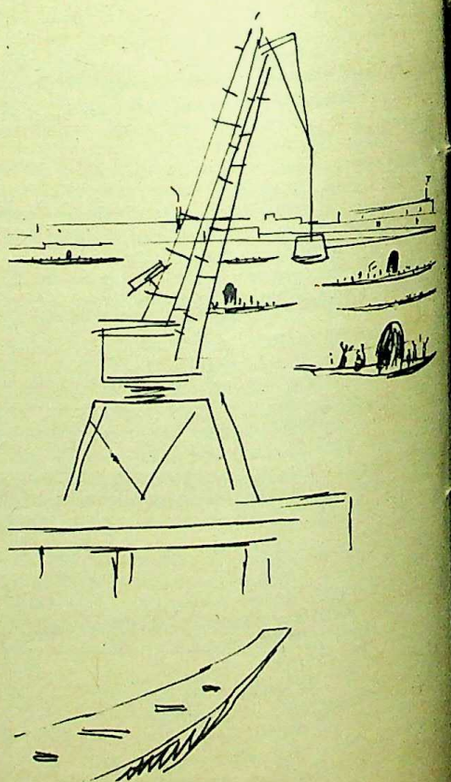
For four whole days and nights, sleep and the common functions of existence are perfunctorily dismissed between long bouts of wakeful enthusiasm—and the morning of *Bijoya Dasami*, the last day of the Puja, brings an oppressive feeling of sadness that is the beginning of a lasting nostalgia. For, at the auspicious hour, Durga will be taken in procession, to the sound of rolling drums, to the banks of the Ganga—and immersed. She will return, symbolically, to her husband, leaving her children heavy-hearted. This is generally a man's work—we are spectators, as we follow the procession, sensing only too well the feeling of gloom. Finally, when the river is reached, she is taken off her pedestal, carried shoulder-high, and immersed, face downwards, often (but not always) as the sun is just about to set. One last flash and she is gone! Only the tinsel of her ornaments comes up and floats awhile, as little boys scramble in the water to acquire whatever booty they can, to remind them a while longer of the fifty-second week that is so different.

You return home and take the dust, symbolically, off the feet of those older than you, and accept the *pranams* of those younger—a restatement of your perennial respect for age. The ritual marks a fitting conclusion to all the gaiety and goodwill generated. It heralds the reality of tomorrow which will be like yesterday, before Durga arrived and changed the earth. The men make one last ritual, as they go around, greeting their friends in the traditional embrace—once on the left shoulder, once on the right, and once again on the left. The women and the children, too, meet their friends. The youngsters make short work of every sweet in sight.

All good things, one reflects sadly, "must come to an end, perhaps so that they may come back again—the clear sky and the *sheuli* flowers, the images and the drama, and, above all, the goodwill, real, if temporary.

The Illusion is over, but it leaves behind the certainty that it will come again—to dispel the ugliness of reality and turn the world anew into a place fit for the gods to dwell in. Faintly in one's mind remains an echo of Bankim Chatterjee's paean of homage in *Bande Mataram*—the symbolic promise that holds an eternal hope in the days of eclipse between

Tunghi Durga Dasha-pra-har-ana Dharani
Komala Komolo Dolo Biharini
Bani, Bidya Da-yini
Namani Twang...



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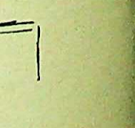

Hitch-hikers

by HARBANS CHADHA

Prefer "immunity" to "emergency"

Over the last 100 years research has opened up in medicine a field as fruitful and life-saving as a remedy—Prevention...'immunization', to give the correct medical term. And it is indeed *better than a cure* because you do not have to undergo the period of suffering that precedes a cure... diseases against which you have been immunized do not touch you at all. You are safe!

But safety should start early, for the tender years are the most vulnerable to attack...the best time for immunization is infancy.

You can *today* protect your baby effectively against Small-pox, Polio, Diphtheria, Tetanus, Whooping Cough, Tuberculosis and similar infectious diseases by vaccination. You can thereby ensure that these dread diseases that always leave their ugly scars behind—and, quite often, prove fatal—shall keep your child untouched for all its future years. It is up to you—

Consult your doctor

ALEMBIC CHEMICAL WORKS CO. LTD., BARODA-3.

ACW-718 A EVEREST

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DECORATING THE COURTYARD WITH FLOWERS

ONAM

by K. P. S. MENON

WHEN I think of Onam, my mind goes back to the early years of this century when I was glued to my home-town, Kottayam. The last Onam I celebrated in Kerala was in the year 1914. Today, after the conjunction of the eight planets, which seems to have done no harm to anyone except to the reputation of astrologers, astrology is in bad odour. Nevertheless, I recall the prediction of a celebrated astrologer-poet, Panthalam Krishna Warrier, who had said, after examining my horoscope, that I would not be living in Kerala after the age of 14. This has come true. So I believe in astrology on the principle of Francis Bacon who, in his essay on Superstitions, said that "Men mark when they hit and do not mark when they miss".

Onam falls in that bright spell which separates the south-west monsoon from the north-east. Kerala experiences the full ferocity of both monsoons. The south-west monsoon begins at the end of May and goes on till August, and the north-east begins at the end of September and goes on till the middle of November. Then it rains cats and dogs, or, as we put it more poetically, the rain falls down thick as the trunks of elephants. It is only one who has endured the full intensity of the two monsoons that can appreciate the glory of Chingam, the first month of the Malayalam year, which begins in the middle of August. Onam falls on the brightest day of that bright month, on the full moon.

According to legend, on that day an ancient king of Kerala, Mahabali, leaves Patala, with special permission, and visits his former kingdom in order to see how his people are faring. And his people play their part by pretending that they are perfectly happy and prosperous. At Onam, everyone wears a new *mundu*, generally yellow or saffron. The head of the family presents clothes to the other members of the household; the rich to the poor; and absentee husbands—in Nair families women lived in their own homes and never in their husbands'—turn up with clothes and scented oil for their wives. On Onam day, everyone, however poor, has his meal in his own home. No one begs. Everybody enjoys himself, playing games, singing and dancing or seeing Kathakali or Ottamtullal. And Mahabali, after seeing it all, returns to his abode, satisfied that his kingdom is still a land of plenty, free from poverty and disease. Onam is a gigantic hoax played on a departed king.

It must be admitted that until a few years ago Kerala was a most tranquil region. In Travancore, the people basked in the sunshine of the benevolent rule of that modern Mahabali, Sri Moolam Thirunal. The upper tenth of society had the good things of the earth and the remaining nine-tenths were content with the crumbs which fell from their tables, or, rather, were left on their plantain leaves.

Every Brahmin could count on a sumptuous meal in the *uttupurai* or feeding house attached to the temples of Kerala, because it was the Brahmin's prayer that sustained the prosperity of the land. The Namboodiris could marry Nair girls without having to maintain them, thus disproving Bernard Shaw's definition of marriage as "an insane desire to maintain someone else's daughter". The Nairs carried on in their lazy, leisurely, aristocratic and matriarchal manner. The Christians lived a life of primeval simplicity, undefiled by the wealth which came to them on the opening of tea and rubber estates in the High Ranges. All around were other classes—the temple attendants, toddy tappers, magicians, astrologers, physicians and a host of untouchables, including hunters of dogs, tamers of snakes and eaters of both. And all of them, regardless of distinctions of caste and creed, observed Onam. Onam is the most secular festival devised by the wit of man.

* * *

IT is the day of days for children. During the Onam holidays, which generally fall at the same time as Michaelmas, they romp about the countryside which, after the monsoon, has the glory and freshness of a dream. Then the air is crisp and clear. The sky is again blue, not dark and menacing; and the land is covered with flowers. Every morning we would go out to the forest and pick flowers and bring them home and make variegated floral patterns on our courtyard. All day long, the boys would play games and the girls would sing and dance.

"KAIKOTTIKALI"—part of the celebrations.

At my last Onam in Kerala, before World War I, imagine my surprise when the postman brought three daintily wrapped parcels! They came from places as far away as Trivandrum, Ottapalam and Madurai. Indeed, in those days these places were far away. From Kottayam to Trivandrum, we had to go by a country-boat, which took three days, instead of by car, which now takes three hours. Cars had not yet appeared in Kottayam. The only one in the area—and that belonged to the British Resident in Travancore—once made a fleeting visit; and our servant, seeing this phenomenon, ran to my mother and cried, "Oh, *Amma*, I have just seen a carriage running without horses or bullocks!" From Trivandrum came a lovely *mundu* from my maternal uncle; from Madurai came one from my brother who had just set up practice there as a barrister; and from Ottapalam came a third *mundu* from my father's sister. She always used to chide my father for caring more for his wife and children than for herself and her children, but on Onam day she showed her generosity by sending me a present.

In the evening, Raman Kunju Kaniyar, the physician-cum-astrologer, came home and described how Onam had been celebrated in different households in Kottayam. He belonged to a lower caste, but being the only physician in Kottayam had access everywhere. He was the grand collector of gossip and went from house to house regaling the inmates with it. He said that in Arakkal House there were no fewer than six *payasams* for the midday meal; and in Kizhakedathu House the gracious Namboodiri had given his beautiful Nair wife an embroidered cloth specially manufactured in Iraniyal.

On the day after Onam, my mother decided to invite all my teachers of the C. M. S. School to dinner. Almost all of them were Christians. I saw the plantain leaves being laid out on the verandah for the feast. "Why not in the inner rooms?" I asked my mother.

"No, they are Christians, they cannot enter the house," my mother replied. In those days, such taboos were rigidly observed. A Christian could enter the verandah, but not step into the house; an Izhava could enter the compound, but not the verandah; and a Pulaya could remain only outside the gates of the compound. The Christian teachers came and had their dinner and then they meekly folded up the plantain leaves and took them to a corner of our garden and threw them away. No Nair servant would touch a leaf from which a Christian had eaten. I was angry and ashamed at what I thought was an insult administered to my beloved teachers who were made to sit on the verandah and eat and then to carry their soiled leaves. I asked my mother why she, who respected my teachers and was respected by them, behaved thus. "Custom," she said. There was such finality about the way in which she said "Custom" that I dared not pursue the matter. Years later, I thought of this incident when I read Sophocles's *Antigone*:

Tell me, when was custom born,
Yester eve or yester morn?
Days and years she knoweth not,
She was always here.

Many customs, described in this article, have decayed, but the custom of observing Onam is still with us. On that day, Mahabali still comes to his old kingdom, now torn by feuds of every kind, political, economic, communal and ideological. Mahabali sees no trace of such dissensions on Onam day. On that day, there is gladness everywhere. And he goes back to his own world and reports to his colleagues that his people are as happy, prosperous and contented as they used to be under his benign rule two thousand years ago.

Raksha Bandhan

A charming custom observed all over Northern India, Rajasthan, Maharashtra and Gujarat, on the full moon day of Sravan, is the ceremony of Raksha Bandhan. It is an occasion on which the brothers express their affection for their sisters and give them presents. On this day the sister ties the rakhi round the hand of the brother, and the acceptance of this bracelet means a vow of protection. (Photograph by Shama Kilanjar)

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What I gave I have.
What I spent I had.
What I saved I lost.

(From the *German*—of Chinese origin)

IF you ask the Muslim man in the street in a large town what the Id is, he may well tell you candidly that he does not know and could not care less. But he will add that he did enjoy the holidays and the merry-making and the parties and the Moghlai food and the delicious sweets. If he is a bit-ter intellectual, he will probably continue that the much-vaunted brotherhood of Islam is apparent really on the two Ids. Or, with the perfect knowledge possessed by one who, to follow Sa'di, "knows not but thinks that he knows", add-ed to the "tolerance" and "good-will" so nauseatingly affected by the multitude these days, he will insist that it is some kind of Mus-lim festival the exact significance of which he does not know; but, of course, every Indian must join in the sport, for it is our "national duty" to felicitate our "brethren".

by ASAF A. A. FYZEE

This is typical of the city-dwel-ler, with but few honourable ex-ceptions. Not so, of the villager, who knows and understands a great deal better than the towns-man. May I confess, with becoming modesty, that *myself*, I ask my Hindu friends on every Holi, Das-sera, Divali, Baisakhi, what it is all about, and have not yet acquir-ed that sensitiveness to ignorance in these vital matters so essential to an "integrated nation" (what-ever that may mean). I profess to read learned and illustrated arti-cles at such times and proceed un-feelingly to forget them; neverthe-less, I do love and enjoy all man-ner of sweets on these happy occa-sions, and have a fair memory for the names of quite a few of them.

THE "SAJDA", or prostration, during Id prayers at Delhi's Juma Masjid. (Photograph by Prasad)

The Id In Islam

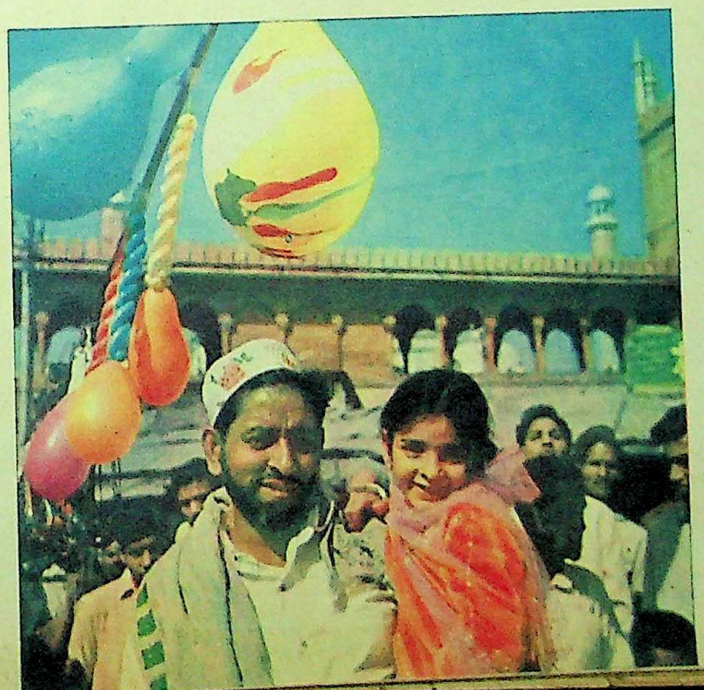
The name "Id" (that, really, is the correct spelling) is interesting and reminds me of an anecdote of my Cambridge days. Professor Browne ("Professor" not "Doc-tor"; Browne, not Brown; and, surely, Cambridge, not Oxford) used to relate with evident relish one of his masterly incursions in the somewhat exclusive realms of philology. Whenever a learned Per-sian gentleman would come to Cambridge, he would of course be interested in the derivation of the name. The Professor would, in his stately Persian (not Iranian, thank God), dilate upon the similarity of the word "Cambridge" with *kam-riz* (Persian: "slow-flowing"), and "to be sure", that was the correct derivation. For, look at the lovely river Cam; it flows as majestically and unhurriedly as the movements of the authentic noblemen of Per-sia described with such mastery by the impish author of *Hajji Baba*. Whereupon with a double, *"Bale, bale,"* and a dignified puff of the hookah, the Gate of Inquiry would be closed and we would blissfully enter the Abode of relief.

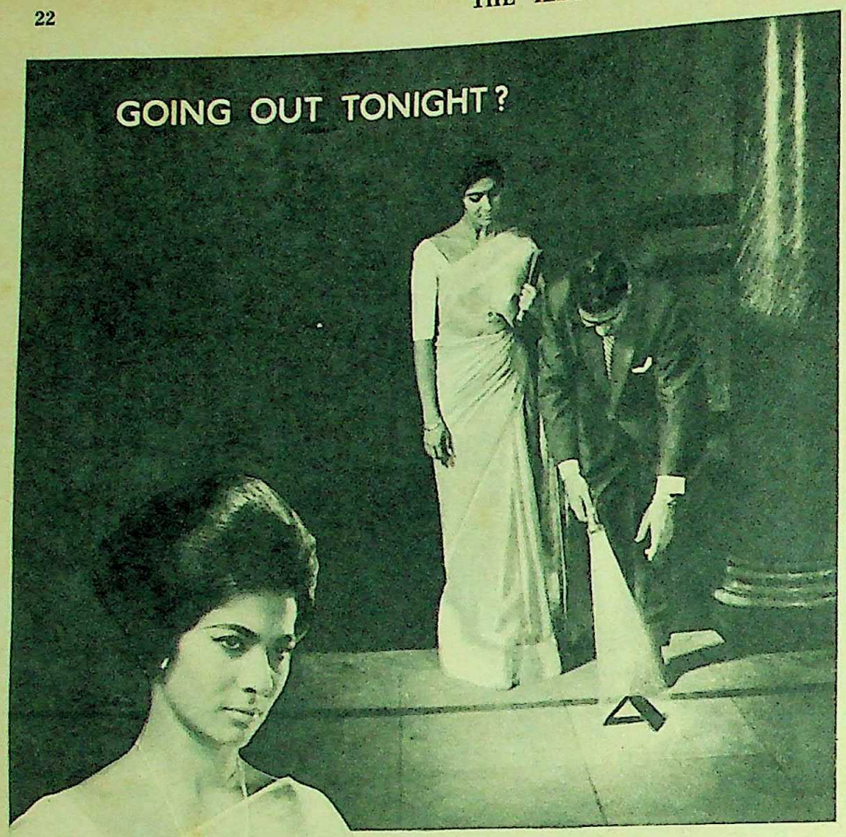
The word *'id* (pronounced *eed*, with a guttural *'ayn* at the begin-ning) is an Aramaic loan-word, from *ida*, meaning "holiday" in Sy-riac, and has nothing to do with a common Arabic verb which means "to return". The explana-tion commonly connected with this Arabic verb, because the festival returns every year, is as fanciful as the derivation of Cambridge from *kam-riz*.

There are two festivals called by the same initial name, and the basic concepts are simple and an-cient. They present one of the many examples of the syncretic nature of Islam. *Fitr* is to break the fast, whence *Idu'l-Fitr*, the Festival of the Breaking of the Fast. In the religion of the Semi-tes, fasting is an ancient and well-known practice—*Silyoth* in Juda-ism; *Lent* in Christianity; *Rama-dan* in Islam. In each case, the end of the period of privation and self-abnegation is attended with joy and festivities, and prayers are offered to God in thanks for the strength He has given His servants to perform these religious require-ments. In India the festival is po-pularly known as *Ramjan Id*; in Turkey, as *Kuchuk Bairam*; and in

(Please Turn To Page 23)

ID FINERY (Photograph by H. R. Luthra)





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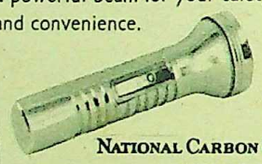

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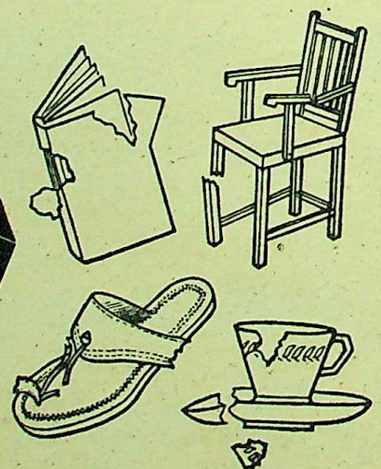

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The Id In Islam

(*Continued From Page 21*)

Morocco, as *l'Id Sgher*. The two latter appellations mean "the Lesser Festival".

The Feast of Sacrifice is known as *Idu'l-Adha*, meaning the Festival of Sacrificial Ewes. The word *adha* is a plural noun signifying, in the classical Arabic, *the ewes which are sacrificed in religious ceremonies*. Sacrifice has come down to us in varying forms for religious purposes. You sacrifice your wealth and give it to the poor. You sacrifice your life for the preservation of a principle. You sacrifice marital life for attaining that mastery over self to which only the ascetic can aspire. The Islamic legend is a variation of the Biblical story. The Prophet Ibrahim was full of piety and devotion. God, appearing in a dream, asks him to make a supreme sacrifice in His name. The Lord asks for the life of his son, Ismail. However dear a son may be, the Voice of God is final. Ibrahim takes his little son Ismail out for a walk, intending to cut his throat in proper ritual form. Ibrahim ties his own eyes to save himself the torture of this ghastly scene. Putting the little boy on the ground, he prays to God in agony and commences the sacrificial rite. After its due performance the father removes the bandage from his eyes and—lo and behold!—the boy is standing by, smiling, while a healthy sheep has been slaughtered in the ritually correct form (*dhabiha*). And since those days sacrifice has been prescribed, in one form or another, in the ritual of all Semitic faiths.

The *Idu'l-Adha* (pronounced: *ee-dul-ad-haa*), supposed to be the Greater Festival, is also known as *Baqar Id* (*baqar*, Arabic for cattle, whence the vulgar and inaccurate, *Bakri Id*, referring to the sacrifice of goats). It is unfortunate that a large number of literate people use wrong words, spelling them blunderingly To repeat, the Feast of Sacrifice is *Idu'l-Adha* (permissible variation, *Id al-Azha*). The colloquial *Baqar Id* and the vulgar *Bakri Id* are to be avoided. Similarly, *Idu'l-Fitr* (or, *Id al-Fitr*) is the Feast of Ramadan (pronounced: *ra-ma-daan*). The popular and somewhat inaccurate term is *Ramzan Id*, and the common people, incapable of pronouncing "*z*", speak of *Ramjan Id*. It is desirable however that the Government adopt the accurate and simple spellings, *Id al-Fitr* (not Id-al-Fitr) and *Id al-Adha* (not Id-al-Azha).

TURKEY AND AFRICA

In Turkey, *Qurban Bairam*, and in the Maghreb, *l'Id Kbir* are common appellations. A common feature of names in North Africa (the Maghreb) is that the initial vowel becomes almost silent in colloquial speech, for instance *kbir* for *kabir*, *sgher* for *saghir*, *Hsain* for *Husain*, *Slim* for *Salim*, and so forth.

The Id is celebrated all over the world with certain common practices. The first is *prayer*. The Faithful have to bathe (perform *ghusl*); perform the ritual ablutions (*wudu*); and, as far as possible, put on new and clean clothes. The women apply *henna* (Hindi, *mehndi*) and wear gorgeous apparel. They display all their jewels and are often over-burdened with finery and gewgaws. The Id prayer is held in open places of worship called *Id-gahs*, and not necessarily in mosques. The prayer itself is short and simple. It begins not with the familiar muezzin's call, the *adhan*, but with the earliest and simplest summons known to Islam before the call of the muezzin was instituted. In this the word *as-salaa* (in India and Persia, *salat*) is repeated several times; the word means "prayer" and heightens the emphasis on the ritual itself.

In addition to the prescribed prayer there is the *khutba* ("sermon") in Arabic. Usually this is a speech of one of the great figures of Islam, and its peculiar characteristic is that it was originally of a homiletic character. At present, in India, it is a mere ritual, and practically no one except the handful of Arabic-knowing people understands the eloquent words of the sonorous and classical language used in the original. Theologically, the elegant original, although unintelligible to the multitude, is preferred by the learned to a pedestrian rendering. A further argument, employed for the *khutba* as well as the traditional prayer in Arabic, is that an original which is constant throughout the Islamic world, from the Maghreb to Jakarta, is to be preferred to a dozen mongrel renderings. While some of the Imams allow a local language to be used for the prayer and the ritual, it is undeniable that *Allah-o-Akbar* has a sonority which *Tangri buyuk dir* (Turkish) or *Allah bara hae* (Hindi), or *Khuda buzurg ast* (Persian), does not possess. The Arabic of the Qur'an has a jewel-like polish, which is lost in any rendering attempted by man.

WOMEN'S ROLE

The women stay at home during the prayers and are usually engaged in serving food and drinks to guests. *Shir khurma*, a sweet made of milk, sugar, dates and dried fruit is common in the Feast of Ramadan; while meat preparations and especially *kebabs* are served freely in the Feast of Sacrifice.

Secondly, Muslims pay the Tax of Breaking the Fast, a sort of poor-tax in expiation of not having fasted all the days of the month, on account of illness or some other good cause such as constant travel. This is a special duty after the end of the holy month of Ramadan.

Thirdly, the men, and not necessarily the women, visit their relatives the whole of the day, and even the next day, popularly known by the unsavoury name, *Basi Id*, "Stale Id". In Egypt, the graves of relatives are visited the same day. In Kashmir, curiously enough, the Id visits begin in the early morning, the earliest bird being the aristocratic Kashmiri Pundit.

Fourthly and lastly, there are dinners and lunches galore, in which special consideration is shown to servants and the poor, who share the good things of life with their masters in absolute equality. As a matter of fact, throughout the lands of Islam, a very common feature is that the servant shares in commonalty the special viands or the daily ration. Anything other than this would mean loss of "nobility" for the unfortunate master who would dare so to discriminate in an ancient privilege.

The Festival of Sacrifice is theologically the Greater Feast. It is celebrated in memory of the most poignant sacrifice in religious legend. It is possible to think of allowing *oneself* to be killed, poisoned, burnt, or crucified for an ideal; but to slaughter one's own son of nine, goat-wise, is a sacrifice of the highest order. As T. S. Eliot says:

If you wish to possess what you do not possess,

You must go by the way of dispossession.

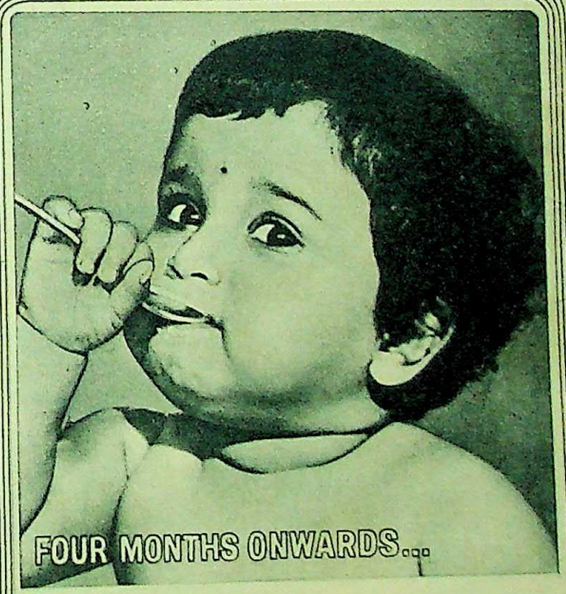
The prayer of Id is observed in Islamic countries with unfailing regularity. The gathering in the mosque, the spotlessly clean clothes, the rhythmic precision of the postures of devotion, and the absolute equality of all the brethren of the faith in the House of God, are familiar features, frequently described and often photographed. After the prayers everyone embraces everyone else, the leader of prayer (cadi, *khatib* or *imam*) being the chief object of attention and salutation, for gratitude is due to him for performing an important duty. His arms and chest receive the impact of a thousand embraces and his ears are filled with the greeting "*Mabrook!*" (in Arabia, and the neighbouring countries) or "*Id Mubarak!*" (in India, Pakistan and Iran).

A typical Id in Morocco was described by Lady Ainsworth in 1938: "If you visit Marrakesh on the last day of the Moslem Fast of Ramadan, you will be rewarded by the most imposing and impressive ceremony of the *Aid-es-Saghir* when the Sultan (or his brother as his deputy), mounted on his white horse outside the Palace, hears the prayers and bestows blessings upon his subjects, all bedecked in new and gorgeous clothing, with their mounted chiefs and followers carrying gaily embroidered banners; the blue-cloaked guard mounted on magnificent chargers, whose saddlery equals in brilliance the clothing of their riders."

It is obvious that Lady Ainsworth is describing the scene *after* the prayer, when the King receives his subjects in audience. For, no caliph, king, potentate or nobleman could possibly stand by while the people prayed. The law of brotherhood in Islam is such that before the *One* and *only* God, the King must rub shoulders with his meanest slave: prince and beggar, master and servant, noble and commoner must alike in obedience to the Divine Will prostrate himself and rub his forehead in the dust—

Ek hi saf men khare ho gae
Mahmood-o Ayaaz,

Na koi banda raha awr na koi
banda nawaaz.



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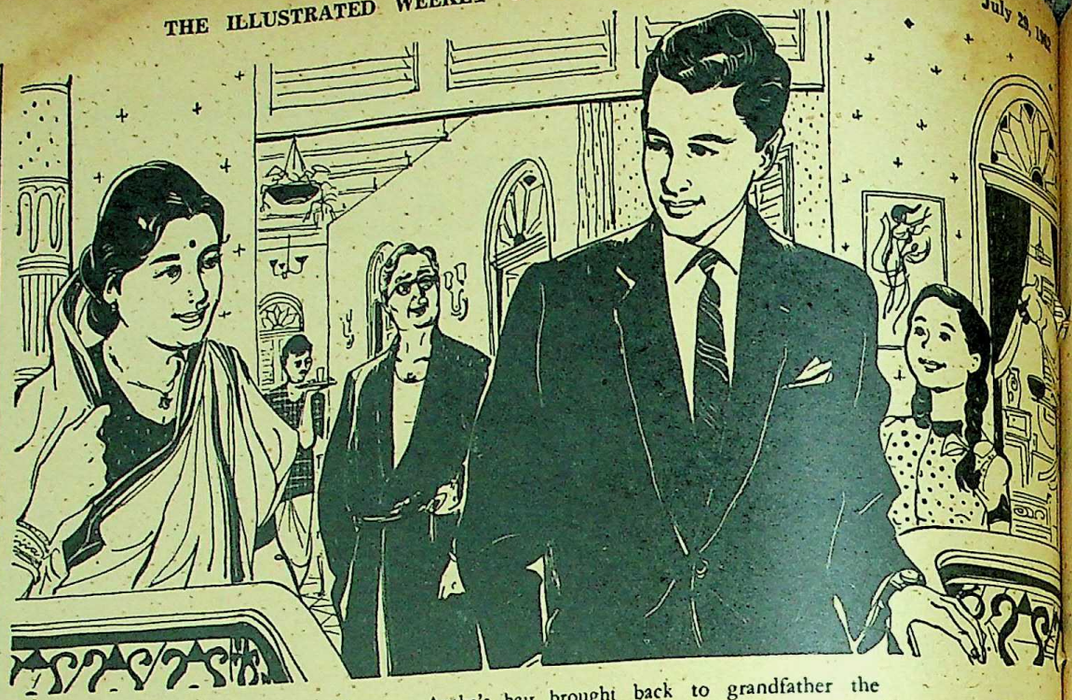

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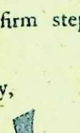

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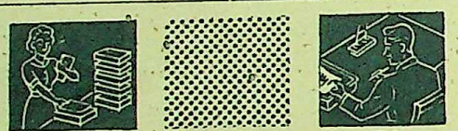

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Parsi New Year

by R. P. MASANI

ALL over the world the New Year is an occasion for thanksgiving, rejoicing and festivity for the members of a community professing the same creed. So is it with the Parsis. But with this difference that these descendants of the ancient Iranians who sought shelter in India, thirteen centuries ago, for the preservation of their faith and who have since kept together as a distinct community, have split themselves into three sections, each having a different calendar and observing three different days in three different months as its New Year.

This split marked the culmination of two very acrimonious controversies on the question of rectifying the erroneous calendar in vogue ever since their migration to India. The first ended in 1780 with the establishment of a separate *atash-behram* (fire-temple) for a group calling themselves Kadimi. The second flared up after nearly a century, when a small band of Parsis, led by the renowned scholar K. R. Cama, urged that the correct date for the Parsi New Year was the first day of spring. After a contest that lasted for forty years they formed a new group and set up a separate Fasli fire-temple.

The arguments of scholars on both sides were then, as they are now, beyond me. All that I could gather was that instead of celebrating the New Year in the spring we were then celebrating it during the closing days of the monsoon when unwelcome showers of rain damped our ardour and spoiled our excursions and entertainments. Worse still for me, my birthday, which followed three days thereafter, had also to be celebrated in the wet season when there was invariably a downpour! Think of the bewilderment of a lad, seven years old, gaily decked on that auspicious day, drenched by a sudden shower while on his way to the fire-temple! His brand new silk *jhabla* (shirt) embroidered by his sister, velvet cap also embroidered by another dear sister, pure white trousers, pair of socks, and shining patent leather shoes made to order by a cobbler hailing from Kanpur, all ruined by rain, slush and mud!

REGULATING THE CALENDAR

We shall have to revert to the controversies in due course. Meanwhile, let us proceed stage by stage. In the dim old days the Aryan ancestors of the present-day Parsis and Hindus lived together in an icy region not yet definitely located. According to the Avesta, the Aryans (the noble ones) had their home in the land of Airyana Vaejah (the cradle land of the Aryans). Bal Gangadhar Tilak located it in the Arctic regions, far to the north, "where the year seemed as a day". The biting, deadly winter chilled all living creatures to the bone. Descending southward, they found the severity of the winter somewhat abated but still there were only two seasons for them—the winter of ten months and the summer of two. When they moved further south, the year came to be reckoned with a summer of seven months and a winter of five. Moving still further south, towards the Equinox, they found the climate more temperate. Four seasons then came to be recognised, each of three months. In his dissertation on the languages, literature and manners of the Eastern nations, originally prefixed to his famous Persian Dictionary, Richardson observes that King Jamshed divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each, to the last of which were added five days (*gathas*) to make up the whole three hundred and sixty-five. To him thus goes the credit of being the first to regulate the calendar. He left, however, a fly in the ointment, little dreaming that it would lead to fierce encounters between co-religionists on the question of reform of calendars.

Speaking of the antiquity of the Vedas, Bal Gangadhar Tilak pointed out, years ago, that among the Indo-Aryans great attention was paid to the calendar. Many sacrifices enjoined in their religion were based on the phenomena of the seasons. This necessitated calculation of the length of the year with as much precision as was then possible and led to the adoption for their religious calendar the sidereal year.

The famous historian Mir Khond indicates, in his picturesque language, the position of the sun when Jamshed issued his decree establishing the festival of the New Year. "At the period," he says in *Rauzat-us-Safa*, "when the sovereign of the stars (the sun) removed his royal pavilion from the tail of Pisces to the neck of Aries, Jamshed issued a decree, ordaining the Nobles and Ministers to assemble at the foot of the royal throne... To this day he gave the name Naoroz." Mandates were given to all classes of people to throw open the gates of joy and participate in the general festivity and exultations.

To Jamshed also may be traced the origin of wine. "It is related," so runs the tradition, "that, owing to seasonal changes in the atmosphere, the grapes of Iran were not as agreeable to the palate at some of the seasons as at other seasons. Jamshed, therefore, ordained that their juice be put aside into a jar. Daily he assayed the contents, by trial of taste until it tasted bitter and he could no longer stand it. Regarding the juice to be a deadly poison, he ordered the jar to be put aside and carefully sealed. It happened one day that a lovely damsel in the Royal Palace was seized with violent pain in the head. She thought of resigning her soul to the Angel of Death by drinking some of the deadly poison. When she had swallowed some of it, her pain disappeared and she felt so invigorated that she took some more. After this, she fell asleep. Awaking, she found herself restored to health. When the King heard the news, he was transported with joy and, himself enjoying the beverage, he ordered the general use of wine." It was customary in Iran for the High Priest to visit the ruling prince on the New Year Day, with a golden *jam*, or cup, filled with wine and to shower blessings on him. The underlying Idea was that "whoever directed his eye on the *jam* of wine on the New Year Day had the whole year passed in happiness and prosperity".

With the advent of Babur in India the cultural relations between Iran and India received a great impetus. Poets from Iran were drawn to India in large numbers. It was estimated that during the era of Akbar alone Delhi became the Mecca of as many as fifty-nine bards.

Maulana Qasim Kahi, an associate of Jami, however, looked down with contempt upon the poets resorting to the court of Akbar, and boasted:

Kahi! thou art the nightingale adorning the garden of Kabul,

Thou art not a crow or a kite, that thou shouldst turn to Hindustan!

Later, however, enchanted by the splendour of Akbar's court, even the conceited Kabuli betook himself to Delhi.

Babur, who could himself play the poet in Farsi as well as in Turki, celebrated the New Year in India with this verse:

Sweet are naoroz, the spring, the wine and the sweetheart,

Babur, enjoy them whilst fortune smiles, for this world will not be thine a second time!

CELEBRATION OF NAOROZ

Speaking of the celebration of the first Naoroz after he ascended the throne, Emperor Jehangir relates how for days together people gave themselves over to enjoyment. "Players and singers of all castes," he says, "were gathered together. Dancing Lulis and charmers of India whose caresses would captivate the hearts of angels kept up the excitement of the assemblies. I gave orders that whoever might wish for intoxicating drinks and exhilarating drugs should not be debarred from using them."

This was obviously in contravention of the admonition of the philosopher-drinker and scholar-singer Omar Khayyam in whose opinion only the wise were eligible to drink.

Take wine drop by drop,
Now and then, when you are alone.

* * *

Although wine is absolutely forbidden,
Who may nevertheless drink it?
In what quantity and with whom?

* * *

When the four conditions are brought together,
If a wise man cannot drink, who else can?

How few, alas, are the wise men who can be trusted to observe the golden mean in pursuit of such pleasures! We find, therefore, that when the reins of government of Fars passed into the hands of Mubarizuddin Muhammad bin Muzaffar, he issued a mandate to close all taverns. Hafiz ridiculed the royal decree and asked that a letter of condolence be sent on the death of the "Daughter of the Grape".

They have closed the doors of the wine taverns; O God, suffer not.

That they should open the doors of the house of deceit and hypocrisy!

(Please Turn To Page 27)

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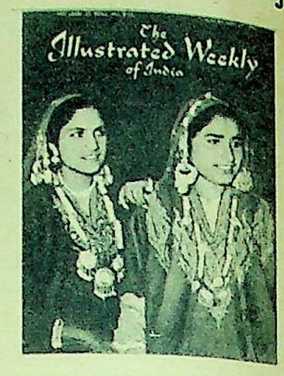

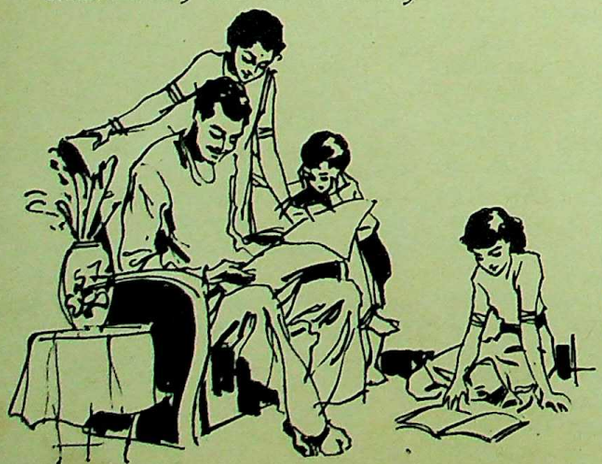

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Parsi New Year

(Continued From Page 25)

If they have closed them for the sake of the heart of the self-righteous zealot,

Be of good heart, for they will reopen them for God's sake!

The taverns were, in fact, reopened when Shah Shuja succeeded his sour and ascetic father. The nightingale of Shiraz celebrated the joyous occasion with the following couplets:

At early dawn good tidings reached my ear from the Unseen Voice:

"It is the era of Shah Shuja; drink wine boldly!"

* * *

The harp began to chuckle and asked, "Where is the objector?"

The cup began to laugh and asked, "Where is the prohibitionist?"

We have wandered far from the subject-matter of this article. In justification one might plead the antiquity and importance of the ancient Iranian calendar and its influence on the nations of the world. The Jews and the Cappadocians borrowed the names of their months from this calendar. The Egyptian calendar also adopted several features from it. The Muslim rulers of Iran also favoured it. The whole of Iran and India accepted the Vernal Equinox as the beginning of the New Year according to the Zoroastrian calendar. Even the French revolutionists, who overthrew in the last decade of the eighteenth century the established order, swept aside all traditions and were bent on a complete break-up of the detested past, substituted the calendar then in vogue by a new one having a very curious resemblance to the ancient Iranian calendar. With these facts in the background, we may now revert to the controversies which rallied in the anomaly of three different sections of Parsis observing three different days as their New Year Day.

Having lost touch with their co-religionists who had remained in Iran, the refugees in India were in Cimmerian darkness for ten centuries concerning their religious customs. They had no idea of regulating the calendar and might have continued to slumber on, had not a missionary from Iran opened their eyes to the need for rectifying their calendar by intercalation.

That enterprising missionary was a *mobed*, named Jamasp, who had sailed from Iran for Surat on November 26, 1720. On arrival at that port, he found that there was a difference of one month in the *rozmah* (calendar) of the Zoroastrians in Iran, as compared with that of the Zoroastrian settlers in India. Taking three Dasturs under his pupilage, he taught them the Avesta and its Pahlavi commentaries. Gradually, as a result of his teaching, doubts began to arise in the minds of some thoughtful Parsis as regards the accuracy of the days on which certain religious ceremonies were then performed and certain festive occasions observed. After prolonged discussions the reformers opened, in 1780, a special fire-temple for themselves and commenced to perform the *muktad* ceremonies a month earlier and called themselves Kadimi in opposition to those who adhered to the customary method of computing the year, without intercalation. Barring this difference, there was no dispute between the two sections on the fundamentals of their creed.

A century later, there was a very thoughtful move to renew the agitation for reforming the Zoroastrian calendar. The sagacious scholar who led the agitation was Khurshedji Rustomji Cama, one of the standard-bearers of reform, social and religious. He had travelled extensively in Europe, and studied the French, German, Avestan and cognate languages. Returning to India, bent on bringing about a revival of the study of the scriptures, he opened, as the first step, a private class in the year 1861 at his residence in Bombay to teach a small group of ardent Parsi priests the Avestan and Pahlavi languages. From this class emerged at intervals small bands of learned *mobeds* who made a name for themselves as Avestan scholars and authors. Simultaneously, for more than thirty years, Cama gave numerous lectures and published several pamphlets on the question of the date of the Parsi New Year. He told the Shahinshahis and the Kadimis that they were both wrong in ignoring the fundamental fact that according to the ancient Zoroastrian calendar the New Year commenced with the 21st of March and got a committee of eminent scholars appointed to investigate and report on the whole question. It unanimously recommended the adoption of the Fasli calendar. A special organisation was formed in the year 1921, called the Fasli Sal Mandal, which engaged priests to perform the necessary ceremonies on appropriate days and in appropriate seasons according to the reformed calendar.

In the year 1925 Shah Reza Shah Pahlavi gladdened the hearts of the reformers by introducing the Fasli calendar in Iran, and Arbab Kaikhushro Shahrokh, the foremost Zoroastrian in the durbar of the Shah, wrote to the Anjuman of the Irani Zoroastrians in Bombay, commending the adoption of the calendar. A *shah* could introduce reforms by a single fiat, but the then thoughtful president of the Anjuman, Dinsha Irani, had to proceed cautiously. He considered it necessary to issue a questionnaire to scholars. The answers brought to the surface differences of opinion. Thereupon a requisition was sent to the Parsi Panchayat for the appointment of a representative committee. After heated debates the committee, sharply divided—seven against six—declared themselves against any change. Those in favour of reform had therefore no alternative but to secede. On March 21, 1940, their Fasli *ateshkadeh* was declared open.

The writer of this article was an eye-witness for forty years of of the last great battle, but not a participant. Firstly, because he was not qualified to speak with authority on the subject, although his sympathies were with the reformists. Secondly, because he did not feel as keenly as the reformers that the ceremonies performed on days not in consonance with the correct calendar lost their efficacy or virtue thereby. He therefore thought that the heavens would not fall if, with a view to avoiding further commotion and strife in the community, those who were against a change in the calendar followed by their ancestors were allowed to have their own way. What, however, was for him more to the purpose was that the controversies had given rise to grave misgivings concerning the future not only of the community but also of the whole country.

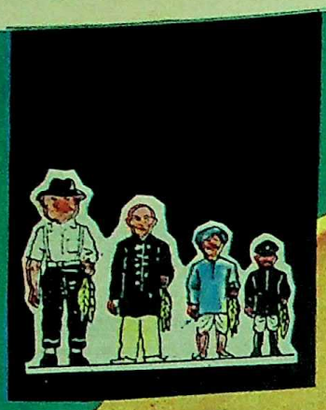
It was manifest that the combatants in those contests, good men and true in other respects, lacked, with a few notable exceptions, such as the philosopher-scholar Camaji on one side and other philosopher-scholars like Muncherji Khareghat on the other, the chivalry and tolerance expected of them. If this could happen in a tiny, compact community, singularly akin and knit together in bonds of brotherhood, if even they could not rise above intolerance in matters of such moment, what could one expect from the diversified population of a caste-riven and caste-ridden country like India? Even after fifteen years of freedom from the yoke of the British, the people of India are faced with the same problem. Could cultured men and women forget even in moments of wild excitement the essential quality of tolerance that distinguishes a cultured society from a barbarous one?

UNENDING TEARS

So soon you have become a dot
in the eternal darkness of the cemetery;
so swiftly you have been swallowed
by its awful solitude,
where the vital processes of earth and air
can no longer stir you,
where love and joy can no more move you.
Mud may churn itself into a flower;
but can a tender flower
be smothered into mud again
before its eyes could take in the firmament
and feel the thrill of blooming?
That was your tragedy, oh child,
leaving us choking
with the agony of unending tears.

C. A. JOSEPH

(Translated by the author from the Malayalam)



The Story of Tobacco... No.7

U.S.A., China and India are the leading countries in the production, consumption and export of tobacco. Today, India ranks as the third largest grower of tobacco in the world next to U. S. A. and China. Exports of flue-cured Virginia tobacco have earned India in 1959 a little over Rs. 16 crores by way of foreign exchange.

Panama is a good cigarette-

Good to the last puff!

GTC GOLDEN TOBACCO COMPANY PRIVATE LTD BOMBAY-57

INDIA'S LARGEST NATIONAL ENTERPRISE OF ITS KIND

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Colour and Cordiality

TO begin with, there were four shops along that stretch of street, three side by side and the fourth opposite. Their owners were a happy quartet. Although an angry word was exchanged now and then, they led a peaceful life—until a fifth shop was opened there.

Of the three shops in a row one was a general merchant's, flanked by a goldsmith's and a grocer's. The one opposite was kept by a milkman. In fact, it was the diversity of their trades that ensured their amity. Each had his own clientele which did not come in the way of another. But the fifth man, who was also a general merchant, brought in heart-burning.

Shambhu was the first general merchant. Rather short of stature, he had long hair and wore a loose tunic. This gave him the look of a poet, though his forte was good salesmanship. All the girls in the locality went to his shop to buy lace, skeins, spangles and knitting-needles.

The grocer, Hari, was a thickset man, with an air of laziness and unconcern. His shop was always untidy. Quite often he could not lay his hands on the stuff a customer wanted. But Hari was soft of speech and had a pleasant grin, which attracted people to his shop.

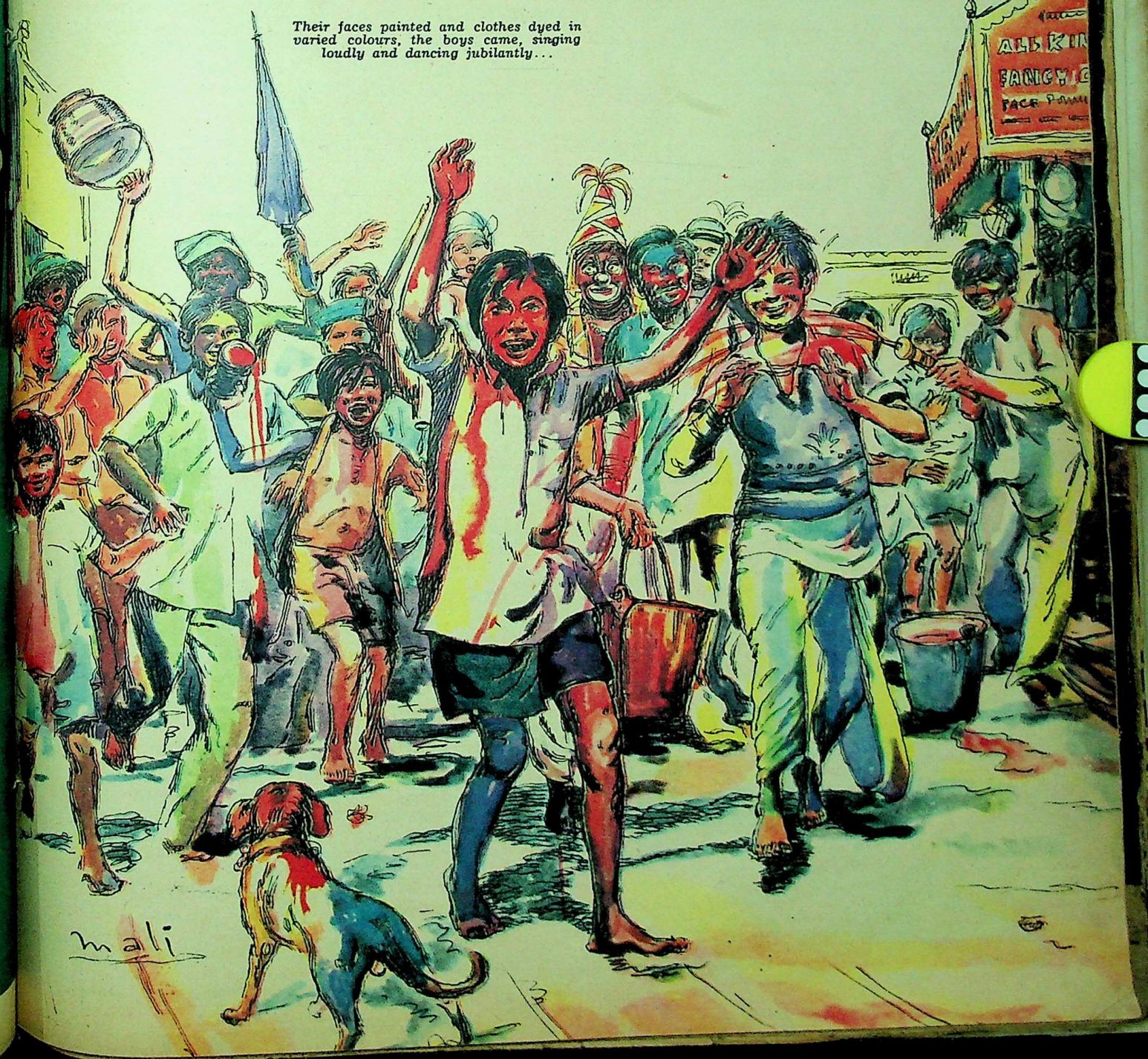
More carefree than Hari, however, was Murti, the goldsmith. He was tall and handsome and had a deep, rich voice. He knew a number of ribald verses and recited them delightfully. Murti worked hardly two hours a day. His shop was to him a sort of salon, where his friends gathered frequently.

Amir, the milk-seller, was thirty years old. He was a bachelor and was keen to marry. He oiled his hair liberally and dressed it with great care, and wore good clothes to win the attention of parents of marriageable girls. But all in vain. Naturally, he had moments of anger and indignation, when he ranged at large on "the blindness of seeing people".

All the four men were practically idle on the long summer afternoons. They would get together at Murti's shop for a chit-chat and a game of cards. Besides reciting his favourite verses, the goldsmith amused them with ribald jokes. Once he played a practical joke on the infatuated milkman. He said that he would tell Amir the name of a man who was looking for a son-in-law if the bachelor sent for sweets and cold drinks. Amir fulfilled the condition with alacrity, only to get an address which could not be located in the whole town

(Please Turn Over)

Their faces painted and clothes dyed in varied colours, the boys came, singing loudly and dancing jubilantly...



Colour And Cordiality

(CONTINUED)

of Daryapur. During other seasons they did not have such sessions, for their afternoons were busy. However, they had enough fun during moments of leisure scattered all over the day.

Then the new shop was opened, separated from Shambhu's by the grocer's. It was actually the back-room of a house, but, built with shelves and a broad plank in front, it looked more attractive than the other four shops. The opening did not bode ill at all. In fact, Hira, the new general merchant, had the blessings of Shambhu, for he was a distant cousin of the latter's wife. He was young and had endearing manners. He spoke to other shopkeepers with respect, though he was no less chatty and fond of jokes. Trouble began when, about a month later, Hira hung two canvas curtains from either side of the awning of his shop. On them were written in large, colourful letters the names of the various items he sold. Shambhu did not like this. He showed his resentment by becoming reserved with Hira, and as days passed he grumbled too. He said that Hira's curtains affected his sales adversely. While from one side they hid his shop to the prospective buyers, from the other they made it look insignificant compared to the decorated one.

But Hira said: "I have no ill intention against you or anybody. I have put up the curtains to ward off the sun."

"And how do you account for the fancy writing on them?" asked Shambhu.

"Oh, that is just to give the canvas a pretty look.... You may also put up similar curtains." That was not acceptable to Shambhu. His shop was rather small, and with curtains on both sides it would become stuffy like a cave. So his fretting continued.

Hari, Murti and Amir tried to persuade Hira to remove the curtains, but the answer they got was: "Why should I? I am not encroaching on anybody's rights."

The three did not pursue the point further. They had not liked Hira's stubborn attitude, but at the same time they felt that he was within his rights. Their sympathies, however, were with Shambhu, who was their crony.

Their afternoon sessions soon came to an end. Even their casual talks lost much of their warmth. If Shambhu was speaking, Hira pretended not to be listening. And if Hira told a joke, Shambhu busied himself with something or the other. As the hot days wore on, the silence between the general merchants developed into brooding enmity. Once again Hari, Murti and Amir tried to remove the bone of contention. But Hira was adamant.

Summer gave place to the spell of rains, which did not last more than six weeks over Daryapur. Sometimes the rain fell so heavily that the street was flooded. Still, Hira did not do away with the curtains. Now his argument was that they screened him from the showers.

The rains over, they reminded Hira about the curtains. But Hira put the three off for several days. They had no doubt now that Hira had befooled them. They did not ask Hira again. But they became less free with him. Shambhu hailed this development. During idle hours he would invite Hari, Murti and Amir to the projecting plank of his shop for a chat. Now and then, he sent for refreshments. They ate and talked and guffawed. At times, Shambhu threw a jibe at Hira, that he was a purdah woman sitting behind the curtains. And this annoyed Hira. One day, unable to bear it, he stepped out of his shop and shouted: "Well, this purdah woman challenges the *man* to fight a duel. Dare he come down in the open?" The merry four were taken aback. They looked at Hira, who was trembling with rage. "Why don't you come forth, *man*?" shrieked Hira. Shambhu was going to jump out into the street, but the other three held him back.

After this the situation became delicate. Any trivial provocation could lead to an exchange of blows between the two. Hari, Murti and Amir spoke cautiously, for none of them wished to be the cause of a clash between the general merchants. This uneasy truce lasted all through winter. Nothing occurred to spark off a row. But the curtains were there, and this kept resentment smouldering in Shambhu's heart. And when, by the end of winter, Hira got the lettering repainted, Shambhu's blood boiled. He looked for an opportunity to teach Hira a lesson.

One day he took Murti into confidence. "I want to avenge myself," he said. "But I should not like anybody to blame me for what I do." Murti reflected for a while, then said, "I think you can do that."

"How?" asked Shambhu, all eagerness.

"Tomorrow is Holi. Our shops will open as usual. Hari, Amir and I will invite Hira and you to celebrate the festival—right before the shops."

"But how will that serve my purpose?"

"The invitation will be a ruse to cover our mischief. We will daub Hira with all sorts of colours, including oil paint. And when he is besmeared, we can push him into the gutter. All this will seem fair on the Holi day."

Shambhu's face beamed. "That is a splendid idea. But will Hari and Amir agree to it?"

"Leave that to me. All you have to do is to buy the dyestuffs and paint. And some sweets, too." Shambhu opened his cash-box and took out five rupees. "Here is the money. I leave everything to you."

The town was making preparation for Holi, the gayest of festivals. How seasonable it was! It came off at the beginning of spring. The air had lost its nip and was fresh and bracing. Trees were putting forth new leaves and birds sang more joyously than before. Men, too, felt a new thrill in their veins.

Many shops in the bazars sold the materials necessary for the Holi fun. There were heaps of powders, red and green and yellow, mixed with grounded mica which glinted in the sun. Of the varieties of dyestuffs there was no end. Also on display were syringes, water-pistols and several ingenious devices that would enable the users to surprise their friends with sudden squirts of coloured water. Old and young bought all this and much more for the festival.

* * *

EARLY on Holi morning the shouts of children rented the air. By mid-morning the streets were full of boys, armed with syringes and buckets of coloured water. They splashed every passer-by with jets of red and blue and green liquid. If anyone protested the boys swarmed round him and painted his clothes and face. Murti watched the boys at play and made a few pleasant remarks. This was a prelude to inviting Hira to celebrate Holi. He had already briefed Hari and Amir.

Soon a procession of boys passed by the five shops. Their faces painted and clothes dyed in varied colours, they came singing and dancing. One of them sprinkled perfumed water about and two or three tossed handfuls of *gulal* into the air. "Well done, boys!" said Murti. Encouraged, the boys sang more loudly and danced more jubilantly.

Then came a big procession, led by a strong man who had on his shoulders a boy dressed as Lord Krishna. Those who followed beat drums and clashed cymbals. They sang a gay song of the festival and threw red and yellow powders into the air and at the passers-by. All the five shopkeepers stood up to greet the boy Krishna. Murti stepped down on the plank to receive a few squirts of coloured water. He went with the procession several yards, throwing his arms up and about in wild ecstasy. The other four laughed at him. "What about having some fun?" he asked.

"Yes, why not?" replied Hari and Amir. "Holi comes but once a year."

"And you, Shambhu and Hira?" Shambhu muttered yes. Hira followed suit. "Then remember, Shambhu and Hira." said Murti. "Holi calls for a gay spirit. You must forget your bitterness and play freely. Do you agree?"

"I do," said Hira. Shambhu also said yes with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Then come out of your shops, all of you."

"Wait a minute," said Hira. "Let me get some *rang* and *gulal*."

"I have everything ready," said Murti.

And he produced packets of dyestuffs and coloured powders, which he distributed. From Amir's shop came buckets and *lotas*. While the other three were colouring the water, Murti secretly passed a small tin of flesh paint to Shambhu. Soon the five were ready to celebrate Holi.

From a packet Hira took some *gulal* and applied it to Shambhu's brow. Shambhu did likewise. Then, they embraced. As Shambhu loosened his arms, Hira said, "That embrace was customary. Let us embrace once more, for we are friends again." And he hugged Shambhu, who responded with equal warmth.

While Hira was embracing another of the fellows, Shambhu took out the tin of paint from his pocket and threw it into the gutter. "What is that?" asked Hira.

"A tin of paint," muttered Murti, looking puzzled. "No," corrected Shambhu. "A tin of revenge."

Hira reflected a moment, then said, "I must have something to throw away." And he picked up the newly painted curtains.

All the five embraced one another again and again, and then painted one another's clothes and faces like gay, guileless children.

O. P. BHAG

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Impressions Of Easter

by JOSE PEREIRA

EASTER, until recently, was only a kind of bright appendix to the darkness of Holy Week. The ceremonies of the Resurrection were over on Holy Saturday and so the bloom of Easter had faded before it had blossomed. For a long time Easter for me was only a spark of glory trailing a cloud of gloom. In fact my earliest impressions have the glory almost blotted out by the gloom.

The very earliest of these impressions is a vague one of a dim pallor of light suffusing a grey Goan chapel, with hazy standing forms of devotees generally scattered over the floor, but in one place forming a dark screen with the front bronzed by candle glow. Everything seemed so big and overpowering: the white columns of the chapel stretched upwards into nowhere. When I had elbowed my way through the crowd, I saw looming before me the thighs of a body with painted scars. It was the image of Christ taken down from the Cross. However hard I try to recall more details, the picture remains about as blurred as I have presented it, and so I shall have to leave it.

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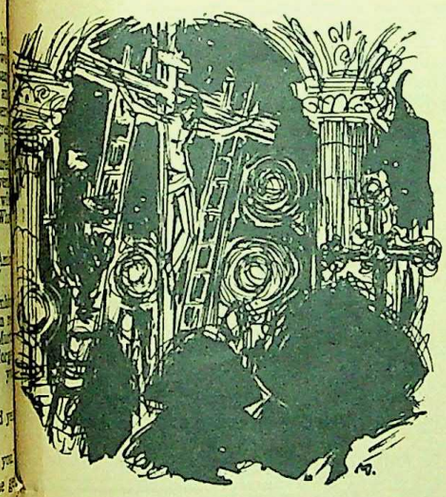
GOA, the stronghold of Indian Christianity, sets the pattern for a great deal of the non-liturgical pageantry in vogue among Indian



Christians. One of these is the Image Passion Play. Bombay, where the greatest number of Goan Christians outside Goa are found (and which was my home for the most part of my life) follows Goa the closest in the representation of these plays. In fact, I have not seen the Crucifixion play better performed than in our parish church, Gloria Church.

A blood-stained figure of Christ with a bulging and wicked-looking crown of thorns was fixed to the cross with nails. A ponderous black curtain hid the image of the Crucified from sight, and when it was drawn aside, a gust of sighs and exclamations emanated from the assembled congregation. Men dressed as Franciscan friars approached the figure in a procession, provided with long ladders and with hammers and nails on plates. They tied the chest and the hands of the figure with sheets, and then proceeded to knock the nails loose with their hammers. Every knock was accompanied by the uncanny clatter of what seemed to be a hundred wooden clappers. Once unnailed, the figure was lowered by means of the sheets into a coffin.

In my own village church in Kurhtore, Goa, this scene was enacted on the hill adjoining the village church, as on a Calvary; the figure was then taken down to the church, as to the tomb on the plain. A screen of trees lined the road on both sides, but there was a coruscating moonlight filtering through the branches, intoxicating enough to produce the most wildly baroque visions. Crowds of Kunnbi women surged round the coffin, the white of their shawls chalking over the weird patterns on their saris. Altogether, it was as if the exuberance of the jungle were enshrouding the body of the Lord. Through the trees the church appeared poised above the lake, like a monstrance brought down by angels. Clusters of candles and women in the Madonna-like *olyh* costume kept watch by the tomb. People were continuously coming to kiss the nailed feet of the image anointed with painted blood, as also the implements of the Crucifixion kept in round silver platters.

It was Holy Saturday next morning, with the church bells pealing wildly and at this my mother used to say "Christ is risen!" But when we had rushed off to church to see what had happened, we were disappointed to find that the body was still in the coffin, with the winding sheet marked with its imprints placed over it. Later, on Easter morning, at about four o'clock, there was a procession in honour of the Resurrection. I remember quite clearly the light of the torches, absorbed by the early morning mists.

• • •

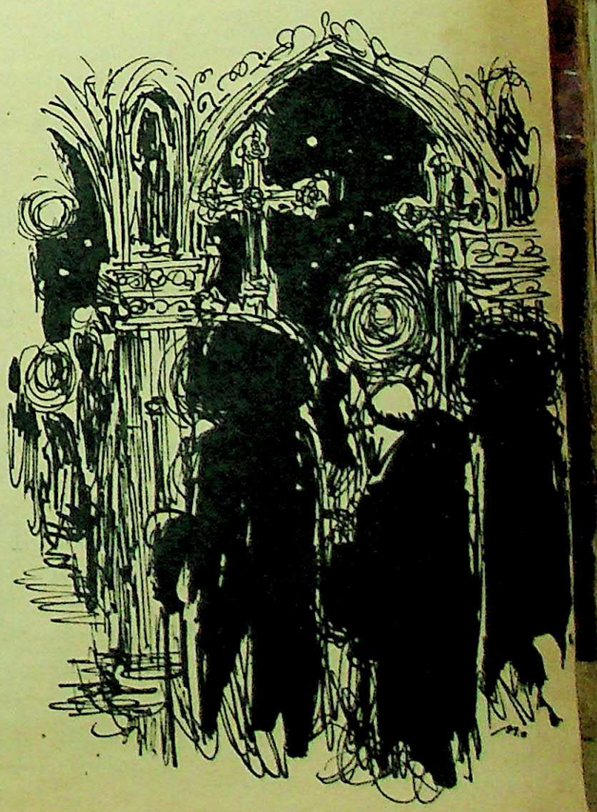
AS I said before, the top-heaviness of the tragedy of Lent quite crushed beneath it my early impressions of Easter as Easter, and all those I possess are later ones. Easter was dissociated for me from Lent in stages, the last of which was brought about by the liturgical reform restoring the Easter ritual to the time that Christ is believed to have risen from the dead, that is, the night of Holy Saturday-Easter Sunday. I was in Goa when this happened, but was not allowed to go to the only church that had decided to start with the restored service right away. This church was six miles distant, and between it and our remote little village on the river stood the night, a snake- and ghost-infested country, thieves and —what all this amounted to—a mother's apprehensions and fears.

I saw the service adequately and sensitively performed in an old Benedictine monastery in the fastnesses of Castile, a couple of years ago. The place was Silos, famed for its school of plain-song and liturgical music. The cold neo-classical church—attached to a fine Romanesque cloister—was so imperfectly lit that the whole volume of night seemed to weigh heavily upon it, threatening to crush it into black oblivion, along with its mixed crowd of unwashed peasants and impassive monks. And that was what nearly happened, for soon all the candles were put out, since the light of Christ, the Light of the World, was lying hidden in the Tomb—that is to say, practically all were put out.

The Abbot and the monks stood outside the church—symbol of Jerusalem, outside whose gates Christ had been buried. With a flint the Abbot struck a spark, symbolising the fact that Christ had risen from a stone tomb and from this spark he lit the great Paschal candle, symbol of Christ. In answer to the Abbot's knocking, the doors were opened and, as the procession moved in, the people lit their candles from the priests' who had lit theirs from the flame of the Paschal candle, until the church was bright all over. This was intended to symbolise the fact that the resurrection of the redeemed is an extension of that of the Redeemer. Then the monks intoned the chants of the service, and a sonorous and noble volume of plain-song rolled and eddied through the church. The whole of the superbly serried hierarchy of creation, as envisaged by the Bible and the Liturgy, was called upon to exult in the resurrection of its Saviour and God.

• • •

I FEEL this year has in store for me a fuller realisation of the glory of Easter. An aesthetic realisation, I mean, not a spiritual one—at least not to the degree to which it is possible for one who is a saint. I can conceive of no place where this is more likely to happen than St. Peter's in Rome, which, I imagine, is the very concept of cathedral magnificence in visible form. I am not in Rome yet, but still only in Venice, and it depends on the kindness of the lorry- and car-drivers who find hitch-hikers congenial, to whether I get there in a tearing hurry or creep up to it haltingly. Much of what I have already seen in Italy seems to me to presage this, as for instance that dazzingly beautiful *pala d'oro* in St. Mark's in Venice (the heavy ornate and bejewelled screen before the tomb of the saint), which starts up as a burning mirage of gold in the glow of the candles ranged before it. I see in my mind one sprouting bronze candelabrum after another lining the cliff-like cornice of St. Peter's, and the procession of the burning tongues of flame giving it a flickering rim of fire. I see the gilt-bronze *baldacchino* of Bernini, with its twisted columns spiralling upwards to the dome, throwing out live-coal glints and scintillating with hot gold sparks. As to the dome above, I can think of it as nothing other than a volcano of baroque flamboyance, pouring down an incandescent flood of mystic lava over the *baldacchino* and enveloping it as a furnace. Can this symbolise anything? Yes: the flood-gates of divine vitality, blocked during the Passion, now overwhelm their barriers and invest with their flaming energy the body of Christ rising to meet it.



Basant Panchami

by G. D. KHOSLA

SOME of the pleasantest memories of my childhood days are associated with the festival of Basant Panchami. We were then living in West Punjab where the winter is a truly cold season with frosty nights and shivery mornings. Preparations for Basant began a day or two before the actual date of the festival.

We became aware of the forthcoming event by my father announcing: "Well children, *aya Basant aur pala udant*" (Here comes Basant and the cold weather flies away). We repeated the rhyme with gleeful abandon to each other and to our playmates, not all of whom were familiar with it. "Do you know what?" we would proclaim with an air of importance which young people assume when they come into possession of some rare and vital piece of information. "*Aya Basant aur pala udant.*" And because there is a mysterious power in rhyme everyone believed the saying contained wisdom distilled from the experience of a hundred thousand years.

Turbans and saris were sent to the dyer with instructions that they were to be made a pure, bright yellow—the colour of a *sarson* field in full flower when the sun shines upon it and not the muddy, sickly shade of turmeric stains made by a child dropping curry on his shirt front. The clothes had to be ready a day before Basant. A servant was sent to fetch them and my mother examined them with a critical eye to see if they had been dyed the right colour.

KITE-FLYING

Kite-flying was frowned upon in our family and my father used to say that it was a corrupting pastime indulged in only by wastrels and good-for-nothing boys. But once a year he waived his objections, and we were allowed to buy kites and a huge ball of the specially prepared cord stiffened and strengthened with a coating of finely powdered glass. And while we boys busied ourselves with making the kites airworthy for the great Basant day revelry, there was the inevitable discussion about whether the sweet dish should be *halwa* or sweet saffron rice. Both were great favourites, but because salted yellow rice and *dahi* were the *sine qua non* of the Basant midday meal, the *halwa* was the more frequent choice, though I can remember a few occasions when both dishes were served to our delight and subsequent gastric embarrassment.

In the morning we would all bathe early and change into new clothes. The boys and menfolk would don their bright yellow turbans, crisp with starch and lightly spangled with fine particles of mica. My mother would look resplendent in her Basanti sari. There was a brief *puja* performed by my mother who was completely conversant with the ritual appropriate to each festival and religious occasion. The rest of the family sat facing her in a semi-circle and watched her draw the fascinating designs which symbolised Saraswati. The *puja*, I regret to say, meant very little to me beyond the fact that it was inseparable from the fun of Basant. However, it lasted no more than a few minutes and was never irksome.

After the *puja* we sometimes went for a walk and saw the glorious fields of *sarson* just outside the town limits. We entered the lush fields to pick a few yellow flowers, and we inhaled the delicious, pungent perfume of mustard and rape. Even now, fifty years later, the sight of a *sarson* field and the scent which the air around it carries, recalls to my mind the feel of a crisp yellow turban on my head and the prospect of saffron-flavoured *halwa* for the midday meal.

After the walk, there was kite-flying. I never acquired much skill at this sport, for one day's practice in the year was scarcely calculated to make me an expert kite-flier. For this reason the pleasure of making the crinkly square of brightly coloured tissue paper climb up and soar, or hover at one spot often escaped me. The thrill of engaging in ruthless battle in which one or the other kite was doomed to destruction was seldom mine. But I had a lot of fun handling kites and trying to jerk them up with the assistance of my younger brother and the help of the breeze which Basant always brought with it.

I well remember the day when I succeeded in hoisting my kite half-way into the sky and enjoyed the sensation of exercising a measure of distant control over its position and movements. By relaxing the tension on the cord, the head of the kite could be made to waver and turn. As soon as it pointed in the right direction, a firm and steady pull made the kite move rapidly forward and when it reached the desired spot, a slight easing of the pull on the cord stopped its aerial flight and the kite began to hover once again.

To a tyro like me this partial mastery over the far-away object by the simple method of alternately pulling and releasing the cord was a surprising and fascinating achievement. The fact that one day a wholly unknown adversary attacked my flimsy air-ship and cut it adrift before I even knew what was happening did not lessen the joy of being an active, though unskilled, participant in the annual sport which, in the north, is always associated with Basant Panchami.

After a long hop of many years, my memory brings me to a somewhat puerile celebration of Basant Panchami, wholly lacking in spontaneity and the natural joy which a spring festival should engender. This happened in the year following the conclusion of World War II, when relations between the two major communities in the Punjab were straining towards a final and irrevocable breach. Attempts, for the most part forced and therefore ineffective, were being made to keep the communities together, and one of the ways adopted was the joint intercommunal celebration of religious festivals like Id, Basant Panchami, Dassera and Guru Nanak's birthday. People of various communities were invited to take part.

I remember one such gathering in Lahore on a bright day in early spring. About a hundred men and women, mostly Government officials and ambitious political workers, sat nibbling yellow sweets and listening to dull, inane exhortations to love their neighbours, despite differences in religion, social outlook and political aspirations. We came away from the meeting utterly unimpressed, but pretending that the joint celebration of festivals and holy days was an excellent way of promoting communal harmony. I do not think anybody was deceived by these insincere professions of amity and the still-born hopes of the participants.

The date of Basant Panchami depends on the phase of the moon. It falls on the fifth day of the bright lunar fortnight in the month of Magh (January-February). This linking of the lunar phase with the solar calendar ensures that the festival is celebrated within a period of about 25 days extending from January 23 to February 16. The lunar year is about 10 days shorter than the solar year; but since the continued recession of the lunar phases must be compensated in order to avoid the festival moving right away from springtime, the method of advancing the date of Basant by about 20 days every third year is adopted. For instance in 1954, Basant Panchami fell on February 8, the following year it arrived 11 days earlier on January 28, and in 1956, it was advanced by 19 days so that February 16 marked the priestly end of winter. In the next two years again, there was a moving back of the festival and a corresponding advance in 1959. This year, Basant Panchami was celebrated on February 9.

There is a widespread belief for which there may well be a rational and scientific explanation that weather conditions depend to a large extent on the phases of the moon, and that a change in temperature of atmospheric pressure may be expected after the full or the new moon; and it is a manifestation of this same mysterious law that the fifth of the bright half of the lunar cycle in Magh, indicates the end of winter and the beginning of spring. I have heard many people marvel at the far-reaching wisdom of the ancient sages who devised an unerring method of forecasting the advent of spring. Experience, however, shows that either this formula is completely erroneous or there are so many exceptions and variations which limit and qualify its application that nothing can be foretold with any degree of certainty by using it. I can remember years when the coldest days came only after we had bid farewell to winter and hailed spring with yellow turbans and saffron-flavoured *halwa*, and for a whole week after Basant, the cold wave made us shiver in the morning and sit round a roaring fire in the evening.

In 1950, Basant Panchami fell on January 23 I was then living in Simla, and we gave a gay and joyous welcome to spring. A fortnight later, the temperature had a sudden fall and remained fifteen degrees below freezing point for more than 48 hours. The cold went biting into the very marrow of our bones; everything froze; there was no water in the house-taps, the milk in the jug was a piece of solid whiteness which refused to be coaxed out into the teacup; the tomatoes bounced off the floor like cricket balls and only a saw could cut a banana into two. The meteorological pundits said that a specially cold wind coming across the icy territory of Afghanistan had played these Puckish tricks. but the religious pundits who had offered homage to the goddess Saraswati, and ushered in spring a fortnight earlier could offer no explanation why the prognostication implicit in the chronology of Basant was so shatteringly belied.

GIFTS OF SPRING

Popular beliefs and superstitions apart, Basant Panchami is essentially a spring festival, and with its advent, we in North India, prepare to receive the gifts of spring—bright sunshine and warmer days, the gaiety of flowers and the birth of food grains and fruits. An occasional deviation from the normal order of Nature does not detract from the significance or importance of the festival.

In Bengal, Basant Panchami is an important event and is made the occasion for Saraswati Puja. Friends and relatives gather and pay homage to the goddess who, in ancient days, was looked up to as the bestower of fertility and wealth, and who in later times became the patroness of the arts and sciences. In South India there are no extremes of temperature and no anxiously awaited end of cold days and bitter icy winds. There is no genuine springtime and Basant Panchami is not as important a festival as in the North.

In the colder regions, spring festivals in one form or another have been celebrated throughout the world from time immemorial. Each year on February 15, the ancient Romans held the festival of the Lupercal in honour of Pan, the god of pastures, forests and flocks. There was much merry-making and revelry on the occasion and students of Shakespeare will remember that one of the rites was aimed at the cure of sterility in women. Said Caesar to Antony:

> *Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,*
> *To touch Calpurnia, for our elders say,*
> *The barren, touched in this holy chase,*
> *Shake off their sterile curse.*

This, of course, was due to the fact that Pan also symbolised the principle of creation. There is no doubt at all that the Lupercal corresponded to our Basant Panchami, in all essential respects.

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Sravanam

UPAKARMA RITES IN PROGRESS

by

T. A. VENKATESWARA DIKSHITAR

IT is a truism that the home is the nursery of our faith and beliefs, environmental factors largely conditioning their growth. We, of the older generation, were brought up according to exacting standards of conduct and propriety. We were trained as it were to provide a living commentary on the scriptural texts. We were taught to regard festivals with awe and rejoicing. The necessary emotional equipment for their observance was commingled with an intellectual appreciation of their significance.

Take for instance the Upanayanam, or the investiture of the sacred thread. True to the letter of the scriptural injunction, a boy in those days was initiated into this *ashrama* at the age of seven. The occasion meant for the lad entry into the life of a disciple, devoted, diligent, faithful and athirst for knowledge. He had to commence the study of the Vedas, transmitted to him by word of mouth by the Acharya, who was often the patriarch of the family. To him was vouchsafed an austere life. The hard and difficult nature of such a life was duly impressed upon him by his being asked to beg for his daily food. Even when he chose his relatives' houses for the purpose, he nevertheless gained a true understanding of the kind of life prescribed for the *brahmacharin*.

If the Upanayanam signals his entry into the life of a student, the Sravanam or Avani Avittam (as it is called in Tamil) serves as the annual stock-taking day. Of particular importance to the *brahmacharin*, this ceremony is to be performed by the householders as well. In the case of the latter, however, the rites are regarded as sanctifying the knowledge of the Vedas that they already possess. To the young *brahmacharin*, Sravanam is a yearly reminder that he should discharge his duties and obligations to his guru and to his Vedic studies. This festival occurs, according to the lunar calendar, on the full moon day in the month of Sravana (August-September). But on rare occasions, where there are polluting factors such as an eclipse falling on that day, the observance is advanced to the previous or put off to the following full moon. There are minor variations in the details of the performance of this ceremony among the different *sakhas* or branches of the same Veda and among the various Vedas. But all of them are agreed on the fundamentals of the function. For instance, generally the full moon on the Sravanam day is in conjunction with the Sravishtha asterism. But some years there is no such conjunction. Here, the Rigvedins attach greater importance to the Sravishtha asterism, while the Yajurvedins are more concerned with the day or *thithi*. The Samavedins, however, are to perform the ceremony on the Hastha asterism in the same month. As has already been mentioned, these are minor details. An attempt is made here to explain the significance of the festival from the point of view of the *Taittiriya Sakha* of the Krishna Yajurveda.

Preparations for the ceremony are made several days in advance. Twigs are gathered for the performance of a rite called *samitadhana* and for the *Gayatrihoma* (*palasa* twigs are used for this). In the former, the young *brahmacharin* offers prayers to the Vedic gods, invoking their blessings for purity in conduct, and for vigour, fame, valour and knowledge. Every *brahmacharin* has to perform this rite twice daily, along with his *sandhya*, for a whole month ending with the Upakarma. After performing *samitadhana* on Sravanam day, he has to have his head shaved. He then sits down to the *japa* of a mantra called "*kamokarshit*." This is a variant in the *Taittiriya Sakha* of the *utsarjana* of the other *sakhas*. Here the performer says that he is aware that the agent of all acts, good and bad, is not the self, or the soul, but the twin emotions of desire and anger. Thus, in this hymn is embedded the cardinal truth of our philosophy: it is that the attributeless soul cannot be the means of physical acts which are the products of the body. This rite is enjoined on all *dwijas* except those for whom it marks the first anniversary of the sacred thread investiture. Usually, the study of the Vedas commences on the Sravana Pournami and ends on the Pushya Pournami, the rest of the days being devoted to the study of the *Vedangas* and temporal subjects.

The *kamokarshit* rite is followed by a *sankalpa* or initiatory rite during which the *dwija* prays that his sins be washed away. He then takes a purificatory bath and gets ready to pay his debt of gratitude to the Vedic seers. Changing his sacred thread, and with a *minji* or belt of smooth grass tied round his waist and wearing a piece of deerskin serving for a cloth, he sits down to perform the *Kandarishi tarpana*—an oblation of rice and sesame mixed with water made to the Vedic seers who, through their intuitive perception, divined for posterity certain portions or *kandas* of the Vedas. Hence the name *Kandarishi* applied to this rite. It is a loving and grateful expression of our regard and veneration for the rishis and the gift of knowledge they have made us, and it is to a study and mastery of this knowledge that the *brahmacharin* applies himself with devotion and single-mindedness. Also held up for special worship are the Vedic deities.

The *samitadhana*, the "*kamokarshit*" *japa*, the *sankalpa*, the purificatory bath, the *Kandarishi tarapana* and the *homa* or *havan* are the main features of this function. The *homa* is an offering to Agni of cooked rice, twigs and ghee directed to the Vedic sages. It symbolises the fact that the performer is full of a sense of sacrifice and that the fire god is witness to his discharge of his duties towards his Vedic forbears. The *havan* itself, however, is performed by the Acharya on behalf of the assembled *dwijas*. The very first part consists of an offering to Veda Vyasa who was responsible for the collation of the Vedas and their arrangement in the form we know them today. The *homa* completed, select portions from the Vedas are recited by the Acharya and repeated by the assembly. In addition to this, extracts from the *Vedangas* such as *vyakarana* and *chhandas* are also recited. (In the old days, the recitation consisted of only those passages that the student had learnt and studied. It then served the purpose of refreshing his mind.) The *homa* concludes with the worship of Veda Vyasa. It is in this manner that an attempt is made to express our sense of obligation to the line of Vedic sages. It must also be noted that the performer on this day is supposed to partake of seven grains of sesame and nothing more, thus emphasising the sense of sacrifice and reverence.

On the day following Sravanam, the *Gayatrihoma* is performed. The Gayatri mantra is a prayer for light, valour and a life of purity, and the performer offers *havan*, repeating the mantra 1,008 times.

Sravan is a festival in which the twice-born is made to realise the great debt he owes to the illustrious line of sages for knowledge and for a true understanding of the meaning and goal of life. It is an important event in the life of a *dwija*. The casting off of the old sacred thread for a new one, the holding of the twig of the *palasa* tree and the wearing of the *minji* are all acts which are believed to bring him the brilliance and lustre of which the Vedas speak.

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Baisakh

by KHUSHWANT SINGH

IN the May of 1953, I went down to Sanchi to watch the re-installation of the remains of Sariputta and Mahamoggallana. I had known Sanchi before the desolation of thorny bush and barren rock with the stream, Betwa, meandering like a lost soul. But the scene which met my eyes as I alighted from the train was unrecognisable. A city of tents had gone up on the vast plain. There were large *shamianas*, rows of restaurants, betel-leaf stalls and their inevitable accompaniment—film music blaring over loud speakers. A landing strip had been made near the station. Every few minutes a small plane landed and disgorged its load of celebrities. The Prime Ministers of Burma, Ceylon, Nepal and Thailand arrived in one morning. Then came our own leaders: Dr. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Nehru and Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee. The crowd which received them must have been well over 200,000. The haunting solitude of Sanchi had dissolved into a blur of dust and noise.

Parades, flag hoistings and march pasts were followed by an interminable succession of speeches resounding with time-worn platitudes. This went on all day. By the afternoon everyone had had enough. Half-an-hour after sunset the loud speakers were switched off and a strange silence—the sort that follows a really noisy day—descended on the plain. A large, full moon rose above the line of trees and bathed the tented city in a sheen of silver.

THE VIGIL

I decided to take a little walk. At the base of the hillock was a marquee under which the relics of the Buddha's disciples lay in a casket covered with flowers. A group of safffon-robed workers were assembled for prayer. I caught the familiar notes of the invocatory chant: *"Buddham sharanam gachchhami... Dharmam sharanam..."* I took the footpath going up the hillock, found a large slab of cool granite and sank down on it. An amorous breeze blew across the plains from the Betwa and I fell asleep. When I awoke, the moon was shining full in my face directly above me. The granite had turned cold.

I walked down the hill and came to the marquee with the sacred relics. It was deserted save for a solitary figure deep in prayer. As I tiptoed past I recognised him. It was U Nu, the Prime Minister of Burma—unguarded and alone. There was an expression of singular beatitude on his face. Why was he praying so late in the wilderness? Of course, it was the Buddha Purnima, the full moon day in Baisakh, Gautama's birthday, the day he attained wisdom and the day he passed away.

For me Baisakh still means the moonlit solitude of Sanchi and the lonely figure of U Nu lost in prayer.

For the Punjabi, particularly the Sikh, Baisakh has other associations. Although it is the second month of the Indian calendar, the Punjabis stubbornly continue to observe the 1st of Baisakh as New Year's Day. They have done so from time immemorial and now so many incidents have come to be associated with the first day of Baisakh that it has become the most important event of the year.

Baisakh was one of Guru Nanak's favourite months because the trees were then in flower. In his *Bara Maha*, the last of his many compositions, he wrote:

Beauteous Baisakh when the bough adorns itself anew,

The wife awaits the coming of her lord;

Her eyes fixed on the door.

"My love, you alone can help me cross

The turbulent waters of life; Come home.

Without you I am worthless as a broken shell.

When you look upon me with favour,

And our eyes mingle,

Then shall I become priceless beyond compare."

Spake the Guru: "Where seek you the Lord?

Whom are you awaiting?

You have not far to go.

He is within you, you are His mansion.

If your body and soul yearn for the Lord,

The Lord shall love you and Baisakh be beautiful."

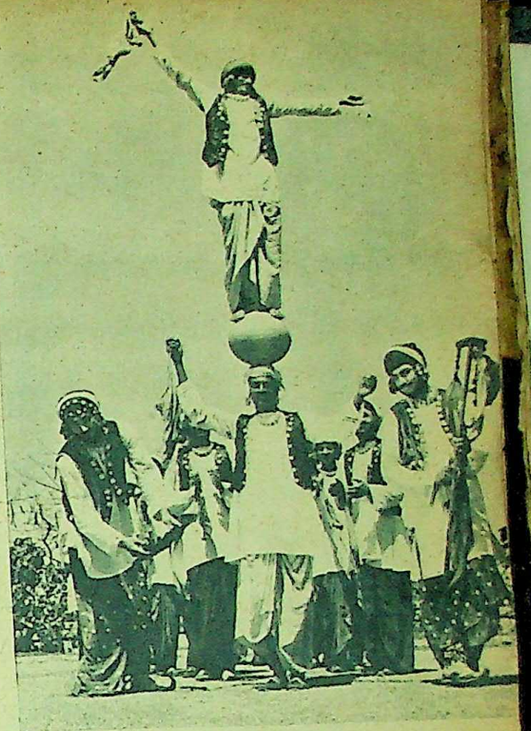
The special significance of Baisakhi for the present-day Sikh is due to the fact that it is the birthday of the Khalsa. It was on this day 263 years ago that their last Guru, Gobind Singh, summoned them to Anandpur (not far from Bhakra—hence the name "Gobind Sagar" for the Bhakra lake) to "come with their hair and beards unshorn". Over 80,000 Sikhs and Hindus answered the summons. The Guru spoke to them about the tyranny of the Moghuls and the need to raise an army. He demanded the lives of five men as a sacrifice for the occasion. One after another he took them into a tent and came out with his sword dripping blood. The congregation melted away till only a few remained. The Guru produced the five men (he had actually slain goats) and proclaimed them the founders of the new fraternity of Singhs—the *Khalsa Panth*. Thereafter every Baisakhi day Sikhs have foregathered in their thousands at the big Gurdwaras to celebrate their reincarnation as a militant brotherhood. Gathering at the Golden Temple was considered specially meritorious. Even during the worst days of repression, Sikh horsemen made it a point of honour to run the gauntlet of Moghul armies to get into Amritsar, bathe in the sacred pool surrounding the Harimandir and gallop out of the cordon as best as they could. Many thousands lost their lives in this way on Baisakhi day.

The hazards are gone but the tradition continues. The first of Baisakh is the most crowded day of the year at the Harimandir.

MEMORABLE OCCASION

The most memorable of all Baisakhs in the history of India was at Amritsar in 1919. The festival of Ram Navami which was four days earlier had been celebrated with scenes of Hindu-Muslim amity never seen before. Muslims joined the Hindu procession; Hindus drank sherbet served to them by Muslims. The men chiefly responsible for this spirit of amity were Dr. Saifuddin Kitchlew and Dr. Satyapal. Next morning both of them were summoned by the Deputy Commissioner, and, without any warning, whisked off to Dharamsala. Citizens of Amritsar heard the news an hour and a half later. Angry crowds marched towards the Deputy Commissioner's bungalow to demand an explanation. They were stopped on the way and dispersed by gunfire. Ten men were killed and many dozen wounded.

Three days later came the 1st of Baisakh. Sikh villagers with their families poured into Amritsar as they had done year after year. They heard stories of the killing that had taken place and vaguely understood that these were connected with the agitation against the repressive measures drafted by Sir Sidney Rowlatt—known to them by the appropriate Punjabi appellation *Raula* (turmoil) *Sahib*. They did not hear that General Dyer had come in from Jullundur with armoured cars and proclaimed all assemblages of five or more persons illegal. As a matter of fact the General had found it too



THE BHANGRA. A vigorous Punjabi folk-dance performed on Baisakhi day. (Photograph by R. J. Chinwalla)

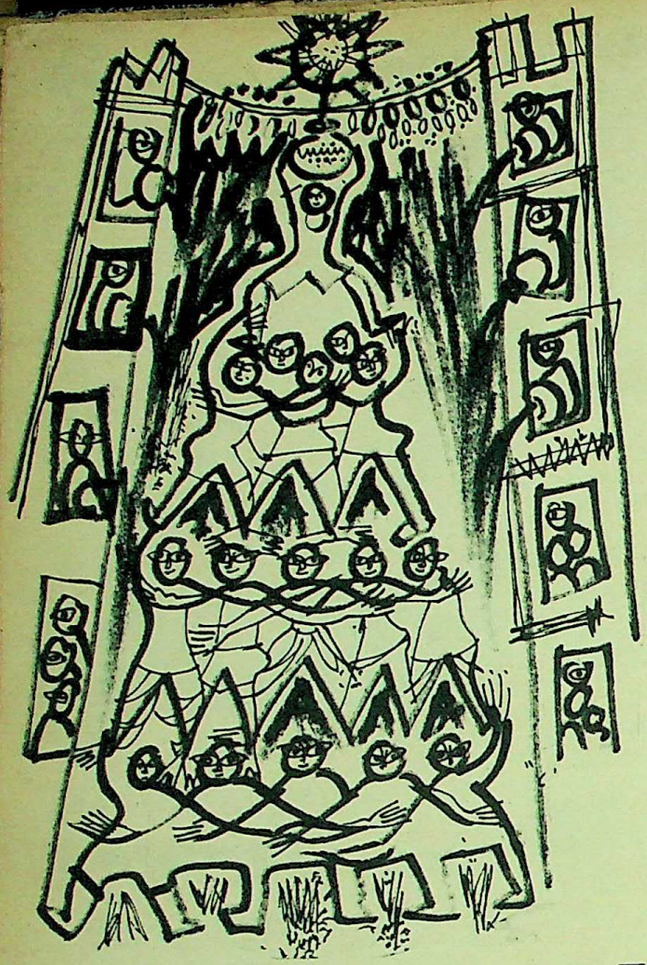
hot to go round the city and had just announced his order at a few places expecting it to spread by word of mouth.

The peasants bathed in the holy pool, partook of the food served by the Gurdwara kitchen (*Guru-ka-langur*) and, having nothing better to do, went along to a vacant plot of land near the Harimandir called Jallianwala Bagh to while away the hours. By noon several thousand lay sprawled about the place. Local Congressmen utilised the occasion to explain the measures drafted by *Raula Sahib* and how the Mahatma proposed to defy them. News of the "meeting" reached General Dyer at 12.30 p.m. He bided his time and instead of sending word of warning allowed the crowd to increase. Four hours later he ordered his Gorkhas and Baluchis to fall in with their rifles and *kukris*. Two armoured cars with machine guns in their turrets led the way.

Amritsar's streets are narrow and tortuous. General Dyer's armoured cars could not take the corner near Jallianwala Bagh and had to be left where they were. The General marched his Gorkhas and Baluchis to the site and blocked the one entrance which was also the exit. He saw a throng of fifteen to twenty thousand men, women and children in a gay holiday mood. In the centre a man was standing on a platform shouting at the top of his voice. A few people were listening to him; others were sitting about or buying things from hawkers for their children. Even then Dyer did not give them a warning. He simply ordered his men to open fire. The crowd stampeded to the other end of the garden. There were only a few narrow outlets into the streets; all the sides consisted of high walls of houses. There was no escape. Dyer personally directed the fire, pointing to places where the crowd was thickest. For ten agonising minutes he poured 1,650 rounds of lead on the unarmed, peaceful, holiday crowd. When his ammunition was exhausted he marched his men and armoured cars back through the streets to his encampment outside the city walls.

Dyer left behind him 379 dead and over 2,000 wounded. He also imposed a curfew on the city: anyone seen in the streets after dark was liable to be shot on sight.

A full moon rose over the petrified city. Only from Jallianwala Bagh came the groans of dying men and women and children crying for water as they crawled about amongst the corpses. All night long the city heard the wail of their kith and kin but did not dare to venture out. People of Amritsar refer to it as *khoon-ki-Holi*—the holi of blood. But this holi was played on Baisakhi day.



—by Laxman Pai

Janmashtami

WHENEVER one mentions Krishna one thinks of Radha. And it is Radha's face that is uppermost in my mind today. This Radha was no grown girl like the milkmaid, but a child, and she could never have resorted to the forests of Vrindavan on a dark night, the path lit only by fireflies. She was quaintly beautiful with the inevitable dark eyes that were always querulous, but her lips were so parted as to arouse compassion and they were so pale that one thought they were never destined to become aflame with passion. Her plentiful hair was not plaited but done up in a knot, suggestive not of any modern coiffure but of her rustic origins. She wore a gold-bordered *pavada* and her body which was yet to be seized with the exuberance of youth was draped with a yellow *melakku* brightly embroidered with flowers. Her face shone with a peculiar intelligence and restlessness, but there was none of the questioning look of girls dangerously close to nubility. The expression was one of acceptance and surrender, and whenever I saw her I would liken her to Andal and Mira.

On Janmashtami day she came to our house to gather flowers from our garden for her father's puja. But suddenly the sky took on the menacing aspect of the dishevelled hair of the demoness Putana and there was such a downpour that one imagined Indra's elephant Airavata was running amok and splashing the earth with his huge trunk. The frail plantain trees with their huge bunches of fruit were uprooted in the wind and even the branches of a mango tree came down crashing. Mother was afraid for Radha, she saw the girl getting drenched and called her inside. "It must have rained thus in Gokul," she observed, "when the Lord held up the Govardhana mountain with his hand to protect the cowherds from the wrath of Indra." Father had his own point to make. "The rain is appropriate today," he said. "For did it not rain on the day Krishna was born? The serpent Sesha sheltered him when Vasudeva carried him to Gokul." Radha sat in a corner, listening intently to these remarks. My younger brother brought her something to eat. But mother scolded him saying, "No, no. You shouldn't touch it now. It must first be offered to Krishna at night." "Will he come at night and take it away?" he asked. "He won't take it away, you'll have plenty left to eat," she replied. "Didn't you notice those *kolam* footprints sister has drawn right from the doorway. They mark the path Krishna will take at night..." Sister was in another room singing a Bharati song, "An unceasing bother is he, Kannan, to the girls in the street... He would pull their hair from behind and before they turn back he would be gone..."

Brother asked mother, "He was a naughty boy, wasn't he, mother, this Krishna?" He brought one of his text-books and, pointing to an illustration in it, said, "Teacher says that Krishna stole the clothes of the milkmaids sporting in the Yamuna and hid them in an inaccessible tree (the words were obviously the teacher's). Was he a thief?" "Yes," answered mother. "In a sense he was, or is." Assuming a profound air she added, "God is a thief, but He takes away nothing that is not His own, and everything He takes away is yours..." Mother paused unable to express herself and coming to her aid father said, "No man can be robbed, for there is nothing that he can call his own." But sister, who had meanwhile joined us, was not convinced. "He was Navanitachora, stealer of butter, that is what he was, this Krishna," she said. Then with characteristic irrelevancy she began to recite a verse from Lilasuka, perhaps to show off her knowledge of Sanskrit. "*Matah, kim Yadunatha, dehi chashakam, kim tena, patum payah...*" she intoned the *sloka* breathlessly and translated it for our benefit. Once Krishna, it seems, asked Yasoda for a bowl to drink milk. "Not now," she said. "When?" the boy asked. "At night." "When is it night?" asked Krishna. "When it is dark," was the reply. Krishna closed his eyes and exclaiming, "It's night! It's night!" demanded the milk, pulling at the upper garment of his foster-mother.

I was anxious to make my own contribution to the gossip on Krishna. To better sister's effort, I recited this: "*Anganam anganam antare Madhavo, Madhavam Madhavam chantare angana...*" Between one milkmaid and another there is Krishna, and between one Krishna and another there is a milkmaid... A strange fragrance steals across the Yamuna whose ripples shine in the moonlight like the arched eyebrows of an angry woman. Under the heavy foliage, under the inextricable branches, the flowers that blossom at night glitter in the light cast by the phosphorescent herbs. Suddenly the forest becomes alive with the melody of the flute. Hearing it the milkmaids tear away from the arms of their husbands, abandon their parents, abandon everything to obey the call of the flute. Unfaithful wives, disloyal children, irresponsible mothers? No, they have heard the call of the Lord and are freed from the duties and responsibilities of housewives. To Vrindavan they go, stumbling in the dark on the bushes, and shouting his name. "There he is, behind that clump of bamboo!" says one. But before they approach him he disappears. The melody of the flute is heard but he himself remains unseen. "Krishna, have pity on us. Reveal yourself," the gopis cry. Then emerges Krishna after Krishna, from behind the trees, from the dense undergrowth, illumining the forest like a sudden scattering of jewels. They form into a circle, the Krishnas and the gopis, and dance...

• • •

RADHA who was silently listening all the while, without perhaps understanding much, asked a question, "Does Krishna have sixteen thousand and eight wives?" It was mother who answered it. "Yes, he has sixteen thousand and eight, and more," she said. "Everybody is Krishna's wife. He is the Paramatman and everyone thirsts for union with him." The girl smiled, but it was obvious that she did not understand a word of what mother had said. But she was no longer shy and diffident and enquired again, "Is he handsome?" "What a question to ask, my dear girl!" mother exclaimed. "Ghanasyama. That is what he is: dark as the rain-cloud. He sports a peacock feather in his hair. And all the fourteen worlds find enjoyment in his beauty." "I'll marry Krishna when I grow up," declared Radha. We laughed and she put her head down, suddenly conscious of a sense of shame. "Will you marry a dark man?" asked sister, to tease the child. Before Radha could answer someone entered the room, unannounced, like a big cloud blotting out the sun, and dragged her away. That was her brother, but so unlike her. He was big and burly, always sullen and with a rough voice. I had the previous day asked him to take up the part of Kamsa for the Krishnaleela play we were going to enact for Janmashtami. But he refused, saying that he would prefer some romantic role such as that of Dushyanta or Nala. I dismissed him saying, "Kichaka, Dussasana and Baka—these are the roles for you. Even Kamsa had some dignity about him." Looking at him I had been reminded of these fierce characters in grim and grotesque Kathakali make-up.

In the afternoon mother made the special eatables to be offered to Krishna. First to be made was *murukku*: a paste of rice and black gram was dextrously shaped into ridged coils and fried in oil; then came *chitai*: pellets made of the same material but with coconut, butter and cummin added to enhance the flavour; and last to be made was *vellachitai*: bigger pellets made of rice and jaggery and fried in ghee. Outside the maidservants pounded boiled rice to make *aval*: Krishna likes nothing better than beaten rice, with its humid, earthy smell. Radha's mother came to borrow some for the night's puja. Incidentally she informed us that the girl had developed fever, presumably because of her getting drenched in the morning.

At the stroke of midnight the puja was performed. My sister and brother were awakened and they pounced upon the *murukku* and *chitai*. The noise of crunching and munching was soon interrupted by a knock at the door. "It's Krishna, Krishna!" brother exclaimed. But it turned out to be Radha's father. The reason for his untimely call was that he wanted my father to accompany him to fetch a doctor. Radha's condition was serious. Father went out with him, and there was gloom. I did not wait for father to return and fell asleep. In the morning I was aroused by shouts in the streets. The birth of Krishna was being celebrated: groups of men were trying the curd-pots high in the street from ropes connecting the two rows of houses. Our little town had been transformed into another Gokul and there were cries of joy everywhere. But I was in no mood to participate in the celebrations. I got up from bed and went straight to my mother and asked her, "Any news about Radha?"

"She has married Krishna." That was mother's reply.

R. G. K.

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Paryushana

by Dr. BOOL CHAND

PARYUSHANA (Prakrit, Pajjusan) is the most important Jain festival. It falls on Bhadrapada Shudi Panchami, some time in the month of August. The Swetambara community celebrates it for eight days ending with Bhadrapada Shudi Panchami. In the first century B.C., the day of the observance was changed to Bhadrapada Shudi Chauth by Kalakachaya at the instance of a Satavahana king. Amongst the Digambaras, the celebration begins on Bhadrapada Shudi Panchami and continues for ten days, when the *dasalakshana dharma* is practised, and ends on the full moon day of Bhadrapada, which is celebrated as Anant Chaturdashi.

It is possible, as is mentioned in certain Jain *shastras*, that Paryushana was once upon a time celebrated three times during the year, but the practice now is to observe it in Bhadrapada only. Jain *shastras* refer to other festivals too, important among them being *Ashtanhika*, also mentioned as celebrated three times during the year—in the month of Ashadha, Karttika and Phalguna. But all these are no longer observed, and the festival that is celebrated by the Jain community all over the country now is the Paryushana.

* * *

FROM the full moon day of Ashadha to the tenth day of Margashirsha is the period of the "rain-retreat" for Jain ascetics, when, in order to safeguard against inflicting injury upon living beings in the overgrowth of vegetation, they were enjoined to stay at one place instead of undertaking tours. This makes a period of 130 days which is divided by the Paryushana festival into two unequal periods of roughly one-third and two-thirds. There is a belief among the Jains that in the cycle of births and deaths a man's future *gati*—form of birth—is determined at a point of time which is situated at the "one-third and two thirds confluence of any stated period of time". That presumably explains the reason why Bhadrapada Shudi Panchami has been selected as the day for the celebration of Paryushana, for otherwise no special event is recorded as having taken place on that day either in the life of Lord Mahavira or of any other Trithankara or even in the history of the Jain Church.

The celebration naturally takes the form of observance of the Dharma of which ten attributes are emphasised: forgiveness (*kshama*); the shaking off of vanity (*mardava*); the getting rid of artfulness or cant (*arjava*); greedlessness (*shaucha*); truthfulness (*satya*); restraint (*sanyama*); austerities or fasting (*tapas*); abstinence (*tyaga*); utter humility (*akinchanattva*); and continence (*brahmacharya*). These attributes of the Dharma are studied, heard expounded by the learned ones, and meditated upon. Fasting is resorted to according to one's capacity as an effective discipline for the cultivation of the proper mental attitude (*bhavna*). The nature of perfection and the qualities of Godhood are sung about, and the whole period of eight days, in the case of the Swetambara Jains, and ten days, in the case of the Digambara Jains, is spent by the old and the young, the ascetics and the laity in a state of enthusiasm for the attainment of those mental states which would help the cultivation of virtues and the ultimate realisation of the purpose of life as conceived by the Jain religion.

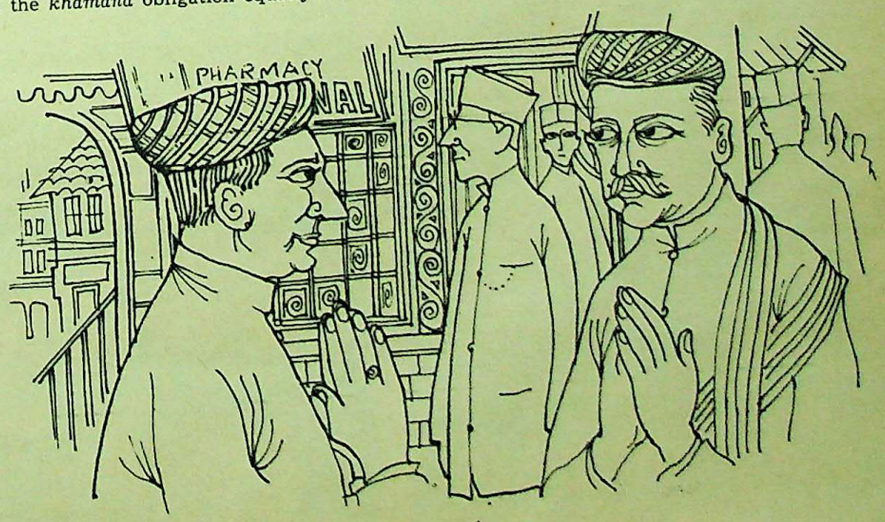
* * *

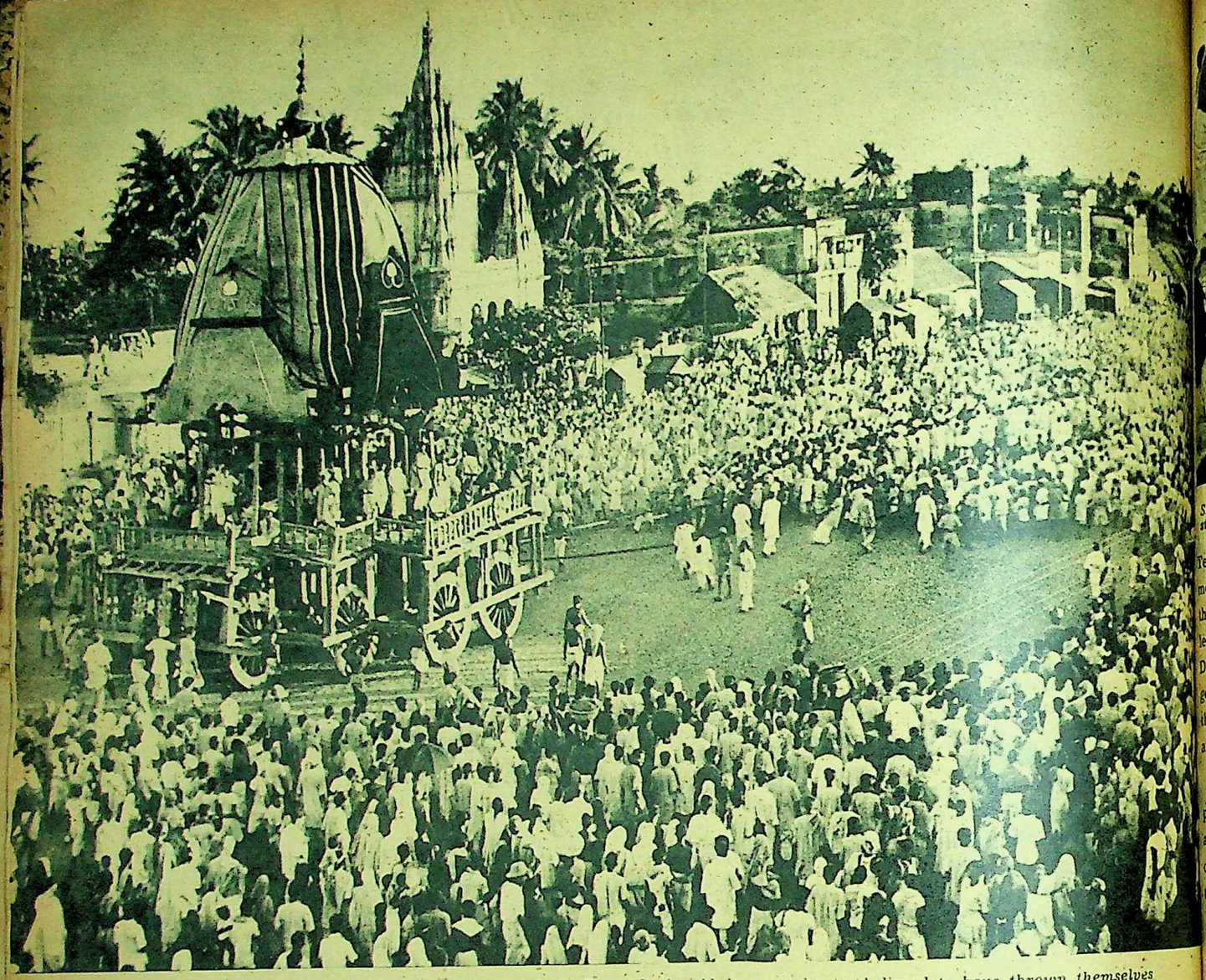
APART from fasting, puja and other practices, what is most emphatically enjoined upon and most enthusiastically undertaken by the Jains, especially during the period of the Paryushana *parva*, is *khamana, i.e.*, apologising for offences and transgressions. The day following Bhadrapada Shudi Panchami is observed by Jains everywhere as an occasion for forgiveness. *Khamana* is not merely a private but very much a public affair. One recollects quite vividly how one spent hours, going round one's own circle of friends, relatives and acquaintances, and humbly and with folded hands asking for their forgiveness for the wrongs done towards them during the year; one's own elders, even father, mother and uncles, asked for one's forgiveness. Indeed, I cannot think even today of anything more touching and more capable of elevating the human personality than this festival of *khamawani*.

It is needless to add that not everybody took the *khamana* obligation equally seriously. For many it was a mere formality, which made no impact on their being, for it was not an uncommon experience that persons who had apologised for their offences and transgressions on the day of forgiveness started all over again a fresh chapter of animosities when the day was over. However, one cannot help feeling that of all the spiritual disciplines that propounders of religions have prescribed in the form of fasting, prayers, worship of idols or even charity, none is more conducive to the furtherance of a properly spiritual attitude than this institution of *khamana* amongst the Jains.

The Jains are a numerically small but well-to-do and influential community, and their festivals cannot be devoid of rejoicing, however spiritual may be the intrinsic urge for the celebrations. The rejoicing on this occasion is great. The day is called Samvatshri, the greatest day of the year, and all men, women and children dress in their finest clothes and express the most cordial sentiments towards one another. People feel on this great day like members of a real religious and spiritual fellowship, a brotherhood for mutual service.

Jain philosophy has developed a concept of *samyakatva, i.e.*, right faith, of which there are four important attributes—(1) that such faults of one's co-religionists as may lower the religion in the estimation of others must be suppressed or concealed (*upaguha*); (2) that positive effort should be made to strengthen the conviction of those among one's co-religionists who may be faltering in their loyalty to the faith (*sthitikara*); (3) that there should be propagation of the faith by the establishment of temples and the enthusiastic celebration of festivals as that is likely to enhance the prestige of the faith (*prabhavana*); and (4) that help should be rendered to one's co-religionists in distress (*vatsalya*). All these attributes of *samyakatva* are fully practised on this day and the Samvatshri becomes a day of remembrance for all, not merely for the affection and fellow feeling that a man evinces towards the others but also for the sympathy and feeling of attachment he himself evokes among the others.

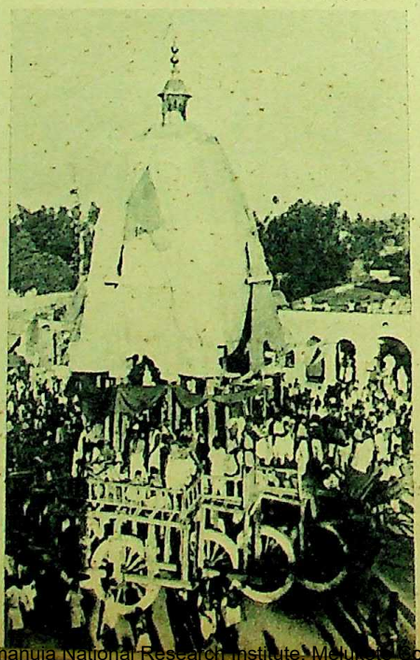




THOUSANDS OF DEVOTEES take part in the Ratha Yatra. In the old days votaries are believed to have thrown themselves beneath the wheels as a means of obtaining moksha. *(Photographs by author)*

The Puri Car Festival

THE TEMPLE OF JAGANNATH. Right: One of the imposing Rathas.



THE famous Ratha Yatra or the Pilgrimage of the Chariot draws over 200,000 pilgrims to the ancient city of Puri each year. In the car festival the three main images of the Jagannath Temple are taken out in procession—Lord Jagannath, his brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra. The chariot of Jagannath is 45 ft. high and 35 ft. square, and is supported on sixteen wheels, each seven feet in diameter; the brother and the sister have smaller cars.

Twelve days before the Ratha Yatra, these images are given a bath, to remove the year-old paint from them. On the first day the images are taken to the Gandicha

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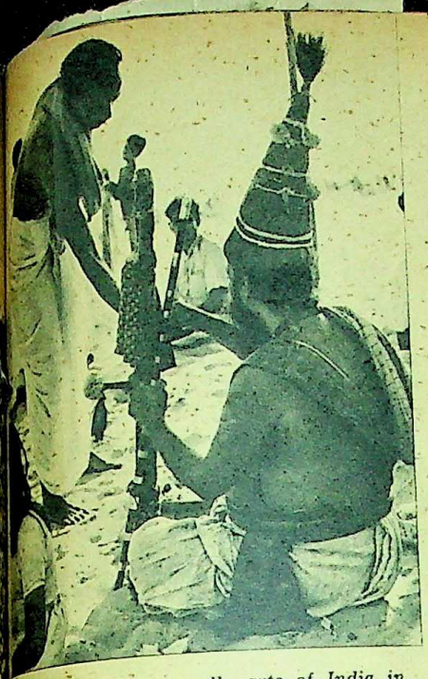


SADHUS come from all parts of India in strange costumes such as the one seen here.

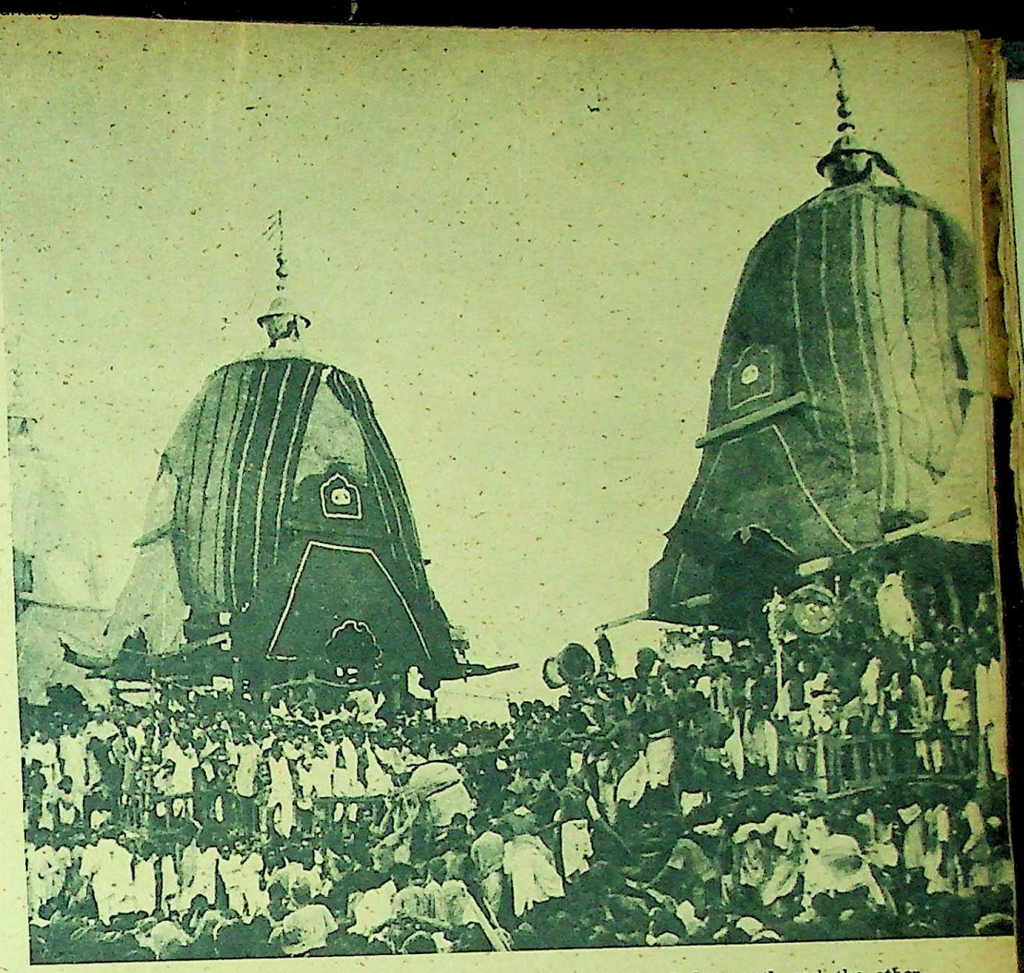
Temple after being decked in fine garments and placed with great ceremony in their individual cars. The chariots are pulled by thousands of faithful devotees. During the nine days of the festival, the gods rest in the Gandicha Temple and are then brought back to their original sanctuary.

The Ratha Yatra usually begins at 2-30 p.m. and about 60,000 devotees take an active part in the procession. At the end of the festival, the cars are broken up and the pieces are used as sacred relics.

This annual Ratha Yatra is interpreted as a world tour made by the Lord of the Universe to see for himself what has befallen his subjects and how they have progressed during the last year. Another legendary interpretation says that the car festival commemorates the journey of Sri Krishna from Gokul to Mathura.

The doctrine preached at this temple is that before Lord Jagannath, the Lord of the Universe, all are equal, whether belonging to a high or low caste. Every year Puri awakens into new life at the time of the Ratha Yatra. People from all walks of life come from far and near to make this a memorable occasion.

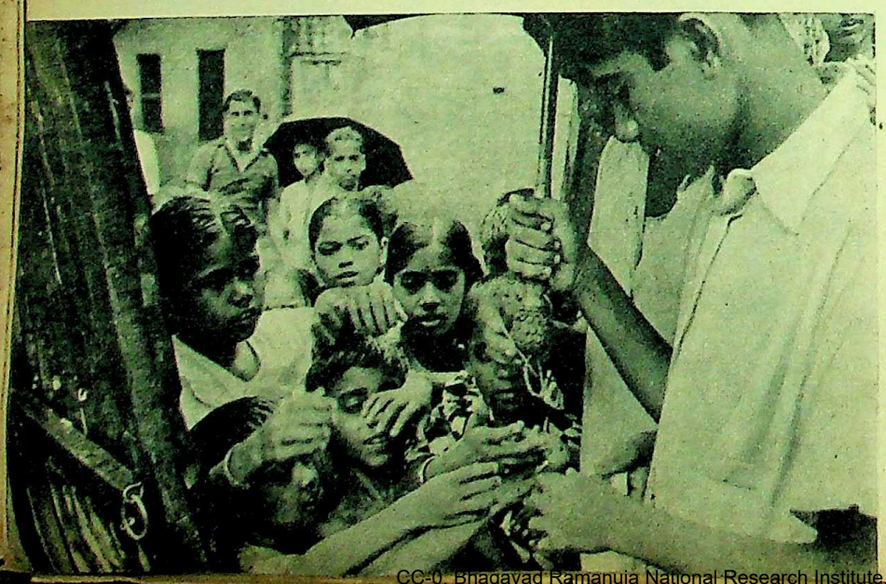
R. J. CHINWALLA



THE THREE CHARIOTS. The main chariot is for the Lord Jagannath and the other two for his brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra.

SMALL SHRINES are a common sight in Puri. Right: Morning invocation.

RIDING A HIGH HORSE!



A TIME TO REJOICE

COLLECTING COUPONS FOR PUJA SWEETS

Photograph by ASOKE ROY CHOWDH

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DING A HIGH HORSE!

Photographs
by
ASOKE
ROY
CHOWDHURY

GAY DRUMMER

(Please Turn Over)

OICE

A Time To Rejoice (Continued)

PERPLEXED!

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The Significance Of Vaisakha

by LAMA ANAGARIKA GOVINDA

THE full-moon day of Vaisakha does not merely commemorate a single historical event in the life of the Buddha, but the coincidence of three spiritually interconnected happenings, which embrace the totality of the Buddha's career: his birth, his Enlightenment, and his Final Nirvana (*parinirvana*). This gives the day of Vaisakha a timeless significance and raises it beyond all merely historical considerations into the light of an ever-present event of the Spirit. It is this which unites the Buddhists of all schools, traditions and nationalities, and which makes the figure of the Buddha a symbol of their common aim.

Therefore Vaisakha is a day of unification, a day on which all differences arising out of our particular opinions and theories are put aside, in order to bow down in silent veneration before the symbol of the "perfect man": the Enlightened One. It is a day on which only one desire should be alive in all true Buddhists: to strive after this perfection, this transfiguring harmony and wholeness, this true state of Enlightenment.

The fact that the Buddha lived as a man among men gives us the courage to follow him. That as a man he succeeded in overcoming the man within himself gives us the certainty that we also can overcome ourselves, that we also can transcend our human limitations and liberate ourselves from the shackles of death and rebirth.

When I say that the Buddha succeeded in overcoming the man within him, I want to express that, though he was a man in the general sense of the word, he was not *only* a man, but something more, something that reaches out into the timeless and infinite, where concepts like "man" or "not-man" lose their meaning.

This "transcendental" nature in no way conflicts with the humanness of the Buddha; on the contrary, it only shows the inherent (though undeveloped) transcendental nature of every human being—nay, of every form of life. This is forcefully expressed in the doctrine of *anatta*, "non-ego", which means that only if we rise above ("transcend") the narrow concept of egohood (it is in this sense that the Pali word *atta* was used by the Buddha) can we realise the transcendental nature of man.

To show that the Buddha had fully realised it and could therefore no more be represented by his actual bodily appearance, his disciples refrained from depicting this, and during the first centuries Buddhist art indicated the presence of the Buddha merely by footprints and similar symbols.

A PATHETIC FAILURE

When, under the influence of Greek colonial art, the attempt was made to create a plastic image of the Buddha in the conventional, realistic style of Greek portraiture, it resulted in the pathetic failure of Gandhara art, which, though of aesthetic and historical interest, is entirely devoid of religious inspiration. The superficiality and sterility of Gandhara statuary fortunately prevented it from exerting a lasting influence. It died as quickly as it had come into existence and was soon superseded by a new wave of spiritualised art, in which the symbolic value replaced the naturalistic tendency in the representation of the ideal form of Buddhahood.

The symbol of the wheel, which for a long time had been used to indicate the presence of the preaching Buddha, was now transformed into the living gesture of the *Dharmachakra-mudra*, as we see it in the famous Sarnath statue. What the skill of one individual artist would never have been able to do was achieved by the patient devotion of innumerable generations of inspired artists and devotees; and slowly the ideal shape of the Buddha image was evolved, in which only the expression of peace, wisdom, concentration, harmony, loving-kindness and compassion was retained and all the accidents of ephemeral human existence had disappeared.

When contemplating a Buddha statue of this type, even a man who knows nothing of the Buddha's teaching, will come to the conclusion: "This, indeed, is the perfect representation of the spiritualised man, who, without losing the solid ground of reality beneath his feet, accepting and ennobling his corporeality without clinging to it and without being dependent on it, is at peace with himself and with the world. What serenity and happiness are mirrored in his face; what equanimity and tranquillity in every limb of his body; what profound silence and harmony! A harmony that is contagious and penetrates the beholder! There is no more desire, no more want, no restlessness, no insecurity, no chasing after external things, no dependence on anything. There is the highest bliss—in one word: completeness"

He who can create and bring to life this image before his mental eye, or, still more, he who can experience it within himself, as the great masters of meditation did and still do, in worldless absorption and selfless devotion: such a one has taken the first step towards inner transformation and liberation, because he has found the attitude from which the knowledge of the eternal Dharma was and ever is born.

This image of the perfected or complete man, which has crystallised out of the milleniums of meditative experience, does not represent an arbitrarily isolated moment in the career of the Buddha, but the sum total, the quintessence of his spiritual activity—just as the sacred day of Vaisakha commemorates and comprises the totality of his earthly life. For, just as the figure of the Tathagata does, so also does his life become a symbol, i.e., something that is valid for all times and all human beings, something that is the expression of an inner law.

The same attitude which the followers of the Buddha observed with regard to the visible representation of the Enlightened One can be found in their treatment of the Buddha's life story. They refrained from a realistic, matter-of-fact biography as much as from a realistic portrayal of his features and his outer appearance. What was important to them were not the material facts and their occurrence in time or chronological sequence, but the Buddha's spiritual quest, the unfoldment of his inner life, the experiences that led to his enlightenment and to the formulation of his teachings. These inner experiences were subsequently concretised into external occurrences in the description of the Buddha's life and gave rise to the most beautiful and profoundly true symbolism of art and poetry, which carried the eternal message of the Buddha into the farthest corners of the world and did more for the propagation of Buddhism than the learned treatises of philosophers and scholars.

The so-called historical facts of the Buddha's life, however, were regarded as of so little importance that, even at the present day it is impossible to ascertain the exact year of the Buddha's birth. The very century in which he lived is a matter of controversy between the various Buddhist Schools. They do not even agree with regard to the name of Siddhartha's wife, or as to whether Rahula was born before or after the Bodhisattva left his home.

What they all agree in, however, is that the Buddha proclaimed the same eternal Dharma preached by his spiritual predecessors in this world-cycle (*kalpa*) as well as aeons ago, and that this doctrine will be preached again by the future and last of the five Buddhas of this *kalpa*, namely Maitreya. While speaking about the Buddhas of the past and the future, the present Buddha compares their lives and actions to his own; in fact, it is only in this connection that we learn about the main events of his own life. The names of the Buddhas of this and the previous aeons are known in all Buddhist traditions.

In other words, more is known and said about the Buddha's spiritual lineage than about his human descent, though the fact that he came from a royal (or at least noble) family should have made it easy to record the lineage and the historical background of his forefathers. This shows clearly that his spiritual lineage, which might rightly be called his universal background, was regarded as being far more important than his historical and material paternity.

This universal background reveals one of the most profound ideas of Buddhism, which raises its teachings above the narrow concepts of dogmatic sectarianism, namely, the inescapable conclusion that the quality of enlightenment is inherent in the universe, or more correctly, latent in every form of consciousness, and therefore must come to maturity, according to universal law, whenever the conditions are favourable.

A UNIVERSAL PERSPECTIVE

Thus, the human life of a Buddha must be seen in an entirely different perspective: it becomes a mere fraction of a far bigger and more important development, in which the human element is essentially the vehicle for the rediscovery of the universal (and in this sense "transcendental") character of mind or consciousness, which according to the *Prajnaparamita-Sutra*, is "inconceivable" in its true nature.

It is as inconceivable as the state of Nirvana, which we cannot define by way of concepts, and of which we can only say what it is *not*. But we can imagine and visualise to some extent a human being in whom are embodied all the qualities which lead to the realisation of this state. And since our striving needs an understandable, tangible, concrete Aim, which is able to fill us with courage and certainty, there can be nothing more suitable than the figure of the Perfect Man, as embodied in the spiritual image of the Buddha, which—as I must emphasise again—is far more important than the ephemeral physical form of a historical personality. This personality, like everything else that has come into existence, belongs to the realm of death, while that which made Siddhartha a Buddha belongs to the Eternal.

Therefore the Parinirvana, this last and greatest mystery in the life of a Buddha, can never be called death—for what can there be mortal in a Buddha? An Enlightened One, a Perfectly Liberated One, is neither subject to death nor to rebirth, for he who calls nothing his own any longer, can no longer be identified with his material body, and therefore the dissolution of its constituents cannot effect him in any way, cannot change anything in his essential nature. Therefore it has been said:

He who went home cannot be measured [any more by mundane standards];

To speak of him there are no words [in human language];

Nothing is there that could be grasped by thought:

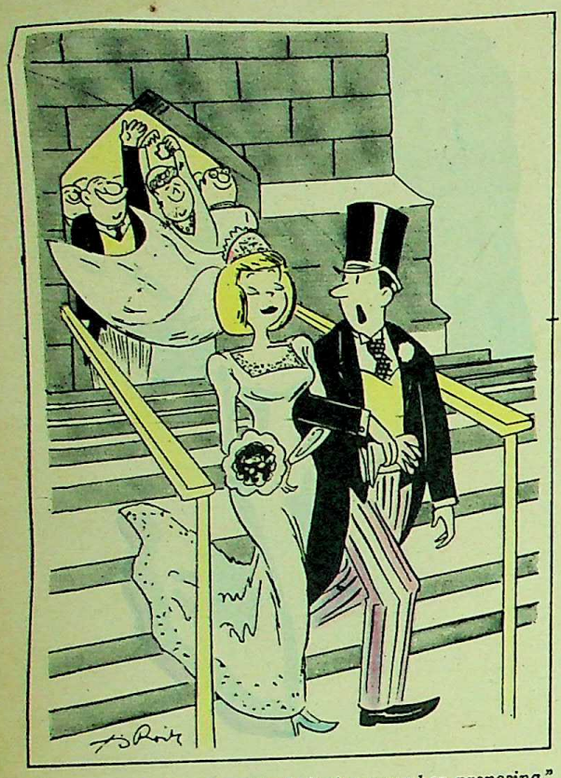
Extinguished, therefore, are the paths of speech!

(*Sutta-Nipata*, 1076)

This measurelessness of the enlightened mind, which is "inconceivable" to the senses and to our mundane logic (because only what is limited can be touched and perceived by the senses and grasped by the intellect), can be felt and sensed intuitively, and—on a higher plane—can be visualised and experienced.

Then the Buddha will be to us more than a figure of the past: he will become a timeless, ever-present reality, in which we can take part every moment of our life.

By visualising the Buddha within our own mind as the living embodiment of the imperishable Dharma, we shall find the strength to follow his sacred path, until we ourselves have reached the aim of Buddhahood. This it is to which the celebration of Vaisakha should inspire us and it is the reason why on this day millions of devotees renew the solemn pledge to strive after enlightenment.



"I'm worried about myself—I don't remember proposing."

A LOBBYIST, who was opposing any large appropriation for a State college, approached a legislator who boasted of his self-education.

"Do you realise," asked the portly lobbyist gravely, "that up at the State college men and women students have to use the same curriculum?

The legislator looked startled.

"And the boys and girls often matriculate together?"

"No!" exclaimed the lawmaker.

The lobbyist came closer and whispered: "And a young lady student can be forced at any time to show a male professor her thesis?"

The legislator shrank back in horror.

"I won't vote 'em a damn cent!" he announced.

* * *

"I WON'T have Mr. Jones kissing you like that, Mabel."

"But, Dad, give him a chance. He's only just beginning."

Mere Frivolity

A GROUP of labourers were eating their midday meal and skylarking around, when one of them let out a yell.

"Hey, what's the matter, Jim?"

"Got a splinter in my finger."

"Well, why don't you pull it out?"

"What, on my own time? Not much!"

* * *

DAD: "You're taking accounting, aren't you, son?"

Son: "That's right, Dad."

Dad: "Then how do you account for the nightie in your laundry last week?"

* * *

HE dropped in at the girl's house, and, as he ran up the steps, was confronted by her little brother.

"Hi, Billy!"

"Hi!" said the brat.

"Is your sister expecting me?"

"Yeah."

"How do you know?"

"She's gone out."

* * *

MEDICAL student: "I want to change the death-certificate I gave you yesterday."

Medical Professor: "What's wrong?"

Medical Student: "Signed my name in the space marked 'Cause of Death'."

"I FEAR that young man I gave a job to last week is dishonest."

"Oh, you shouldn't judge by appearances!"

"I'm not; I'm judging by disappearances in this case."

* * *

A POLITICAL science professor was struggling with a drowsy class on a warm spring afternoon. They were discussing the Constitution.

Spotting a particularly sleepy fellow in the back row, the professor snapped: "Young man, if the President of the United States died, who would get the job?"

The student was puzzled a moment, then replied: "A Democrat undertaker."

* * *

JONES: "Why do you have such misspelled words and bad grammar on the signs in your windows?"

Storekeeper: "So people will think I'm a fool and come in, expecting to get the best of me. Thanks to those signs, business is the best I've had in years."

* * *

DENTIST'S daughter: "Well, dear, have you asked father for my hand yet?"

Shy suitor: "No. Every time I step into his office, I lose courage. Today, I allowed him to pull another tooth."

THE man entered a cigar store, bought a cigar, and then left. Five minutes later he dashed back.

"That cigar," he shouted, "is simply awful."

"It's all very well for you to complain," said the storekeeper, "you've only got one; I've got hundreds of the darn things."

* * *

KINDLY clergyman (pinching little boy's knee): "Who has nice chubby pink legs?"

Little boy: "Brigitte Bardot."

* * *

SHE had received his gift of flowers with rapture.

"Oh, they are perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "And there's even a little dew on them still."

"E-r—y-e-e-s," he stammered, "there's a little, but I intend to pay it on Saturday night."

* * *

THE man appeared in a newspaper office to place an advertisement, offering 500 dollars for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awful price to offer for a cat," commented the clerk.

"Not this one," the man snapped. "I drowned it."

* * *

PROFESSOR: "You students there in the rear, please stop passing those notes back and forth."

Student: "These are cards, Sir, not notes. We're playing bridge."

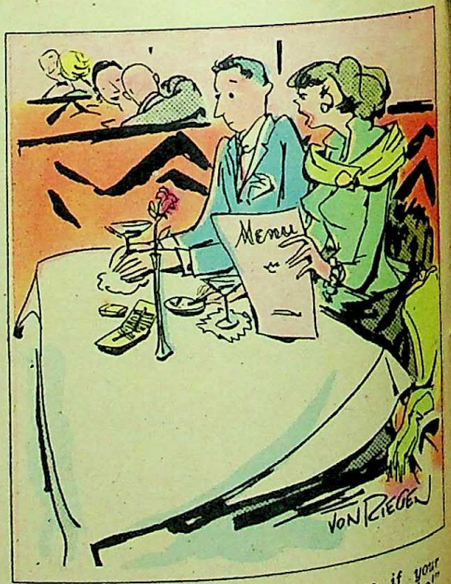
Professor: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

* * *

"SO you want to marry my daughter, eh?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you can divorce her in the manner to which she has become accustomed?"



"What do you mean who cares if your family disinherits you? I care, that's who!"

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Christmas

by VALERIAN CARDINAL GRACIAS

IF I had time to dream, I would dream not of a white Christmas but of Christmases of long ago. The world has changed, especially since the last two world wars. And the peace and joy of the birth of the Prince of Peace cannot be savoured to the full by a generation that knows not peace. I feel that somehow Christmas to the children of today is not the same as it was to the children of one or two generations ago, to us who were children roughly about the first decade of the century. The world has changed—its ideas, practices, customs, its whole outlook on life. And children also have changed to some extent—their ideas, talk, amusements, and their outlook on life. Christmas remains essentially the same—the joyful feast of the Nativity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Its message remains the same: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." But the people who keep that feast, and the world to which that message is given, have changed. And so let me dream of Christmases of long ago.

First of all, Christmas was a time of holidays—of real, long, exciting holidays. The schools closed early in December and never reopened before January 7. Children who were at boarding-schools made the long and adventurous journey home, from the hill schools in the North to the big cities of the plains. The trains were happily crowded, not uncomfortably overcrowded; and one's fellow travellers were simple, considerate and friendly people. It was a time for friendly reunions; and not only children from boarding-schools, but working brothers, married sisters, retired uncles and maiden aunts, all converged merrily, noisily, boisterously on the old home, loaded with presents, purses full and trunks bursting at the seams.

Then the whitewashers moved in, with all their paraphernalia. For two or three days everything was in glorious confusion. But gradually the old house emerged with a new look—repaired, re-painted, refurnished and looking all clean, bright, shining and really Christmasy. As the great day approached, new curtains would be hung up over doors and windows, new chair and sofa covers would be brought out, newly embroidered cushions would be displayed in strategic corners, new vases and fresh flowers would appear on table and mantelpiece, and the elders would risk life and limb climbing up shaky ladders to stretch and hang the gay new bunting.

But how could everything in the house be new unless there were also new suits, new dresses, new shoes, new ties, new hats? And so the Christmas shopping would begin—in and out of busy, crowded, gaily decorated shops, today, tomorrow and the day after. This would be followed by frequent visits to the tailor, the cobbler, the baker, even the butcher, for the choice hump for the salt beef was not readily available and entailed repeated enquiries.

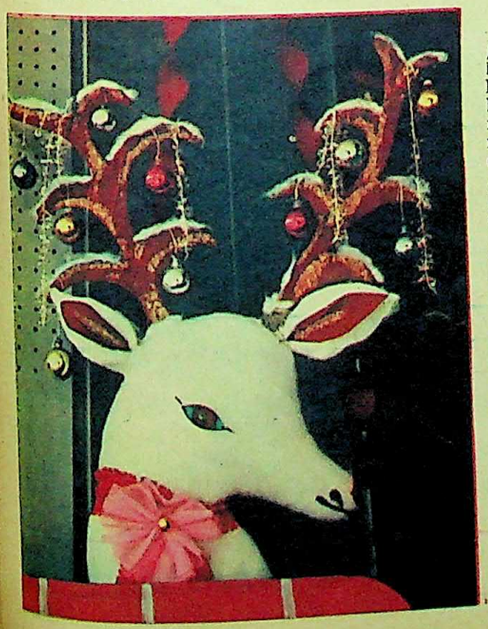
Meanwhile the mother and two of the youngest would be off to the bazar or the market with no more than ten or fifteen rupees in hand. Within that modest amount they would be able to buy enough flour, sugar, almonds, raisins, candied peel, eggs and what not to make several cakes, dozens of *neureos*, heaps of *khal-khals* and assorted sweets of all kinds. Amid a great deal of chatting, laughing, teasing and good-natured banter, a prodigious amount of work would be done, the sessions lasting far into the night and resulting in such a huge stock of Christmas sweets that the mother would be hard put to it to find containers enough to store them all in.

No Christian home (I speak of Catholics) would be completely ready for Christmas without a crib—a reproduction of the scene of Our Lord's Nativity in Bethlehem. The preparation of this would be reserved to themselves by the bigger brothers. The small fry would be allowed to look on with wide eyes and would be simply thrilled when asked to "Bring that hammer here," "Cut that silver paper into stars," "Paste those bits of cardboard together." The finished crib would be a thing of rough and simple beauty: low green hills; blue streams; shepherds with their sheep; a humble, straw-roofed stable; kings and camels; Joseph, Mary and the Infant; angels hanging from invisible threads; and above all a dark night sky, studded with silver stars, with the great Star of Bethlehem shining directly over the holy place.

The crib would hold the place of honour in the house, to be admired by friends and neighbours as they came and went during the Christmas season, right up to January 6, the Feast of the Three Kings who came to adore the Lord. Together with the crib, there would be got ready a large (bamboo and paper) star to be lit up and hung outside the house during this shining season. December 24 saw the climax of days of feverish activity and excitement. The finishing touches would be put to the decoration of the house; last-minute frantic trips would be made to the tailor, the cobbler, the baker and—the hair-cutting saloon. With such a big crowd in the house, bathing would go on from morning to evening, to give everyone a chance. After tea, a trip to the Church to make a good Christmas confession and make one's soul as beautiful as one's dress. Early suppers; the young ones put to bed; and the elders getting ready for the Midnight Mass.

(Please Turn Over)

(*Photographs by Shama Kilanjar*)



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Christmas

(CONTINUED)

The Midnight Mass! The whole church decorated and brilliantly lit; the congregation tightly packed and spilling over far out into the compound; all, rich and poor, dressed in their finest and best; the choir rising to their most glorious hour with tender, moving carols and a burst of harmony in the Mass; the sudden, joyful pealing of the bells at the Gloria; the bright red and white of the altar boys; the rich splendour of the sacred vestments; the solemn movement of the celebrant and ministers at the altar; the deep, profound moment of Holy Communion, with Bethlehem in one's heart; all these are sweet and sacred memories, more and more deeply engraven in our hearts as one Christmas succeeds another, not to be lightly erased, enduring amid all the vicissitudes of life.

After Midnight Mass the whole congregation pours out into the church compound. Then come the loving kisses of greeting and peace among all the family members; the warm handclasp of friends; the hearty handshake of neighbours and acquaintances; the merry laughter; the joyful voices; the friendly groups leisurely wending their way home (between two and three in the morning); and everyone's home open and welcoming to everyone else!

After such a night, it is no wonder that the winter sun is shining when one awakens on Christmas Day. There follows a sumptuous breakfast; the sending out of trays of home-made sweets to friends and neighbours; the visiting and receiving of visits. The women of the house are all perspiring and conspiring in the kitchen, determined to put out their best efforts and serve such a grand Christmas lunch as will put the royal chef himself to shame.

Lunch time on Christmas Day simply could not be before two or three in the afternoon. But memory staggers before the gargantuan spread it sees amid the shining silver, the snow-white drapery and the bright decorations of the Christmas table. And now was the time for the exchange of gifts and presents, the opening and reading of greetings cards from far away. With what eager anticipation is every brightly-coloured, neatly-wrapped parcel opened. What hugging and caressing of new toys! What blowing of trumpets, beating of drums, blowing of whistles, shooting of guns! What blushes on the cheeks of young daughters, and tears in the eyes of maiden aunts, as with shaky fingers they untie the ribbons, open the little packets and realise that they are still well-remembered by old friends. The father looks happily on and is anything but sorry that a whole month's earnings, or nearly half his year's savings, have gone into causing all this joyful uproar and confusion. Retired uncles, eyes now freely watering, sit back and beam with pleasure at the thought of their own share in this happy conspiracy.

But enough of memories and reminiscences. However simple, hard or dull life may have been, it awoke to a riot of colour and a burst of merriment at Christmas. The happy season came and went —a month of preparations, ten or twelve days of festivities—but its joy sank into the soul, its impressions remained indelibly engraved in the memory, and the love and peace and goodwill released by it found an abiding home in the heart. Above all, Christmas brought the holiness, peace and joy of Bethlehem into our homes and lives, and we could spend the rest of the year under the splendid shining of the Star.

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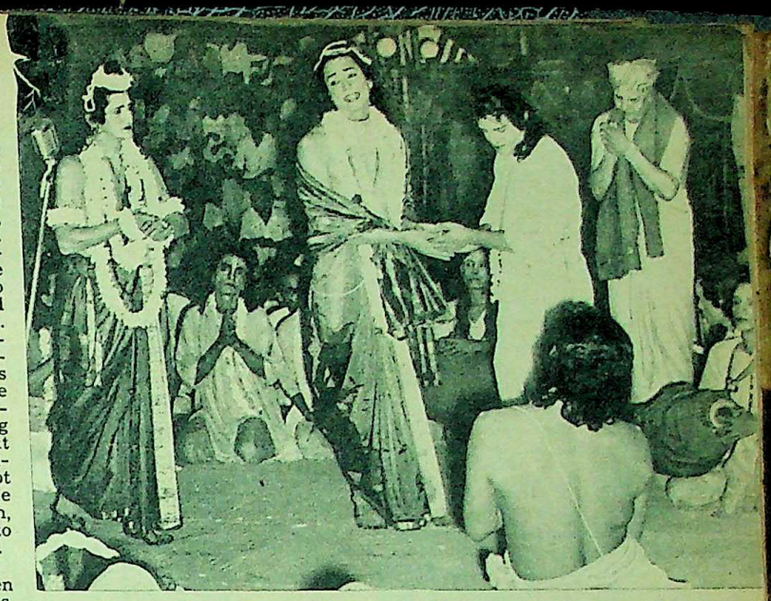


A SCENE FROM "NIMAI SANNYAS"
(Photograph by Samir Rai Choudhury)

The Yatra

THE *yatra* brings back nostalgic memories. Some thirty years ago, it was fighting not a losing battle but one practically lost. The stage had taken a firm position in society and, relegated to the peripheries of social entertainment, the *yatra* was eking out an anaemic existence, mainly in the countryside. But it still had something of its old charm about it. The neglected *chandimandap* (place of worship) of some remote village, or the aristocratic outhouse of some rural zamindar, would suddenly become alive, animated with a throbbing and expectant audience ready to sit up throughout the night to see their favourite actors appear before them in their familiar roles. I still feel there was something endearing about this people's art—a natural freshness and vigour lacking in the artificial atmosphere of the stage. There was about the *yatra* the smell of the soil and the green meadow and open air, out which it had been born, epitomising the simple joys and happinesses of a people unsophisticated but not unappreciative of the pleasures of art.

It is heartening to see the *yatra* as a form of dramatic art seeking to revive itself in Bengal. Even so sophisticated a city as Calcutta has not been unresponsive to its simple charm, despite the numerous urban diversions. Last autumn saw a sequence of *yatra* performances in an aristocratic house in north Calcutta, which proved immensely popular. I also find *yatra* competitions being organised elsewhere in Bengal, with a view to giving a fillip to this fading folk art. Bengal's conscious efforts to revitalise the popular forms of art and entertainment, many of which are at the vanishing point, deserve an appreciative mention: notably such various forms of folk art and entertainment as the *kabi gan, tarje, gambhira, yatra* and so on. Side by side with the sombre sessions of classical music, all-Bengal cultural conferences are regularly held, which provide succour and sustenance to these popular forms of entertainment.

EARLY ORIGINS

The *yatra* is supposed to be of ancient origin. Since the word literally means "going", it is believed that it was originally a sort of religious procession for celebrations in honour of some god or goddess. According to *Visvakosh*, the Bengali Encyclopaedia, the *yatra* was the representation of some divine character, accompanied by worship, festivities, music and dancing. Some scholars think that originally it consisted of mime, dance, music and other festive features, dialogue having been added later. This would explain, perhaps, the preponderance of music in the *yatra* plays. In the course of time, the whole show narrowed down to the dramatic representation of divine characters, accompanied by music and the dance, at a fixed place rather than in itinerant fashion, and in this way the *yatra* evolved into what it is today.

Differences of opinion there are as to the exact position the *yatra* occupies in the evolution of the drama. Some scholars think that it is a lineal descendant of the original and primitive dance-play, if not of the Sanskrit drama itself. Whether the modern Bengali drama, which evolved under the Western impact, had anything to do with the *yatra* in a historical way is also a disputed question. Such points of difference, however, need not detain us here. Suffice it to say that for centuries together the *yatra* was one of the major forms of popular entertainment. Indeed, it would be wrong to call it sheer entertainment—it was a rich fare of delight and education rolled into one. It might not have been a cultivated art, like the stage, but it was absorbing enough, from the artistic point of view, to have charmed millions of hearts.

The *yatra* appears to have been in vogue since very ancient times. But, during the Muslim period in Bengal, when, through lack of royal patronage and for other reasons, the stage as an institution was in a languishing state, the *yatra* and similar forms of popular entertainment flourished. At first, the *yatra* is believed to have been preoccupied with Sakti themes. But with a Vaishnavic resurgence, Krishna stories such as the Kaliya Daman became predominant. Even the life of Chaitanya, himself a lover of the histrionic art, formed the subject matter of the *yatra*.

The Krishna themes becoming monotonous, the *yatra* looked for new subjects for representation, more mundane perhaps than it had earlier been dealing with. Thus the 19th century saw it under the social effect of a poem of romantic sensuality, named *Vidyasundar*, written by Bharatchandra, the poet of decadent Bengal. The unabashed eroticism of this poem left a deep mark upon public taste, not excepting the *yatra*. Its predominantly superhuman tone was thus humanised, but in a rather unrefined manner.

The beginnings of the modern Bengali drama during the middle of the 19th century came as a challenge to the very existence of the *yatra*. Old-fashioned as it was, it engaged in unequal competition with the new drama born under the Western impact and catering for a cultivated taste. The *yatra* tried to remodel itself on modern lines and even borrowed some features from the stage. It humanised its focus of interest and started emphasising the story and action element. It is *yatra* of this type that is in vogue today. But it was difficult for it to stem the tide of the new enlightenment—it gradually went out of educated society to the remote corners of villages. Much later came the second shock, in the shape of the talkie, affecting the stage itself with all its glorious traditions. Naturally, the *yatra* went almost completely under.

Yet the *yatra* is a form of art in its own right. Although it has absorbed certain characteristics of the developed form of drama, it still claims a distinct individuality. In the first place, it requires no stage or costly paraphernalia; it can be enacted under a shamiana or even in the open air. The actors (only male actors were allowed), the musicians and the audience would sit together in perfect comradeship, while the actors would stand up and speak or sing, each in his turn. Nowadays, a green room is provided in many places, but nothing like a stage is to be seen. Scenery and stage appurtenances are for it a costly superfluity. The magic of lighting and stagecraft is utterly lacking. The *yatra* has none of the many ingenious stage devices for creating the required atmosphere and background; it has only to fall back upon the emotional appeal of the parts played, the native vigour of the speeches and the music rendered with remarkable clarity and keenness of voice.

SIMPLE RESOURCES

Advocates of histrionic realism may wonder if, in the absence of stage paraphernalia, it is possible to achieve the "willing suspension of disbelief" which constitutes the essence of the dramatic faith. This apparently weak point is a source of strength for the *yatra*. For one thing, it is untrammelled by the limitations imposed by realism itself. Too much approximation to reality, as on the modern stage, tends to take away from the fine imaginative flair which is a vital part of the dramatic art. *Yatra* leaves more to be imagined than to be seen in terms of scenic background, and simplicity of technique and setting is a valued quality according to certain schools of modern drama, including the Tagore school. Then again, by enabling the *dramatis personae* to establish a direct link with the audience, the *yatra* technique favours an easier communication between illusion and reality, which does not hamper verisimilitude but, on the contrary, heightens the sense of imaginative satisfaction.

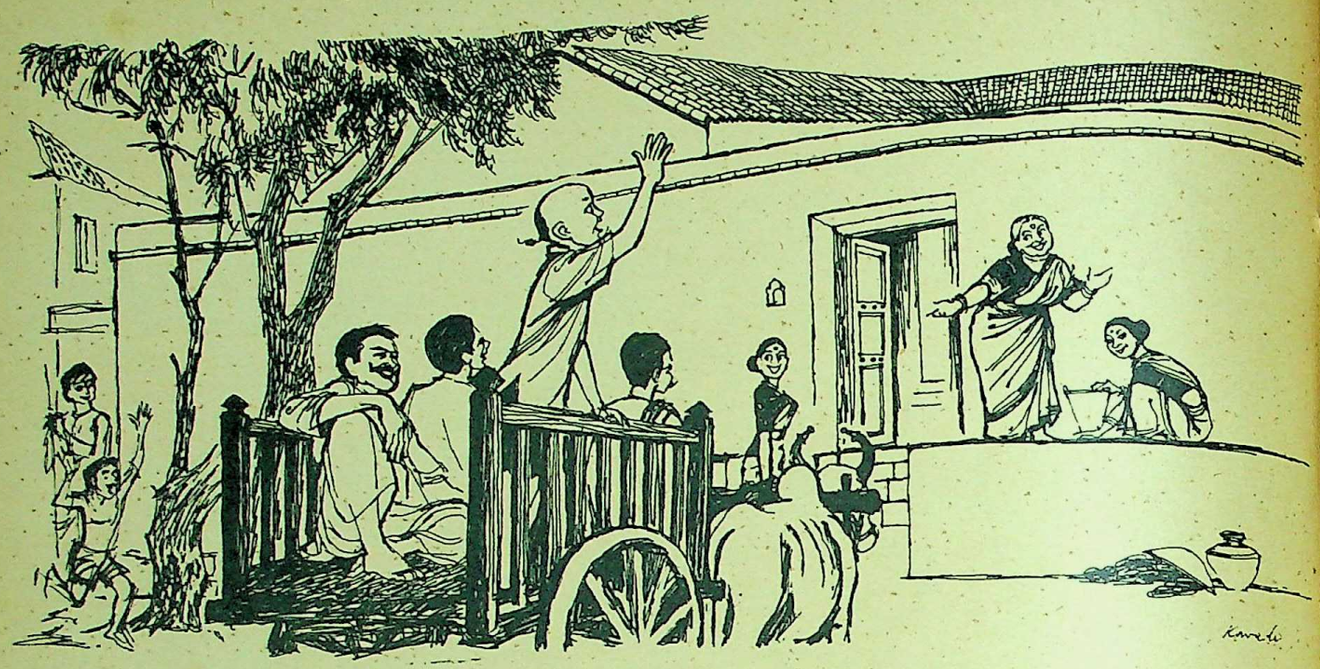
Stage paraphernalia being absent, the *yatra* has to concentrate mainly on acting and music. The acting has to be forceful, with impressive gestures and articulation. But this traditional stock-in-trade of stagecraft has to be handled cautiously, if the line between drama and melodrama is not to be crossed, and it must be admitted that in *yatra* it often is crossed. It has a lot of exaggerated and stereotyped acting. In the absence of scenic equipment it has also had a lot of the old-fashioned device of asides, which are not necessarily its most pleasing feature. And the preponderance of music only adds to the melodramatic effect—for almost every character sings, and sings profusely. All this is granted. Yet, in its surcharged atmosphere, one is automatically lifted to a higher plane of emotional reality. Imaginative exaggeration is not necessarily a drag upon artistic effect; in reasonable doses, it exhilarates and helps us to transcend drab reality. With all its drawbacks, *yatra* has been a great source of artistic pleasure to the people. The excess of music may seem irritating at times; but happily it is music rendered with a natural excellence of voice.

The religious appeal of the *yatra*, mixed though it is with all the ingredients of entertainment, has always been a powerful instrument of mass education and enlightenment. This is not less important than its artistic value. It still retains this potentiality and can be used to great social advantage.

Most *yatra* plays used to have an abstract character called Vivek (Conscience), or Niyoti (Fate), who sang rather than talked and moralised, performing a function analogous to that of the chorus in the Greek Tragedy. With the passage of time, however, social and historical themes have come into the *yatra* plays in quite good number. The *yatra* is no longer an exclusively religious representation, but commands a wider horizon of human interest.

I must conclude by referring to a particular type of *yatra*, known as the *swadeshi yatra*, which was, at one time, very popular in Bengal. I still remember the enthusiasm Mukunda Das's *yatra* used to arouse. A resident of East Bengal, Das built up an effective troupe for the *swadeshi yatra*, specialising in patriotic themes. Those were the days when Bengal, like the rest of India, was being swept by the high winds of nationalism, and Das appeared before his audience like a *charan* or bard of medieval times, stirring up the people's patriotic fervour and social sense and urging them on towards the national objective. His technique was very simple, but the appeal of his acting and songs was powerful. For a time, his name was a household word in Bengal.

S. K. BOSE



Sankranti: Some Recollections

by ABBURI RAMAKRISHNA RAU

LIFE being too short for many instances of friendship and goodwill, our sages and lawgivers thought it fit to set apart certain days of the year during which we could withdraw ourselves from our daily tasks and have our time all to ourselves. It is only the time spent during such occasions that a man can call his own. All other time is time spent for others, and not his own. We would all degenerate into savages were there not frequent returns of festive occasions on which whole communities meet together to clear away the rust in their minds and to refresh themselves in the bracing atmosphere of a common humanity. Indeed when we are advanced in years, there is nothing perhaps more pleasing than to recollect occasions of this kind, which have been dear and agreeable to us. One such occasion has stayed in my memory clear and sharp, vivid and shadowless, all these slow drifting years.

It was the Sankranti day of the year 1907. I was eleven years old then, studying in a school six miles away from my native village. My father, a reputed Sanskrit scholar, was the village munsif. One of his *vettis*—menial employees who ran official errands and carried the revenue collections to the town treasury—came to me with a message from my mother. I was to be back home two days before the festival. Two of my sisters were also coming home with their children. I was the youngest of my parents' children and staying nearest, my elder brothers either studying or being employed in distant places. My mother very much wanted me to be by her side before her other children arrived for the family reunion.

I started the same evening. There was no road leading to my village. I had to walk through meandering paths and by-paths across the fields. Wet cultivation had not completely swamped the countryside during those days, and long stretches of maize and red gram in flower with marigolds in full bloom on the fringes filled the entire landscape with green and gold. There were three canals I had to cross on my way, but the water at this time of the year was only waist deep. This periodical home-coming was full of charm and so is the memory of it today. I can still recall the solemn twilight and mystery of waving fields, the smell of the earth, the faint odours of wild trees and the rustle of leaves in the wind. There was a shallow streamlet on the edge of my village. Crossing it, I was greeted by the peasants working on our lands and was given a ride home on the bullock-cart.

* * *

EVEN at this distance of time I can feel the joy that quivered through me when I saw my mother crying out, "Here comes my boy!" She was at the moment engaged in the supervision of the plastering of the two huge *pials* in front of our house with cowdung. The main house had a tiled roof with verandahs converging on the central courtyard. We were led into the building through a series of graduated heights through an outhouse in the front which sheltered the cattle in one of its wings. The house was cluttered up with bags of paddy and all sorts of household articles were heaped up in the centre in each room, clearing the walls for the whitewashing which was to begin the following morning.

What with the long walk and the sumptuous meal I had, I went to bed early and slept till I was wakened by the voice of the Haridas singing in praise of the Lord. The minstrels, with a pumpkin-shaped copper bowl neatly poised on their heads and with strings of tinkling bells tied round their ankles, start going round the villages weeks before the Sankranti. The Haridas that came to our village had a captivating voice and recited from the Telugu *Adhyatma Ramayana*. Lines from those songs still keep ringing in my ears despite the passage of the years. I would wait at the doorstep with a tumbler full of clean rice to empty it into the copper bowl as the minstrel gracefully swung round and bent his knees low enough for me to reach it. He would then march off keeping step with the tune and the cry, *"Rama Ramana Govindo Harih."*

The day of the festival of plenty was fast approaching and before every doorstep in the village were displayed artistic *rangavallis* of varied designs drawn in lines of white powder, with rounded lumps of cowdung dotted with turmeric, kumkum and flower petals—known as *gobbis*. In between helping my mother in her daily chores, I could snatch a few hours to visit familiar haunts accompanied by my nephew and a few village mates.

I still remember the flower-laden tree whose branches had been bent by the swinging of generations of boys and girls. Under it we played for a while and finally settled ourselves high up on the branches close to the trunk. Foliage and shadow screened us from the splendours of the sunshine outside, and seated there we discussed various plans relating to the part each of us was going to play during the festival. There was a new-born calf in our cow shed. I called him Gopanna. I was eager to decorate him and play with him in the company of the other boys. I had brought with me a few lengths of coloured rope, and as for the bells I could get them from the household stock. I was eagerly looking forward to the Sankranti evening on this account.

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The day before the Bhogi—which is the first day of the Sankranti celebrations—was full of excitement and activity. All doorways had to be decorated with festoons of mango leaves. Final touches had to be given to the display of toys. This particular year there were not enough toys to fill all the show-cases and we had to press into service even small household utensils of some artistic value, to make the sight imposing. The cattle shed had to be thoroughly cleaned and the cattle, especially the cows and the bulls, had to be given a washing, and good green fodder. Gopanna had no difficulty in getting his share. He being a male had the full share of his mother's milk. Not a drop was taken away from him during these three days.

People all over the village were busy gathering all kinds of fuel for the fires to be lit during the night—dried twigs, leaves and broken bits of timber. Many a year it was found that wooden railings and wicket gates were snatched away, while the village folk were sleeping, to feed the fires. Even backdoors were forcibly unhinged and thrown into the fire. This year a few of us agreed to stop this vandalism and succeeded in our efforts.

I do not think any of the womenfolk slept that night, for they were still busy when we went to bed and woke us up between three and four in the morning for the ceremonial bath. The children protested and cried, the older ones pleaded for more time in vain. We were all bathed and found ourselves in new clothes, sitting round the fires and enjoying their warmth.

* * *

AS the day dawned we greeted the rising sun —the visible embodiment of life to the inhabitants of this cosmic speck of dust. We had been told that the sun, seated in his luminous chariot drawn by seven resplendent steeds, was journeying northwards into Uttarayana. From this day winter begins to fade away giving place to the warmth and sunshine of spring. It is an auspicious time not only to live in but to die in. Did not Bhishma, the ancient Aryan patriarch lying on his bed of arrows, prolong his life by the power of his will, till the *punyakala* set in? That was because, they say, the Aryans inhabited regions round the North Pole where there is one night and one day, each of six months' duration, in a year. As no religious oblations could be offered to the dead during the night, Uttarayana, which heralded the new long day, was considered auspicious. This may perhaps be true, but we too, living in different climes and having hundreds of shorter days and nights, wait for the dawn of a new day for the performance of funeral rites to those who ended their mortal lives the previous evening.

The Bhogi day was memorable for two events. My four-year-old nephew was given, as was the custom, a bath of red berries. The berries mingled with copper pice were showered over the head of the boy who was daintily dressed and seated on a decorated pedestal, while the women and the other children, in their festive clothes, watched and applauded. It was great fun and my sister beamed with pride as her son was complimented for his good behaviour throughout the ceremony. The other event of importance was my escapade with Gopanna. We were having a rehearsal of the play in which the calf had a part. He was usually very gentle, but, finding himself surrounded by so many boys pulling at him, he suddenly grew wild and charged me with such force that I had to run backwards in great fright till I got stuck against a wall on the other side of the road with the calf pressing at my chest. There were wild cries and consternation all round before Gopanna was forcibly separated and taken to the cow shed. I was slightly bruised, but luckily the injury was not serious. My father who came later remarked, "A human being should have the sense to know how to deal with an animal."

This did not in any way diminish the ardour of the festivities on the Sankranti day that followed. It was a colourful and heart-warming sight to see the cattle, particularly the cows and the bulls, with turmeric and kumkum painted on their foreheads, being led to the green pastures in large numbers by the cowherds. My mother paid special attention to the mother of Gopanna: this cow looked like a queen among the whole herd. Mother even gave her a few morsels of rice pudding in the evening. Our eighteen-year-old farm boy Appadu, dark and handsome, holding the knapsack on his back with his left hand and a long bamboo stick in his right, reminded us of the divine cowherd of Brindavan as he gently prodded the cattle forward.

As the time for the midday feast was nearing, we saw a Brahmin in his fifties and with a dignified bearing approaching our house. Each thought that the others knew about him. He entered the house with confidence and, having deposited his meagre belongings in a corner, had a bath at the well and came back to join us for the meal. There was a look of surprise on the face of my father, whereupon the stranger spoke a few words in Sanskrit, and there ensued a long conversation in the language of the gods. We later learnt that he was a well-known scholar, going from village to village in search of a bridegroom for his daughter. Having known my father by reputation, he thought he could invite himself to his house. "No guest can be a burden to anyone on this day of plenty," he said. "The ears of corn and the maize cobs hanging from the doorways are invitation enough." My father gave him a seat next to himself. My mother was overjoyed and thought that it was divine dispensation that had brought so distinguished a visitor to adorn our house by his presence on that day.

There is one other unforgettable incident associated with this Sankranti. It is about Muthaya, one of the *vettis*, an untouchable in his thirties with a handsome and intelligent face. He could read and write Telugu quite well. He had a passion for learning English. I had on an earlier occasion brought him an English reader and a copybook, and whenever I came home on holiday I would give him a lesson or two. He insisted on having a lesson on this auspicious day. We reached the farthest end of the village, and, screened by the fields of corn, Muthaya sat down twenty yards from me. No amount of persuasion would bring him n e a r e r. The penalties for him, if we were discovered, were great, and he would not take the risk. I spelt out loudly the spellings of English words for him to repeat. This went on for an hour and we started back before it was dark—he to his hamlet Malapalli where his tribe was segregated, and I to my paternal home, discussing on the way the social tragedy that separated two kindred souls that very much wanted to be together. And, all the while, the presiding deity of the festival, the sun, shed his warmth and brilliance on the Brahmin and the untouchable in equal measure. Years later, while returning from a political conference at Lucknow, I met Muthaya's son on the train. He was then in the Army and wearing the uniform of the Sappers and Miners and was returning home on leave. He played host to me throughout the journey and, after exchanging boyhood memories, pulled out from his trunk a crumpled and shabby little book neatly enclosed in a metal case. This was the first English reader from which his father had taken his lessons from me. "This is the only photograph that I possess of my father," he said. There were tears in his eyes.

I have since gone through many Sankrantis but this boyhood memory grows more vivid as each year passes. Half a century is a phrase with an epochal ring about it. The world has changed a lot during this period. Each new generation in its need to sustain itself as the ultimate flowering of civilisation tends to forget its past. But the past like a restless ghost continues to hover round every fleeting moment of our lives.

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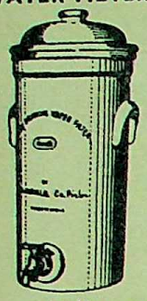

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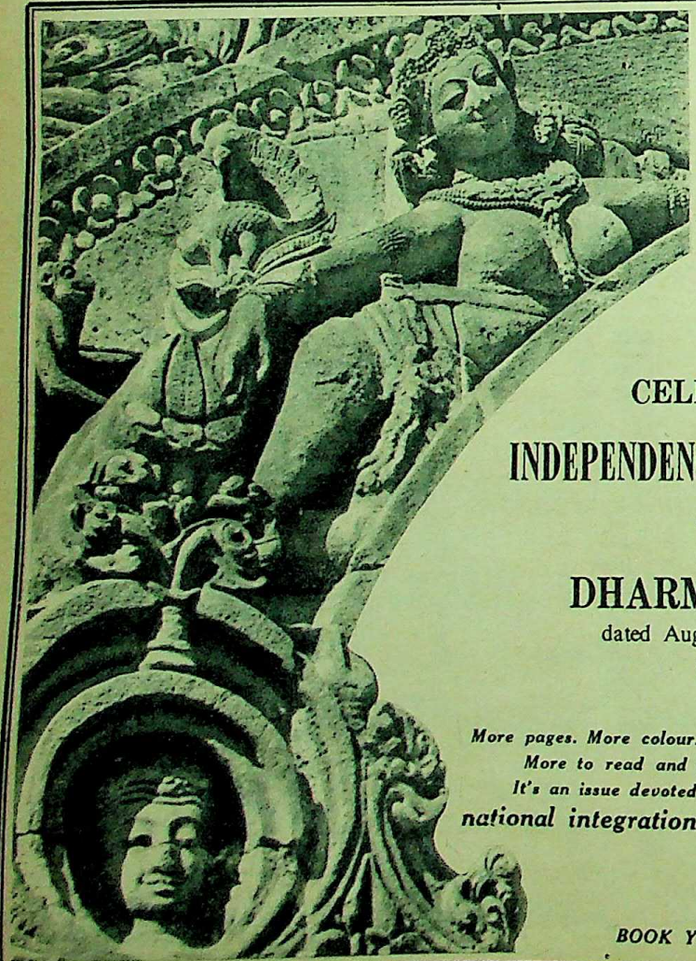

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UGADI—Telugu New Year's Day

by S. M. Y. SASTRY

ON the first day of Chaitra falls the New Year of the Andhras, Kannadigas and Maharashtrians. The Telugu New Year's day is hailed as Ugadi—a corrupt form, it is asserted, of Yugadi, meaning the beginning of the yuga.

I wonder whether the beginning of the present yuga was ever celebrated. The Hindu belief is that the successive yugas represent a deterioration, the worst being reached with the Kaliyuga, in which, unfortunately, we happen to live today. How could any person or community dare celebrate the beginning of the yuga which signifies a deterioration in moral standards and, I presume, even in the matter of physical comforts?

Fortunately no one has associated the cycle of years with progressive deterioration. There is always the hope and wish in everyone's heart that the coming year will be better than the one that has ended.

The Andhras have, evidently, appropriated the word "Yugadi" for the beginning of the year and dropped the consonant. Telugu is a language in which all words end in a vowel. Ugadi has been fashioned into a word which both begins and ends in a vowel. It is doubly Telugu, whatever be the origin.

A SEASON OF JOY

The calendar year is just a convenient measurement of time. It could, therefore, begin anywhere; and, to the Andhras and other groups which reckon by the moon, a year begins on the first of Chaitra.

An explanation for this procedure of calculation is that the Lord Brahma embarked on his work of creation on the first day of Chaitra. Nobody of course now believes this; certainly not the Andhras. Their reply is that this day is chosen because it heralds a season of joy—the Vasanta Ritu—marking the time the mango trees are heavy with fruit. To the Andhras, the new year day is a festival, purely social in significance and utterly devoid of any religious trappings or sentiments. It is a day for rejoicing, for feasts and wearing new clothes. And ritual has little part to play on that day of gaiety.

Any celebration in the Andhra family starts with an oil bath—an "ordeal" in the eyes of children. But the mothers feel that both physically and mentally the children will not grow unless oil is applied copiously on the head and the body smeared sleek. The children run around the house, play hide and seek, and surrender only when further escape becomes impossible. On Ugadi day, however, the oil bath is tolerated by the youngsters, who get up early from bed even without being goaded by their mothers and readily obey the orders of the elders, for new clothes await them.

Then, when everyone is dressed for the occasion, all sit down for the tasting of the Ugadi "pachadi", the new year's chutney. The Andhras are especially known for the pungent chutneys and pickles they prepare and consume the year round. An Andhra does not feel that he has had a full meal unless he is served a chutney prepared for the day or a pickle prepared for the year, to be eaten with the rice mixed with ghee. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Telugu New Year should start with the tasting of a chutney. But the chutney itself is of special significance. A finely ground paste of slightly bitter tender flowers of the neem tree, fresh tamarind, slices of raw mango, bits of sugar-cane, jaggery and salt, it has a flavour all its own. The bitter ingredient of neem leaves, we are informed, is to make us aware that life is not all sweetness. Bitter and sweet it is as the chutney, and will remain so. In fact no man is complete unless he tastes bitterness in life, we assure ourselves on that day. There may be hope in the coming year, but one should not hastily assume that there will be no disappointment. It is not sufficient if one is intellectually aware of this truth of life. The chutney makes one physically aware of it. You may not relish the chutney, but you have to eat it thoughtfully, not gulp it.

The only other significant event or function for the day, apart from partaking of the sumptuous food, is the *Panchanga Sravanam*—hearing the almanac read. This reveals to you the year's predilections and possibilities. It is not an individual's fate or future that is to be ascertained on this day, but the fate of the entire nation, in fact of the whole world. Not the detailed day-to-day happenings, but the general trend; which planet rules the year; which is the guiding minister; what good will they do; what mischief is likely to confront one. These and the auspicious months during the year for undertaking meaningful events, such as marriages, are revealed at this session. It is not sufficient or appropriate if one reads the almanac by oneself and learns these things; one should hear it read and have it explained by a learned man of the community. In rural areas, the whole village gathers to hear the *panchangam* for the year read. Even in towns sizable crowds gather. It is an occasion to greet others and be greeted, not on a mere individual level, but on a community basis. It was indeed a solemn occasion once. But times have changed. The Brahmin purohit can scarcely read the *panchangam*, though all the calculations are now in hours and minutes and no longer in *ghadiyas* and *vighadiyas*. Most often he is short-sighted and has to borrow glasses from someone in the gathering. He probably also falls back on a newspaper version and is halting in his explanation. But the gathering is an honoured social event even to this day.

There is a belief that the day's happenings on Ugadi will reflect and colour the course of events in the year ahead. People naturally like pleasant things to happen to them; to be happy throughout the year. Hence they take special care to keep themselves and others in a happy frame of mind. A child likely to enforce its demand by resorting to weeping is firmly told that, if it does so, it will end up weeping every day of the year. If that does not work, the parents yield, though grudgingly, lest they should be burdened, year-long, with a weeping child! Either way, every effort is made to avoid tears and sad thoughts on this day. Likewise, anyone who harbours ill-will—and sometimes it is impossible to avoid this—consciously strives to maintain a clean mind for the day.

New enterprises too are started on Ugadi by the Telugu people, as other communities do on their New Year; but ever so often one realises that launching a project on an auspicious day does not by itself assure the success of an undertaking!

MEANINGFUL NAMES

The years in Telugu calendar are not just numbers like 1962, unending unless perhaps arbitrarily given up or changed. The Telugu years have names, and names evoke individual associations and characteristics. They recur in a cycle of sixty years and the year's possibilities can be compared to its past performance. The year that has just started is "Subha Krutu". Does not the name itself indicate something nice, something pleasant? There are of course other names like "Krodhi" (anger), "Parabhava" (disgrace), "Virodhi" (enmity) and the like, evoking bitter or unpleasant happenings. The year that ended was "Plava", likened to a boat which takes you to the destination, but after giving you moments of anxiety.

The New Year to the Andhras is never a vague, nameless anticipation, but a well-defined expectation. Whatever be the indication, the year must be properly invited and inaugurated. If the name indicates something unpleasant, our poets plead, "Don't be too harsh. Tread on us softly." If it promises to be pleasant, they are exuberant in their words of welcome. There is no need to hide one's expectations. The poets also thank the passing year for things done and not done! The old year cannot be ignored since it will arrive on the scene again. One has to recall its name again, even if it be after sixty years, and an appropriate send-off is therefore essential.

The turn of a year is also the time for a critical appraisal of the achievements of the mind. The immediate progress in various fields, especially in literature and the arts, is reviewed and evaluated. Such summings-up may start off controversies which last not for months but decades! All magazines bring out special issues or enlarged editions during this period and platitudinous messages from leaders fill a few pages, spreading goodwill and good cheer. A recent innovation has introduced literary competitions for the occasion. Creative effort is thus baited and whipped into action! All India Radio, too, has been taking a prominent part in such activities and the Kavi Sammelan it organises on New Year's day has become an essential feature of Ugadi celebrations. The poets are, in fact, in the forefront during Ugadi. Versifiers try their hand at playing on the name of the new year in rhyme.

Whatever the *panchangam* may indicate, every year invariably begins with a financial strain. The new clothes for the family and the expenses incurred in the mood of celebration ensure this. But Ugadi is a day of joy for the family and community; a day of hope and anticipation.

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Divali Setting

(By SHAMA KILANJAR)

Divali

by P. LAL

DIVALI is an experience I got born into. It isn't as if you could take a foreigner, transplant him in the values and verities of the Aryan-Hindu-Indian tradition, explain to him the embroidery of sweet legend, and say: "This is Divali. Get the feel and flavour of it." It isn't as easy as that. One wishes it were. It isn't as if one could turn and say that the Festival of Lights is somehow connected with the symbolical significance of light, that the words of the Upanishad—"from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge, from death to immortality"—were in themselves sufficient explanation for that painfully joyful explosion of crackers and laughter.

When I was very young, my third year to heaven (*pace* Dylan Thomas), Fate was kind enough to ensconce me in a paradisial retreat in the Punjab, my grandfather's estate in Sheikhupur, a couple of miles from Kapurthala. I was born here, three Punjabi summers and winters (I cannot seem to recall any rain) sang through me. In my grandfather's garden, I learnt how to annihilate all that's made to a green thought in a green shade, albeit with a child's fumbling insights. I remember the guava tree near the left gate to the garden, the sun loving the green fruit; three years' innocence watching daily a particular guava waxing mellow, my mouth watering with anticipated relish. And I remember my first glimpse of tragedy—profoundly and simply Greek—when one morning I found the desired guava nicked clean away by a nocturnal parrot's beak; its soft flesh all gone, the rind swinging like a pathetic featherless bird. But these were compensations: eucalyptus trees breathing warm conspiracies at the gate, a pea patch that provided compact sweetness, green *lichis* that tasted like a mother's scolding, and a lone train that chugged by a mile away, hooting, puffing and whistling in the best *Pather Panchali* style.

And there was Divali.

Why did I take so long to come to Divali? For one thing, Divali is all a blur from the distance of twenty-nine years. I recall only the contours, like a blind hand fingering braille: the emotional impact is dulled by the cold metal of the spanning years. For another, I can only recall repeated admonitions to *not* to do this, and *not* to do that—*not* to explode large crackers, *not* to handle outsize *phool jharis*, *not* to light the pomegranate crackers.

It was all so touching, a bundle of three-year-old desires courteously but firmly repressed. All excitement by proxy—the lights flashing, the crackers clapping, the jets of pomegranates gushing their geyser worship, the rockets orbiting in tragic glory—and the child watching his grown-up cousins steal the thunder. It was the Festival of Lights, and I could not so much as scratch a matchstick to its briefly flaming doom. I was Lazarus at Dives' table, and even the crumbs were denied me. You got everything else—milk, toffees, nuts, chocolates, rides in grandfather's phaeton, catapults to shoot down pigeons in wells with—but what you really wanted you could not get.

I wanted to make my own pomegranate cracker. Everyone did it. It was a sign of coming of age. It was a medal, a glimpse of the Land of Saheb, it was twenty train journeys, it was ten kite-flyings on a forbidden roof. I wanted to make the *masala* myself, push it in the cup, seal it with silver wafer. I didn't mind if I wasn't allowed to light it—one can't get everything; I was old enough to know *that*. They never let me do it. My Fates were against me.

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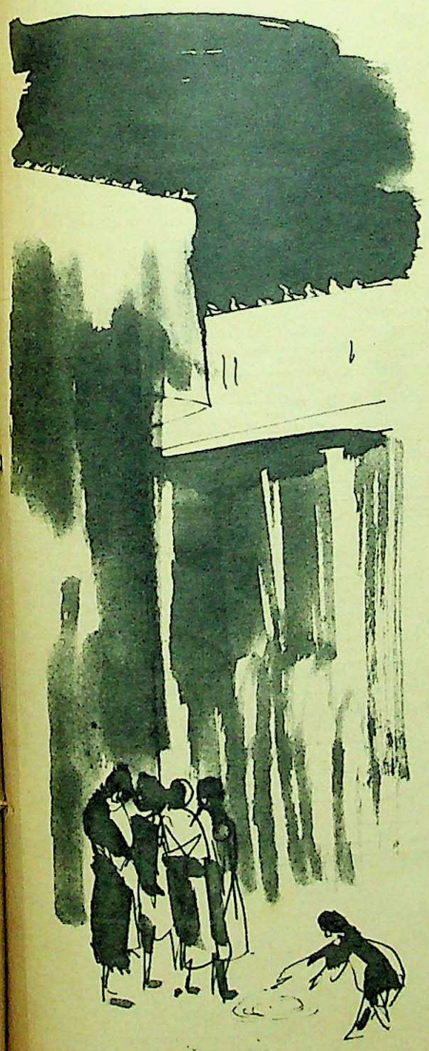
the Establishment didn't like the idea; my parents had very firm views on that.

Then there was a break; my father pioneered out into Calcutta, putting as much distance as he could between himself and Sheikhupur; and, in the middle of all this *golmal*, pop went my Divali dreams. For a city Divali is not a village Divali; it isn't even a small town Divali. Like the lost glamour of a first play for Charles Lamb—nose glued to the window pane, he recalls in one of the most touching of the Elian essays, he would wait for the spoil-sport rain to cease, for his godfather Field had tickets for the theatre, and yet, when he grew up, where was the glitter and panoply of *Artaxerxes*?—all the ecstasies of a child dissolved in the humdrummery of an adult who knew stagecraft. Like the disillusionment of Wordsworth, who couldn't come to grips with the extent of his loss when he lamented in marmoreal lines:

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth:
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Where was it now, the freshness and the dream? For even if I hadn't ground the explosive spices for the pomegranate crackers, Divali in the Punjab was an experience of sharp, sensuous pleasure; the sinuous cobra flames of the clay lamps, the erotic jets of the *tubris*, the philosophic parabolas of the rockets, the peacock splutter of the electric sparklers. In Calcutta they had bigger but not better crackers; things somehow whined off into whispers, didn't develop into bangs.



Had I grown up? Did the city's carburettors foul the lovely festival? Did the Second World War have something to do with it? I think it had. For the nations were having a bang-up Divali of their own in the closing months of 1939 and the day that would live forever in infamy was only a couple of years ahead; two lovely-looking mushroom explosions in 1945 between themselves wiped out 150,000 men, women and children off the face of the earth. What a hell of a Divali the blitz must have been—gas balloons, search-lights, Messerschmitts and Spitfires galore, all engaged in the cunningest pattern of excelling man which aims specifically at the obliteration of competition. Poor little ill-read boys of Calcutta's homes, pitifully imitating the blitzkriegs of their elders, thrilled by reports of 500-bomber raids on London, rolling on their tongues the stirring syllables of Churchill's defiance—"on the streets, in our houses... we shall never surrender... blood, toil, sweat and tears... so much owed by so many to so few..."

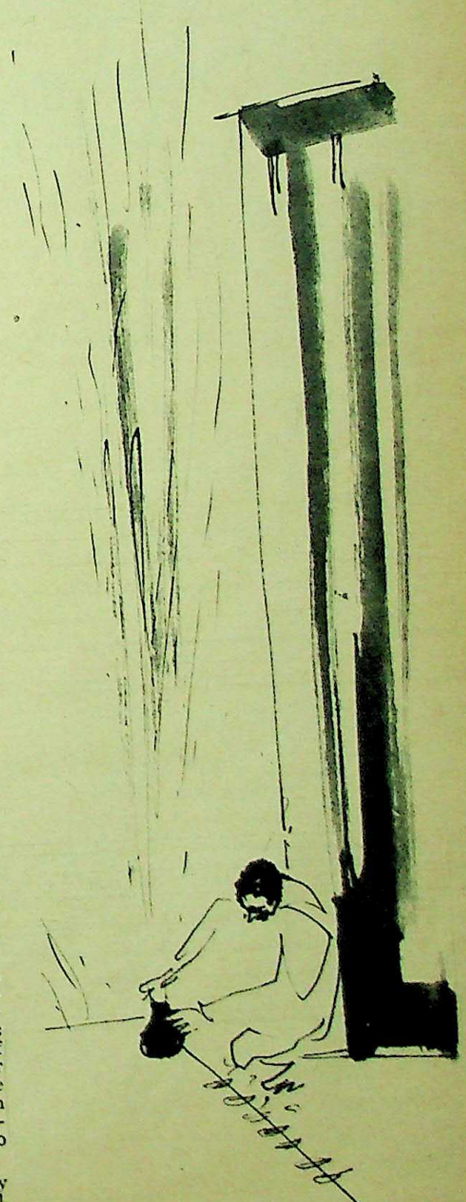
No, city Divali's a dead affair now. By which I do not mean that it is not colourful, or that the city does not whip up enough enthusiasm (and a lakh of rupees) to splurge on crackers that go bang, wires that go fizz, and sticks that go splurpp. But the mystery's gone—it's just a carnival. The religion's gone, like Holi, an unholy holiday. The bloom is gone—and with the bloom go I. The symbolism of light remains, of course, the faces light up in brief brightness, the adults retire to the verandah to gamble all through the night, the children lick unpretty blisters and burns, the fumes get into the eyes, the hangover is still to come. But, like the Ancient Mariner, like Tiresias, like Mistah Kurtz in Conrad's novel, one sees through the light to the heart of darkness; and comes away with a vision so fearfully beautiful that all crackers are but as damp squibs before it. Divali, to be anything at all, has to be a mystical experience, for, as birth leads on to death, as light surrenders daily to darkness (even as the adults gamble), so

Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid with moan;

For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.

Of which birth and perishing the Divali cracker is the perfect symbol.

—Sketches by Gopal Ghose and Laxman Pai



The Id Sherwani

(Recollections of a Childhood in Panipat)

by KHWAJA AHMAD ABBAS

ACROSS the years, I can hear its echo reverberating in the dim corridors of my memory.

It is the metallic tattoo of the iron chain being rhythmically beaten on the ancient, heavy carved door of our ancestral house in Panipat. The stillness of the dark, moonless night is suddenly shattered for us where we lie on our cots under the summer sky. The big black buffalo in the barn starts grunting, the little calf begins to low, and the roosters imprisoned under cavernous wicker-baskets decide it must be the end of night and dutifully begin to crow. And now the tattoo of the door-chain is interrupted for the heraldic announcement of the night-watchman:

Utho Rozaydaro . . . sehri kha lo!

(Get up, you who are to fast. Eat your breakfast.)

"*Achha*!" My father's sleepy voice responds as the string-and-bamboo *charpoy* creaks under his weight, and he gets up, muttering, "Ya Allah!"

The rhythmic tattoo of the door-chain, followed by the cry of the night-watchman, recedes in the night, moves away to other houses in the lane, farther and farther, till it is just a whisper in the dark night.

We have an alarm-clock in the house, which now shows the time to be three hours after midnight, but for hundreds of years these hereditary night-watchmen, son after father, have woken us up for the *sehri*—the before-dawn breakfast which the pious and the faithful are supposed to eat before undertaking the dawn-to-dusk fast throughout the holy month of Ramzan. It would have been as unthinkable to dispense with the services of these human alarm-clocks as it would be for any healthy Muslim in our little town, where everyone knew everyone else, to be seen eating a forbidden meal during the day in this month of fasting.

In the ever-present tense of memory, it is forty years ago. The boy of eight is excited as he also sleepily mutters "Ya Allah!" in imitation of his father, and jumps out of bed. The whole family is attentive to him as, after a hurried splash on his face, he sits down for the *sehri*. He is the first to be served a bowl of sweet and golden *jalebi* soaked in cold milk. The mother insists on his eating an extra *chapati*, and the father solemnly advises him not to gorge himself too much. An aunt suggests that he must drink a big brass cup full of water, and an uncle chides her that, after all, the boy is not a camel that he can store up food and water in his stomach.

Then the breakfast is over, the final long draught of water is taken, now the mouth must be rinsed to remove even the tiniest left-overs of food, for soon the sky will begin to lighten, and the ritual lays down that food and drink must be given up before the first flush of dawn. The grandmother hugs the boy and plants a kiss on his cheeks with her dry, chapped lips.

Now he can go back to sleep, but he lies awake on his bed, looking up at the stars, excited and happy, but also somewhat awed by the implications of the fast. But he is determined to go through with it without flinching, for the first fast is an occasion which marks the end of his childhood and the beginning of adolescence. He must endure it like a man.

I *was* that boy—I *am* that boy.

I am the object of solicitous attention from teachers in school, for they know it is my first fast. I am spared the more exacting sums in arithmetic, my failure to produce my home-work (I had forgotten to do it in the excitement of the preparations for the fast) is magnanimously overlooked. And my example is glowingly cited to the naughtier boys who are caught eating berries during the geography lesson. By midday, when the school is over, I am feeling like a hero, even if there is a sensation of emptiness in the stomach, and the parched tongue seems to have got swollen in the mouth. On my way back home I look the other way while passing a *sherbet* vendor's stall, with its inviting array of aerated water-bottles in all the colours of the rainbow.

Once I am at home, I am immediately escorted downstairs to the *teh-khana*—the spacious underground "cellar" which provides a cool retreat in the hottest summer months, in an era when air-conditioning had not even been invented. Here, amidst mud walls which pleasantly smell of wet earth, it is deliciously cool and dark, the white sheets on the bed only dimly visible, fluorescent rectangular islands in a sea of darkness.

Here it is possible for the voracious appetite of an eight-year-old to endure the parching thirst and the growing hunger. I drift into sleep and dream of an ocean of *sherbet* with mountains of *kulfi* ice-cream floating like ice-bergs. And so the day passes and, by the time I emerge from the *teh-khana*, already the evening shadows have lengthened across the courtyard and I can see real icebergs floating in a huge jug full of *sherbet*, water-melons being sliced, and spicy *shami kebab* being fried in *ghee*. It is time for the *iftaari*, the ritual breaking of the fast. My grandfather gives me a sticky red date and, with the incantation of "*Bismillah*", as I put it in my mouth, my first fast is over, congratulations are being showered on me by all relations, and I can feel the bristly grey beard of my grandfather on my cheeks.

"*Shabash*!" He is now patting me on the back, "You are a brave boy." Then he turns to my mother and says: "Let him see it now."

I have a hollow sensation of anticipation and suspense in the pit of my empty stomach as my mother whispers something to Achha, the maidservant, and she runs inside. But the next moment she comes back, holding aloft for everyone to see a vision in gleaming golden silk—my Id sherwani!

* * *

NOW that I am myself a veteran of fasting, I can fully participate in the thrill of expectancy with which everyone eagerly watches the sky for the crescent moon which will proclaim the end of the month of fasts and the eve of the festival of Id.

As our house is situated on the top of an incline, from the roof where we are all gathered we can see the whole expanse of the town —the onion-shaped dome of the tomb of the saint Bu Ali Shah Qalandar, the golden cupola of the Ramchandarji ka Mandir and the sacred tank surrounding it, the police barracks and municipal offices on top of a mound of ruins locally known as *Qila*, the three domes of the Jame Masjid, and, beyond the rooftops, the blue wispy streak on the edge of the horizon which is the evening train from Delhi standing on the long, low single platform of our little railway station.

This is our town, this is my world, the only world I know yet. I am very proud of it, for is it not mentioned in the history books as the scene of the three most decisive Battles of Panipat? It was not far from here that the Mahabharata war was fought. Farmers in this area, while ploughing their fields, still come across skulls and bones of those heroes and warriors of yore—and no one can say whether they are the remains of a Kaurava or a Pandava, a Pathan or a Moghul or a Maratha. The very dust of Panipat, says our teacher, is historic. After the monsoon, when boys look for *naag phani* (snake umbrella) mushrooms on the muddy slopes of the *Qila*, the lucky ones may still find coins of the reign of Ibrahim Lodi or Sher Shah Suri.

Ours is not only a historic but also a holy-lowed town. It has more tombs of saints than any town of this size. The most famous of these, of course, is the *mazaar* of Bu Ali Shah Qalandar, who may be regarded as the patron-saint of the town, for he is revered by Hindus and Muslims alike. Many are the legends current about the saint who lived hundreds of years ago—how he performed penance by standing in the river for so many days that the fishes ate away all his flesh, how he made a ruined wall (on which he was squatting) fly in the air to rebuke a haughty king who was riding along on a caparisoned elephant; how when he died people of three different towns quarrelled over his body, but found only a handful of flowers under the shroud, which they equally divided and buried in each of the three towns!

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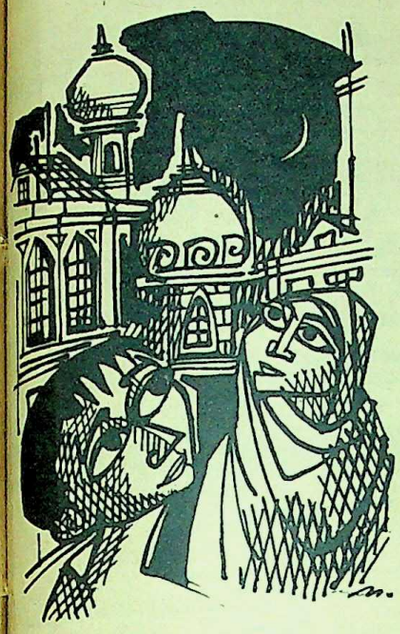

There is a tomb of the saint in Karnal and another in Shahabad, but we of Panipat feel it and know it that the real tomb of Bu Ali Shah Qalandar is right here in the centre of our town, for it is here that the annual *urs* or death anniversary of the Sufi saint is celebrated, and it is to this tomb that the afflicted and the needy, the sick of body or of mind, come to offer their prayers. It is to this tomb that I shall go next year to pray for success when I have to appear for my primary school examination.

I am ruminating over all this and pondering over the good luck of being Panipat-born when my father cries out: "Look, children, look there!"—and he points to the sky in the west. At first we can't see anything except gray wisps of clouds and the fancier's trained pigeons circling overhead. Then my sister sees it and shouts with joy: "The moon! The Id moon!" Still I can't see it, though all around me everyone is pointing to the sky, and there is much laughter and shouting of congratulations, and neighbours calling to each other from their respective rooftops.

I rub my eyes, I strain them till they are starting with pain, I am ready to cry with disappointment. Then, all of a sudden, it seems to manifest itself out of the blank sky—a thin wafer of light, like the paring of a fairy's luminous thumb-nail—the crescent moon! I give a whoop of joy, I shout and jump and point it out to everyone else, as if it was my own original discovery. The moon! The moon! *Id ka Chand*!

On Id day, holding on to my father's hand, I tramp two miles out of town to the *Id-gah* for the mass Id prayers. I can see that all the men and boys and little girls on the road are dressed in their very best clothes. The girls' clothes are more colourful, but the boys, too, some gold-embroidered velvet jackets and brocade caps, and some young men have green and red silk kerchiefs carelessly tied round their necks. But I am convinced that my gleaming golden silk sherwani is the best of all the Id dresses. In fact I have a feeling that everyone is enviously eying my sherwani and I keep on checking the buttons lest someone forcibly pull the sherwani off my back.

At the *Id-gah*, as the lines are formed in the open prayer-yard, I stand by the side of my father. But I don't know the words of the prayer, and so I just move my lips and mumble, watching the others from the corner of my eye and repeating their movements of *rukoo* and *sujood*—bending and prostrating. But soon I am tired of the exercise and, instead of concentrating on the prayers, I am shamelessly looking about here and there at the other boys' clothes, comparing them with my own sherwani. I want to make sure that mine is the best of all. Then I see ahead of me, in the third row from ours, a boy of about the same age as myself, and I can't help noticing that his sherwani is even more resplendent than mine. While mine is of silk, his is of gorgeous green-and-gold brocade with peacock-feather designs, with a boat-like cap of the same material, while I have my old dull-red fez on my head.

The prayers are now over and my father is embracing his friends and neighbours, exchanging Id greetings.

Id Mubarak! *Id Mubarak*!

And then I find myself face to face with the boy in the brocade sherwani and my father is introducing him as the son of the Tehsildar Saheb. I have to say *Id Mubarak* to him, and even embrace him, but, as I do so, those peacock-feather designs are so near that they seem to me like so many mocking eyes staring at me.

We walk back from the *Id-gah* but my mood has been spoilt by that brocade sherwani.

"Abba!" Unable to contain myself any longer, I ask my father: "Why can't I have a brocade sherwani like the Tehsildar Saheb's son?"

"Because," my father laughs, and then replies, "because his father has more money than yours!"

"Why can't you have more money than Tehsildar Saheb?" I insist, but, before he can reply, we are at my aunt Phoopi Badri's place.

• • •

ON Id day I like to visit this aunt with my father because I am always offered delicious *siwayyaan*. The sweet *siwayyaan* is a part of the Id ritual, and one gets it wherever one goes. But in Phoopi Badri's house it is something special, made with thick creamy milk, almonds, coconut shavings and dried dates, and covered with silver leaf. With my very first helping of *siwayyaan* I forget all about the brocade sherwani of the Tehsildar's son, and with the third helping father has to warn me: "Now, don't forget you have to eat a lot more *siwayyaan* today."

Our next halt is at the house of Lala Ramchander, the goldsmith, an old friend of my father. He is a Hindu but his *Id Mubarak* greetings are just as warm. He embraces my father with the traditional three hugs, right, left and front, then he lifts me in his arms and repeats the same process with me. Here we are offered sweets—juicy *gulab jaman*, golden *imarti* and creamy *barfi*—and again father has to caution me to go slow as we have still many homes to visit. As we are leaving, Lala Ramchander slips a rupee into my sherwani pocket. "This is your *Idi*," he says and, even while thanking him, I am calculating that, by the evening, I will have at least five rupees of *Idi*—enough to buy a cricket bat.

Our last call before we return home is a mud-plastered little house in our neighbourhood, where the weaver Khuda Bakhsh stays. He is already very old and cannot see very well, so he does not go to the *Id-gah*. That's why father always visits him to offer him Id greetings. "Chacha" Khuda Bakhsh is very happy to see us, but, as he embraces me, I notice his coarse *khaddar* clothes. He gives me a two-anna piece as *Idi*, muttering: "You will get rupees from others, son, but take this *duwanni*, too, from your poor old chacha."

He offers us *siwayyaan*—made with watery milk and coarse brown jaggery—and out of formality I have to gulp a mouthful. Then he shouts, "Bundoo, O Bundoo!", and, when his grandson does not appear, he says: "The boy is very angry today because we haven't been able to make new clothes for him. But I want him to come and embrace your son. After all, when we are gone, these boys have to carry on the neighbourly traditions."

At last Bundoo is persuaded to come out, and I see that he is not only much smaller than I am, but also thin and pale. He is wearing a home-washed pajama and shirt and a loose jacket too big for him, and with a telltale patch on the shoulder.

"*Id Mubarak*!" he says, dutifully, as I embrace him.

"*Id Mubarak*!" I repeat as I feel his rickety ribs against my chest.

We come away from Chacha Khuda Bakhsh's house in silence.

Before we enter our house, father stops and asks: "Are you still sore you haven't a brocade Id sherwani like the Tehsildar's son?"

"No, Abba," I briefly reply, looking at the ground. I cannot look him in the face.

And so I know that Id is neither a brocade sherwani nor fancy sweets, it is a feeling which I am too young to analyse and identify, but I know that there is Kaka Ramchander's love in it and Chacha Khuda Bakhsh's neighbourly affection, as well as the joy of feasting *after* fasting.

Now, forty years later, I can write about the philosophical implications of a day of festivity after a month of self-denial, about the social purpose of mass prayers and of joy shared with all your fellow men. But the feeling of Id, like the Christmas spirit, like the gay and colourful abandon of Holi, defies analysis. It is *there* in your heart, and that is what matters.

Times change but, thank heavens, the spirit endures, even if the would-be fasters during the month of Ramzan now get themselves woken up for *sehri* by the telephone company's "Morning Alarm Service" instead of by the *chowkidar's* door-chain tattoo, *Id Mubarak* can be conveyed by greetings telegrams, and the visibility of *Id ka Chand* no longer depends upon the naked eye and can be confirmed by meteorological observatories which may soon be installed on sputniks in the sky.

KARTTIKAI

by K. A. NILAKANTA SASTRI

"KARTTIYO *Kartti, Mavaliyo Mavali*" is the cry that is on the lips of children and teen-agers in every town, village and hamlet in the Tamil country on the full moon day in the month of Karttikai (November-December). The full-throated cry, kept up for hours on end, from before sunset to late at night, by hordes of children and young people of both sexes, is witness to an important annual festival, celebrated with great *eclat*. In the form in which it is known to one, and which I shall endeavour to set forth in some detail here, Karttikai is peculiar to the Tamil country, though analogues to it may be traceable elsewhere.

The public celebration of important festivals centred on the temples in every place is perhaps the most important and attractive phase of popular Hinduism. It generally brings people together in cordial comradeship, and enables them often to shed their petty differences and work together for a common purpose, which combines physical activity, emotional excitement and spiritual exaltation. The remarkable thing is that, on such occasions of public festivity, men, women and children belonging to all strata derive a sense of legitimate satisfaction from their contribution to the success of the festival.

The feature of Karttikai of utmost interest to youngsters was the preparation and display of the *vanam*, allied to the Sanskrit word *vana* (arrow), and meaning something akin to fireworks, which is usually described as *vana-vedikkai*, the second member of the compound word (*vedikkai*), meaning fun or entertainment. I still feel a lilt in my heart when I recall my boyhood experiences in this respect. We never pursued our objectives alone but in small batches of two or three, not many more at any time. The first step was to secure the requisite number, one for each—with perhaps one or two spares against unforseen contingencies—of forked flexible twigs with two prongs each, generally of the shrub called *kattamanakku* (the Madras Tamil Lexicon calls it "common physic nut" and describes it as a small tree, *Jatropha curcas*).

Then came the making of the *vanam*, which was nothing more than a good quantity of powdered charcoal encased in long, narrow cotton bags of the length of the forks in the twig, usually about a foot long, each bag being tightly packed between the two forks of the twigs with the aid of a strong twine. Then a string, of about six to eight feet in length, was tied to the head of the fork, and the *vanam* was ready for use. When it was night the *vanam* was ignited at its upper end and was vigorously whirled round the head with the aid of the long string. It then let out a continuous flow of sparks in a circle, which often appeared bright and unbroken. Accidents owing to the string snapping when the *vanam* was in full swing led to results generally amusing, but sometimes serious, when the burning *vanam* hit somebody in its flight. This *vanam* play was universal on full moon day, but was also popular even before that day where the facilities for it were abundant.

* * *

KARTTIKAI is primarily a festival of lights, culminating in huge bonfires before temples. Throughout the month, every household puts on as many lights as it can afford, more in the exterior of the house than in the interior, and the same is the case in temples also, temples of all gods—Siva, Vishnu, Subrahmanya and others. Besides the illumination, they erect in the temples, right in front of the shrine but at a convenient distance, what is known as *sokkappanai*—a name made up of two words, *sokkam* (heaven) and *panai* (the palmyra-tree). There is really a tall palmyra stem in the centre, round which a hollow cylinder, three to five feet in diameter, is constructed, of palmyra leaves stitched together and supported by cross bars of bamboo or other light wood tied to the palmyra in different stages along its height. The erection is completed some time late in the evening and, at night, the processional image of the deity, after being well decorated with flowers and jewels and taken round the streets, is brought near the *sokkappanai*, which is then set on fire. There follows a tremendous blaze and, after it subsides, the deity is carried back into the temple.

There are often interesting disputes about the time sequence of the different *sokkappanais* in different temples in the same locality, and these are generally adjusted in a way that affords the chance to crowds to go from temple to temple and witness one blaze after another. Popular speech has corrupted the name into *sokkappaanai*, which is really meaningless.

There is yet another aspect of the role of fire in this festival of light: young and old make little torches, which they carry in their hands, spraying their sparks with pinches of powdered resin (a kind of bdellium known as *kungiliyam* or *kundirikkam* in Tamil), and this resin makes the flame blaze up and send forth sparks all round.

In some parts of the country, possibly under the influence of Kerala, they erect an improvised lamppost in the temples near the flagstaff and ignite a holy lamp, called *Nara-yani vilakku*, consecrated with *mantras* invoking the deity; the worshippers light their individual torches from this and take them home to light their household lamps.

The temple at Tiruvannamalai enjoys a unique celebrity. Here the ceremonial lamp is lit on the summit of the mountain—it is the Karttikai *deepam par excellence*. And, for its lighting and maintenance through the night, gingili oil to the tune of hundreds of measures is used, with a bagful of cotton (with seed) serving as the wick; wind or rain does not put it out. Folk belief at Mamallapuram holds that the Pallava governor of that place used to watch for the beacon light at Tirukkalukkunram on the evening of Karttikai full moon day to ignite the lamp on the *stupi* of his own temple; and in its turn Tirukkalukkunram was lit only after the bigger beacon of Tiruvannamalai was sighted. The same type of ceremony is observed, though on a smaller scale, at Maruthuvamalai, four miles north of Kanya Kumari, and some other hills.

* * *

TO revert to the domestic scene. The elders fast the whole day, observing *vrata*, and take their meal only after seeing the sacred light on hilltops or on the improvised lampposts of temples. It is the practice in some households for the seniormost lady of the house to perform puja to the household deities, Narayani in particular, with offerings of a dozen varieties of edibles, the most prominent among them being puffed rice (*pori*) mixed with *gur*. The children of the house wait for the puja to be over and then pounce on the sweets and savouries together with the drinks offered to the deities —*viz.*, *panakam* (water sweetened and tastefully spiced) and tender-coconut water. Some considerate grandparents prepared all the sweets and drinks in two separate batches—one reserved as offerings to the deities at the puja, the other to be made available to the impatient children through the day without making them wait for the completion of the puja. The younger women of the family appear in their best dresses, wearing all their ornaments, and go about visiting other families and receiving the blessings of the elders everywhere. On this day every sister is expected to light a lamp at her house, praying for the longevity of her brothers, and the brothers make special cash presents to the sisters for the purpose—Narayani, the chief goddess worshipped in families, is held to be the sister of Vishnu.

The suggestion has been put forward that this festival, coming about the end of the month of Karttikai, represents the joy of the people at the return of the sun after a period of heavy rains in the preceding two months, and that this was proclaimed to the world by the lights on hilltops. This characteristically Tamil festival seems to have its counterpart in North India in the Kaumudimahotsava, which is found mentioned in medieval Sanskrit literature, and in which everyone dresses his or her best, wears ornaments, sings and dances, and spends the whole day and a good part of the night in joyous merriment.

No account of a Hindu festival can be deemed complete without a reference to the mythology underlying it, and in this instance we have two or three types of myths, *puranic* stories with a cosmic import and believed to throw light on the origin of this interesting festival. The first, and in some ways the most exalted explanation is the one which brings it into particular relation with Tiruvannamalai. Brahma functioning as Creator of the Universe and Vishnu as its Protector once became involved in a dispute about their relative superiority and, in the heat of the controversy, forgot themselves about the Absolute; and, to remind them of their proper place in the universal order and forestall the outbreak of a cosmic conflict, Siva in his divine mercy, appeared as a pillar of fire between the contestants, which threw into the shade the light of the sun and the moon and other lights. Then the anger and rivalry of Brahma and Vishnu abated, and a voice announced that whoever reached the top or the bottom of the pillar of fire and came back would be victor.

In the quest that followed, Brahma, assuming the top as a *hamsa*, and Vishnu, seeking the bottom as a boar, both failed to gain their ends. Vishnu owned defeat to Siva. Brahma, however, resorted to a stratagem. He came across a *ketaka* flower falling from the head of the pillar and asked about the whereabouts of that limb; he got the answer that the flower had been falling for ages. Brahma resorted thereupon to tell Siva that he had seen the head, and to cite the flower as his witness. When Brahma uttered this lie, he lost the head he did the wrong, and the flower lost its fragrance for use in the worship of Siva. This is the reason why Vishnu, who spoke the truth, is worshipped in temples, and Brahma is not—shrines to Brahma are rare. The incident of the pillar of fire is located in Tiruvannamalai, and hence the place derives its particular importance in the festival. Contemplation of the mountain is said to ensure *moksha*.

* * *

ANOTHER explanation centres on the *asura* *ppanai* feature. There were three *asuras*, sons of Taraka, each living in a metallic city of his own—gold, silver and iron—who, by the power obtained through their *tapas*, oppressed the world; a part of the boons they had obtained for their *tapas* was that they would not die except at the time the three of them met, once in a second, once in a thousand years, and at the hands of Siva riding an exceptional type of chariot and shooting a similarly exceptional arrow from an unusual bow. After aeons of their oppressive rule, the peculiar conditions making for their destruction were realised and Siva destroyed them as well as their cities. the *suras* (gods), who had developed egoism on account of the aid they had given to Siva in the war against the *asuras*. And this destruction resulted from the uproarious laughter (*attahasa*) of Siva, who thereafter became Purari, the enemy of the cities. This episode is still enacted as a festival in Tiruvadigai, with the destruction by the fire of laughter it commemorated in the festival.

On the side of Vishnu, we have noted that Vishnu temples also observe this festival. The explanation is that the *asura* emperor Bali, Mahabali, who was banished to Patala by Vishnu and was granted the boon of being remembered by the people of the world on this day, is honoured by the lighting of lamps in houses and temples, and the general celebration marks the happy occasion of his attaining release. This is reflected in the latter half of the utterance cited at the beginning of this article.

One last observation remains to be made. It is that the *vanam* and the sparks issuing from it, as also the small torches scattering sparks when powdered resin is strewn on them, are supposed to symbolise the separation of individual souls from the universal soul and their ultimate merger in the universal soul, represented by the bonfire, at the end of the cycle of births. Thus it is we find that the apparently innocent pastimes of village children on Karttikai day are linked up with the fundamental truths of the highest Hindu philosophy.

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An Adivasi Festival

by TAPATI MOOKERJI

EACH season's mood and practical preoccupation creates in the Adivasi's uninhibited and uncluttered mind the simple need of festivals. Thus, in Eastern India, in the province of Bihar, the Hos have no less than seven important festivals. These are very vital and alive affairs, dealing with the needs, fears, hopes and economic and social conditions of the Adivasis, most of whom live off the earth alone, and are a running commentary on a way of life. The earth's cycle from the sowing to the harvesting is followed, so that the people have periods of intense work, followed by these festivals of uninhibited drowsiness. The festivals leap distantly from ordained period to period and to propitiate the gods the cultivators offer such varieties of sacrifices as white cocks, he-goats and oily grains, *sal* flowers, thorny creepers, cow-dung, tobacco, and *hanria* (or rice-beer).

Of the seven festivals the most important is the Maghe Parab, in the months of January and February.

The time is, officially, spring, a thing which leaps and cavorts about the landscape of ranging red forests, flaming in the gay blooms of scarlet *palas*, which decks the undulating fields with a ripe harvest and intoxicates the air with a thousand blossoms of fruit and flowering trees in reckless promise of good things to come. For the Hos, it is a time of harvesting the hard-wrested fruit of their toil, a time for thanksgiving, which entails merry-making, dancing and the abandoned drinking of rice-beer. It is also the time of the year to think of love and marriage too; for this is the great period sanctioned for marriages, which can only be performed between this festival and the time when the rains set in. This tradition, anthropologists observe, wryly, is in accord with the sturdy practicality of the people, who thus obtain young, enthusiastic helpers when most needed—for after the rains the sowing begins.

The Maghe Parab is not only the most important, but the longest of the Ho festivals, lasting sometimes a month or more. With the earth-bound Adivasis, the need for a festival is utilitarian in conception, yet colourful, romantic and bacchanalian in execution. The need for propitiating the unseen power, the Sing Bonga, is insistent; the earth which yields their livelihood has to be shown love, respect and flattery, through a whole range of songs and dances pressing her to greater fertility. The crops must be protected from invisible evils, which take the form of natural calamities to more sophisticated people.

Thanksgiving to the Bonga, or the *bongas*, the tutelary gods of the tribe, takes the form of merry-making with the good things of life—an essential part of the *joie de vivre* of these simple people. The festival, however, has a deeper eugenic significance, for not only does it give the inhabitants of different villages a chance of meeting each other socially, but, more important, it allows the young men to choose brides, for the bride price is high still. Many of the marriages in the tribe are a fruit of the opportunity given the young people at Maghe Parab, who can choose marriage partners during the dancing and feasting which goes on for many weeks.

The keynote of the festival is, therefore, quite simply, that of love and courtship. The season is the mating season, and the songs and music are especially composed in its glory. It is stimulating to see how this close kinship with nature is never lost. The earth has come of age and bedecked herself with flowers. Enticing is her passion-filled breath calling her lover. So also is it for young human beings. Yesterday's children have suddenly grown up in limb and mind; new emotions and desires vibrate through their yearning bodies and call for fulfilment in the rites of the festival.

Mazumdar's translations are beautiful and here is a song of the Maghe Parab:

I am coming from a distant village, oh lily—

Do not worry, I shall carry you with me.

Do not think of your kith and kin or of your parents—

Come out of your house and love me.

Leave all weal and woe, leave the rulings of the kill—

Come out and love me.

This is the time, this is the season for love—

Come out my friend and love me.

The drum, the flute, the *sarang* play upon the scented air with amorous rhapsodies, all calling, "Come and love me!" The strictness of the tribe's social mores is relaxed now; parents do not frown; the young enter a world filled with love songs and, dancing together, choose their mates in high romance.

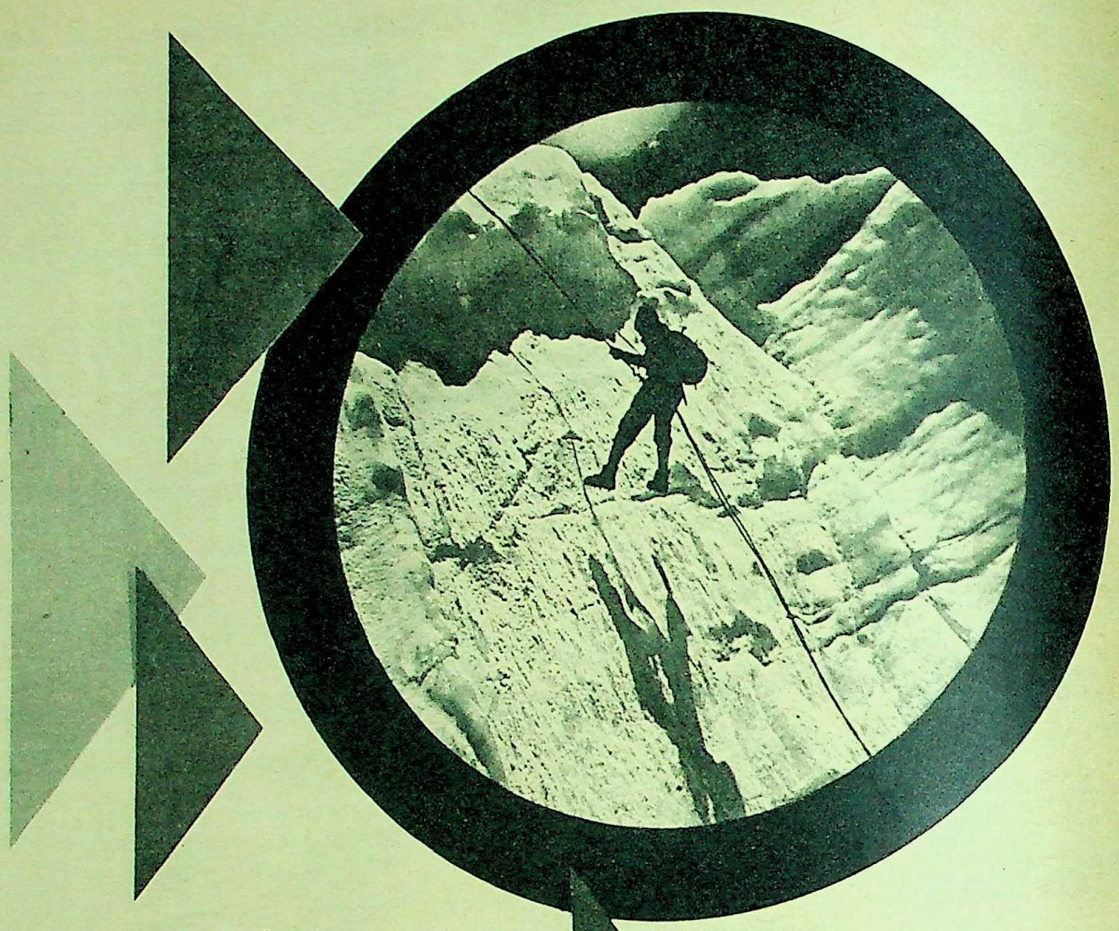
Everything is as heady as the spring air: the words of the passionate songs, the voluptuous freshness of youths and maidens dancing. And, of course, as the potency of the rice-beer, drunk from leaf cups makes itself felt, the bacchanalian songs become grosser, and liberties are taken with dancing partners which would be unthought of in community life at other times and seasons.

Most anthropologists, however, —and specially Mazumdar, who has danced and drunk with the Hos on this important occasion— reiterate that the classic description of Col. Dalton (the administrator-scholar who made a special study of the Hos) is highly exaggerated. Col. Dalton had said: "The festival (Maghe) becomes therefore a saturnalia, during which children forget their reverence for parents, men their respect for women, and women all notions of modesty, delicacy and gentleness. They become raging Bacchantes. They have a strange notion that at this period men and women are so much charged with vicious propensities that it is absolutely necessary for the safety of the person to let off steam by allowing for a time full vent to the passions."

There is no truth in this description today. The dancers do, no doubt, drink deep and long, and inhibitions are somewhat loosened, but the dances themselves are a treat to watch, so intricate are the steps executed in perfect unison of the swaying beautiful bodies, with the glossy ebony heads of the women proudly sporting the finest of red flowers, while the music and wine urge them to greater dexterity and sprightliness—they are poems in motion. When there is exultant love-making, it mostly ends in marriage, and the village elders punish lapses from decency these days.

The programme of rites and rituals is simple: a sacrifice, perhaps of cocks, with the chanting of mantras to propitiate the *bongas*, or gods, followed by the performance, village by village, of pastoral pantomines and dramas (*jatras*), the hunting of game in the forest, with competitions of skill in archery, and—life-blood of the Hos—the community dances which make the earth swoon to the primitive rhythm of joy and fulfilment. This festival is there to remind us of something too easily forgotten these days: the mere joy of living, working and loving.

(*Photographs by S. P. Gawande*)



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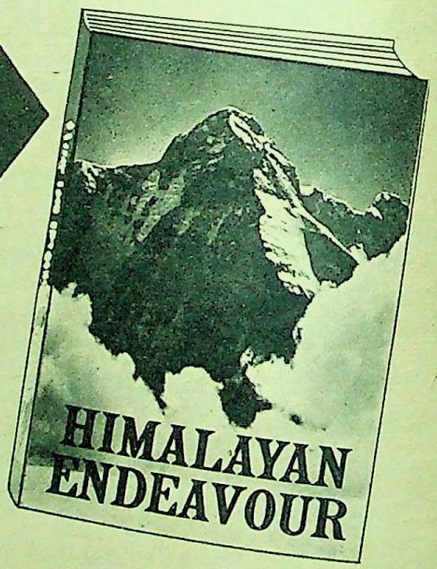

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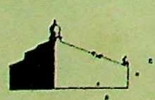

Yet another publication from The Times of India

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Rangali Bihu

by HEM BARUA

THE indigenous peoples of Assam celebrate their communal joy through festivals called the Bihus; these are nature festivals and are colourful, ...lar events of great joy and ...h. One is celebrated in spring, ...other in autumn, reminding ...of the primitive man of agri...ure. Ancient art was commu...in nature and man in the com...ity sought to celebrate this ...ective experience through ...ce and song.

The Rangali Bihu is celebrated in ...-April. This is a gay popular ...ival associated with nature ...ring under the impact of spring ...and it expresses folk-joy at ...most exuberant.

What is the true import of the ...gali Bihu? It is true that dan...are an integral part of man's ...and the history of dance is al...st as old as the story of man. ...cording to art-historians the ...drock of ancient art is ritual. ...mitive peoples believed in the ...gic of art which found expres...n in popular festivals; the Ran...i Bihu is such a re-enactment ...the pastoral and agricultural ...periences of the people.

On the Bihu eve it is a part of ...e festival to take the family ...ws and bulls to the waters for ...bath. Brinjals and cucumbers ...e thrown on their bodies and ...y are propitiated to multiply ...d prosper day by day. The pea...nt wants to preserve the cow as ...unit of his economic life, for it ...lps him in his cultivation and ...its power to procreate lies his ...alth and welfare. The cucumb...s and brinjals are sex-symbols.

There are other festivals that ...act a similar story and lend sup...rt to the fact that the Bihus are ...fertility festival. The community ...mes of egg-fights and *cowry*-...y, a distinctive feature of the ...tival, are not without signifi...nce—the egg and the *cowry* are ...-symbols that naturally point ...a fertility motif. It was origin...y believed that these added to ...duction and to the fertility of ...e earth and of woman. That the ...ry is a sex-symbol and that it ...s accepted as such in ancient ...pt is evident from the history ...Egyptian currency.

ART AND RITUAL

Young girls weave in their ...u cloths—and every woman in ...Brahmaputra valley is a weav...creepers and flowers and other ...derful designs of folk-art in a ...d red colour; the red, as evi...t from the Bihu songs, is a sym...for ripeness, and is a sex...bol. This is evident in the ver...on mark on the forehead as ...in the parting of a married ...'s hair. It announces her capa...y for motherhood, the capacity ...receive and hold".

The Bihu dances, in which are ...ected the ancient instinct for ...ic enacted in art, express a ...lar truth. As the different pos...s of the dance, the songs that ...ide the emotive background ...he dances are equally erotic. ...e the songs of medieval France ...posed by the troubadours, ...e are songs of love natural to ...season of spring. Or better, ...y are like the Scottish "body...s" vibrant in their passions ...appeal.

...some of these songs there is ...el of submerged meaning and ...image often used on "twin ...s" serves as a clue to the hid...meaning; this is worked out ...ugh the interaction of the two levels. The following is a Bihu song:

I slipped into the gateway
of my love's father;
And she did not wash
the stains off my clothes.

This Bihu song is rich in what is called—in the language of sociology—"public symbolism", and conveys a meaning more than the apparent. The following is an Uraon song, translated by W. G. Archer, that serves as another instance in point:

In an upper field, I said:
"Girl, please let me."
"No, brother, it will make me muddy.
"My clothes are like flowers,
"My life is like gold,
"No, brother, it will make me muddy."

It is a similar underlying meaning that is to be found in Robert Burns' poem in which the girl says to her lover: *"I've feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't."* The meaning of the Bihu song is no different from that of either the Uraon song or the Scottish poem.

The Bihu festival is supposed to be a popular relic of the distant Australo-Asiatic civilisation that once held sway in the Brahmaputra valley of Assam and covered an extensive region in South-East Asia, including a number of islands in the Pacific. The nature and meaning of the Bihu festivals justify such a conclusion since, with the Australo-Asiatics, dance-festivals connected with the harvest season, as also seed time, constitute a similar social event.

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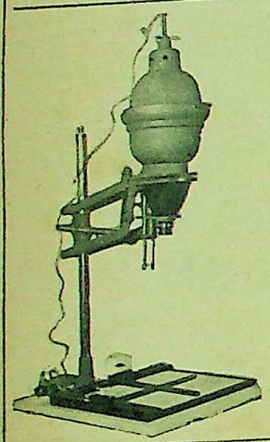

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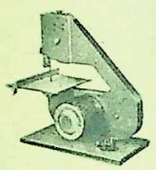

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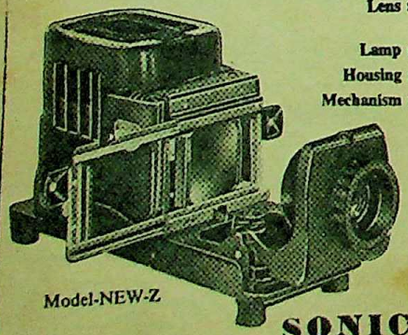

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What The Stars Foretell This Week

by P. I. H. NAYLOR

Sunday, July 29

FOR MOST OF US: This is a splendid day for entertainment of a formal kind. If you hope to make a good impression socially, take pains to do so at midday or in the afternoon. It is excellent for planning but not so good for outdoor affairs or travel. For luck today wear or use: Wine red, 5, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: As you set out on another year you will have good reason to be optimistic. You will be able to make the most of business opportunities and at the same time establish yourself socially. The best period for money-getting will be from November, 1962, to March, 1963. During that period it will be possible to add to your assets, to gain through the sale of shares or of property, or to get money in the shape of an inheritance or a windfall.

It is a good year for readjusting your family life, taking a new house or moving away from your present neighbourhood. Your relatives, your friends and those with whom you associate in the business world will all be moving on and you may desire to follow suit. Travel for business or pleasure can be undertaken successfully but on the whole you will be better off near home.

If you are planning marriage, you must be quite sure that you have the right person in mind before you settle down. If you are already married, you may find your partner's problems hard to understand.

Monday, July 30

FOR MOST OF US: Take it easy today. You will be foolish to make any startling alterations in your usual routine. Do not take chances over money and do your best to maintain harmony where you work. For luck today wear or use: Apple green, 5, topaz.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: In the next few months you will realise that you cannot avoid changes. They are likely to affect your personal affairs rather than your work or your social life. Once you have adjusted yourself, you will go ahead to a period of greater comfort and prosperity.

You can build up security for the future by making yourself indispensable in your own particular sphere, and you will certainly have the opportunity to do so. You may be a little apprehensive about asserting yourself in your business or professional life, but you need not be, since you have the intelligence and the ability. Although you may be in a restless mood and anxious to travel, long journeys will not be propitious.

If you are planning to marry, it is improbable that your plans will go through as arranged. If you are already married, you and your partner may be at variance until certain adjustments have been made on both sides.

Tuesday, July 31

FOR MOST OF US: This may be an important day in world affairs and a significant one for you. Do not revive old grievances and beware lest blunders of the last six months catch up with you. Steady attention to routine and a policy of no risks will be best. For luck today wear or use: Pastel blue, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: You may already have planned certain alterations in your way of life; if so, they are due to take place in the very near future. Within a week or two you will get some news that points the way to a complete re-orientation of your affairs this year. You need not worry unduly about the money situation. Though you may have many responsibilities and be forced to carry burdens that seem too heavy, enough will come in to enable you to do so. The situation is due to improve in September and still more in December.

If you are thinking of going into a business partnership, you should consider the matter very seriously before you commit yourself. If you are contemplating marriage, then it is important to go into the pros and cons of the link-up before you take the irrevocable step.

You will find your greatest happiness among new friends and young people in the year ahead. Those who are already in your life will be a problem, so do not make rash decisions or promise more than you can comfortably fulfil. If you are cautious but at the same time sympathetic, you will probably clear up your difficulties by your next birthday.

Wednesday, August 1

FOR MOST OF US: Today will bring a pleasant respite after yesterday's upheavals. It is mildly good for sport, for outdoor activities, and for motoring. On the business level, be a little more cautious than usual. For luck today wear or use: Pink, 9, bloodstone.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The coming year will be interesting, not because of what happens to you personally but because there will be so many changes around you—in your family group and among your friends. You will, however, benefit indirectly by all that occurs. On the money side there is little to worry about in the next few months. Your income will improve steadily as the months go by.

It is a good year for travel, particularly for anything that takes you out of doors or on a sporting trip. You will meet many interesting people and these newcomers will give you some very helpful ideas.

If you are young and eligible you will want to settle down, but it will not be wise to be in a hurry about it. If you are already married, you can look forward to a very enjoyable social period but you must prepare for some difficult family situations and some hold-ups in your personal arrangements.

Thursday, August 2

FOR MOST OF US: It is better to try some new method today if you hope to be successful. If you allow yourself to get stale and disillusioned, you will miss many opportunities. Introductions may prove unusually important and significant. For luck today wear or use: Black and white, 4, opal.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: There have been ups and downs in your affairs in the last few months and occasionally you have wondered just how to get ahead on fresh lines. Now, as you celebrate your birthday, you will get a much clearer idea of where you are heading and be able to do something about new projects.

Something that you attempted in 1960 and 1961 will now bear fruit. It will bring you a good deal of prosperity in the near future and also in about two years. You will not be short of money—capital is likely to have been piling up in the last few months, and some recent venture will put you in an even more comfortable state.

If you are single and unhappy, you will soon meet someone who will bring you comfort. If you are already married, this year may bring a change for the better in your personal life, and a more lively social round. It is up to you to make the best of new contacts and fresh ideas.

Friday, August 3

FOR MOST OF US: Beware of getting into a muddle over money today. Do not gamble, and examine any apparent bargain carefully before you purchase it. A good day for trying out ideas but not good for material risks. For luck today wear or use: Sea green, 7, moonstone.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Unless you are on your guard and determined to play your part carefully in the twelve months ahead, you may find that you are involved in a curious situation within the family, and a tricky one where money is concerned. Make quite sure that the issues are clear-cut and that any arrangements made are on straightforward lines. Difficult months are likely to be September, 1962, and March, 1963. Do not promise more than you can comfortably fulfil, or attempt to live beyond your income.

Your character is a strong one and you will be able to weather the storms ahead. You must speak your mind and be quite clear about what you want of other people and what you intend to do yourself. Certain arguments and quarrels seem inevitable but you will be able to sort out the issues if you are patient and courageous. Your family will demand a great deal of your time and you will have little leisure for holiday-making and long journeys in 1962 and early 1963.

If you are thinking of getting married, do your best to keep mischief-makers out of your affairs. You may have to begin married life with only a little money but there are good prospects of happiness. If you are already married, you need to be on your guard against trouble-making friends.

Saturday, August 4

FOR MOST OF US: Conditions are ideal for social life and new friendships. Relax and enjoy yourself and shelve your major problems until next week. The later hours of the day are particularly good for sport. For luck today wear or use: Midnight blue, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: For some years you have had to bear heavy responsibilities and to fight your way through some difficult moments. Now, as a new birthday dawns you can relax and begin to enjoy yourself. Both on the material level and in your personal life this promises to be one of the most enjoyable years you have had for a long time. Where money is concerned, you will be on the up and up for some time to come.

Socially, too, you will find that this year brings great rewards. Your popularity will increase and both old friends and new ones will combine to make your existence most enjoyable. You will have enough money to enjoy more holidays than usual.

Though you will get great pleasure and comfort from friendships, you may not be so happy about close personal ties. Something in your home will conflict with your idea of marriage, if you are single, or with your marriage relationship, if you are settled. You will need to make full use of your own sunny personality if you are to persuade other people into the way of life that you feel is best for them.

GOOD DAYS FOR

BUYING:		
Business deals	Fri.	3
Personal shopping	Sat.	4
SELLING:	Sun.	29
ENTERTAINMENT:	Mon.	30
	Sat.	4
SPORT:	Wed.	1

POLSON'S BUTTER

HUBERT

Dick Wright

MY AUNT CORA AND UNCLE FRED ARE COMING TO DINNER THIS EVENING.

SHE'S THE ONE THAT CAN'T STAND DUST, ISN'T SHE?

LAST TIME THEY WERE HERE SHE SPENT THE EVENING STRAIGHTENING OUR PICTURES.

STOP CRITICISING MY RELATIVES!!

WHEW! I'VE SLAVED ALL DAY!

THE PLACE IS SPOTLESS! I HOPE MY AUNT CORA AND UNCLE FRED APPRECIATE IT—

ALL YOUR RELATIVES ARE ON THE STUFFY SIDE.

I'VE JUST GOT TIME TO TAKE A HOT BATH AND DO MY NAILS BEFORE THEY COME—

I THINK THOSE FLOWERS WOULD LOOK BETTER AN INCH TO THE LEFT.

SOMEBODY MUST BE LOST—

BING-BONG-

HIYA, HUBERT! C'MON IN, GANG—THEY'RE HOME!

COUSIN SPUD!

WE CAN ONLY STAY ABOUT AN HOUR—

ON OUR WAY TO THE COAST. JUST DROPPED IN TO GIVE THE KIDS A CHANCE TO STRETCH THEIR LEGS!

EEK!

I'M HUNGRY!

WHOOPEE!

ONE HOUR LATER

SO MY RELATIVES ARE STUFFY, EH? HOW ABOUT YOURS?

BING-BONG-

THEY'RE RELAXED, THAT'S ALL!

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FLASH GORDON

by MAC RABOY

ON A RADAR-PROOF PLASTIC ROCKET, FLASH AND PATROLMAN "APE" RICE ARE FIRED INTO AN ORBIT MATCHING THAT OF THE POLICE SATELLITE...

...BUT ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE EARTH, THEN IT BRAKES SLOWLY...AND AWAITS THE APPROACHING SATELLITE.

PLASTIC SHELL

EARTH

POLICE SATELLITE

THE POLICE SATELLITE'S COMING IN FAST!

RIGHT! WE FIRE THE BRAKING JETS AT THE LAST INSTANT, OR THEY MIGHT GET TRIGGER-HAPPY...

...AND BLOW THE WHOLE EARTH TO BITS! NOW, APE... READY!

WE MADE IT, FLASH! UNDETECTED! SHE TOOK OFF IN REVERSE! AND HER PLASTIC HULL CAN'T BE SPOTTED BY RADAR!

QUICK! IN WE GO!

GENERALISSIMO SANRE! DIDN'T I SEE ROCKET FLARES OUT THERE?

NOTHING ON RADAR! MUST BE SHOOTING STARS!

RELAX, MY FAITHFUL! THEY WOULDN'T DARE PLAY TRICKS WITH SANRE NOW! ONE PUSH OF THE BUTTON...AND POOF!... THE EARTH IS DUST!

NEXT WEEK- ALARM!!

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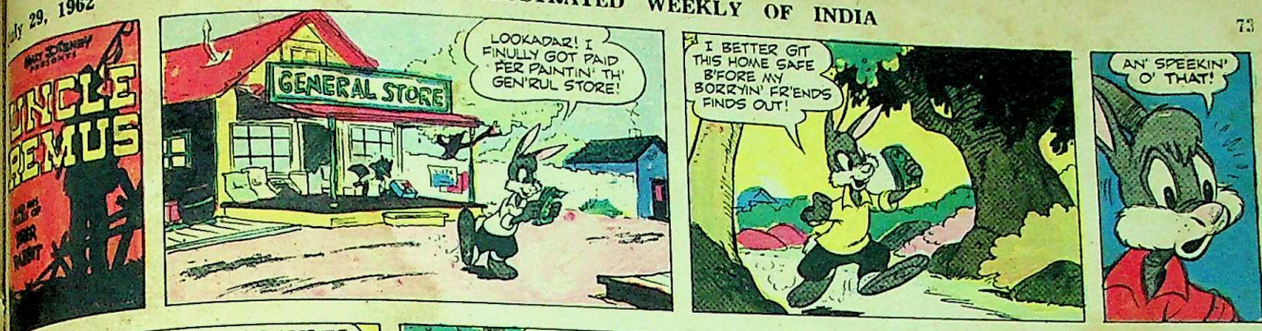

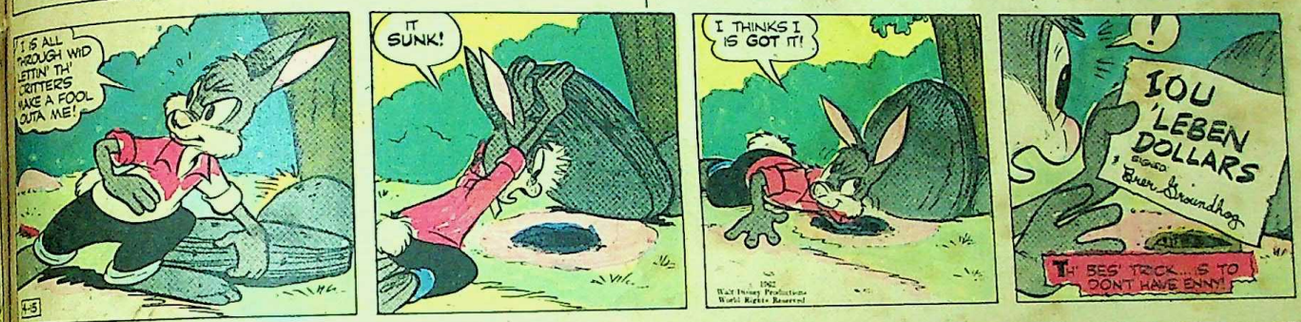

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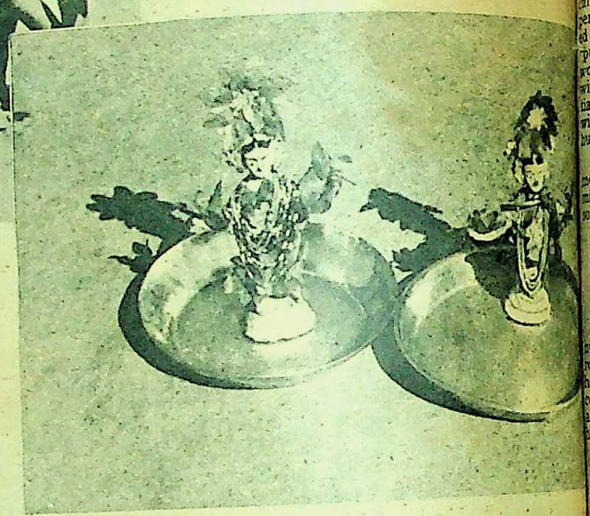

TUSU, a three-day celebration, begins with the marriage of dolls that are carried to neighbouring houses on plates. Eventually they are immersed in a tank or river. (Photographs by author)

Folk Festivals In West Bengal

THE story of Man is the story of a mighty adventure. How thrilling to visualise the whole saga of life and the formidable challenges that Man has faced in the long, long journey! He has had to grapple with the elements of nature, conquer the monsters of prehistoric times, before he could advance on the road to civilisation. And, setting out, perhaps with fear and trepidation in his heart, he has emerged, with a smile on his lips, the victor.

After the arduous struggle for survival, flushed with tears and smiles, one can well imagine his contented mind, one day, suddenly bursting with pride and joy, seeking an outlet through dance, music and merry-making in company.

Through the centuries, the days of celebration have taken the form of conventional festivals, and the rhythms of dance and music have offered Man the creative vision.

These festivals have strengthened the feeling of oneness among people, establishing a sense of harmony in human life. Of course, festivals are mostly the expression of personal joy, but correlated to the happiness of the community, and carry a definite meaning and message. Thus we find festivals in every part of the world, adding charm and colour to the life of the people.

In India, apart from the national festivals, the tribal areas have their own celebrations. And, among these areas, the border regions of West Bengal—where live the Santals, the Mundas, the Bhumijas, the Lodhas, the Koras and the Mahatos—are worth special study.

These groups have many common festivals, though the celebrations differ from place to place in minor details. The most popular folk festivals are "Karam" (celebrated in the month of Bhadra), "Bandana" (in Kartik), "Tusu" (in Poush) and "Baram Worship" (in Chaitra).

Karam is a wild tree (*Adina Cordifolia*), a branch of which is ceremonially planted with foliage at the time of celebration. The festival falls on Parsha Ekadasi day and terminates on the new moon day. In almost every village, the Munda, Bhumija and Kora tribes form a group amongst themselves. They fast on the day and go to the waterside for a purifying bath, each carrying a *tupa* (a newly made bamboo basket), containing turmeric, sesame, maize, grams and peas. Later these are offered to the headman of the village, who formally offers worship to Karam. The village maidens after the ceremonial bath collect wet sand, invoking the blessings of minor goddesses. On their way back, they sing in chorus:

Karam! Oh, King! come unto us
Mounted on the majestic elephant.
Karam! Oh, Queen! come unto us
Mounted on the majestic steed.

Some believe that this festival is observed to secure welfare for one's own brother. Others maintain that the main wish in propitiating the deity or deities concerned is the gift of a child. However, before the commencement of this festival, the married women go back to their parental homes:

I beseech thee, oh, father-in-law!
Mayest thou allow me to go to the place of my father,
And thou, mother-in-law, condescend,
Oh, brothers- and sisters-in-law, please acquiesce,
And my dear husband agree thou must,
To my going to my father's place.
I shall not allow my sister-in-law
To cook pulses and curries for my dear brother;
I shall pluck vegetables, green and red
From the farm and mix them up
And cook a dish that will taste so nice;
And serve my brother with a ladle full.

In several songs the realities of a problem-ridden life are focussed. Poverty drives many tribals from their homes to distant towns and the journey on foot or by rail and boat finds a place in minor compositions:

They say, "How far the Tea Garden is?"
But we know it is near.
The train will steam off, and the steamer cut furrows
Through the river's breast;
And there you will reach in perfect ease.

But, again, the realities of travel and the vagaries of the weather, especially in the cloudy month of Bhadra, make a thoughtful woman warn:

Oh, brother! don't go so far,
In such a downpour, and in this drizzling month
We could still hold on with our stocks of rice and pulse;
And feed you and the rest:
So don't go and toil and be sad!

"Bandana" is exclusively meant to express the gratitude of the peasant community towards the cattle. Vermilion marks are put on the foreheads of the animals; they are garlanded; and incense is burnt before them at the time of the ceremony. This festival is celebrated on the first new moon day of Kartik, known as "Jagan" (vigil), when all the villagers, especially the Mahatos, the Koras and the Lodhas, go round from door to door in the night, greeting each other. The second day is known as "Chuman", when the cattle are worshipped. On the third day—"Nachan" (dancing)—there is music, dance and unrestricted rejoicing. A wide ground is chosen for the celebrations. The cattle are tethered there and groups of young men dance before them, each holding a piece of hide in his hands. Drums are the main accompaniment to the music. A "Jagan" song is quoted below:

Oh, brother, Mother Lakshmi is awake (tonight).
Mother Bhagawati is awake!
The night of the new moon is awake—
And so is the full moon!
Our Mother, Oh, Goddess!
Oh, brother, a single blessing will
Bring ten cattle and five sons
And abundant wealth—
And the second blessing will give us ten brothers
It is through Thy grace, Oh, Mother Goddess,
That we are blessed with good luck
And plenty of milk and rice—
Which we enjoy best!

Below is a "Bandana" song, stressing the important role of a married woman:

Oh, what strange flower—
Has woven thy cloth?
What flower does provide thee with food?
What flower adds beauty to the maiden's hair?

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And flower divine maintains creation.
Woven into cloth is the
Blossom of the cotton tree;
The flowers of paddy give us food;
And sesame and mustard make
The maiden's hair beautiful:
While the vermilion mark maintains
The life of the world.

Another song strikes a note of melancholy:

Oh beloved cowherd, do you know
All the festivals go and come back again after a year,
But man never comes back, when he goes for ever?

"Tusu" is mainly celebrated with pomp and splat in the districts of Purulia, Bankura and Midnapur. Being perhaps the most popular festival of the masses, it has naturally spun around itself scores of legends. This festival is celebrated in the month of Poush, when the fields and farm-houses are rich with grain.

"Tusu" means a doll, and, therefore, the festival is centred on dolls. It is essentially a feminine festival, and all the housewives go back to the homes of their parents to refresh and revitalise their memories of the past.

This is a three-day festival. The first day, called "Bauri Bandha", falls generally on the penultimate day of Poush. Every home is cleaned thoroughly and a special treat of the day is "Puli" cakes. After finishing their work, the women call on their neighbours and friends, with a doll placed on a plate. They try to negotiate a formal marriage of the doll of one group with that of another, singing songs in a humorous vein.

The attitudes of the village landlord and money-lender, the political conditions and family disharmonies, all supply themes for the songs. For example,

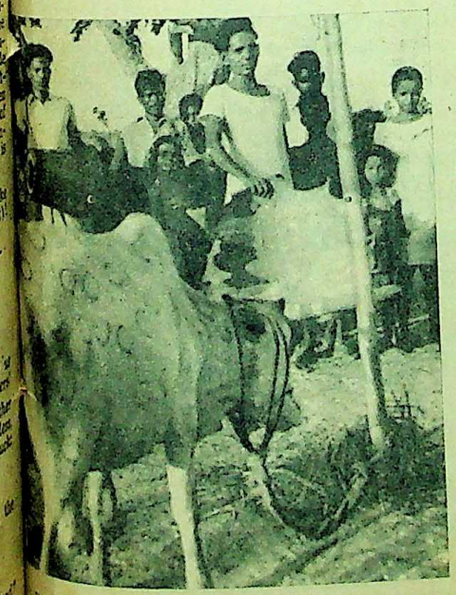
Like two earthen pots
Slung in a single sling,
Which clatter and fret,
A man who tends two wives—
To bursting brawls, his partners sets.

Roadside houses in these regions have a number of windows and doors so that the Daroga (police official), who often calls at these homes, will enjoy his stay. He is naturally considered a petty dignitary by the villagers and welcomed. In a Tusu song, this thought has also been dealt with:

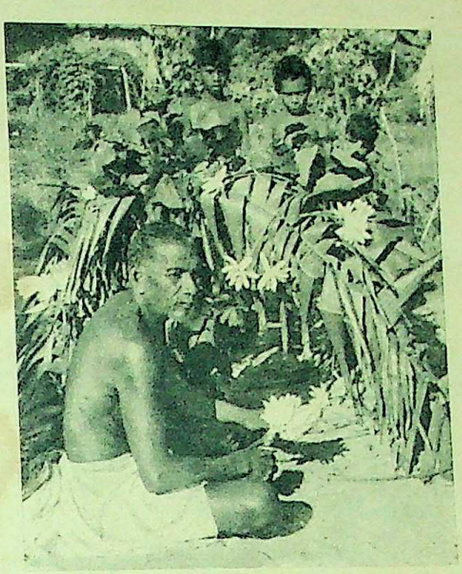
A house I have built, on the verge of the road
And set up windows all around;
And some day, will come here the Daroga of Midnapur
And stay awhile and smoke the pipe.

On the final day, the dolls are taken to the river or tank and immersed.

Worship of Baram is considered important by the Lodhas, Patras and the Chirmars. These communities offer fowl and goat as sacrifice to the deity several times a year, but in the month of Chaitra this worship takes on a profound aspect. The deity is installed beneath a *sal* or *mahua* tree; a red flag is hoisted; and all the villagers assemble at the site. Votive offerings, such as terracotta elephants and horses, are also placed before the deity. In many villages, the worship of Sitala is also undertaken at the same time.



BANDHANA. *A youth with a piece of hide on his hands gets ready to dance before the cattle, to the accompaniment of drums.*



KARAM. *A Munda headman offers flowers to the branch of a tree worshipped on the occasion.*

* * *

THE most important feature of this festival is the dancing by the male members of the community, who participate with their *changal*, a musical instrument. During the dance, a few fall into a trance, or become possessed by spirits. However, the main theme of the invocation song is to praise the local gods and godlings. The songs are generally sung in distorted Bengali.

Let me pray to thee, Mother! Let me pray to thee;
First let me pray to thee, first let me pray to thee!
Be thou victorious, Oh, Mother Sitala!
Let me pray to thee, Sitala-Yugini;
Then let me pray to thee, Smallpox the Maid;
Then let me pray to thee, Measles, Old Dame;
Then let me pray to thee, Chhandan Bandhan (a dangerous type of smallpox);
Then let me pray to thee, our Old Baram;
Then let me pray to thee, Berajal Maid (a local deity);
In the south, let me pray to thee! Oh, Jagannath!

Be thou victorious:
Oh, Mother Mangala, be thou garbed
With sixteen varieties of dresses within
Sixteen hours, with a necklace of skulls.
In the north, let me pray to thee, Oh, Mother Kali (Goddess Kali of Kalighat)
Be thou victorious!

After this type of invocation song, they also sing a few *Baramasi* (i.e. covering twelve months) songs, in which varied pictures of nature and the moods of the changing seasons are recorded. These are generally culled from the Purans or from Vaishnava ballads. Radhika, the mythical heroine of the Purans, had sung such songs, after her lord deserted her at Brindaban, and went to Mathura to become a king there. Lalita, one of her dear maids, is occasionally mentioned in such songs.

Let me go to Mathura, O my darling!
There in glory the buds of the plant Madhabi blossom;
Peeping in glee, dear, though they come late—
In this month of Magh, there must I be!
Darkness all around pierce the forest—
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Phalgun, sorrows double;
And the heart beats in agony!
Govind is absent from Golak now,
Who will bedeck the swing and grace the festival?
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Chaitra, there in the temple of bower,
The cruel cuckoo sings, 'Ku-hoo, Ku-hoo Ku-hoo,'
The chord is touched, and it all along reminds of a lost love—
And my heart shudders in shock and woe:
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Vaishak, scorching are the rays of the sun
That burn up the body with keen sensation—
But more one bears in the heated sigh
If the dearest husband leaves the house.
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Jaistha, by the waters of the Jumna—
Banamali played and splashed handfuls of water
Over the body, so black, with frolicsome jests—
My love would have done the same, had he been here:
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Ashar, new clouds assemble
And cool the hot earth with thundering showers;
But the full bloom of my youth unheeded is
Gradually withering, O darling!
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Sravan, incessant rain pours,
So heavy it is, that the hair is never dry;
And it feeds the thirsty earth to its fill—
But my sorrow knows no bounds, living far from him,
Lord of my heart:
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Bhadra, the river is full to its brim—
I, a poor maid, thus left alone;
Know not, oh, God! how to swim,
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Aswin, the worship of Ambika is celebrated
In every home, everyone dances in glee;
But I, the unlucky, cry all day and night,
Oh! my husband is far away from me!
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Maisor, the winter cold is born—
And the body constantly quivers;
But even so my bed is wet with tears;
And the night passes in flowing tears untamed!
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

In the month of Poush was sent a letter—
There to the abode of Panchananda;
This month would pass with hopes better;
And Magh must bring him back, my heart to soothe!
Who stole away, my soul, my love, O Lalita?

Thus the traditions of the people have kept alive the spirit of joyful celebrations, through a multitude of folk songs and dances. These reflect the patterns of behaviour or conflicts of different social fabrics, amongst the people of a particular region, and also the gradual adjustments through the ages.

Nobody can tell when these festivals originated. Probably they were born either out of a sense of gratitude for the general security of life or out of a deep sense of fear and feeling of misfortune, persisting amongst the tribal people. Civilisation is marching ahead, with the rise and fall of nations. And the eternal spirit of Man seeks to conquer sadness and sorrow through festivals.

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2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1 per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Orders, Money Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. *Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps, or currency notes or coins will not be accepted.* Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 67. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 67, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order *receipts*, Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the spaces provided on the Entry Form.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing date for all entries is 5 P.M., Friday, August 10, 1962. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. *Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.*

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 8,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes" and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

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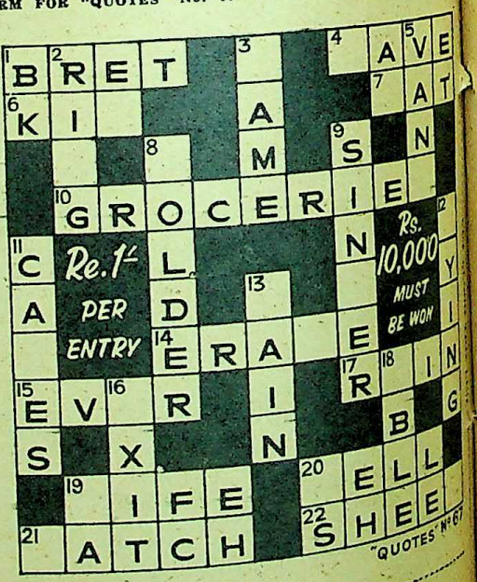

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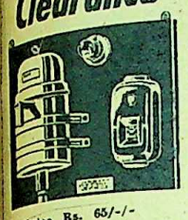

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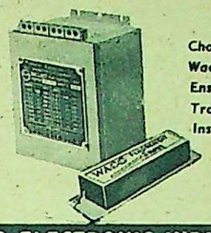

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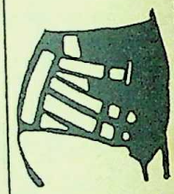

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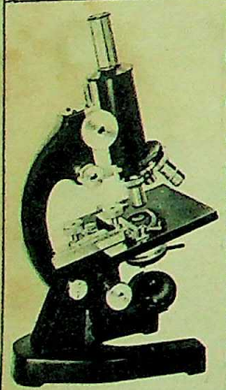

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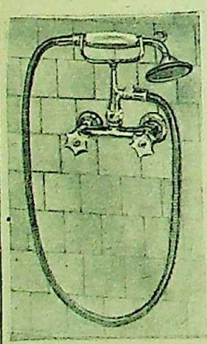

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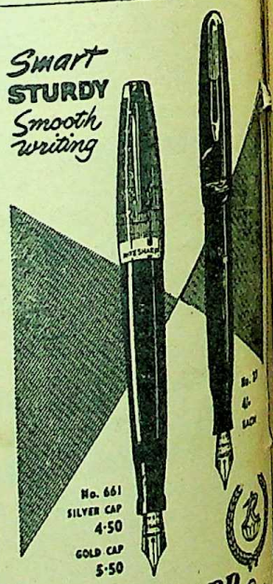

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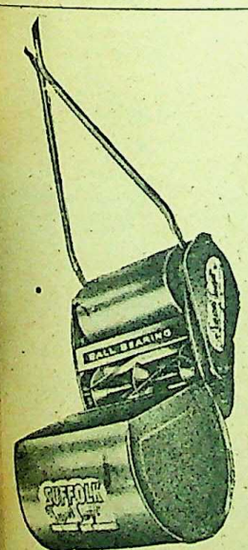

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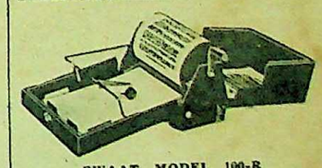

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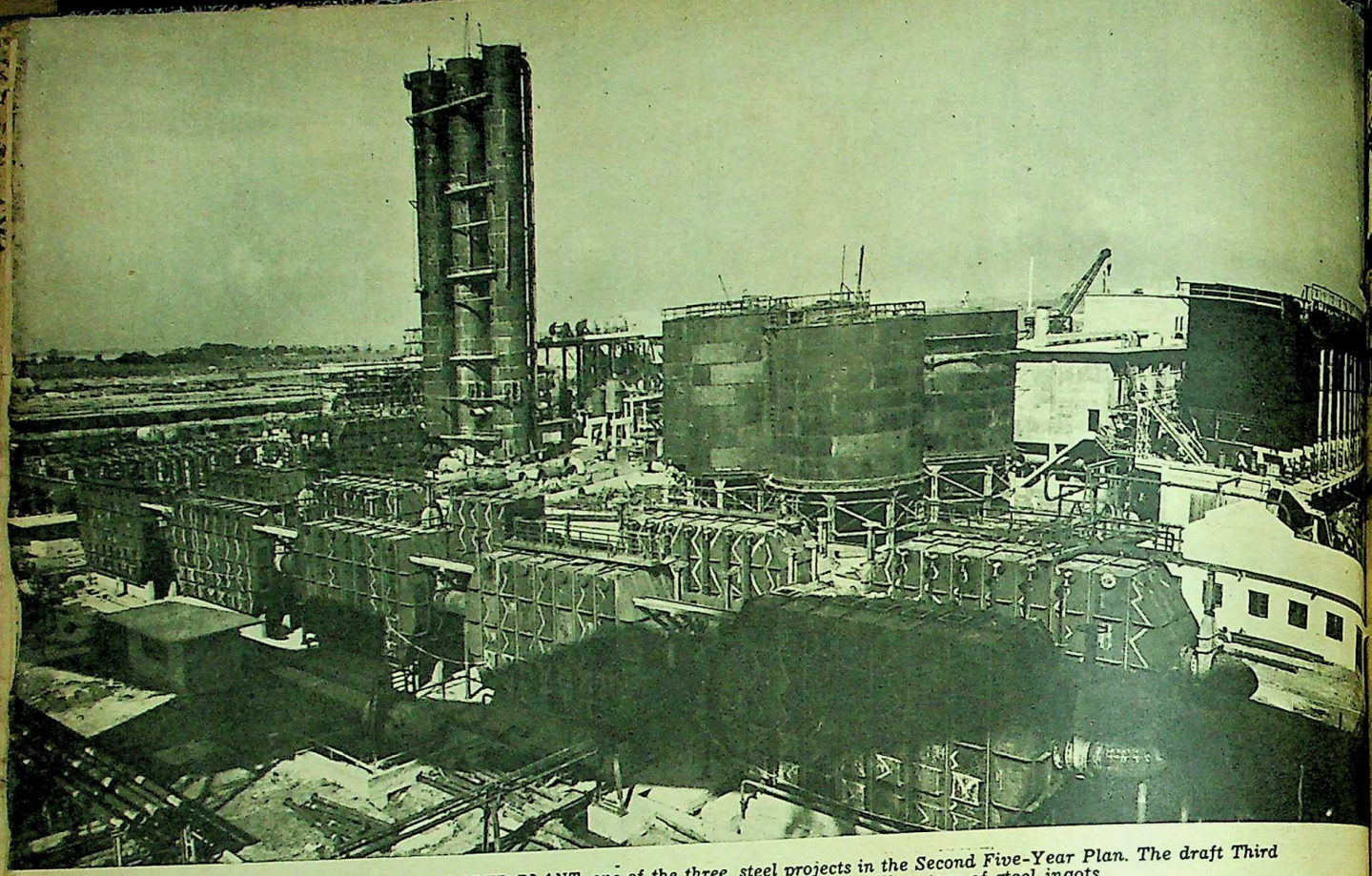

A SECTION OF THE DURGAPUR PLANT, one of the three steel projects in the Second Five-Year Plan. The draft Third Plan proposes the creation of a capacity target of ten million tons of steel ingots.

The Third Plan Draft

by S. NATARAJAN

A NEW factor has become evident in economic planning with the Third Five-Year Plan which has not received sufficient attention. This is the realisation that in a Socialist economy it is necessary for the worker to forgo some of his earnings in order to effect capital accumulation. The Dhebar thesis, which was widely discussed before the Bangalore session of the Congress, started the argument by urging for the first time that public undertakings should be run with a view to making profits.

More recently Prime Minister Nehru referred in his broadcast to the consequences to the Third Five-Year Plan of giving a need-based minimum wage to the employees of the Union Government. Because the argument is not palatable to the working classes, there is a tendency to slur over it. But the draft Plan has several references which need careful study.

It says, for instance, that, in calculating under-employment, which is a peculiarly rural problem, the criterion should be not the number of persons who work less than a certain number of hours a day, but the willingness to accept additional work. Then again, of the unemployed it observes that with a back-log of some 8,000,000 unemployed and a volume of new entrants to the labour force of 15,000,000 (5,000,000 of these in the urban areas), the additional employment likely to be created during the Third Five-Year Plan will be 14,000,000, of which some 10,500,000 will be outside agriculture.

There are other signs, apart from the easier attitude towards unemployment and under-employment, to indicate the Planning Commission's greater emphasis in the draft Plan on the production of goods than on full employment. Deficit financing has been brought down to 7.6% from 21.4% in the First Plan and 26.7% in the Second Plan. Public enterprises are expected to yield Rs. 440 crores "on the existing basis" and to contribute that part of the additional Rs. 1,650 crores required which cannot be derived from further taxation.

WORKERS' OBLIGATION

All this indicates that the need for keeping down wages in the public sector is paramount; while the expected increase in direct and indirect taxation calls for a similar restraint in the private sector. A major defect is the failure to proclaim the worker's obligation, under a developing Socialist economy, to contribute to the necessary accumulation of capital. For it is only with such a realisation that any effective effort to hold prices steady can be hoped for. It should also be easier in the context of such a declared policy to adopt a more reasonable attitude towards rationalisation.

There have been frequent statements from New Delhi to the effect that the Union Government suffers from overstaffing which necessitates lower salaries. This is a matter for which no one but the Government of India itself is to blame and it cannot be claimed that efficiency has improved as a result. Since the Third Plan is interested in the efficient running of public enterprises with a view to deriving profit out of them, it is conceivable that rationalisation will be accepted in the other departments as well. All this will be done in a haphazard manner so long as the underlying principle guiding government action is not publicly declared.

The agricultural programme under the draft Plan calls for a stupendous effort—the growth in the five years being almost equal to the growth possible in the ten years of the previous two Plans. In 1951-52, the foodgrain production was 52,200,000 tons; in 1961-62, it is expected to touch 75,000,000; and the target for 1965-66 has been placed between 100,000,000 and 105,000,000 tons. Considering that fertilisers have not played a very vital part in the past and that the intention now is to make a concentrated effort to increase their use, the target is not as far-fetched as it might seem. The table (see facing page) shows the extent to which they have been used (in lakhs of tons):

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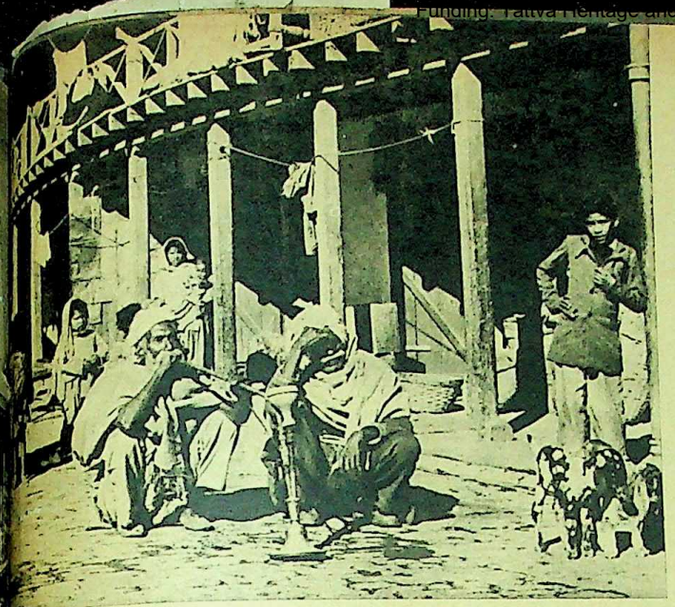
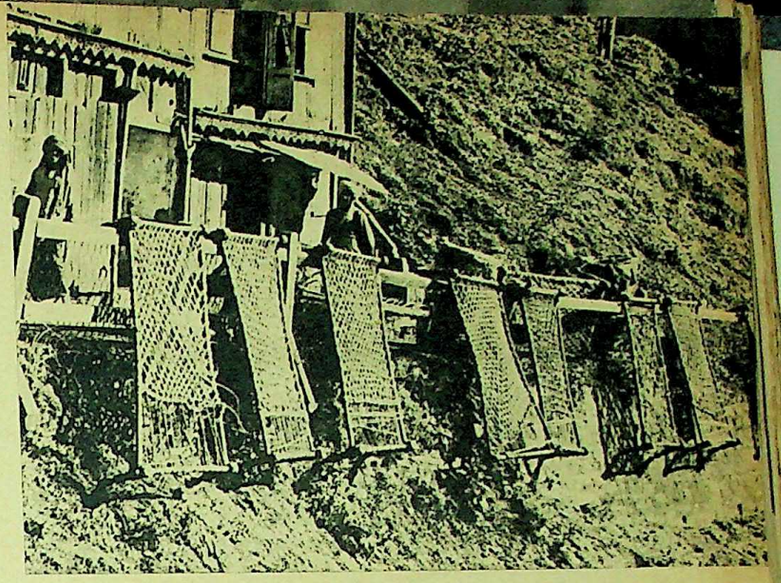


A SECTION OF VALMIKI NAGAR



THIS IS SYMBOLIC of the town's present-day inelegance.

Simla's Fading Glory

ONCE known as the "Queen of Hill Stations". Simla today has lost much of its old glamour. Its quaint hot-house charm, nursed by a few generations of Englishmen trying to build a home away from home, is fading before the influx of people anxious to make a livelihood from trade and business. The *ersatz* glory that the town enjoyed for nearly three quarters of a century as the summer capital of India vanished with the advent of freedom. The last decade saw the steady decline of this hill resort.

Simla is not more than 150 years old. According to legend, it derives its name from *Shyamalay*, "house of blue slate". One story is that it was built by a fakir on Jakko hill as the nucleus of a settlement. A less fanciful and perhaps more correct derivation is from "Shimla" or "Shumlah", the name used by the hill people.

The first residence in Simla was built by Lt. Ross in 1819. Three years later, Lt. Kennedy constructed a permanent house. A. Wilson claims in his *Abode of Snow* that the place was made known by the Gerard brothers, two Scots officers, who visited it when engaged in a survey of the Sutlej valley.

The first Governor-General to come to Simla and stay for a few weeks was Lord Amherst (1827 A. D.). Two years later, Lord William Bentinck had a house built for himself which is known after him as Bentinck Castle. The Governor-General and his personal staff moved to the hill station each summer till 1864. In that year, Sir John Lawrence declared Simla the official summer capital. The exodus of men and officers each year meant a huge drain on the public finances. The nationalist movement inevitably agitated against this waste, but it was only during World War II that the practice was given up.

Victor Jacquemont, a French traveller (1831), described this hill station as "the resort of the rich, the idle and the invalid". Although this observation still holds good, Simla is no longer a town of wealth and ostentation. Here and there slums have appeared. The bazars and lanes have become squalid and street-corners are unsightly with heaps of filth and refuse. Many buildings are dilapidated. Public hydrants have become washing ghats and the fences along the steep roads serve for drying clothes.

The sad fate that has overtaken Simla is best illustrated by Ladakhi Mohalla, situated on the lower heights of the hills. Here the residents, who have come from Pakistan, have been running dairy-farms for the last eleven years. Wooden sheds have been raised to house the cattle at night. The walls and floors of these and the open ground nearby are plastered with cow-dung. The dairies have turned the area into a swamp where mosquitoes breed.

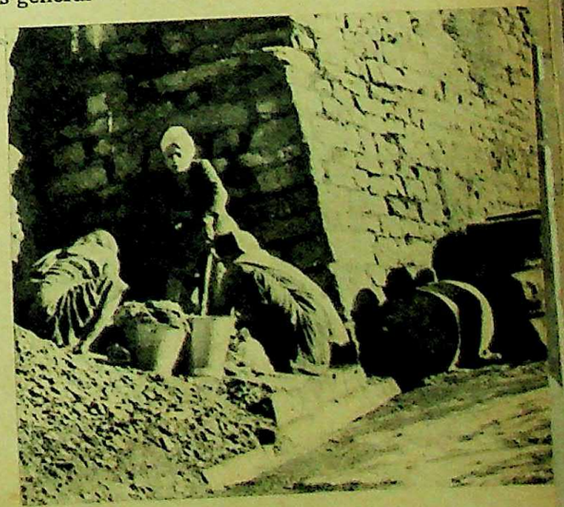
Valmiki Nagar in the neighbourhood looks dismal. The houses are dark and dingy and living conditions are extremely poor. The Ganj Road area looks as unkempt as Ladakhi Mohalla. The fences along the sloping roads are completely covered by wet clothes. Charpoys, too, are kept outside to dry clothes. Parts of the metalled road have been converted into open-air kitchens. Public hydrants come in handy for washing.

Cart Road, the central vista of the town's traffic, is generally jammed with heavy trucks and taxis. Vehicles are parked in the middle of the road without any regard for orderliness. Blaring horns, spluttering engines and the cries of hawkers keep up a cacophony. On one side of the road, shops dealing in sweets, grocery and fruits have mushroomed; refuse is littered all around and flies abound.

The Lower Bazar, the Vegetable Market, the Lakkar Bazar and the outlying areas are all in a state of neglect.

The roofs of a number of houses and hastily put-up structures have to be kept in place with heavy stones. The owners are reluctant to spend money on repair because they are afraid that, with the town losing its importance, they would not get a good return on their investment. Unless early steps are taken for its rehabilitation, Simla stands in danger of losing the last vestiges of its glory which once used to beckon saheb and memsaheb, bureaucrat and holiday-seeker.

B. D. SHARMA



SQUALOR NOW PREVAILS in parts of this once-clean hill station. Many houses are becoming dilapidated. Right: Hydrants have been turned into washing ghats. (Photographs by author.)

The Buddha

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Language Of Birds And Animals

IT should be possible for man to obtain some knowledge of the cries and notes of birds and animals and to get a connected understanding of their expressions. These cries and notes are significant and, in order to understand them clearly, man should take advantage of the language spoken by people in ancient or even prehistoric times.

The early language of mankind was Vedic and the rishis and sages of the Vedic period possessed definite knowledge of the cries and sounds produced by animals and birds, so that the science was undoubtedly in existence in ancient India. Many examples in proof and testimony of this fact can be gleaned from Indian history and legend. Raja Nala and Raja Bhartrihari were especially proficient in the various branches of this science. A learned man with a thorough knowledge in this field is known to have existed even in the time of Emperor Nadir Shah.

Upheavals and revolutions in India resulted in the obscurity and destruction of several branches of learning, including the science of the cries and sounds of animals and birds. But, even in present times, there are in this country people who possess the capacity to divine the future by interpreting the cries of birds and animals.

DIVINE POWER

In ancient India, the field of investigation was not restricted to the cries and sounds of birds and animals alone. The Vedic sages had, in addition, the ability to understand the sounds produced even by inanimate objects. It appears that the rishis of those times were in communion with the earth, the planets, the sun and the stars. The sailing clouds, with their manifold transformations, the roars of thunder and the flashes of lightning seemed to converse with these rishis, foreshadowing coming events by their changing phases. The rivers and streams in flood or in their normal course, the mountains, the forests, the trees, and even the creepers and flowers had a quiet communication with the sages, who could divine the underlying meaning of the sounds and vibrations produced by them.

According to the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, speech should be regarded as emanating from God, the ultimate source of all power and energy. By practising mental concentration, it is possible to realise that word, (or speech) and God are one. In this manner, one could even discover the words one needs and their real significance.

The ancient sages had not only practised but actually experienced the aforesaid things. They taught all this to their students. Over and above this, the rishis had acquired scientific knowledge of all aspects of the universe in a well-ordered logical treatment and synthesis.

Patanjali, in his *Yoga Darshana*, says that words—with their meanings, prefixes and suffixes—should be meditated upon, and that it may then be possible to acquire knowledge of the languages of all kinds of living beings.

In the Patanjali sutra under reference, the more significant word is "meditation" (*samyama*). As is our *samyama* so will be the results. But, in the above sutra, the term includes its meaning, suffixes and also various combinations and ideas, and this interpretation of *samyama* can put us on the right path.

INVOLVED PROCEDURE

But, besides this interpretation, we must take into consideration the introvert significance of *samyama* according to the suggestion of the sutra in the Yoga system of philosophy. We can thus attain success in understanding the notes and cries of living creatures and, in addition, the previous unknown words can also be discovered. But this procedure is not so easy for the layman. However, the interpretation of *samyama* as explained above, along with the methods suggested, may enable even ordinary people to understand the language of living beings.

The Vedic alphabet has some definite significance and meaning attached to each letter, for each has a different power and effect. Some words are creative, some pregnant with energy and others possess the power to control. They differ in their etymological roots and sources, and each can be allotted a definite place and significance. So we should analyse the various cries and notes of birds and animals and classify them according to the process followed in the classification of words and letters. This procedure will facilitate our investigations and research in the science.

The letters of the Vedic alphabet must be considered definite and everlasting. The cries of birds and animals must have originated from the same source as these. Some languages have no proper classifications and division of letters, while others lack certain letters in their alphabets.

The study of the cries and notes of beasts and birds and their classification according to the Vedic alphabet, combined with their significance and meaning, will certainly lead to a clear understanding of their meaning to a certain degree. The eternal letters and words of the Vedas and their eternal meanings should be taken as a hypothesis, and upon these postulates and theories the cries and notes of living beings should be definitely classified and arranged in the order of their sequence. Only a clear understanding of the real meaning of these cries and notes can lead to real progress in the science. Once the letters are fixed and properly classified, and once the real meaning of compound letters is understood, it will be easier to gain a knowledge of their roots and suffixes.

There is a verse in the *Yajurveda* which says that the herbs and drugs conversed with King Soma. This clearly shows that such conversation is not restricted to human beings, but is also to be found among birds and beasts, trees and plants, flowers and creepers. The whole physical world converses with us, but, owing to our ignorance, we are deaf to such utterances and sounds of significance. Those who can understand these sounds and cries and notes can alone properly interpret them. Only a few sages and philosophers really understand them and get a true knowledge of this precious science. So long as we are ignorant of the science of the notes and cries of animals and birds, so long as the words are not fully related to their true inner meaning, we cannot make any advance in this field.

Man is the lord of all creation. The whole universe converses with man and unfolds its inner feelings to him. It speaks to man for his good or evil and gives out various omens and forebodings and warnings for his well-being. But we are ignorant of these suggestions and signs of speech. All beings are constantly in communion with us and they try their best, with signs and symbols, to explain their inner feelings and thoughts. These efforts on their part are simply regarded as omens and forebodings, without a clear understanding of their inner and true meaning. The Vedas tell us at various places about these efforts of the other beings for our good or evil.

SPECIAL CAPACITY

In Ayurveda there is an explicit mention of the special capacity possessed by creatures for recognising various kinds of venoms and poisons, and they help human beings to avoid such articles of diet or food. It is pointed out therein that a peacock shows much delight at the sight of a poisonous item of diet, and that a crow cries hoarse. There are many similar illustrations in the Vedas.

Usually, in daily life, we observe that, whenever there is a reptile or beast of prey nearby, some birds give out peculiar utterances to denote the presence of such a creature. Those proficient in the science of cries and notes can, on such an occasion, at once proclaim that there is a snake or beast of prey present.

In brief we find that living beings of this world give vent to their feelings in various ways for the welfare of human beings. The Vedas explain, in clear terms, the different kinds of knowledge given to us by birds and animals. Just as the living creatures enlighten us by their efforts and cries, so also do the inanimate objects of the universe give us knowledge by their sounds and shapes.

In the Bikaner district, it is a common practice to see that, when a child has completed its ... month in the mother's womb, the roof of the room set apart for the expectant mother is provided with a pot full of water. And, when the child is born, they give a few drops of that exposed water to the new-born in combination with special *ghuti*—a kind of ... drug. People believe that, by this treatment, a child will acquire the instinct of understanding the utterances of the birds that have drunk from the water on the roof.

No experiments have yet been undertaken to investigate this theory, but it is known that certain people acquire knowledge of the cries and notes of birds and make good use of it. For instance, superstitious folk in India draw their own inferences on hearing the cries of a crow.

SCOPE FOR RESEARCH

According to an ancient text, the crow can give out 24 different kinds of utterances. Hence we can easily realise that books on the cries and notes of birds must have been in existence in a previous age of Indian history. In other words, we can safely arrive at the conclusion that, in olden days, there were Indians who were experts in the field. We should, therefore, certainly have the courage to investigate and carry out research in this direction. Such observation and research will give us some vital internal knowledge of the earth as well as of the heavenly bodies, planets and stars, and of the results accruing from them for the good of mankind.

If this science as referred to in the Vedas be given a stimulus for investigation, experimental observation and research, it is evident that people of the modern world will benefit a lot, and this will be a boon to scientists for research purposes and enable them to discover many mysteries of nature. The world will then get some idea of the contents of the Vedas, and may even get an incentive to go deeper into their texts to acquire knowledge of things hitherto mysterious or unknown. Researchers will certainly investigate and discover new truths if they could be convinced that the Vedas contain wonderful things beyond the ken of modern human thought.

VIRSEN VEDASHRAMI

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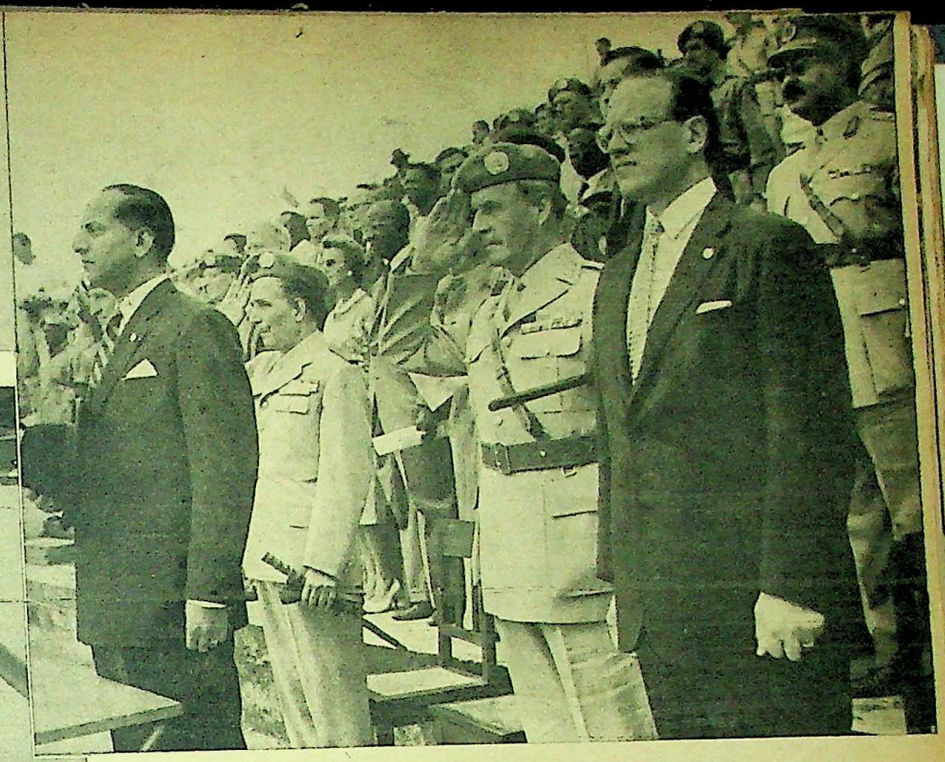
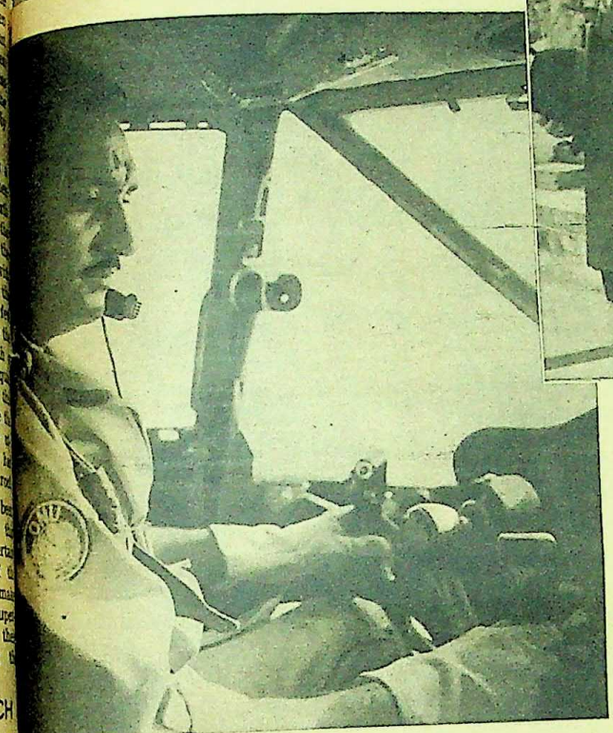
U. N. Force In The Congo

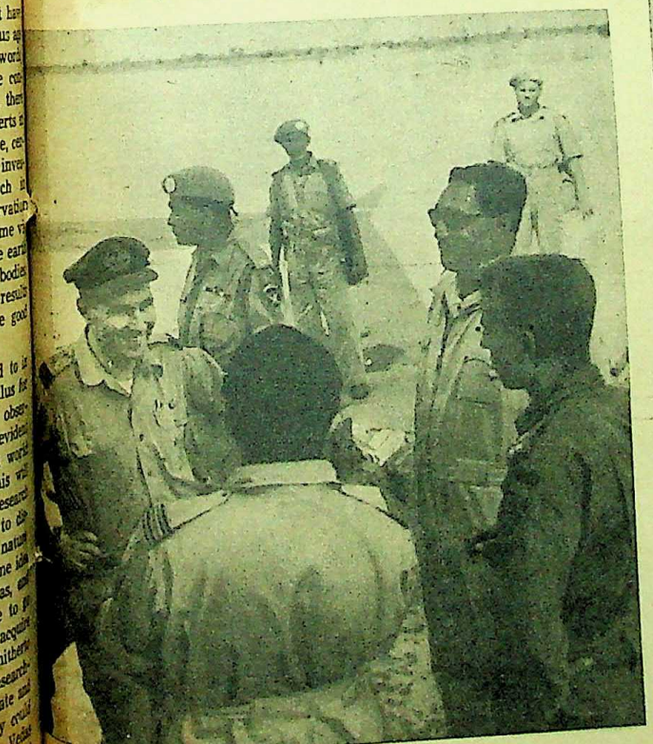


Mr. RAJESHWAR DAYAL, Special Representative in the Congo of U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjoeld stands at attention at a parade of U.N. troops in Leopoldville.

NEVER before has the United Nations been called upon to perform such a difficult task as in the Congo. It has had to tread a path that is strait and narrow so as not to offend the various political groups seeking to gain control over the affairs of this African nation. In its attempt to be rigorously impartial it has had to face criticism from various quarters. Wild accusations have been made against Secretary-General Hammarskjoeld and his representative Rajeshwar Dayal. The U.N. force, consisting of troops from various countries, is doing a delicate job and on its success will depend the return of peace and sanity to the Congo.



Col. K. H. SURI at the controls of the plane which carried the Special U.N. Mission to Kamina to take over the military base there from the Belgians.



INDIAN AIR FORCE PILOTS exchange views with other members of the advance party which travelled from Leopoldville to Kamina in connection with the change-over. Right: Members of the U. N. Force on their arrival at the Kamina military airport.

DELHI GATE, the main entrance to Shanivarvada, the palace built in Poona by Bajirao I in 1730-31. (Photographs by Balkrishan)

The Peshwa Palaces

ITS IMPRESSIVE FACADE is all that remains of the Vishrambaugvada constructed by Bajirao II in 1809. It is believed that this palace was named after his gardener.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL monuments have to sustain interest in the eras and dynasties that they represent. The birth of the new State of Maharashtra should revive interest in the Peshwa period. But there are very few notable structures that still stand to guide us in our quest. There are of course a number of fortresses, but these are in a state of ruin.

The glory of any rule is perhaps associated more with palaces and residential buildings than with fortifications however impressive. Most of the Peshwa palaces celebrated in history, have vanished in some cases without leaving any trace.

One of the most important of the Peshwa palaces is the Shanivarvada in Poona, built by Bajirao I. His successors constructed many beauty spots, and gardens and palaces.

With the departure of Bajirao Poona lost its importance, since the Maratha rulers could not maintain frequent contacts with it, though the Gaekwadias and the Holkars visited it occasionally. Palaces like the Shanivarvada, Nanasahib and Vishrambaugvada came to be neglected and today one can find only the remnants of these once-magnificent structures.

There is an interesting story about the origin of the Shanivarvada. Bajirao was one day riding along when he noticed a rabbit pursuing a dog. He watched the strange chase and its conclusion—the dog run to ground by the rabbit. The amazed Peshwa said to himself: "This land must have some good spirit ruling over it. I have to wage a battle with the Moghuls. So it will be propitious to fix there my place of residence." The land belonged to some fishermen who were prevailed upon to abandon it on payment of suitable compensation.

FIVE GATEWAYS

The foundation stone of the palace was laid on January 10, 1730, and the ceremony of residence was held on February 2, 1731. The Shanivarvada was a simple two-storeyed structure, with three courtyards—only the main hall was decorated. In 1740, Bajirao's son, Balaji Bajirao, popularly called Nanasahib, assumed the mantle of the Peshwa, and he expanded the Maratha territory with his headquarters here. At the time of Madhavrao, more structures were added to the palace.

There are no historical accounts of the Shanivarvada available today. The present parts enclose an area of five acres. There are five gates: Delhi Gate, Ganesh Gate, Mastani Gate, Khidkee Gate and Narayan Gate. Of these only the first-mentioned is in use now. The area enclosed is rectangular, 200 feet by 150. There are nine bastions, one each at the four corners and five leading into the ramparts.

Above the Delhi Gate is the musicians' gallery made of beautifully carved wood which has withstood the onslaughts of time. In the main wing of the administrative building are the Peshwa's jewellery room, the records office, the secretary's office, and the Peshwa's own office.

Within the Shanivarvada area a number of spots are marked today as the actual places of residence of different Peshwas. The Hall of Mirrors, the Naryanchi Mahal and the beautifully laid-out garden called Chaman Baug are other noteworthy features of the palace. It is said that the

Bhagavan Samanuja Oriental Research Institute - Museum Collection.

Funding: Tattva Hon

...ani Gate is named after a Muslim ...ing girl with whom Bajirao I became ...uated.

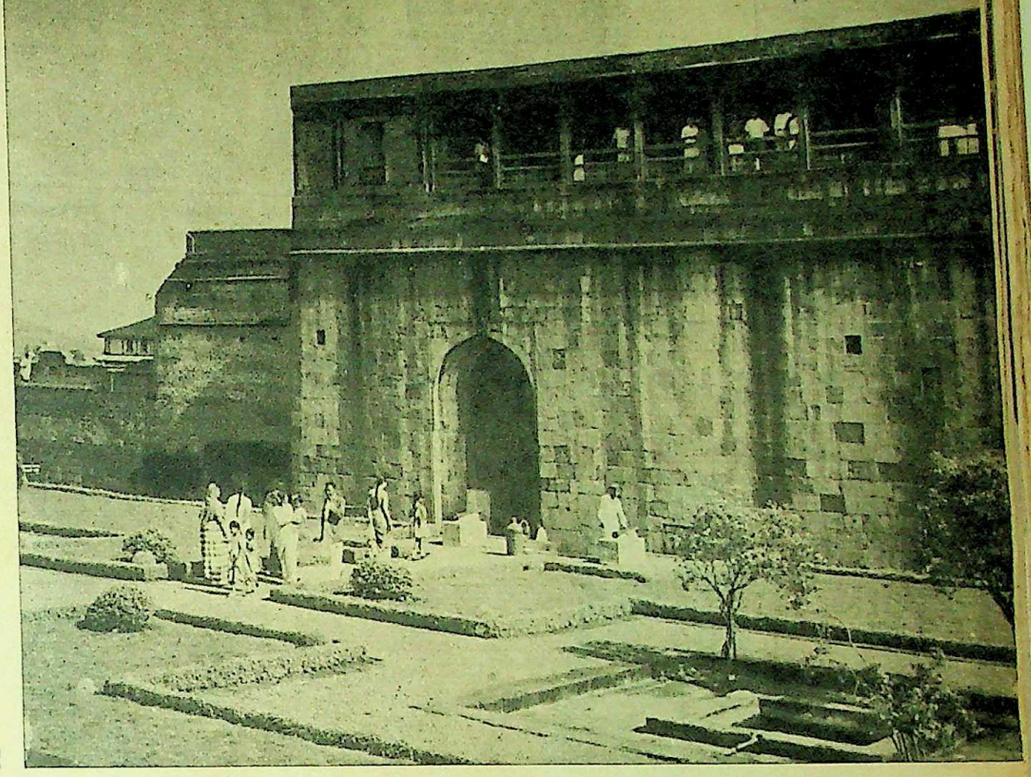
Today only the ramparts, the musi... gallery and the plinths of the ... building remain, but these are ade... to give us an idea of the original ...cture.

Near the Shanivarvada was built an... palace, known as Nanavada, and to... there is no trace of the old structure. ...odern building has come up here and ...ouses a school. Ironically enough, the ... building is also called Nanavada.

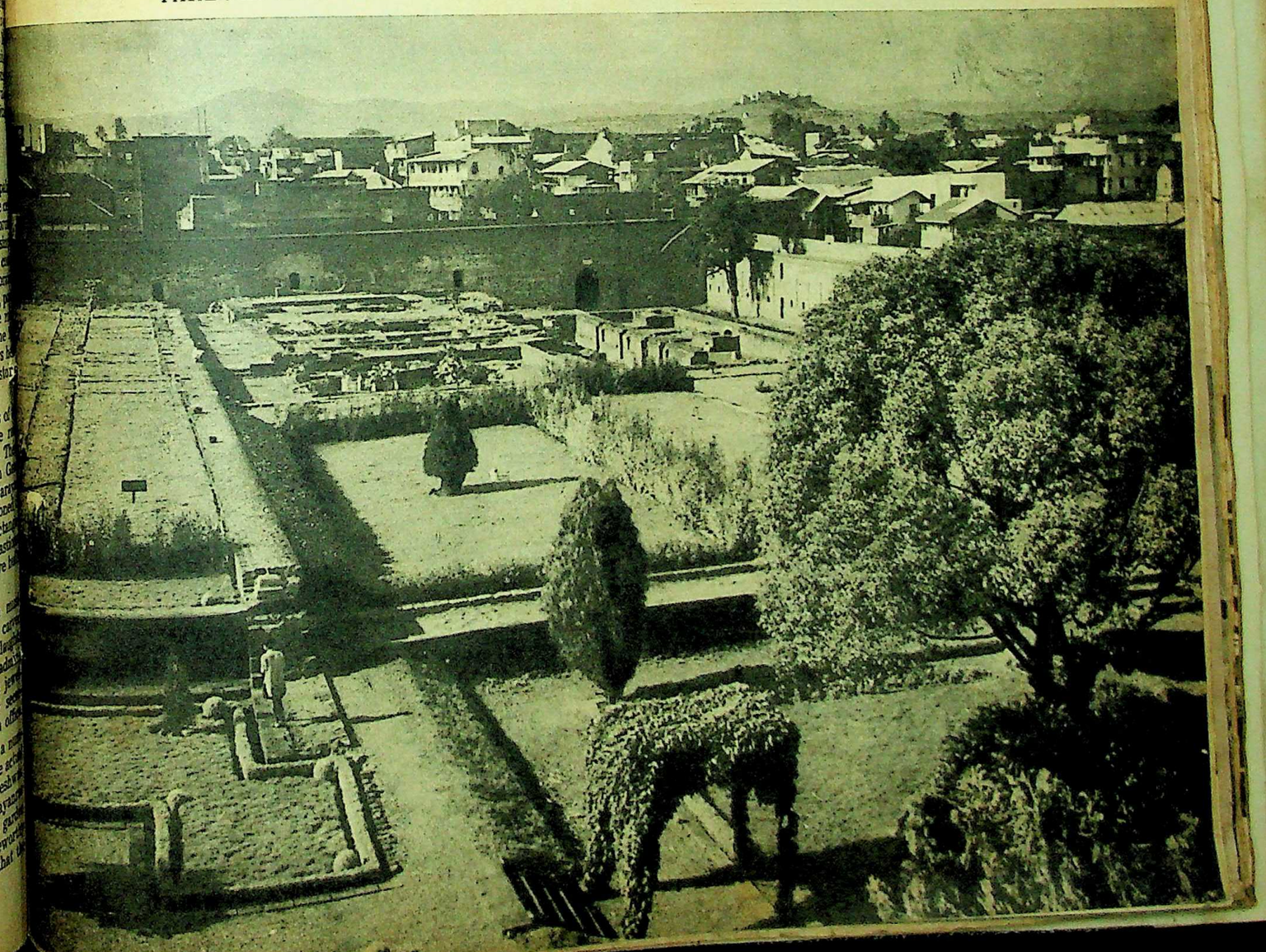
Bajirao II was a great builder. Among ... numerous palaces he built was the ...hrambaugvada. It was constructed in ... at a cost of Rs. 200,000 and over a ...iod of six years. The original two-...reyed building had three courtyards. ...e Peshwa was so fond of his gardener, ...shram, that he named his palace after ...

In course of time the main palace ...gan to crumble and it was decided to ...molish it. However, it appears that the ...stees insisted that the carved facade ...hich so typified the glory of the ...eshwas should be retained. Until recently, ...e offices of the Poona Corporation were ...used in a building that had come up ...hind the wooden facade. The Corporation ...s now shifted its office to a new build... The Vishrambaugvada with its ancient ...ntage and a modern structure inside ... houses a police chowki and other ...ices.

PATANJALI SETHI



THE MUSICIANS' GALLERY in the Shanivarvada. Below: A section of the ruins. The palace of Bajirao I must originally have been a magnificent structure.



CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja Nation

Suchindram Temple

(by D. I. CHANTHAMIAN)

Funding: Tatva Nidhi

signed to shatter a batsman's
rves—if not his head—is
mething new. It began as
g ago as January, 1933,
en, according to the Austra-
n Board of Control, "body-
g bowling had assumed such
portions as to menace the
st interests of the game, mak-
g protection of the body by
batsman the main consi-
ration".

There seems to be a wide di-
rsity of opinion among ex-
rienced cricketers as to what
ould and what should not be
lowed by way of short-
tched fast bowling. Some, in-
uding a well-known British
orts writer, are of the view
at the barrage put up in the
West Indies could not be seri-
usly described as a bumper
litz. But, even if this were so,
re such tactics—which force
e batsmen to concentrate
more on personal safety than
n strokes—good for the game?
it not a sheer war of nerves?

Dr. P. Subbaroyan, Union
Minister for Transport and
Communications and former
President of the Board of Con-
rol for Cricket in India, said
n a statement the other day
that, if something was not done
o stop this practice of bowling
bumpers, the future of cricket
was dark. He hoped that the
M.C.C., in consultation with
he Imperial Cricket Confer-
nce this year, would take
easures to prevent this prac-
ce.

Walter Robins, Manager of
he M. C. C. touring side, be-
eves that one bouncer an over
enough in first-class cricket.
t "I think they were over-done by both sides in the last Test series, though mostly by the West Indies. I do not know what can be done. It might need some revision of Law 46." (Law 46 stresses that the umpires are the sole judges of fair and unfair play.)

And here is what the Editor of *Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack* had to say when all was not well with England and Australia, following the bodyline bowling controversy in 1933:—

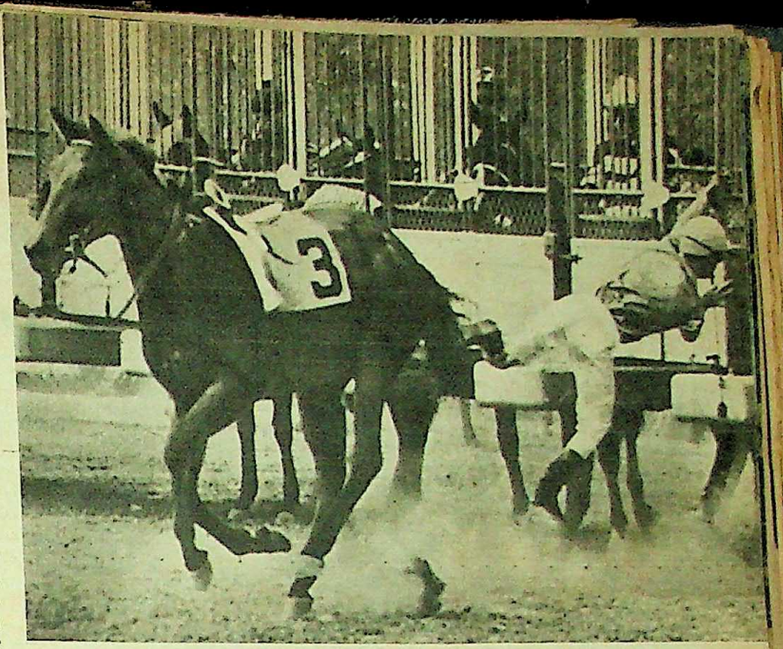
"There is nothing new in leg-theory bowling. The most notable exponent of it in recent years was Root, of Worcestershire; to go back to just before the War, A. Jaques, of Hampshire, often exploited it with success; and to delve deeper into the past, an Australian—no less than the famous Spofforth himself—would at times bowl on the leg-stump with an off-break and two fieldsmen close in on the legside. Root and Jaques were, however, medium-paced bowlers, while Spofforth, even if he had a very destructive fast ball always at command, could not truthfully be classified as a fast bowler consistent of the pace of say Larwood, Knox, Richardson, Lockwood or Kortright. Moreover, Root, Jaques and Spofforth almost invariably bowled a good length, so that the ball could be played either in a defensive manner or with the idea of turning it to leg, and when the batsman made a mistake in timing or in placing he usually paid the penalty by being caught.

"That type of bowling, however, is very different from the kind sent down at top speed with the ball flying past the shoulders or head of the batsman who has only a split second in which to make up his mind as to whether he will duck, move away, or attempt to play it with the bat high in the air. Against one sort a perfectly legitimate and reasonable stroke could be played without any apprehension of physical damage; against the other it seems to me that by touching the ball in defence of the upper part of his body or his head, a batsman would be almost bound to be out. One would not accuse Hammond or Hendren of being slow on their feet, yet Hendren at Lord's on one occasion was not quick enough to get out of the way and received a crashing blow on his head, while last season at Manchester, Hammond, in the Test Match against the West Indies, had his chin laid open, and on resuming his innings was caught off a similar kind of ball. We saw in that particular match at Old Trafford what I should conceive to be a somewhat pale—but no less disturbing—imitation of Larwood in Australia, when Martindale and Constantine on the one hand, and Clark, of Northamptonshire, on the other, were giving a demonstration of fast leg-theory bowling. Not one of the three had the pace, accuracy of pitch, or deadliness of Larwood, but what they did was sufficient to convince many people with open minds on the subject that it was a noxious form of attack not to be encouraged in any way.

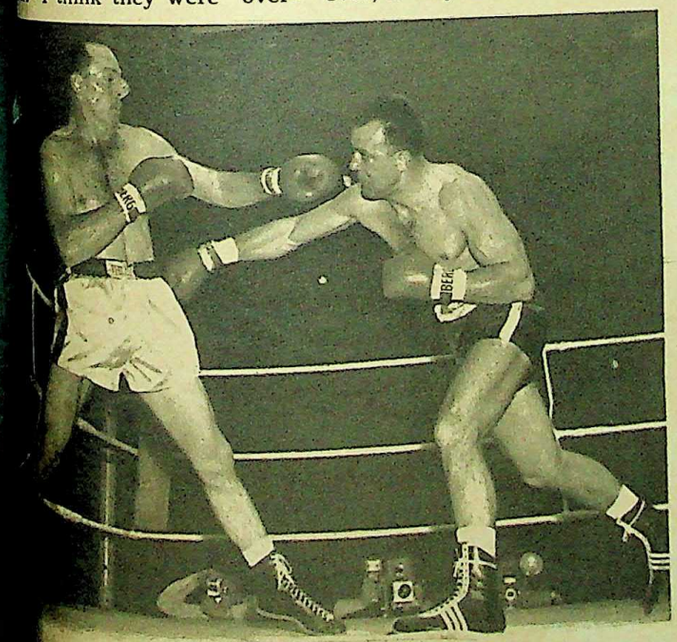
"Cricketers whose memories go back to the days of the bad wickets at Lord's are I think a little too prone to emphasise the fact that W. G. Grace and other famous batsmen of that era were often struck so frequently on the body that after their innings they were covered with bruises, but I should like to suggest that the blows they received were to a large extent caused by good-length balls getting up quickly off the rough turf. I certainly can find no trace in the course of a good deal of research among old reports and comments on these matches that the fast bowlers of those days like Tarrant and Jackson continually dropped the ball short with the idea of making it bounce.

"Fast bowlers of all periods have delivered the ball short of a length on occasions—sometimes by accident, and sometimes by intention to keep batsmen on the *qui vive*—but in modern days some of our bowlers of pace have become obsessed with the idea that it is necessary to do this three or four times in an over. I desire none of my readers to get the impression that I am against fast bowling. Nothing is further from my thoughts. I like to see fast bowling, the faster the better, but I do like to see it of good length and directed at the stumps."

Short-pitched bouncers, aimed at the heads of batsmen, are definitely dangerous. They create ill-feeling between the rival teams and invite reprisals. They also have a bad influence on this great game of cricket as they tend to eliminate some of the best strokes in batting. What must be remembered by all is that cricket is a game and not a battle, and that the game is of far greater importance than the result.



JOCKEY KELLY BROUSSARD holds on to the starting gate as his mount, Betty Margaret, breaks from the barrier before the start of the featured Gulf Stream Park Dinner Stakes, at Hallandale, Florida. After a short dash down the stretch, the thoroughbred was caught and returned to the gate to compete in the 10,000 dollars' event, but finished out of the money.



AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHT Pete Rademacher (left) and West German heavyweight Ulli Richter in action during their non-title bout before 4,000 fans at the Sportpalast, in West Berlin. The contest ended in a draw, with both fighters at long range most of the time.

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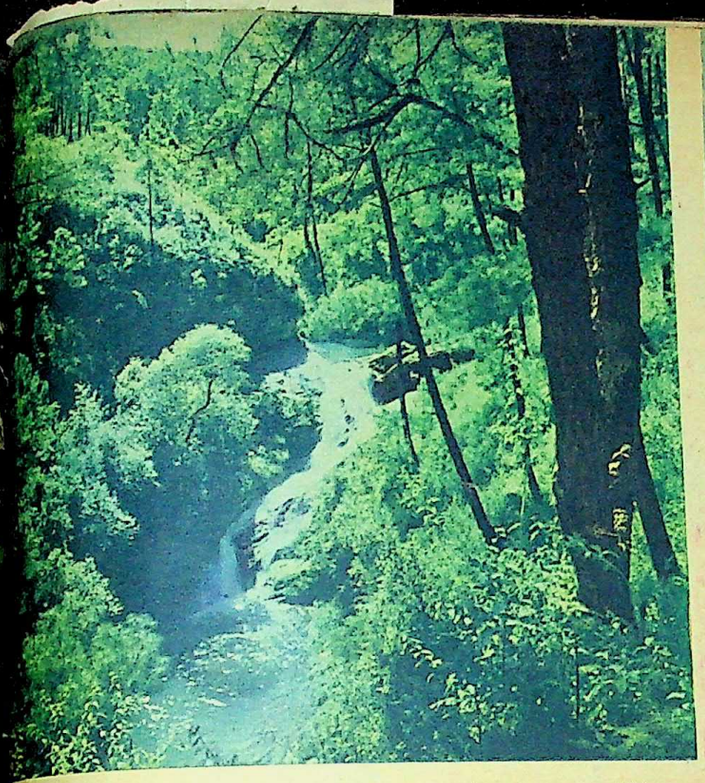
BOATING on picturesque Ward Lake, artificially constructed in the centre of the town. Below: A vegetable stall at Barabazar. The stall-owner is a Khasi woman.

Picturesque Shillong

SEAT of the Assam State Government, as well as administrative headquarters of the North East Frontier Agency, Shillong is by far the largest hill station in India. It lies only 63 miles away from Gauhati, the nearest railhead and airport in direct link with Calcutta, and is connected by a broad, all-weather, asphalt road. State Transport vehicles ply thrice daily between the two towns to scheduled timings and the journey occupies a little over three hours, allowing for a brief halt at Nongpoh, a midway station which permits streams of up and down vehicles to pass each other on the one-way road.

As the car begins the ascent, turning and twisting, the landscape rapidly changes. The bamboo thickets and mango groves of the

ote Collection.



SPREADEAGLE FALLS are among the many beauty spots within easy walking distance of Shillong.

THE VIEW from the golf links, considered one of the finest in the East. (Photographs by author)

plains are soon behind and we enter a realm of fir-clad blue mountains, racing hill streams and deep gorges. A mild fragrance of mountain pines permeates this almost European landscape and makes one understand why Shillong and its neighbourhood are popularly known as the Scotland of the East.

To welcome the visitor there are luxurious hotels, catering mainly for a European taste, but there are also establishments for visitors with limited means.

Shillong, in addition to its other distinctions, is the headquarters of the United Khasi and Jaintia Hills district, one of the autonomous tribal divisions of Assam, where, under the constitution, the Khasi people—among the most advanced of the hill tribes—manage their own affairs through the District Council.

The modern sophisticated Khasi, mainly Christian, is proud of his Western upbringing, but in the interior a large percentage still have implicit faith in their ancient religion and culture. The neat dress of a town-bred Khasi is almost European, but the women continue to prefer their regional dress, which is indeed most graceful.

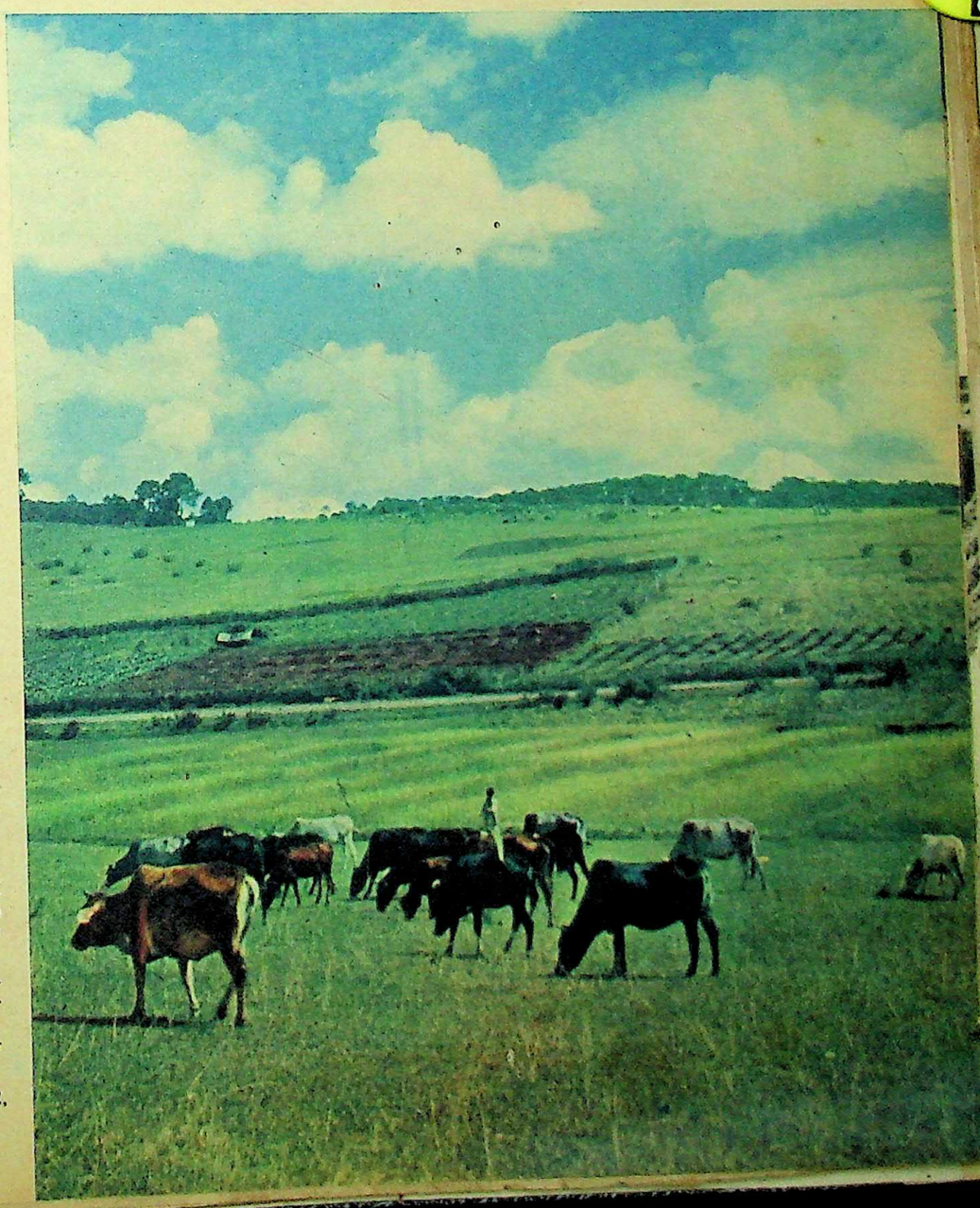
Shillong houses the State Legislative Assembly buildings, the Assam Secretariat, the State Central Library, the North East Frontier Administration Secretariat and Raj Bhavan. In the heart of the town is the artificially built Ward Lake, which, with its boating facilities, is a favourite pleasure spot both for citizens and visitors.

The racecourse, the Pasteur Institute, the Botanical Gardens and the Wells Mission Hospital are also other landmarks within the municipal limits. Shillong's golf links, lying just on the northern outskirts, is said to be one of the finest in Asia.

Be[illegible]ne Shillong Peak, a favourite pleasure spot, the Khasi tableland opens out in a vast panorama, with the faint snow-line of the Himalayas in the distance, while numerous rides and walks extend from the town into neighbouring villages.

The area is noteworthy for its lovely flowers, but its innumerable orchids, some varieties of which are unique, are its real glory.

SISIR CHOWDHURY



PASTURE LAND reminiscent of England, on the outskirts of the city.

“The problem of storing liquid petroleum products is complicated by their variety and the need for special types of storage tanks for certain products, due to their peculiar physical characteristics. Avoidance of contamination necessitates an elaborate pump and pipeline system for the handling of different products, some of which require complete segregation.”

Extract from a Burmah-Shell publication

A pipeline valve being ...
a Burmah-Shell ...

VISITING CH...
listens as her ou...
back to her fro...
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By her stands ...
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CHARLES CH...
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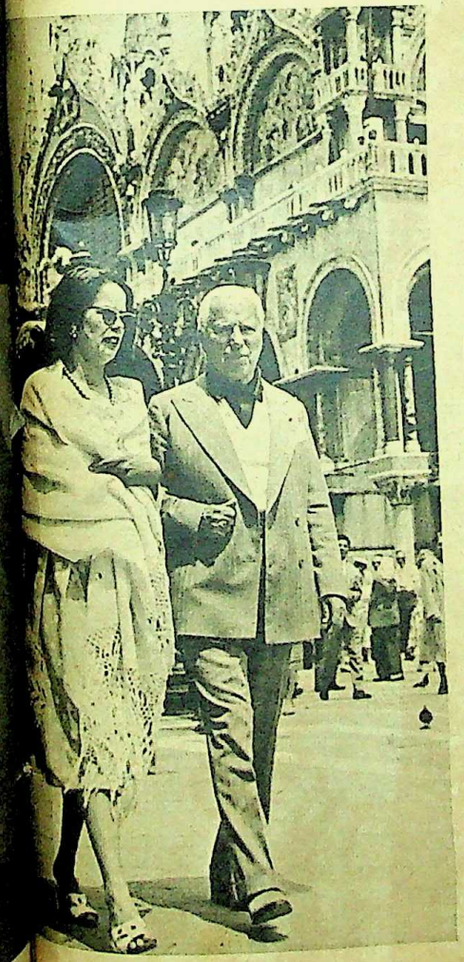
CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute. Melukote Collection.

VISITING CHICAGO, Queen Elizabeth listens as her own voice immediately speaks back to her from a recording telephone at the city's Museum of Science and Industry. By her stands the Museum's Major Lennox Lohr, behind whom is seen Canada's Prime Minister, Mr. John Diefenbaker.

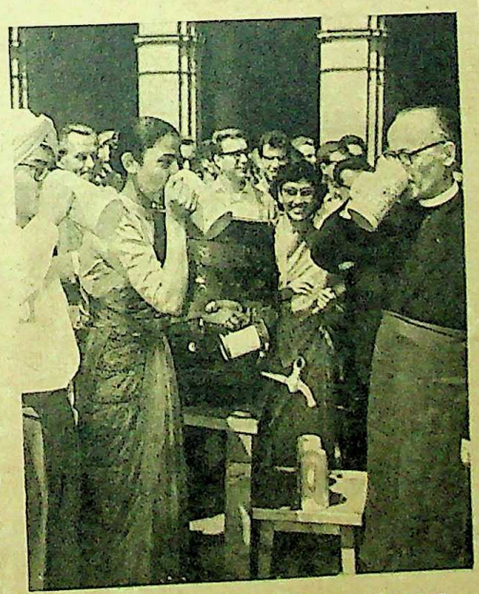
FRENCH PRESIDENT Charles de Gaulle stretches over the surrounding heads to shake hands with the crowd at Tamatave, Madagascar. The President was on a 10-day tour of the island and adjacent territories of the French Community.

In The News

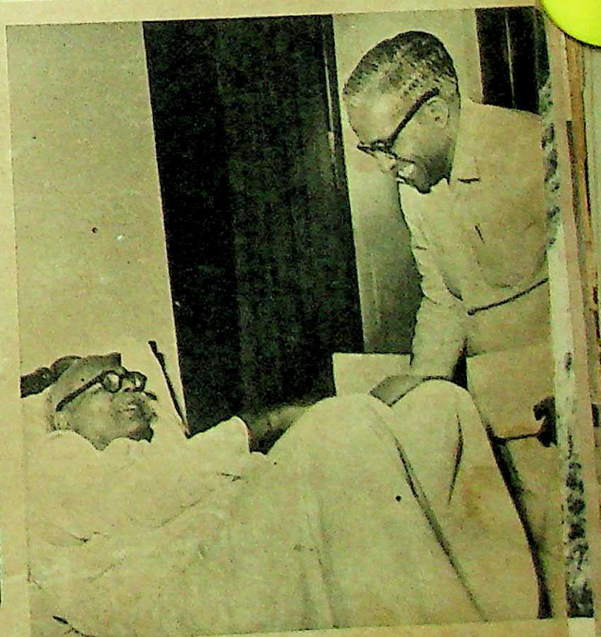
IN ANIMATED TALK. Singapore's first Prime Minister Lee Kwan Yew discusses a point with former Governor, now Yang di Pertuan Negara, Sir William Goode, at a reception following the inauguration of the new Legislative Assembly.



CHARLES CHAPLIN and his wife Oona are the object of interested stares from bystanders in St. Mark's Square, Venice, during a holiday in Italy.



MUNICH UNIVERSITY'S PRESIDENT, Dr. Pascher, drinks a toast with Indian students, after tapping a barrel of beer at the University. Mugs of beer were distributed against contributions for the building of a hospital for sick Indian students in Madras.



KERALA'S CHIEF MINISTER E. M. S. Namboodiripad, visiting Delhi for talks on the tense situation in his State, pays a call on convalescing Home Minister Pandit Pant.

A pipeline valve being ... a Burmah-Shell ...

Musician, Konarak Temple

(by V. S. THIRUMALAI)

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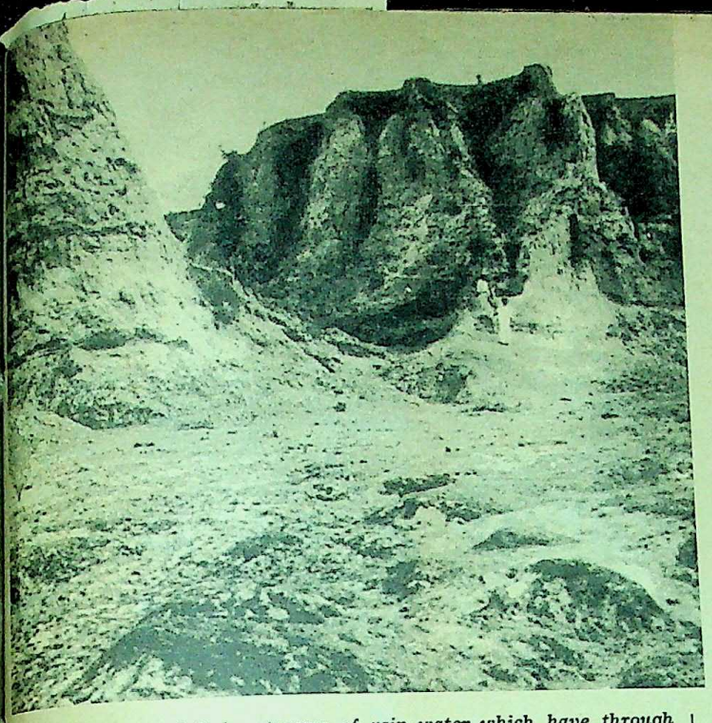
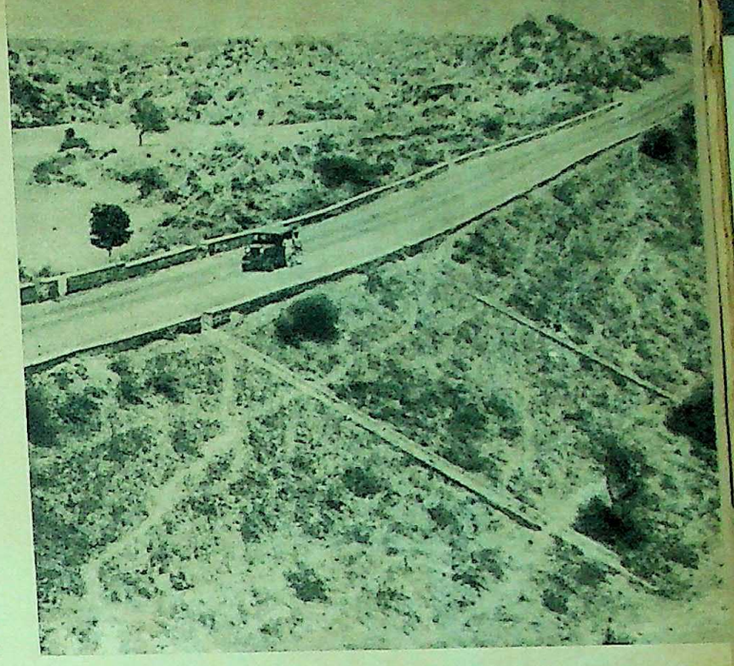


THE SCARS left by streams of rain-water which have through the years cut deep into the sandy soil. Right: The Bombay-Agra Highway traverses the ravine area. The Madhya Pradesh Government has undertaken land reclamation schemes.



The Chambal Ravines

THE ravines of the river Chambal and its tributaries—Asan, Kunwari, Sank and Sindh—present a two-pronged challenge to the Government of Madhya Pradesh: the result of heavy soil erosion through the ages, they constitute a considerable loss of cultivable land; and to the dacoits infesting the northern districts they offer easy and natural hideouts.

The terrain and the nature of the soil have combined to expose this area to the ravages of water. The soil is sandy loam and the rivers that drain the area flow deep. The absence of gentle slopes causes rain water to scour the land and cut many small streams which, over a period of years, turn into deep ravines. The typical scene here is, therefore, of tall pinnacles separated by deep and narrow gorges bereft of any greenery. The ravines may be up to a hundred feet in depth and the yawning gulfs are an awe-inspiring sight.

The problem of land reclamation has engaged the attention of successive State Governments. As far back as 1919, the then ruler of Gwalior, Maharaja Madhao Rao Scindia, had set up a committee to study the problem. On its recommendations some afforestation and construction of bunds, earthen as well as masonry, were carried out. In 1945, an American expert on soil conservation, Dr. Schuhart, invited by the Government of India, made an on-the-spot investigation. In 1956, at the initiative of the then Madhya Bharat Government, the Central Water and Power Commission had a team of officials study the problem.

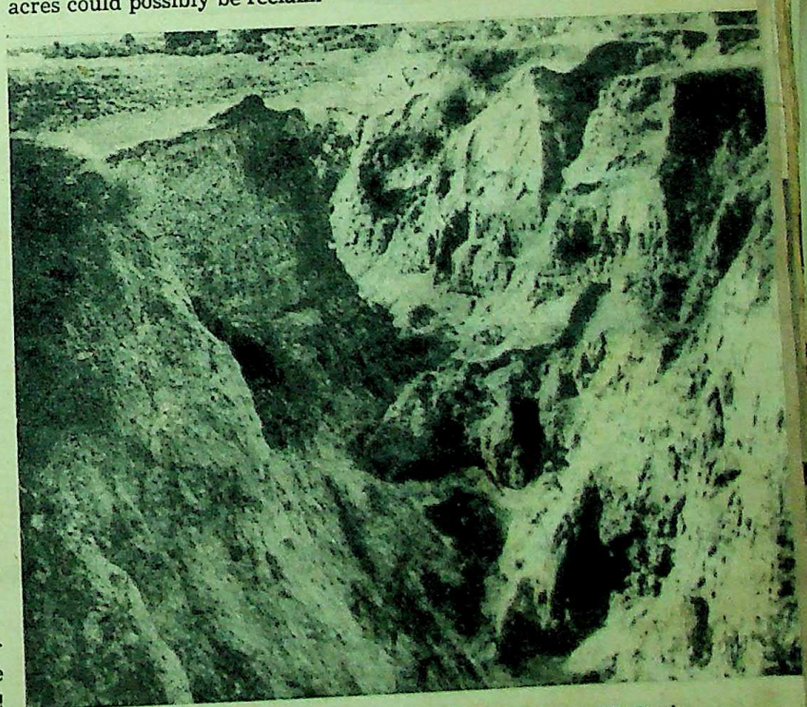
AMBITIOUS SCHEME

Meanwhile, conservation activities had been undertaken, experimentally, in two villages of Morena district, Chhonda and Bagchini. The programme included contour-bunding of cultivated lands and reclamation of areas enclosed by the ravines by constructing soil saving dams at suitable levels. The Bagchini scheme was on a more ambitious scale.

The magnitude of the problem can be imagined from the fact that, roughly, the total peripheral length of the ravines in the Chambal basin is about 1,500 miles. The area that will require contour-bunding will be in the neighbourhood of 20,00,000 acres—100 years' work for a unit of 15 tractors.

It was disclosed in the Vidhan Sabha recently that the State's ravine area was of the order of 4,00,000 acres, from which approximately 2,50,000 acres could possibly be reclaimed for cultivation. By January, 1960, only 984 acres had been saved at a cost of nearly Rs. 5,00,000. The estimated reclamation cost per acre was between Rs. 500 and Rs. 1,000. The task, therefore, is stupendous. But there are indications that the authorities are seized of the urgency of the matter.

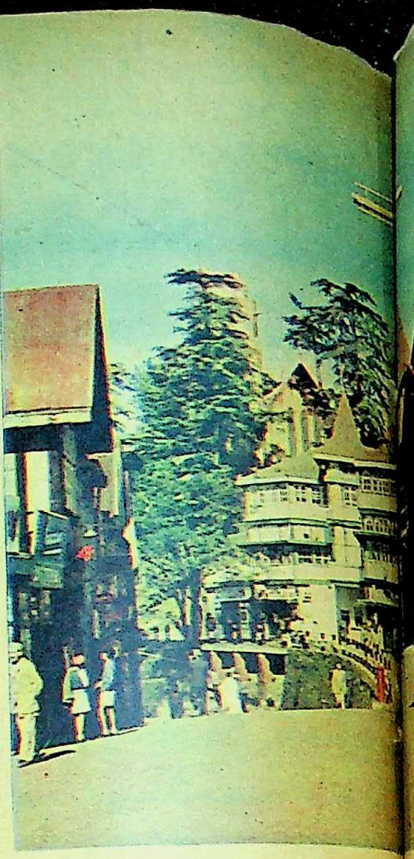
Y. D. LOKURKAR



THE PROBLEM is two-fold. Apart from loss of cultivable land, the labyrinthine erosion-channels offer an easy hideout for dacoits.

A STREET SCENE OFF THE MALL

The Charm of Simla



THE FASHIONABLE MALL & MAIN SHOPPING

TO people living in the hot, dusty pla
Hindustan, the lure of the cool he
Simla has always been irresistible.
long ago this hill-station symbolised the
of the British raj, and one remembers
cally the Viceroy moving to the lofty r
summer with all the ceremony of a deit
ferred to a new shrine.

Though no longer the summer ca
India, Simla is even today associated wi
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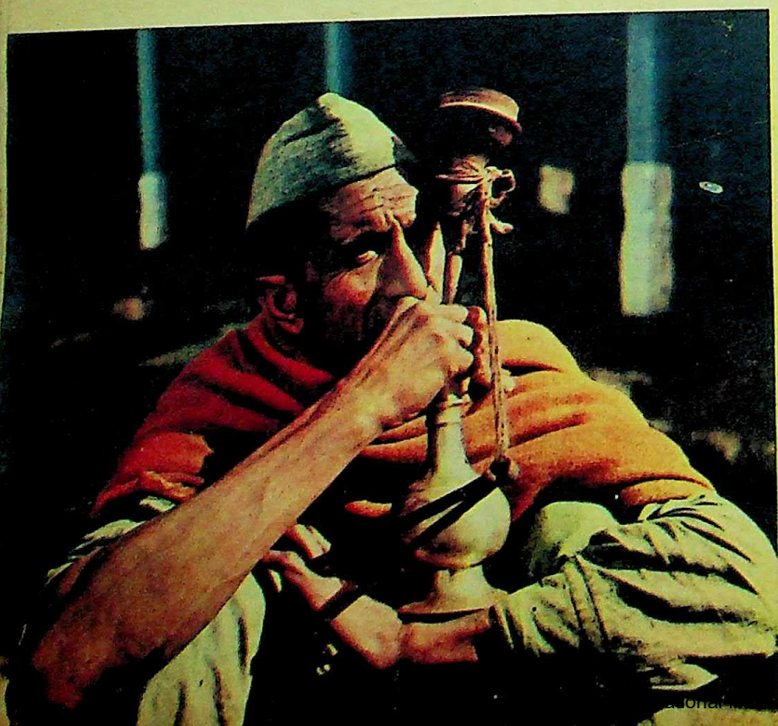
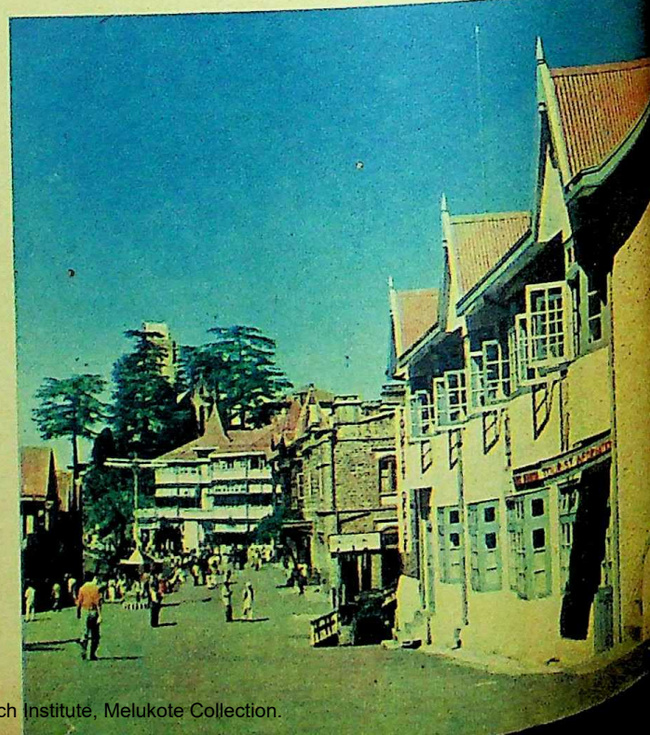
A RICKSHAWALLA RELAXES.



TOURIST INFORMATION CENTRE, ON THE RIDGE



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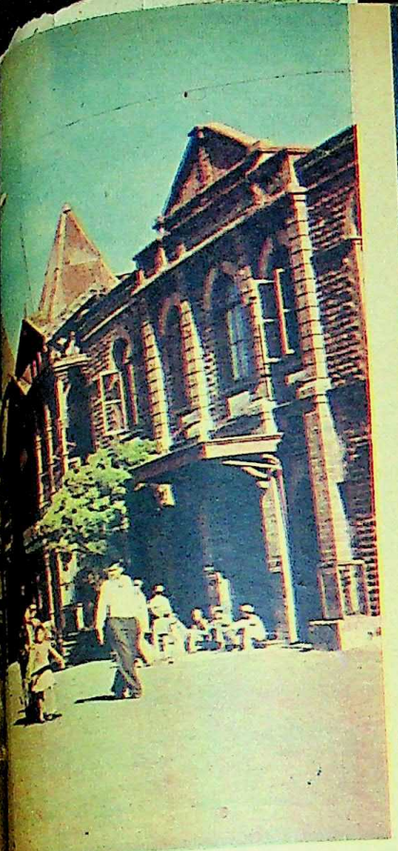

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ON THE RIDGE

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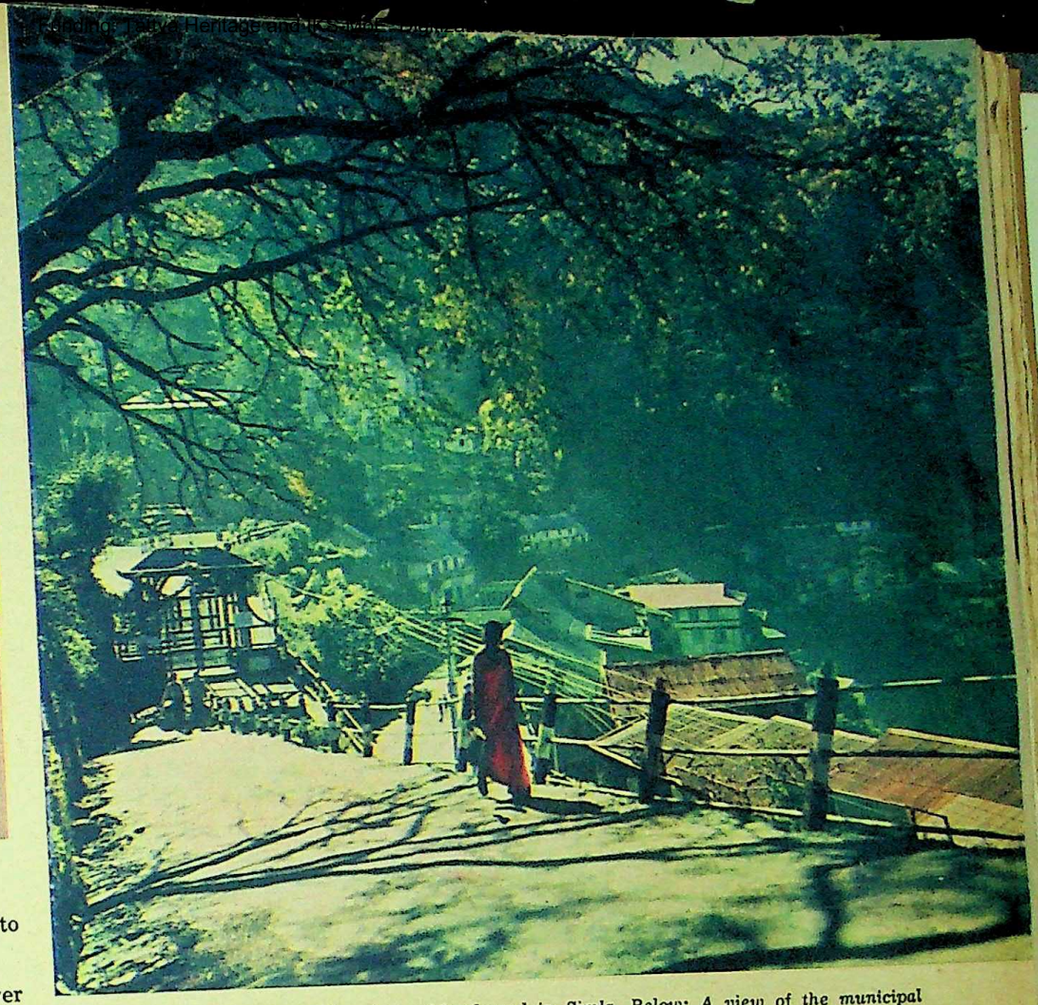
uated on several small spurs of the lower
ayas, at 7,100 feet, Simla is rich in
beauty, with its forests of deodar and
and firs, while the hill slopes are ablaze
ing with the crimson of rhododendrons.
-mile journey from Kalka to this resort
e a rewarding experience, for one passes
h a variegated landscape, across luxuri-
ountainous terrain.

* * *

D Amherst was the first Governor-Gene-
l to visit Simla. In 1827, he stayed with
Kennedy, at Kennedy House, which in-
ally is the town's oldest British building.
s however Lord William Bentinck who
ped the station. From the time of Lord
nce (1864) it was used as the summer
l of India. Today it is the headquarters of
imachal Pradesh Government.

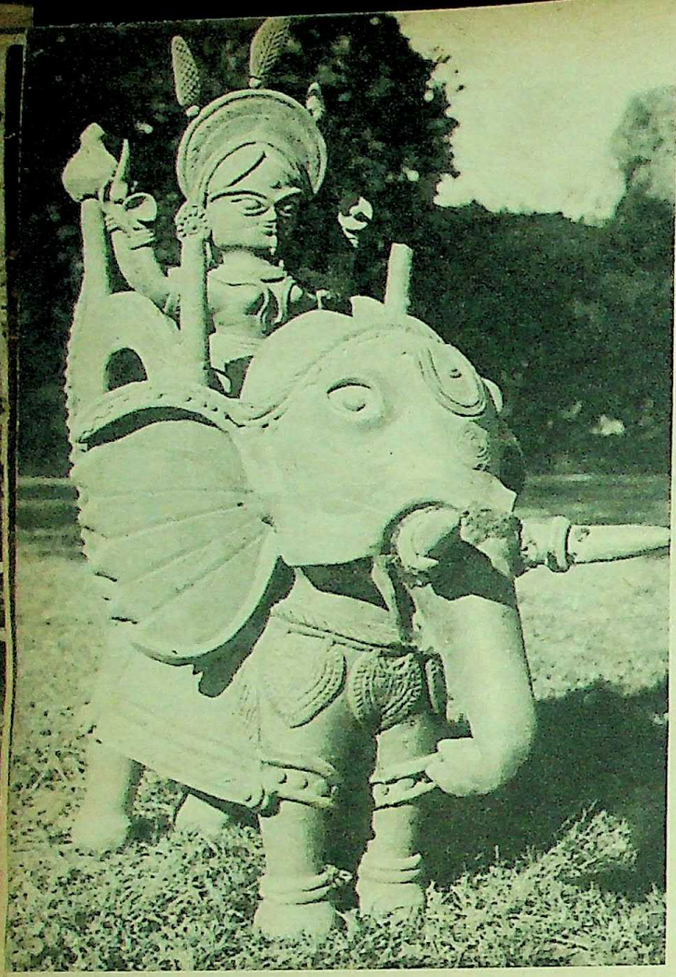
he place- and house-names of Simla are
striking or curious. We have a reflection
official hierarchical system in Chhota
and Burra Simla. There are the two peaks
n as Jakko and Prospect Hill, while a third
own as Elysium, in compliment, it is said,
rd Auckland's sisters who lived at Auck-
House on this hill. Boileauganj takes its
from one of the two brothers Boileau who
there in mid-19th century.

There are many beautiful walks round
and some of the other hills. An evening
along the Mall or the Ridge can be ex-
ely diverting. There is much gaiety in the
and every kind of secretariat gossip and
ical discussion is heard. And those who tire
e official world can always seek refuge
pines and firs.



BEAUTIFUL WALKS such as this abound in Simla. Below: A view of the municipal gardens. (Photographs by P. N. Mehra)

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja N



THE GODDESS DURGA, enthroned on the elephant, which is regarded as her vahan *in the U.P. villages.*

The Grama Devatas

DELIGHTFUL terracotta figures of elephants and horses, varying in height from two to five feet, are found outside villages throughout Eastern Uttar Pradesh, especially in the districts of Gorakhpur, Basti and Ballia. Sometimes these figures are painted or covered with gold leaf. The worship of corresponding village deities is common throughout rural India, each area having its distinctive forms and style, while even in Eastern U.P. the stylisation of the figures varies from one village to another.

The worship of village deities, or *grama devatas*, forms an important part of communal life in our villages, where the abstract speculations of Hindu philosophy have little appeal. The villager is concerned primarily with rain and crops and the season-to-season struggle with nature upon which his livelihood depends. In Eastern U.P. the *grama devatas* are worshipped and propitiated with offerings of flowers, fruit, rice and incense, amidst much rejoicing and festivity. The festivals synchronise with the harvest season of the two main crops *rabi* and *kharif*. The Nauratra is celebrated twice a year, in "Chait"—March—and "Kunwar"—October.

Every village has its *asthan*, a sacred place for its different deities. The shrine is a mud platform, under a tree, on which stand the elephants and horses which serve as mounts for the *devatas*. These clay figures are dedicated as votive offerings and are also worshipped in the belief that the presiding deities of a village will protect it from the calamities of epidemics and famine. It is to these gods that the villager turns in times of trouble.

In the districts mentioned, the goddess Durga or Kali and the local god Deghwar are commonly worshipped. The traditional *vahan* of the goddess is the lion, but here her *vahan* is often an elephant. Her festival is annually celebrated on Ramnavami by the entire village. The clay goddess seated on the elephant is taken out in a ceremonial procession and installed at the *asthan* amidst rejoicing and merry-making. Besides this, many villagers take their own clay elephants for the fulfilment of their wishes. Durga or Kali is worshipped again when there is a specially good crop, or when cholera or smallpox breaks out. The clay elephants are renewed each year, the old ones being removed and kept behind the tree or left in the shrine in a corner.

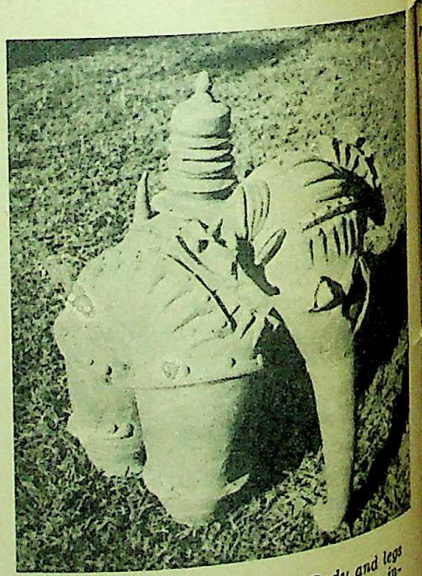
Besides the *asthan* for Kali, there is a separate shrine to the god Deghwar. He is regarded as the watchman of the village and is supposed to be always on his rounds, mounted on a horse, fully armed, scaring away the evil spirits. Horses are offered to him as his *vahan* for speedy conveyance. The worship of Deghwar is closely linked with the belief in evil spirits and ghosts. Professional pujaris, usually from the lower castes and known as ojhas or *sokas*, perform the worship at these shrines and are supposed to have the power to drive away the *bhuts*, or spirits, which possess men and women. Sometimes a clay horse is offered by the relatives of a man or child dying an unnatural death, in appeasement of the spirit.

Seeing these terracottas on the way to Kushinager, in Gorakhpur, and wishing to buy a few of such figures, I was directed to a village, Naurangabad. The potters of the place have acquired fame for their skill in making these images, and the approach was a curious sight, with rows upon rows of clay animals, gods and goddesses, laid out on the green fields to dry in the sun before firing. The festival of Ramnavami was a fortnight away and the potters were busy turning them out to meet the demand.

The clay is the same as for making earthenware vessels, except that hair is mixed with it to make it bind firmly, the hair being collected by the potter's wife from the village barber. The potter turns the neck, body and legs of the figures on the wheel and the parts are then assembled, the wife later deciding all the details —decoration of face, stirrups, throne. The goddess is made separately and enthroned on her elephant, complete with jewellery in the form of gold and silver, and glass beads fixed to the nose and ears by means of wire. After drying in the sun, they are fired in a huge pit, over straw and wood, and later are brightly painted. The fantastic and decorative animal forms vary from an extreme simplification to ornate elaboration. They follow the way of primitive art, emphasising the essential features for recognition.

LEELA SHIVESHWARKAR

DEGHWAR, mounted on his richly caparisoned horse, ready for his rounds as guardian of the village.



A STYLISED ELEPHANT. Body and legs are turned on the wheel, while an inverted pot forms the head.

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and given her medicines with care and circumspection.

Padmani had listened to the doctor very attentively. She remembered the very words he had spoken. She had thought over the whole matter calmly and made her resolve. There was nothing to get excited or agitated over. Human beings were moved and controlled by their karma. The individual will was no more than an instrument which the gods had given us to carry out their designs. No one could be blamed for doing what had been preordained. It was the highest virtue to submit to His will and carry out His orders; and it certainly was a clear, unequivocal order—the horoscope could not lie.

"Home, *bahuji*?" asked the old driver who had entered her father's service when she was still a small child. He had seen her grow up, marry, become a mother and enjoy all the happiness a woman could hope for; and now he saw her discarded and rejected...

In the old days he used to address her and speak of her as Padmani, without the addition of any honorific word or suffix, but the way he inflected her name conveyed all the respect and affection he felt for his master's favourite child. After her marriage it had been difficult to change over to a new form of address, and it was years before he reconciled himself to speaking of her as *bahuji*. Even so, in moments of inattention or abstraction, he sometimes addressed her as Padmani, pronouncing the name with the humble familiarity of an old and loyal retainer.

Now, however, he was being attentive and respectful and said: "Home, *bahuji*?" The question was unnecessary, for where else would she want to go at this late hour. The superfluity of the query, perhaps the cold and distant formality of the tone in which it was spoken, cut across Padmani's thoughts. Was this another sign, a pointer showing her the path she must follow? She made a quick decision.

"No, go to Panditji's house."

"Panditji?" repeated the servant on a slightly higher note, which might have meant censure, inquiry, doubt or simply acquiescence, and started up the engine.

* * *

THE astrologer was surprised to see her. But he was a man who earned his living by exploiting the unanticipated and incalculable. He welcomed her with just enough enthusiasm to show that she had every right to seek him out at any hour of the day or night, but without the effusiveness which might betray his greed and his hope.

Long ago he had realised that the only way to persuade people to part with their wealth was by pretending to despise it. He had let it be known that an old sadhu in Varanasi had, as a reward for years of selfless devotion and unstinted service, bequeathed to him the only extant copy of *Bhrigu Samhita*—the record of all human lives past, present and future compiled by Bhrigu, the rishi, after a lifelong course of austerities in the remote solitudes of the high Himalayas. The sadhu had instructed him in the way of reading and correctly construing the cryptic phrases of the great rishi. The astrologer knew his own future and what lay in store for him. He told his clients that he would die a violent death the day he came to possess a lakh of rupees. So he could not accept a fee of more than ten rupees. Often he insisted on taking less or refusing altogether a gift of money. He was, he pleaded, a man of simple habits and his mission in life was to help others and to avert, as far as it lay in his power, the full consequences of preordained calamities by giving a timely warning.

So he drew hundreds of patrons to his small and poor-looking house. Money came pouring in, though it obviously had not reached the fatal figure of a hundred thousand rupees. The more contempt he showed for a fee in excess of ten rupees, the more his clients pressed him to accept offers of gifts in kind. He did not buy his food or his clothes, a motor-car was always at his disposal, and one of his clients had provided him with a servant who waited upon him.

Padmani was his best client. She had come to him two years ago, a tragic figure of sorrow and despair. He had already heard in detail the story of her husband's infatuation for Champa and how she had broken up two homes. So he had made his preparations.

He studied Padmani's horoscope, wrote down some figures on a piece of paper and made certain calculations. He then went to an inner room and returned with three or four sheets of old and discoloured *bhoj patr*. The first two which he translated did not account for the past events of Padmani's life. The third one unmistakably related to her.

Since then she had paid numerous visits to the astrologer's house, and because he persistently declined to take any money in addition to his initial fee of ten rupees, she showered upon him pieces of costly jewellery—a diamond ring, a bracelet studded with rubies, a string of pearls or a locket. She seemed to possess an inexhaustible stock of ornaments and precious stones, and it was often difficult for the astrologer to conceal his delight, the covetous lust in his eyes, or the impatient itching of his hands. A visit from such a patron at such an unusual hour could only bring him good fortune.

"Come in *bahuji*. You could have sent for me." He said this as if he knew everything and had been expecting her.

"Panditji, I had to come."

"I know. I know. Come and sit down."

Padmani narrated the day's events telling him about the nature of Champa's illness, the sleeping draught and the doctor's warning. The astrologer studied the grim, unflinching look on her face and listened to the low, conspiratorial tone of her voice.

Suddenly what she was telling him ceased to be her sole business. It concerned him too. He could not escape from the coils of the net which she was weaving. How would this affair end? Where would it lead her? Where would it lead him? The loss of a client and the end of a profitable association were bad enough in themselves; but here was something serious, something that imperilled his very life. He had not yet collected anything like a hundred thousand rupees and he loved life dearly. Even if nothing could be proved against him, the harassment by the police (this nocturnal visit could not remain hidden from them), the publicity, the odium of a criminal trial, would destroy with one cruel stroke everything he had carefully, sedulously, painstakingly built up.

* * *

PADMANI finished speaking and sat looking at him as one in a trance. She waited for him to speak. He remained silent, making an effort to smile. After a long pause she began to speak again slowly, almost whispering her words:

"This is what you have always said, haven't you, that when I am thirty-three, my husband will be free of this evil woman, this horrible witch, and I shall once again enjoy the fruits of *sohag*? Bhagwanji is now going to carry out His will through my own hands."

"*Bahuji*, I told you, it would be at the age of thirty-five not thirty-three."

Padmani flashed an angry eye at the astrologer. Was he snatching away Bhagwanji's precious gift just as she was about to lay her hands on it? There was an edge to her voice as she said: "Panditji, you always said thirty-three and I was thirty-three last week."

"*Bahuji*, you have forgotten; you misunderstood me. I'll show you Bhrigu rishi's own writing. He never makes a mistake. Excuse me just one moment."

He went in and a moment later came back and placed before her a page of yellowing brittle *bhoj* bark covered with letters and symbols. He ran his finger along the lines, mumbling incoherently. The finger stopped below a word in the centre of the page.

"Look, *bahuji*, here it is: 'At thirty-five, again *sohag*.'"

Padmini looked but could make nothing of the strange writing. She shook her head and, taking a deep deep sigh, braced herself to meet defeat with patient resignation. She scarcely heard the astrologer as he began to explain the words and symbols in which the ancient sage had recorded the secrets of his wisdom. Without a doubt he had written thirty-five; there was no possibility of a mistake, and what he wrote must inevitably come true.

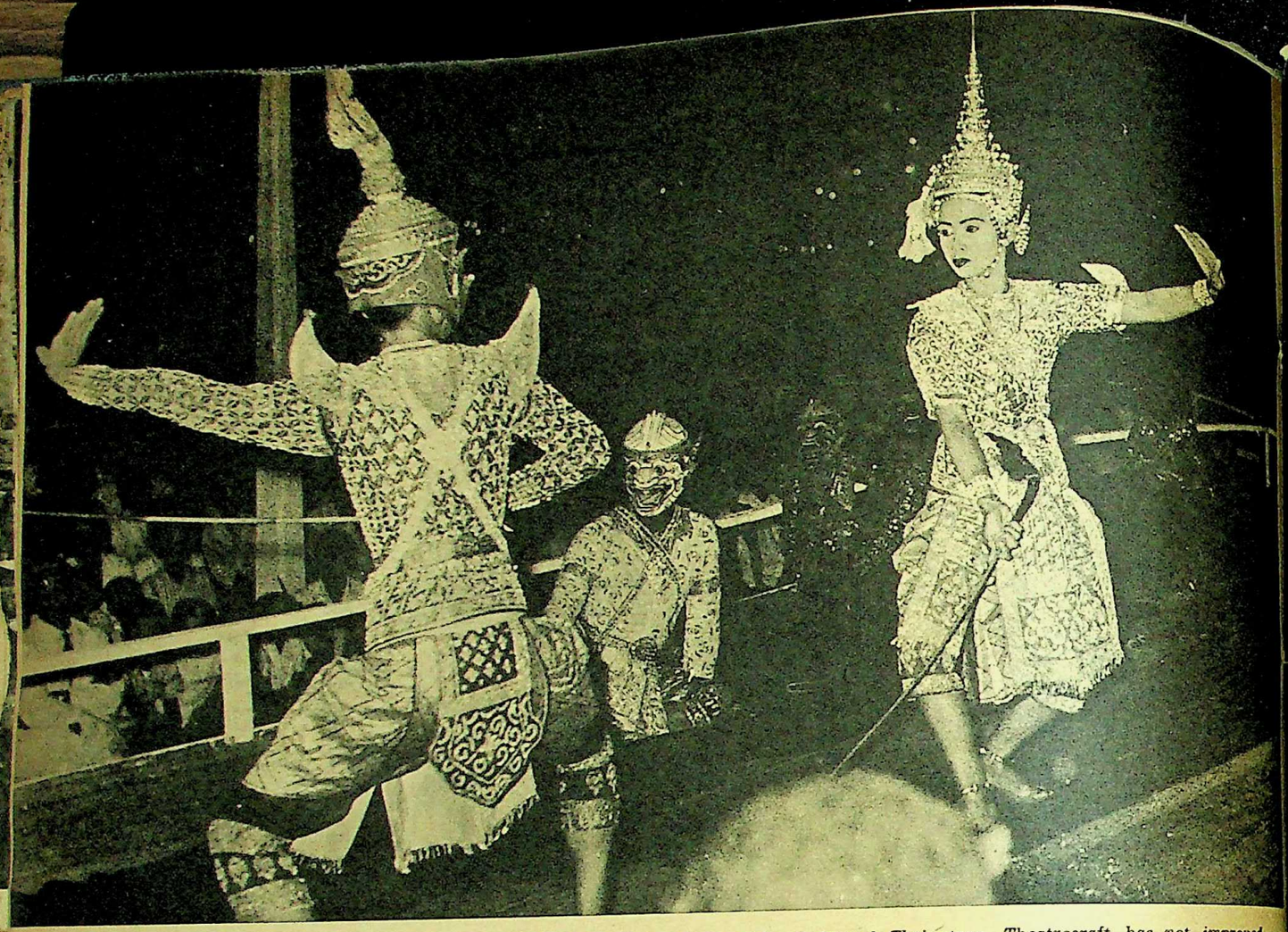
"Have faith, *bahuji*. Bhagwan will be kind to you. The horoscope cannot lie."

COUNSEL TO KINGS

Not by the ear of the corn,
Not by the element of water,
Is the life of Man sustained;
This wide world
Endures,
Thanks to one among the many,
Who is King over the rest;
And the monarch of might
Must know,
In him the people live.

T. K. DORAISWAMY

(A free rendering of a poem from the Tamil Anthology Purananuru*).*



EPISODES FROM THE RAMAYANA remain the chief attraction on the traditional Thai stage. Theatrecraft has not improved appreciably with the years, but the style of dance lends distinction to the presentation.

The Thai Dance Drama

"DEMON WARRIORS" enjoy a smoke during a respite.

THE Thais take their traditional dances seriously, and, in Bangkok, the performances staged twice daily during the theatrical season, from November to May, at the Silpakorn National Theatre are always well attended.

Most popular among the presentations are episodes from the "Ramakien" (Ramayana). An established troupe is seen in action and the show lasts for three hours. Costume and decor may not be acceptable to critics who demand authenticity, but the Thai audience is usually too engrossed in the dance and the drama to let the details of setting and production disturb their attention.

Although the people are, in the main, Buddhists, the dance dramas based on the Hindu epics are intrinsic to the Thai theatre, having been part of the tradition since the days of the Khmer kings.

A chorus of children provides what little dialogue is necessary for purposes of continuity. The plot, otherwise, is mainly rendered through mime.

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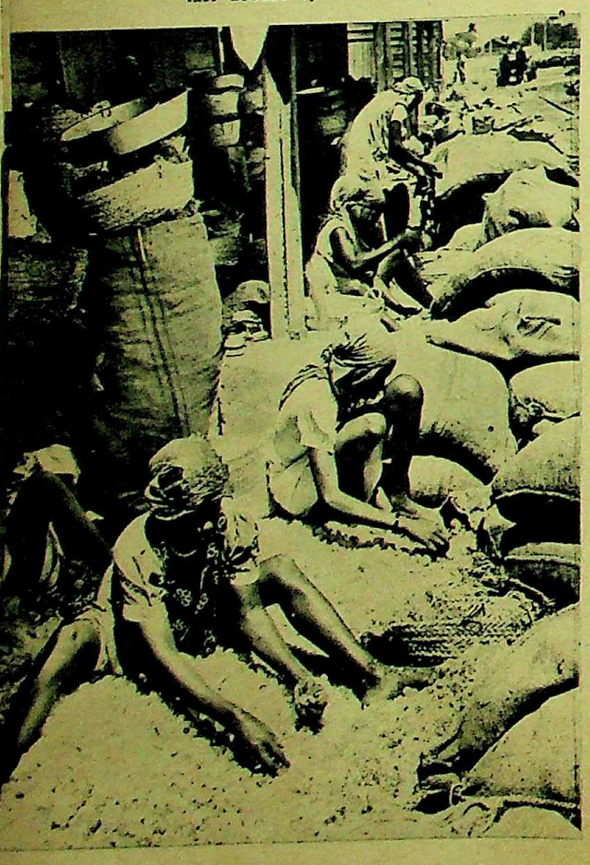
Shiva Reclining
On Nandi, Aihole

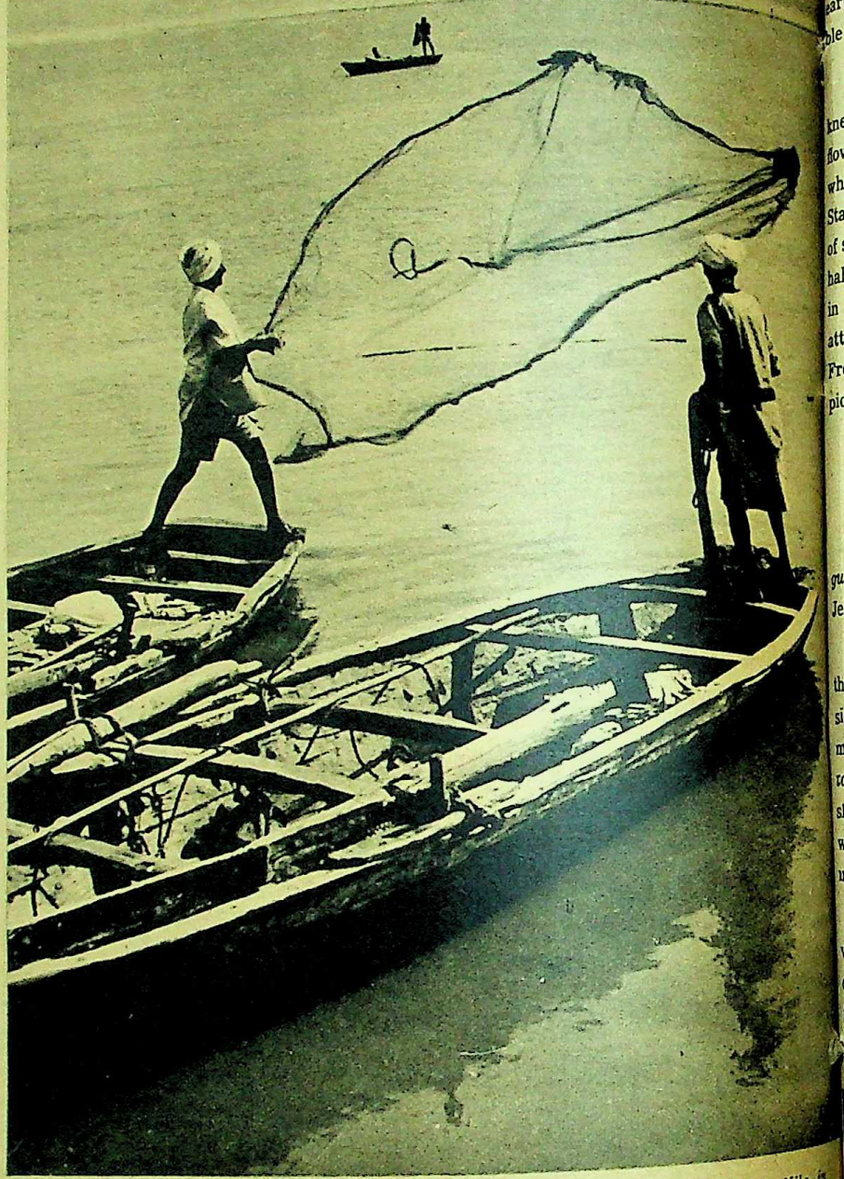
by NAVNIT PAREKH

The Changing Face Of The Sudan

TOMB OF THE MAD MAHDI who led the insurrection against the British in the last decade of the 19th century.



GUM ARABIC is one of the principal exports. It is produced from the acacia trees growing abundantly in the western parts.



DEXTROUS THROW—fishing at the confluence of the White Nile and Blue Nile, in Khartoum, the capital city.

THE Sudan, which became independent in January, 1956, after having been an Anglo-Egyptian condominium for over fifty years, has since made considerable progress. It is a comparatively big country (967,5000 square miles), as large as India minus the States of Bombay and Bihar, and has a population of ten million. In November, 1958, General Ibrahim Abboud seized power in a bloodless coup, and as in other nations in Africa and Asia, military rule brought in some measure of stability initially. But it must be admitted that political conditions today are still unsatisfactory. Sudan's economy is sickly; cotton stocks are bringing in less money than they should and revenues are low. Efforts have been made to obtain economic aid from all quarters. The U. S. has promised $31 million and the U.K. £5 million. Suitable economic agreements have also been negotiated with West Germany and a number of Communist countries. Sudan's relations with the U.A.R. have improved in the past few weeks and the recent pact on the distribution of the Nile waters has gone a long way to bridging the earlier differences. The Sudanese are an intensely nationalist people and it is doubtful whether they will show any enthusiasm for the Pan-African schemes of ambitious leaders in neighbouring nations.

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BUTTERFLY (*Photographs by Adhik Shirodkar*)

Marcel Marceau: A MASTER OF MIME

IN an article published prior to his performances in Bombay, Marcel Marceau, the celebrated French mime, writes: "...mime is a self-sufficient art which can dispense with music and decor... the actor-mime...identifies himself with earthly phenomena and makes them visible through the sole medium of the body."

Mime was a dying art in Europe which knew a sudden, surprising, though brief, flowering in the era of the silent film, when such superb mimes as Chaplin and Stan Laurel emerged. After the coming of sound, mime was relegated to the music-hall and to the antics of acrobatic clowns in the circus, except for the one serious attempt to re-establish it as an art in the French theatre by such formidable champions as Etienne Decroux—Marceau's *guru*—and the famous theatre personality, Jean-Louis Barrault.

To an Indian audience familiar with the symbolic language of gesture and the significance of stylised form and movement, Marceau's performance—a sustained *tour de force* of highly evolved technical skill and volatile mobility—reached out with an immediacy that captivated the imagination.

Marceau gave brilliant sketches of a variety of characters; touched a moment of poetry in an episode of a dying butterfly escaping into life and freedom, and brushed dramatic intensity in "Man and Masks".

But, by its very style the art of mime, as depicted by this French school, is fundamentally in the manner of caricature. The movements are geometric, abrupt, jerky and comic. The form wavers between the strictly abstract and a romantic, occasionally banal music-hall comedy; it has still to cohere. In its deepest moments it can go no further than the expression of pathos—of the Chaplin "pathetic-comedy" pattern—it cannot break through its basic limitations of form and manner.

Whether mime can, therefore, be considered "a self-sufficient art" has yet to be seen. It has not been found so either by the ancient Greeks or by the Indians or Japanese. It has always been accompanied by dance, music and—most important of all—by words. Perhaps if we were to see Marcel Marceau's work in its entirety—as performed by his whole troupe—we may be further enlightened as to the possibilities of this art. As it is, he has convinced us of his skill as an artiste and also of the vital importance of style and form in the theatre.

U. A.

SCULPTURE

TUG-OF-WAR

A STUDY

The Common Cold

by Dr. SURESH D. STORE

MORE of a major nuisance to the older children and the adult world than any serious threat to life as such, the common cold has all along represented a challenge to medical science.

However, in this case, men of the profession have, for once, allowed for a disease a title that can be easily understood by the layman. Attempts have been made to label it in various descriptive forms, such as "acute coryza" and "common upper respiratory infection", but by far the most conventional term today, even in medical parlance, is "the common cold".

To a certain extent, this can be called a misnomer, as it gives an impression that the all-important factor in its causation is exposure to cold or a chill, whereas the essential prerequisite for the disease is an invasion by one of the smallest in size-group of infective agents—a virus which cannot be seen with ordinary scientific visual aids, as can the larger-size organisms like bacteria.

Some fifty-odd human diseases are known or thought to be due to viruses. The infective nature of the ailment due to a virus was almost conclusively shown as early as in 1914 when Krause in Germany successfully reproduced the disease by inoculating bacteria-free filtrates—out of material obtained from patients of the common cold—into normal human volunteers. With the development of the electron microscope and modern techniques of growing organisms on living tissues under artificial conditions, lately many a virus has been identified.

VIRUS UNIDENTIFIED

However, to our great misfortune, the virus responsible for most of the cases of the common cold continues to remain unidentified. It is precisely due to this difficulty that humanity is still vulnerable to the ailment and has no effective means to check it. A redeeming feature of diseases due to several viruses, such as measles and chicken-pox, is the long-lasting protection they give to the victims after the first assault has been successfully withstood. But "immunity", as it is called, is very short-lived after a spell of the common cold.

Besides the essential causative agent, there are factors which often aggravate the common cold. In colder countries, the incidence is high in the winter months and it is possible that excessive chilling could diminish the local resistance of the inside lining (mucous membrane) of the nose and the throat, making it easier for the virus to gain an upper hand.

However, many are inclined to feel that, in the tropics and the temperate zones, it is the dampness and sudden variations in the weather that invite the trouble. Frequently going into and out of hot, humid, stuffy, ill-ventilated, crowded rooms as a predisposing factor is a matter of common experience. Chronic irritation with smoke, dust and chemical fumes in industrial establishments could as well render one more liable to a cold. Susceptibility is often due to an acquired hypersensitiveness to certain conditions known as allergy. Structural anomalies, such as an abnormal shift of the central partition (septum) of the nose to either side, account at times for frequent colds.

The person infected is, of course, the source of the virus. Once this unseen "attacker" has gained access, it multiplies itself at a phenomenal rate in an appropriate environment and, within forty-eight hours, causes symptoms which, put together, are recognised as the common cold.

Beginning with the disappearance of a sense of general well-being, it makes one feel lethargic and complain of aches in the body, especially in the head—"cold in the head", to be precise. Soon, there is a sensation of soreness in the throat and congestion in the nose. A slight rise in body temperature is not uncommon. Sneezing quickly follows, accompanied by a thin watery discharge from the nose. The sense of smell gets dulled and swelling of the mucous membrane causes obstruction to the nasal passages, making for much discomfort.

Sleep is disturbed due to the necessity of frequent change in position from one side to the other, so as to get some relief from the effects of the blockage. The inflamed throat makes the voice husky. After a couple of days, it disappears and the discharge becomes thick and yellow. In about a week or two, all is well again.

The state described above applies only to an average attack of cold; marked variations in the severity of the ailment are possible. The predisposing factors earlier referred to and increased susceptibility naturally make attacks more frequent.

In itself no danger to life, the common cold can at times lead to great anxiety if complications set in. It is mostly the secondary invaders (bacteria), harmless when one is in good health, that pounce upon the already infected victim and cause complications. The process may spread to the many gaps in the skull around the nose (sinusitis) or the ear (otitis). The cold can as well affect and involve the voice-box (laryngitis), the windpipes (bronchitis) and even the lungs (pneumonia). These complications are more likely in children and the aged and may at times take an alarming turn.

SIMILAR SYMPTOMS

Diagnosis of the common cold is almost always made best and earliest by the patient himself. Hardly ever is an expert consultation or a laboratory test called for (except in advanced stages when the affliction has assumed a serious turn due to complications). A dangerous complacency can develop out of these features, leading to an undesirable apathy towards seeking medical advice. The danger lies in the fact that many serious infectious diseases often commence with symptoms similar to those of the common cold. For instance, a neglected cold turning out to be a case of tuberculosis is not a rare occurrence. On the other hand, skilful detection of an allergy causing similar attacks may, with appropriate treatment, lead to a permanent cure of the distressing condition.

The ultimate aim of remedial measures for any human disease is its eradication so that the community may be made free from its dangers for all time to come. Obviously, therefore, the search for preventive measures should have priority. For a contagious disease, such measures would chiefly include interruption in the line of communication and an increase in the individual resistance. Theoretically, annihilation of the entire population of the causative germ by drugs and other methods can solve the problem easily, but their unknown hide-outs in the universe and the extraordinary capacity they possess to reproduce themselves in such a way as to resist these drugs after a time make the proposition not worth attempting at all.

Mr. KALO
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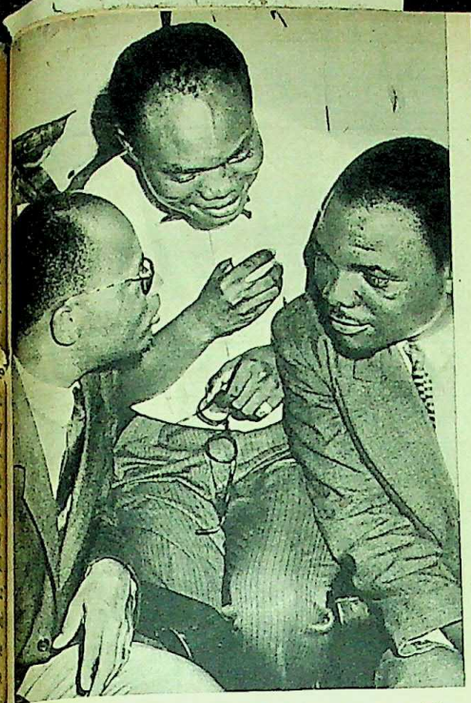


Mr. KALONDJI (left) photographed with Mr. Bertomy Mujanai, President of the Muluba Movement.

A YOUTH DEMONSTRATION in the capital, Leopoldville.

The Brussels conference, at which some 50 Africans representing all Congo parties and shades of opinion are to participate, will confine itself to "political matters" and try to negotiate a broad settlement on various questions pertaining to the programme of independence.

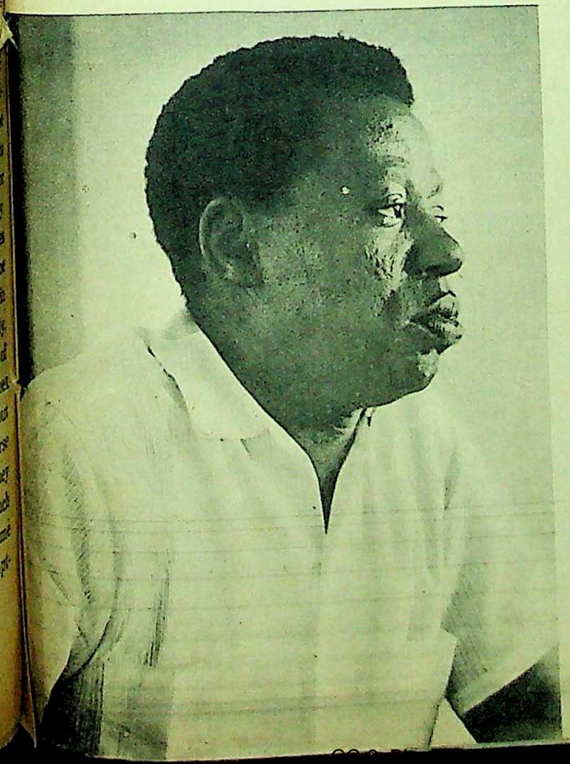
The Belgian House of Representatives had, in November, endorsed the official policy on the Congo, agreeing on the principle of independence through electoral and administrative procedures. During the debate, however, there had been strong criticism from the Socialists of the Government's handling of the issue as "erratic and full of hesitation", arousing doubts among the African population about the goodwill and sincerity of the European rulers.

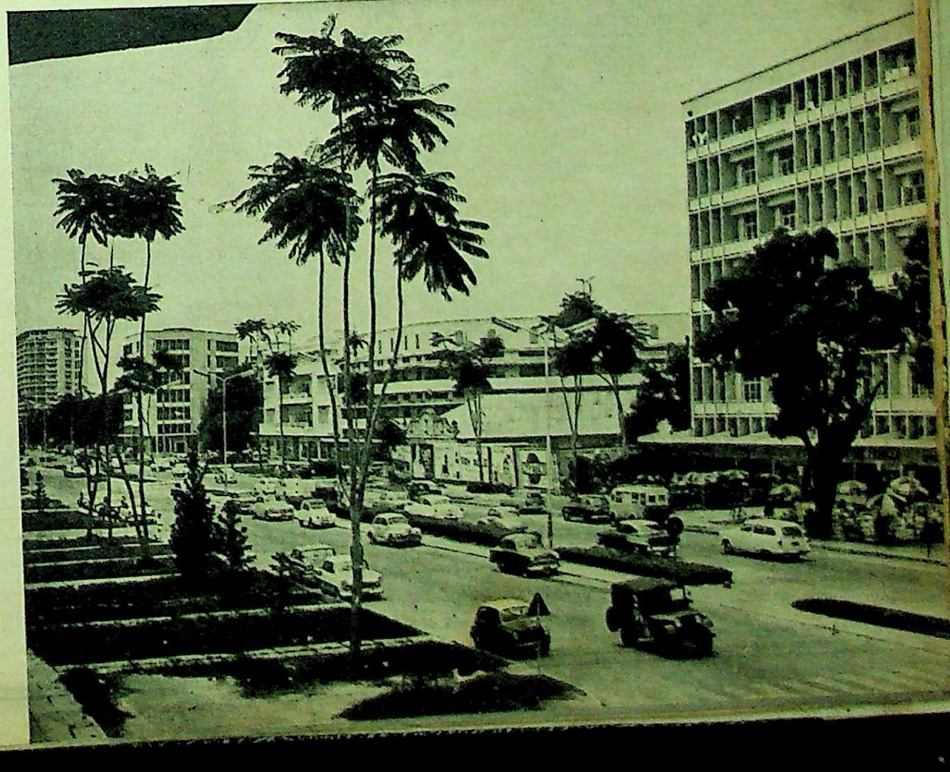
In recent times the demand for immediate freedom had become increasingly insistent, and the outbreaks of violence in some parts of the colony could be interpreted as primarily the result of a feeling of impatience and frustration among the people, large sections of whom had expected independence by the beginning of January. In fact, during an audience with the King last month, some influential leaders had sounded a warning that the prevalent atmosphere of uncertainty and indecision was dangerous and might precipitate a "catastrophe".

The King was also informed of the resolutions passed at a congress of nationalist parties, in Kisantu, demanding immediate independence and the opening of a campaign for legislative elections out of which a new Congo Government would emerge. The congress voted for a federal form of government for the Congo—a future federal republic to be known as the Union des Republiques d'Afrique Centrale—and fixed the boundaries of six autonomous states along the existing provincial ones.

Whatever the outcome of the present conference, the problems facing this large territory (about 900,000 sq. miles in area, population 13 million) in the heart of the African continent defy easy solution. Tribal rivalries—for which the "paternalistic despotism" of the European rulers have been in no small way responsible—make the task of those striving for a united front difficult. At the same time the complications of setting up colony-wide elections, where they had never been held before, are not to be ignored. Much will depend on the leaders of various political parties who have to make a realistic appraisal of the complex situation and co-operate fully in order to give concrete shape to the people's aspirations for freedom.

Mr. JEAN-FRANCOIS IYEKI, head of the National Progress Party. Right: Avenue Albert I, the main thoroughfare of Leopoldville.





EASTERN PART of the Whichaway Nunataks, with (top, left) crevasses on the Recovery Glacier.

THE CROSSING OF ANTARCTICA—III.

The Return Of The "Theron"

by Sir VIVIAN FUCHS

and

Sir EDMUND HILLARY

Sailing from England with the Advance Party and some members of the main expedition, the THERON *traversed a dangerous zone of floating ice in the Weddell Sea to reach her destination at Shackleton, early in* 1956, *where it was proposed to build the first base. Adverse weather conditions and unpredictable ice drifts now force the ship to depart in a hurry after unloading, with the prospect of a grim battle to free herself from the treacherous Weddell Sea ice...*

ON the morning of February 1 work started under an overcast sky, with a north-east breeze and the temperature very high at +26° F. Early in the day one of the Weasels developed a fault and the spare part which was required we knew to be deep in No. 2 hold of the THERON, which we had not yet begun to unload. Until then unloading had been kept down to a rate which allowed all the material to be removed immediately from the sea ice to the safety of the ice shelf. However solid sea ice may appear to be it is bad practice to unload and stack stores directly beside the ship. Now I had to decide whether to leave the Weasel out of use, which would mean our having only one vehicle capable of moving material over the soft snow of the steep slope to the top of the ice shelf, or to take the risk of unloading more quickly from the ship and permit stacking of material on the sea ice, which was here twelve feet thick. Owing to the lateness of the season the latter course was adopted and we went ahead fast with the unloading of No. 2 hold.

No sooner was this work in progress and a considerable pile of material collected on the sea ice than the wind rose and heavy squalls of snow began driving over us from the north. By the afternoon a real blizzard was blowing with the drift so thick over the sea ice that it was necessary to put markers every fifty yards, so that the tractor drivers could find their way to the foot of the ice shelf.

Soon the sea began to rise and waves burst over the ice flooding the surface until a snowy quagmire began to form around the piles of stores now stacked near the ship. The THERON herself was grinding against the ice and straining heavily on her after mooring cables. As more and more water poured over the slightly raised ice edge and flooded the stores area it became clear that every man must be used to salvage all we could before the cases became saturated with sea water. Some time before I had sent a message up to the men working at Shackleton telling them to return to the ship because it was plain that Captain Maro might be compelled to move her from the ice edge if the pack ice began closing in from the north.

Within an hour or two the water was two feet deep over a wide area and at one time our dinghy was used to salvage material which was floating. It was not long before everyone had become so wet that there was no longer any need to avoid wading in the slush and water. All this time the tractors were removing material as fast as possible to the dry area near the foot of the ice shelf half a mile away. In spite of our efforts the battle was partly lost and soon some boxes were floating while others remained completely submerged. What many of them might contain we scarcely dared to think; tinned foods would of course remain undamaged, but wireless and other electrical equipment would certainly be destroyed. I know that at one time I found myself standing on two completely submerged boxes marked "BBC Recording Equipment".

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It was at this moment that I saw the THERON's stern cables part and the ship begin to swing slowly away from the ice edge. Immediately I shouted to the half-dozen members of the crew who were working on the ice with us to run for the ship and try to scramble aboard before a gap opened between the bows and the ice. Splashing and scrambling through the water and slush, they raced over the hundred yards to the ship and just managed to clamber aboard with the aid of ropes and ladders thrown over the side.

Happy to know that at least Captain Maro had a complete crew, the rest of us arrived at the ice edge in time to see the ship swing completely round, part her bow cables and slowly drift away from us. As the driving snow and drift gradually blotted her from our sight the Captain shouted through a megaphone from a wing of the bridge. We could just make out his words, "We'll be ba-a-ck"—a long-drawn-out call that carried over the howling wind.

* * *

THE men up on the ice shelf had still not returned, but now there was an immediate problem, for there were twelve of us on the ice with soaking feet and legs, and we did not know how long it would take for the ship to turn and come back to pick us up. Indeed there was some doubt as to whether she would be able to come alongside the landing place again, for as we continued with our work of salvaging stores, huge crumpled masses of pressure ice could be seen drifting past with the wind and current, turning and heaving with the waves as they rolled their way along the edge of the fast ice. My chief concern was our wet state and the possibility that we should be isolated for some time in low temperatures without change of clothing. As it was the temperature was still warm at 26°F, but had it dropped much we should indeed have been in trouble.

While my mind revolved about the problem of shelter and the whereabouts of spare clothing in the hundreds of cases now stacked ashore at the foot of the ice shelf, we kept reasonably warm by hauling sledges, digging out bogged-down tractors and heaving packing cases from the ever-deepening sludge of snow and water.

It was quarter-past five when the ship parted the last cable; at 5.45 a shout drew my attention seaward where the THERON had suddenly loomed mysteriously and silently through the driving blizzard. First the bows and foremast, then the whole ship gradually emerged like a wraith from the tearing white wall that enveloped everything. After watching for a few moments the men on the ice went on with their tasks as though disinterested in the ship and I found it necessary to urge them to hurry, for it was clear that Captain Maro would not be able to hold the THERON alongside the ice edge. Indeed his first shouted words were, "You'll have to come aboard while she's moving!"

Carefully judging his time Maro nosed the ship in to the ice edge between two huge drifting masses, bringing her close alongside the old landing site. Over the side were hanging every rope and rope-ladder that the crew could muster and up these we swarmed as the THERON slid past. One rope was thrown from the bow of the ship onto the ice and seized by Gordon Haslop. As he began to climb, the rope swung vertically from the overhanging bows and Gordon found himself suspended over the surging water below and quite unable to negotiate the overhang above. Fortunately two of us were able to grasp the end before it fell into the water, and succeeded in hauling his dangling legs back onto solid ice.

Another who found himself in a predicament was Roy Homard, who scrambled up the side of the ship only to find himself standing on the bulwarks with the sheer side of an aircraft crate towering above him. Perforce he remained precariously perched in that position with the ship moving away from the ice edge until some of us could reach down to him from the top of the crate and pull him to safety.

We now had on board all the crew and fourteen expedition members, the remaining five being still up at the building site. These were David Stratton, Ralph Lenton, David Pratt, Bob Miller and Peter Jeffries. As it was now impossible to hold the ship alongside the ice Maro moved off to open water. All navigation was by radar, the drifting fields of ice and patches of open water being clearly visible on the screen. Although I knew that the men ashore would have an uncomfortable time, I was not unduly worried about them because they had a number of tents and vehicles in which to shelter, together with large quantities of food and fuel lying in the dumps. Indeed there was nothing that we could do and I therefore encouraged everyone to get a meal and go straight to bed, which we were glad to do.

At about 10.15 p.m. I was awakened by Captain Maro who told me that the ice was closing in from the north and we had either to move east or west. After studying the radar picture of the scene we agreed that it would be better to move into a large enclosed area of open water to the west and north of the immediately impending ice. As the ship broke through a narrow stretch of extremely heavy floes we were relieved to feel her rise to a strong swell, for this meant that there must be extensive open water to the north. All through the night we alternately drifted and went half-ahead to keep clear of the coastal ice where more and more floes were accumulating, until two miles of pack ice lay between us and our landing site.

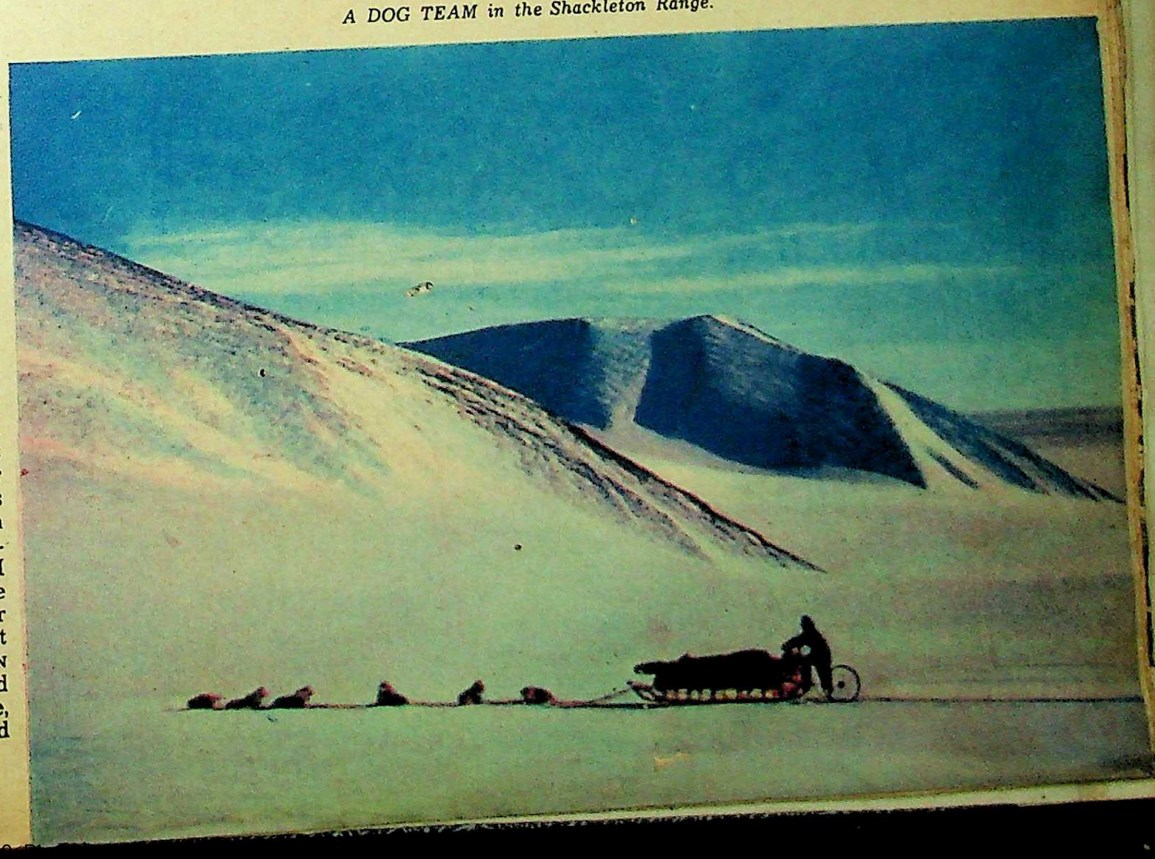
The next day the northerly wind continued until three in the afternoon when it swung first to the north-west and then suddenly began to blow from the south. By four o'clock we were nosing our way in towards the ice edge through a steady snowfall. Miraculously, it seemed, the great accumulation of pack moved slowly away and Captain Maro brought the THERON back to our old landing site. As we approached, what a relief it was to see figures moving about among the vehicles, dogs and piles of stores!

* * *

BEFORE the ship had broken from her moorings I had frequently examined the narrow cracks which extended into the ice from the edge, but none of them were "working"; I had therefore been fairly confident that there would be no wholesale breakaway. But with only the radar to watch, its picture confused by the drifting and accumulating ice floes, unpleasant doubts had assailed my mind. True the ice was for the greater part twelve feet thick, while along the edge we had seen that it was as much as twenty feet thick and more, but even such old ice can be broken by a swell and gale like that which we had

(Please Turn Over)

A DOG TEAM in the Shackleton Range.



INCIPIENT BREAK UP of the floating ice shelf in the vicinity of Vahsel Bay. In the background the ice sheet masks the coastal hills.

ANTARCTICA (CONTINUED)

experienced. As we came within hailing distance we could see Bob Miller cranking an imaginary camera at the ship, set on a photographic tripod abandoned in our rush. The next minute David Stratton, who had been firing red recognition signals, called out, "Guess what we had for breakfast!"

In fact they were all in good spirits in spite of having spent a rather rough night. It transpired that the party had attempted to reach the ship, but even with the aid of the stakes along the route they had lost their way in the driving drift before reaching the edge of the ice shelf, and had very sensibly settled down to await clearer conditions. It is difficult enough for five people to arrange themselves in a Weasel, together with radio and other gear, let alone try to sleep for several hours in freezing conditions. From time to time the heater was turned on, but this they found made them too hot, only to give place to bitter cold again when it was turned off. Every quarter- to half-hour the vehicle was moved forward a yard or two so that the big sledge behind would not become drifted up and immovable.

After four hours conditions had improved sufficiently for them to find their way down onto the sea ice. Then they knew for the first time that the ship was gone and that they were on their own for an indefinite period.

For two or three hours they continued with the salvage work which had been abandoned when the rest of us left in the ship, but then they returned to the building site and crowded into a small caboose which had been made from some packing cases the day before as a tea-break shelter. Now they found this to be very cramped quarters for five men and by the time they had rolled themselves in bulky strips of fibreglass they seemed almost to be lying on top of one another. By three in the morning the cold and restless night no longer seemed bearable, so a hot drink of sugar and milk-powder was brewed and for breakfast they made a hotchpotch of sardines, tomatoes and sugar, all stirred together in one tin!

Feeling better after this sumptuous meal and finding that the wind had dropped considerably, they pitched three tents for future use before going down to the sea ice to continue once more the salvaging of stores. That was at ten in the morning; seven hours later they caught sight of the THERON as she emerged from the curtain of falling snow and moved slowly in to the old mooring site.

I have since learned that the needs and possible courses of action discussed by the shore party and by us in the ship followed almost identical lines of thought, but only the five men themselves know what their thoughts were when they saw the THERON had disappeared; for nothing was said and our return was taken for granted.

• • •

WITH the ship once more safely moored we set to work in the snow morass using Weasels and tractors to recover the remainder of our equipment, which was already beginning to freeze into a solid mass. Each item had to be towed some distance to dry snow where it could be loaded onto a sledge. Not only were the cases full of water, but thick layers of snow sludge adhered to the outside of each, substantially increasing the weight. That day work ceased at midnight.

During the next days unloading continued apace, the stores being put down in organised dumps at the foot of the ice shelf to save tractor time. After the storm wide fields of pack ice studded with bergs large and small drifted continually westward, fortunately leaving a mile-wide lead of open water between them and the ship. This westward movement of the ice remained constant in spite of variable winds, most of which blew from the south-east or south-west. It therefore seems that the current sweeping down the east coast of the Weddell Sea and along the edge of the ice shelf is strong enough to overcome the usual drift of the sea ice with the wind.

On February 5 it became apparent that the shore-lead was narrowing and that the ship might have to leave at an hour's notice. Therefore with only half the hutting and twenty-five tons of coal remaining to be unloaded, the tempo of work increased to a maximum and the members of the Advance Party who were to stay behind were warned to pack all their belongings ready for an immediate landing.

As the tractors moved to and fro from the ship the drivers could be recognised by their characteristic attitudes as they perched on the bouncing metal seats. On at least one occasion George Lowe was observed to be driving with his legs lying along the bonnet of the tractor while in some remarkable way he managed to recline on the precarious seat in a carefree manner. Singing happily he disappeared into the distance, the tractor and sledge apparently looking after themselves.

During the afternoon John Lewis flew Captain Maro to Vahsel Bay and northward along the coast. On his return Maro seemed happier about our position for he had seen plenty of open water to the north and west, at the same time observing that the very heavy and apparently close pack ice passing the ship towards the west was in reality broken up by a number of leads in all directions. By 1.45 in the morning all the hutting and twelve tons of coal had been stacked ashore and I knew that if the ship did have to depart suddenly we were in a position to leave the Advance Party at a moment's notice.

Next day, February 6, unloading was completed and stores once more began to go up to the Shackleton site. There Ralph Lenton started reconstructing the substantial Sno-cat packing case which was intended to serve at first as an emergency shelter and later as a workshop. At the same time the weather had improved and in the evening I flew with John Lewis to Vahsel Bay, then in a south-easterly direction to see what country lay inland from the coast.

I had always considered that the mountain belt, which lies some 200 miles inland from the Queen Maud Land coast and more than 800 miles north-west of Shackleton, probably continued southward more or less parallel to the east coast of the Weddell Sea. If this was the case it seemed possible that the small rock exposures at Vahsel Bay might represent the most southerly extension of these mountains, but it was equally possible that they continued towards the interior of the continent, or swung to the west round the head of the Weddell Sea. It was therefore of the greatest importance for

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What The Stars Foretell This Week

by P. I. H. NAYLOR

Sunday, December 25

FOR MOST OF US: There is little of the traditional peace and goodwill to be found in today's influences. If you are giving a party, take special care to keep people in good humour. If you are travelling or visiting friends, allow for delay and some misunderstanding. For luck today wear or use: Pastel blue, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Whatever your age or circumstances, this will prove to be an interesting year, though at times a little disturbing. In March or early April some argument will arise either about money or your job. You will be anxious to make a change and yet realise that it is against your best interests to do so.

In personal matters, too, there could be some disillusionment ahead. You are likely to form a friendship that arouses the disapproval of those who mean a great deal to you. There is travel ahead and if you undertake it early in the year it may turn out very pleasantly. Do not accept holiday invitations from people who have caused trouble in the past and who are likely to make difficulties in your family.

If you are still young and eligible, you will find this a romantic year. Do not, however, allow enthusiasm to carry you off your feet or drive you into a premature marriage. If you are already settled, it is best to stay on in your present neighbourhood.

Monday, December 26

FOR MOST OF US: Although the day may begin in a depressing way, most people will feel lively and optimistic towards nightfall. If you can keep your entertaining informal, so much the better. Do not expect anyone to keep a promise or be in a sociable mood. For luck today wear or use: Royal blue, 4, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST. At the beginning of the year you may be tripping with the problem of old debts or family responsibilities and wondering just how long they are going to last. You must shoulder these burdens for a few months, but in the middle of the year life will take a dramatic turn for the better. Around August you will find yourself free to go ahead and develop your own ideas.

The latter part of 1961 should bring you plenty of travel and opportunities. You will make friends who will lead you into a different type of existence and give you some helpful ideas. The money situation should be better, too, after the beginning of August.

Put off important changes such as marriage would involve until the end of the year. By September or October you are likely to know your own mind more clearly than you do at the moment. If you are already married you will be able to see the pattern of family life more clearly. Something is likely to happen in August or September to lead you to a new road and give you fresh hope for the future.

Tuesday, December 27

FOR MOST OF US: Everything will go smoothly during the early part of the day. If you have changes on hand or an important decision to make, get going early. Splendid for outdoor enterprises, sport or travel. For luck today wear or use: Sunshine yellow, 1, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A great deal is due to happen during the course of the year to change your outlook and help you to achieve your ambitions. By September or October, 1961, you will have found a solution to many of your difficulties and will be well on your way to prosperity and happiness. Certain changes must be made and you should not shrink from them however difficult they may appear. By the end of the year you will be living in a new neighbourhood and following a new occupation.

This year must be one of change and enterprise if you are to build up security and make the most of your talents. Changes may entail travel. If they do, uproot yourself and go to another neighbourhood or even to another country without too much heart-searching.

If you are thinking of getting married, life will speed up for you over the next six months and you should be comfortably settled before you are much older. If you are already married, you should rediscover happiness in the twelve months ahead and be particularly pleased with what young people in your group may be doing. Mischief-making could cloud what otherwise should be a very enjoyable and delightful year.

Wednesday, December 28

FOR MOST OF US: Put personal problems aside today and concentrate on purely practical matters. There is money to be made, particularly through schemes already in hand. Get an old friend to advise you if you are in difficulties. For luck today wear or use: Crimson, 8, garnet.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST. The next few months should see you well on your way to achieving your ambitions. However difficult life may have been for you in 1959 and 1960, it should become more prosperous and secure within the next twelve months. A good deal of money is due to come into your hands in 1961 and you should get some evidence of how much it will be before the middle of March. By October or November your mind will be set at rest and financial difficulties will be cleared.

Good fortune could take the form of a marked improvement in your position and promotion in your job. Alternatively, if you are expecting a legacy you will cash in on it before you are a year older. You will find that you are taking life more seriously than usual this year, and you may go in for further training or experience.

Though you may be worried about family matters, you are not likely to be unhappy in the course of the year. If you are still single and thinking of settling down, you will probably make a match that pleases your friends and relatives but leaves some doubt in your own mind. If you are already married, you will discover that not only your own relatives but your in-laws also depend upon you a good deal in the next twelve months.

Thursday, December 29

FOR MOST OF US: Prepare for cancelled appointments and a disappointment in the early part of the day. Later you will regain lost ground and make a good impression on those around you. The evening hours will be excellent for entertainment and party-going. For luck today wear or use: Pastel shades, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST. You will be happy this year about material matters and discover that your financial position improves steadily throughout the twelve months. There is, however, a certain amount of trouble ahead, particularly if you already have a personal problem or are worried about someone near or dear to you. Those outside the family group will prove more kindly and helpful. The time to ask for a promotion or get people interested in your projects will be early in the new year.

Keep in mind that changes would be foolish in 1961. Though you may be vexed by those around you and anxious to get away from an irritating background, you will be unwise to break away. Friends who are older than you will help you on your way. They could easily be people of another country who can arrange a travel project for you next year.

Before you can find happiness this year there is a disappointment to be faced. This may mean that if you are single, one friendship breaks up and you have to wait for a few months for another to take its place. If you are planning marriage, the end of the year is the most propitious time to set about it. If you are already married, the last weeks of 1961 should bring a welcome visitor to your household.

Friday, December 30

FOR MOST OF US: Danger signals will be flying today. Do not take risks of any kind. Business associations might be troubled for the time being: stick to routine if you can. For luck today wear or use: Off white, 2, moonstone.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST. In 1961 you will find that in spite of yourself you are involved in many arguments. You will have to be on your guard and keep yourself under strict control if you want to keep out of trouble throughout the year. You are living among people who are heading for trouble and, as some of your affairs are linked with theirs, you must be very careful in your dealings with them.

Money will be the least of your problems in 1961. An arrangement made in the first three months of the new year should set your mind at rest about income and future finance. If you are sports-minded, look after your health this year and do not take too many risks.

Before you think of marriage or any close relationship, wait awhile. If you marry in a hurry in 1961, you will regret it before you are many years older. If you are already married, prepare to be patient with your marriage partner and tolerant of your own relatives. This is to be a year of testing in personal matters and much depends on how you react to the claims made upon you.

Saturday, December 31

FOR MOST OF US: The year ends on a happy note. It should be easy to get good companions together and enjoy yourself this afternoon and evening. If you are doing business, aim at building up goodwill rather than high profits. For luck today wear or use: Fuchsia pink, 6, lapis lazuli.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST. In the last year or so you are likely to have had a somewhat difficult time. Now, as you embark upon another year, you will realise that times are altering and that in the near future you are to be well recompensed. The early months of 1961 should be the most prosperous you have enjoyed for a considerable time.

Good fortune will take the form of a windfall or success in some project that is now under way. Journeys seem inevitable this year and you will enjoy them thoroughly and be well rewarded for your efforts. You will make many new friends and draw old ones closer to you.

Whatever your age or circumstances, there will be romantic moments for you in the next twelve months. Though these may not lead to marriage immediately, they will, if you are single and eligible, clear your ideas about marriage. If you are already settled, you will get a pleasant surprise about family affairs. Someone whom you thought was hostile and critical will become a very good friend between now and September.

GOOD DAYS FOR

BUYING:	
Business deals	Tues. 27
Personal shopping	Tues. 27, Sat. 31
SELLING:	Wed. 28
ENTERTAINMENT:	Mon. 26, Sat. 31
SPORT:	Tues. 27

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The Moonlit Forest

(Continued From Page 19)

I think this huge badger was born in the forest and that he's lived there all his life, probably for many years. Judging by the flints and chalk thrown out, I know his home goes in very deep under the top sand and the roots of trees. The chalk-clods bear the cut of huge claws. Peace and plenty of food have given this particular animal his size. I know him well by now, and I think he knows me. With reasonable precautions about wind and cover, I can be sure he won't take much notice of me as he goes about the forest, though he often gives me a prolonged stare.

Badgers do so much good by eating wasp-nests, young rabbits, slugs, beetles and so forth that anyone who knows about them is glad to have them on his land. Only ignorant people gas badgers. Unfortunately, roe-deer can't be called harmless, especially in cultivation; or in forests where they damage young trees. So, while I watched my little family of buck, doe and twin fawns, I knew that they might have to go. Man's interests must come first, of course, and people who have worked hard can't lose their crops or their trees to sentiment. But man doesn't live by bread alone, and it will be a sad day if ever he kills out this tiny graceful deer.

When I first saw the fawns, they were smaller than hares—snub-nosed babies who often jumped for joy; or raced through the starlit forest in sheer happiness at being alive. When I last saw them, they were full-grown.

* * *

DURING the rut, in August, and again in October, I frequently hear roebuck threatening each other. It's a hoarse bark and, in the miles of magnificent moonlight among the black plantations and open fire-lines, they sound like wolves baying for your blood. My particular roebuck often followed me when I was leaving the forest, as I walked away down bright grassy fire-lines, he keeping out of sight in the black lace shadows alongside, and barking furiously at me. I think he took my footsteps for those of some other roebuck and was warning me off his territory.

Another family of roe, with a single fawn, I used to see sometimes in another place. One special picture remains with me: I found them sun-bathing in a ride. That was in October and they lay out of the wind, in hot sun, among yellow bracken—the buck and doe basking, the fawn grazing the ride. Although I was out of sight, three hundred yards away, and watching through binoculars, the doe felt my stare. She rose nervously and went to her fawn. They touched faces, as if with a kiss—a perfect wild family in the forest! Then all three of them bounded gracefully out of sight.

Foxes? There's one I know who, the first time he noticed me, was cantering past, six or eight yards away. I never use a hide, but simply sit with my back to a tree, and pull local rubbish over me like bed-clothes. If there are any newly trimmed spruce branches left by the foresters, I use those, because the scent of fir helps to disguise human scent. Sometimes, if I'm within three yards of a sett-entrance or drinking-place, I hold a sprig in my mouth to break the outline of the face. It must work, because birds hop within two feet of me, I've had a wing brush my cheek, a nightjar churring in my tree which vibrated with his movements, a hare feeding at arm's length.

To see this hare's reaction, I made a small scratching noise. He sat bolt-upright and stared at me, first with one eye, then the other; after which he relaxed and went on feeding. Evidently, I just looked like a pile of rubbish.

* * *

SO, when this fox cantered past, I didn't expect him to notice me either, but he did! Something must have caught his eye, because he checked and came back to have a look. There was just one sapling for him to hide behind, and it was no thicker than a flagpole. He wrapped himself round it as a cat would round a human leg, while he gazed at me. At last, having decided that I was neither edible nor dangerous, he proceeded along.

When I go into the forest, I take my car up firelines as far as possible—about two miles from the high road—and then walk. If I'm going to sit up for badgers, I approach the sett upwind and slip into position before sunset.

Of course, what the well-dressed badger-watcher wears is mud-coloured clothes, and plenty of them. He's completely covered up, top to toe, against either frost or insects; and to offer as little human scent as possible to the breeze. Also, he's well anointed with insect repellant.

Wherever I watch, I never do any gardening, even of weeds, to alter the undergrowth to suit me, but try to blend into the forest as it is, because my object is to see the life of these wild animals as it goes on when no human being is present. For the same reason, I don't feed any of them, nor do I interfere between a flesh-eater and his prey. Nature is unsentimental, death and life go hand in hand, and I'm merely an observer.

After settling in, I compose myself for a long wait, often in uncomfortable conditions of cold and wetness when one loses temperature in shiver after shiver as the daylight goes. But, sometimes, it's marvellous summer—a sweet fresh breeze, the badgers out by daylight, and exciting things to see!

Presently, the tops of the spruces go pink as candles with the sunset and darkness closes in. If I am near a sett-entrance, I can now hear the badgers underground. Muffled movements and talking are going on very quietly down there; while the breeze, blowing through their home, brings me the strong piggy smell of badger. Same as, if I've been careless, it can take my scent to them.

Another thing. While the birds are still about, their voices reflect information to the badgers, still underground, about what's going on in the forest; so it is important to be invisible long before dusk.

Even when the moon is already high up, at sunset, the world first gets nevertheless very dark—darker and darker—until the moon gains strength, when suddenly it's light again, all in a few minutes, bright and clear! The pale patch you've been staring at, in the twilight, isn't faded grass, after all, but moonlight. Once or twice you've even thought it was a badger, and all sorts of lumps seem to be actually moving, but, when the first authentic glint of white on a badger's face is seen, there's no mistaking it, even in real darkness!

Of course, there are often blank nights when no badger, deer or fox appears. Then, as I sit there in misty moonlight, or in the gloom of those other nights, I listen to the forest—to the different owls, to the call of migrating greenshank, perhaps, in the starry sky, or the wind going over the trees like surf.

Sometimes, I can hear badgers in the wood, grubbing among the pine-needles for snails and beetles, or collecting bedding. I can smell them, too; and, in the autumn, there's a scent of mushrooms from the toadstools they're trampling.

Once a badger was pulling up grass just near me, so close I could feel the tug on the very turf I was sitting on. Six inches behind me, he crunched up a beetle he had found with loud enjoyment, while another badger, which hurried past behind me, made a sound like the swish of taffeta petticoats, but I never saw either of them. It's amazing, by the way, how often the interesting sound is behind you and you can't turn round without scaring the animal that's making it!

I see scenes from many stories in the forest. At dusk, a dead shrew left on a post must have been there all day, because there were fresh fly-blows round eyes and mouth. Three hours later, it was gone. Many flesh-eaters don't like shrew, but perhaps the owl that must have killed this one was disturbed last night and left it. Disturbed by what? Anyway, all day he remembered, and returned after dark to get it.

* * *

ONE night I heard the horn of my car being hooted in the distance and, when I went along to find out what was the matter, I saw a man standing beside it in the darkness. Although I could see him quite plainly, he apparently couldn't see me, because now and then he flashed his torch about as he waited for the owner of the car to appear.

I decided I'd have to answer him, so I went up. As I reached him, he explained: "I'm a special constable! Here's my warrant-card! May I ask what you're doing?"

I replied: "You may! I'm badger-watching."

At this, he gave me what can only be described as a very old-fashioned look. Because, I suppose, he had heard many excuses in his time, but never that one!

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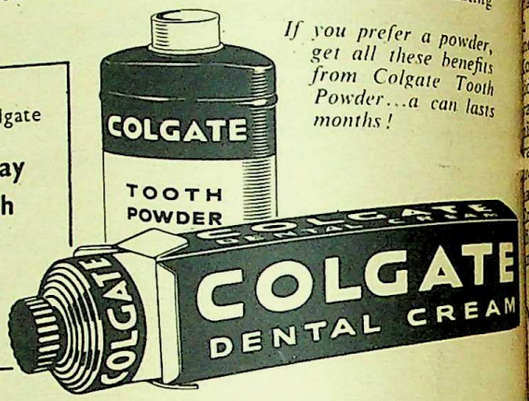

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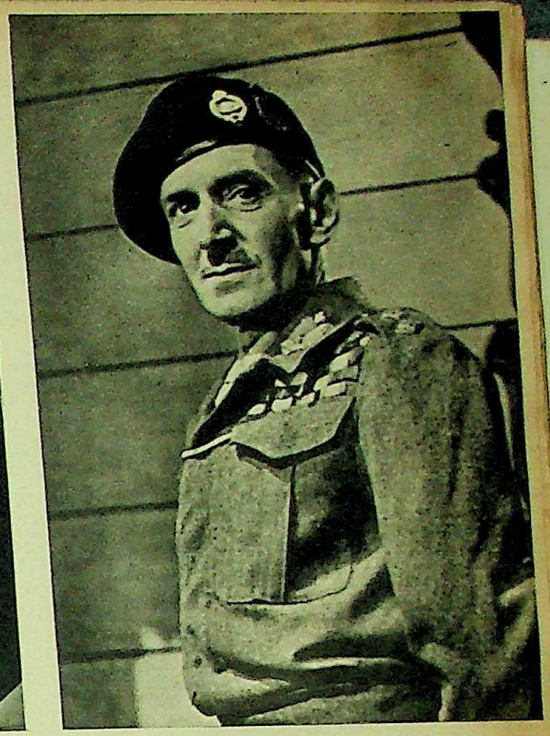


FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY and his double, actor Clifton James.

You May Have A Double Somewhere!

THOREAU may have been quite right when he said it is not worth while going round the world to count the is in Zanzibar, but it seems definitely rth while to go out in search of one's ible. Some scientists believe everyone s a double. There might be some truth in is theory—after all our ancestors were ated by blood ties. Your double may not alive at the very moment, but it is pos- ble that he had lived already or is yet to born.

One of the most amazing cases of mis- ken identity occurred towards the close the last century. It all began when the ungarian civil servant Franz Komorany Temesvar balked at the irksome fact at his superiors were passing him over promotion. He was getting on in life d had to consider his pension. However, omorany was of modest disposition and d not wish to become conspicuous in any ay, but one day he decided to visit the inistry in Vienna. Before boarding a ain he had his white beard trimmed and d not realise that this slight alteration ad turned him into the living image of mperor Francis Joseph, his sovereign. It d seem strange to him that perfectly un- own ladies in the capital genuflected de- otedly as they caught sight of him. Ko- orany assumed in his naivete that this as a new metropolitan custom. But when inisterial officials prostrated themselves efore him and proclaimed their eagerness o guarantee his incognito, Franz Komo- any sensed that something was wrong.

The news of "Francis Joseph's" walks ere reported to a highly perplexed Empe- r. Francis Joseph ordered that this dou- e be brought before him. When the two en faced each other, the ageing monarch uld hardly contain himself. "Amazing," e mumbled, "my own brothers could not laim a closer resemblance." The encoun- r had a happy end inasmuch as the Em- eror personally promoted Komorany who ter much feting returned to Temesvar.

The last German Kaiser Wilhelm II so had a double. It will be remembered hat the ex-Emperor fled to Holland and ook up residence there. In 1925 rumours ad it that he had been seen in Paris. The ewspapers picked up the trail from there nd a question was put in the French As- sembly. Inquiries disclosed that a court official had been mistaken for Wilhelm.

Lenin also had a double, a miner named Fedor Nikandrov who lived in the Urals. Stalin had three doubles, one of whom was held in readiness to be used as a substitute on the ruler's death, pending the emergence of a powerful successor. But he was not used.

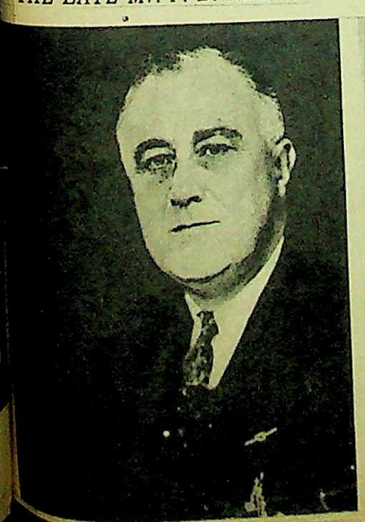
The Broadway actor, Irving Fisher, was nicknamed "the false Harry Truman". Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery's double baffled the Germans during the last war. On another occasion, the German secret service was convinced that Prime Minister Winston Churchill was on a plane from London to Lisbon. A message was flashed to Berlin and fighters were sent up to intercept the aircraft over the Channel. In fact, the German pilots shot down the unescorted plane but it transpired that the agents had mistaken an official of the British Treasury for the Premier. Another of Churchill's doubles was Dudley Malone.

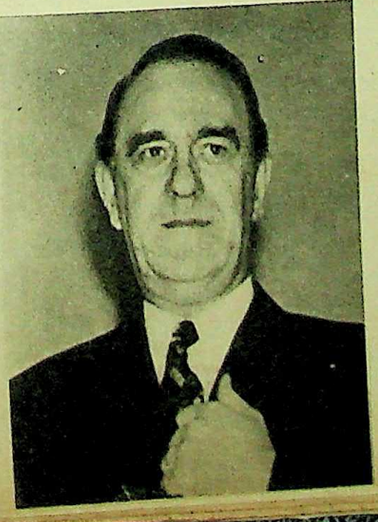
Some extremely odd cases of astonishing likeness occur year after year. A Swiss judge in a Zurich court nearly fell down from his chair once when he caught sight of a prisoner in the dock. The clerk's mouth opened and his gaze wandered from one to the other. They looked exactly alike and even the nuance in the miscreant's voice was identical. Then there was the German who met his own double in prison. He had been sentenced to three years' jail after a phalanx of witnesses had identified him as the embezzler. At last he understood. During the hearing he had protested his innocence and had not been able to understand how perfect strangers could incriminate him. A re-trial was ordered and he was set free.

Bewildering was the case of the German whose picture appeared in a German illustrated paper. The caption said that he had lost his memory as a result of war injury. Four women declared that he was their husband and even the relatives admitted that he bore an incredible likeness to each missing husband.

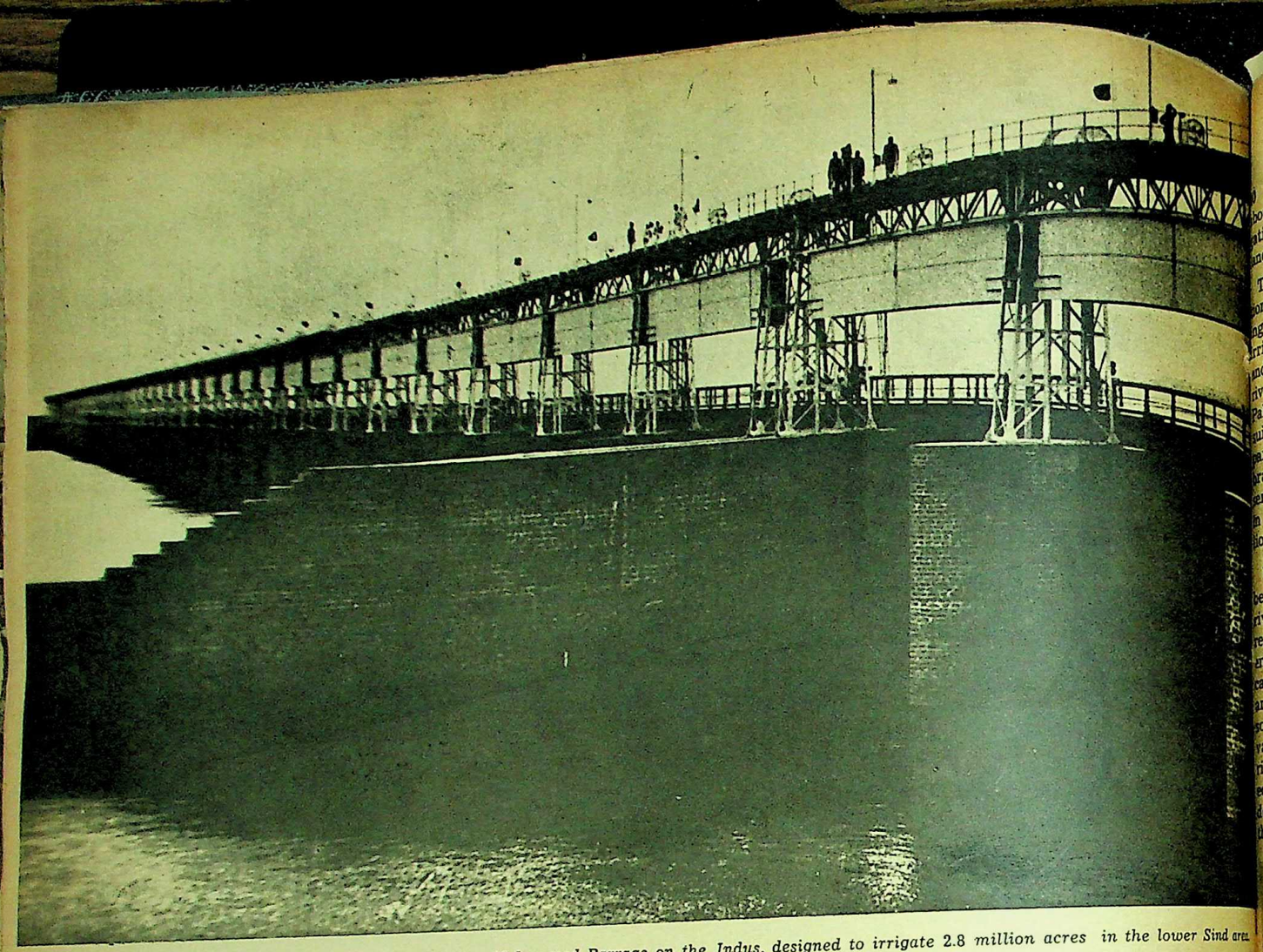
F. F. KURT

THE LATE Mr. F. D. ROOSEVELT and his double, Percival Walmsley.





GRACE KELLY and her double, Mrs. Belton of London.



AN IMPORTANT PROJECT is the Ghulam Mohammad Barrage on the Indus, designed to irrigate 2.8 million acres in the lower Sind area.

The Indus Waters Treaty: SYMBOL OF A NEW ERA

by A. B. RAJPUT

WHEN the two independent states of Pakistan and India were born in August, 1947, at least 10 to 12 million people were immediately affected and there was a mass migration from either side. Thousands of lives were lost in the communal frenzy that followed and property worth crores of rupees was destroyed in the holocaust.

The trouble did not end there. There was bitter strife over the division of assets, delimitation of borders, accession of princely States, payment of compensation for property left behind by people on either side, and, last but not least, division of river waters for irrigation purposes.

For thirteen years, the two states have been at loggerheads in almost every sphere of activity—economy, defence, trade, industry, foreign relations. However, there are now signs of a healthy change in the outlook of these nations, as evidenced by the joint communique issued last month by Prime Minister Nehru and President Ayub Khan, in which it is recognised that "a reduction in tension and the development of friendly neighbourly co-operative relations will enable each country to devote its energies to the achievement of its basic objectives of economic and social development".

The settlement of ~~the~~ Indus waters dispute provided them with an opportunity to direct their attention to the promotion of mutual understanding and friendly co-operation in matters of common interest to the two countries. For this purpose, President Ayub Khan and Mr. Nehru have agreed to take the following steps:

(*a*) A meeting between the Finance Ministers of the two countries

(*b*) A Ministerial level conference to resolve border problems

(*c*) An early meeting of the High Level Implementation Committee set up under the movable properties agreement

(*d*) Promotion of co-operation in science and technology

(*e*) Freer exchange of information with regard to the projects intended for utilising water resources of the common rivers in India East Pakistan

(*f*) Exploring the possibilities of increasing trade

The area which came to Pakistan as her share in 1947 is about 365,000 sq. miles—that is, 233 million acres. Out of this, 198 million acres lie in West Pakistan and 35 million acres in East Pakistan, detached from each other by about 1,100 miles of Indian territory.

West Pakistan is mostly arid or semi-arid, receiving scanty rainfall. So it has to depend entirely upon the rivers and the irrigation system for the supply of life-giving water for human consumption and for the crops. The Indus with its five main tributaries comprises one of the great river systems of the world. Its annual flow is twice that of the Nile and three times that of the Tigris and Euphrates' put together.

All of the six main rivers of this system rise in the Himalayas, from where they descend through the mountains and hills onto the gently sloping plains of West Pakistan and north-western India. Rainfall being scanty in the plains, almost the entire Indus Basin, a 130-million-acre land mass, would turn into desert without these rivers and the network of canals. Thus, with the system of irrigation developed over the last hundred years, these rivers support a population of about

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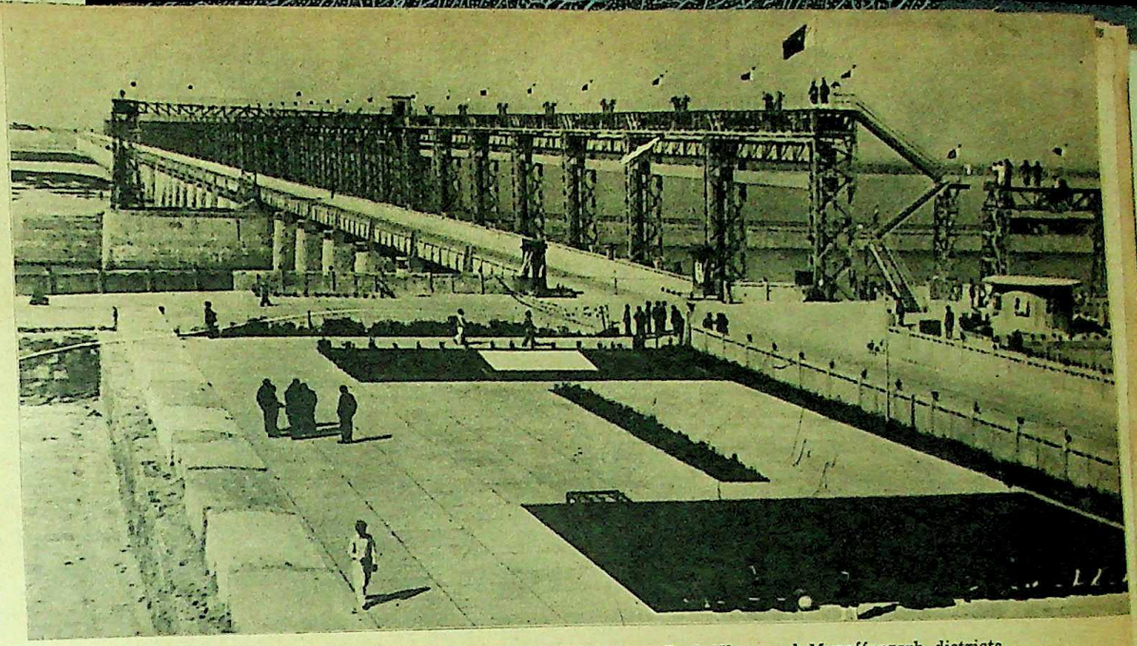
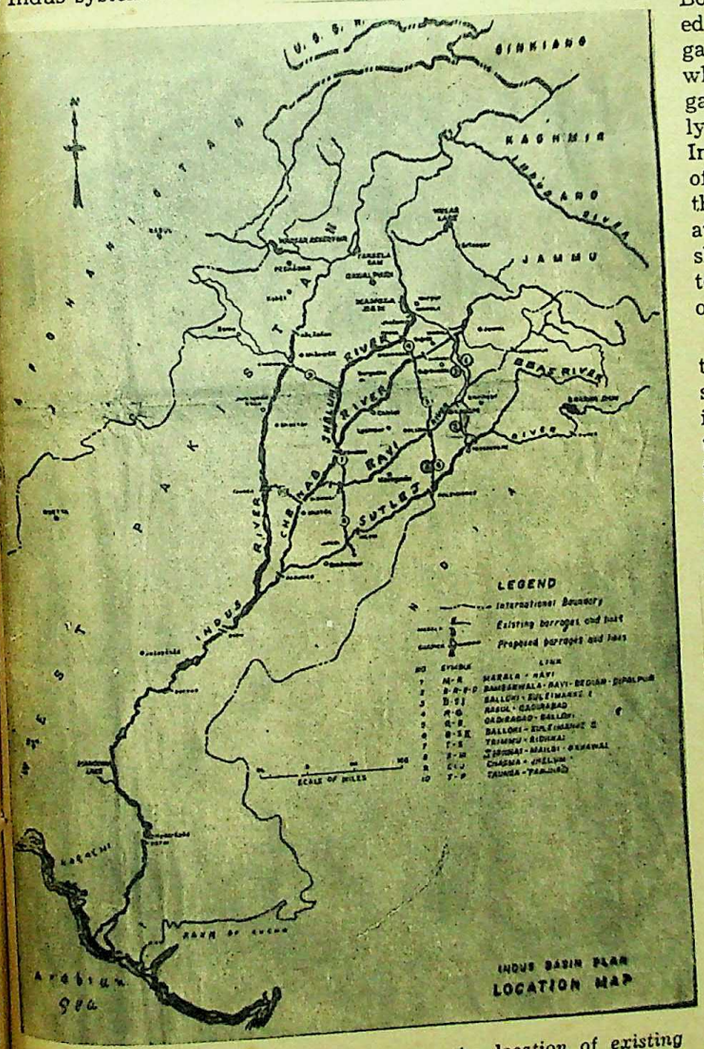


THE TAUNSA BARRAGE in West Pakistan will serve the Dera Gazi Khan and Muzaffargarh districts. (Photographs by author)

million in Pakistan and bout 10 million in India, irri- ting about 30 million acres of and.

This is the largest irriga- ion system in the world, feed- ng an area greater than that rrigated by the Nile in Egypt nd the Sudan. Five of these ivers which flow into West Pakistan have been dammed at uitable places and a greater art of the canal system ranching off from these rivers erves West Pakistan, which n 1947 had an area of 19 mil- ion acres under irrigation.

Up till now the system has been developed entirely from river-flow, and without any reservoir storage. In consequ- ence, water supplies are pre- carious to the extent that they are subject not only to the sea- sonal variations, but also to the variations in the flow of the rivers. The extent to which the economy of West Pakistan is dependent upon the waters of the Indus system of rivers can be gauged from the fact that the net area under irrigated cultivation adds up to 23 mil- lion acres, involving 72 mil- lion acre-feet of water. Which means the total available sup- ply of the Basin in the present unregulated state of the rivers! About 75 million acres are cultivable out of a total of 130 million acres in the Basin, but actually only 30 million acres are under cultivation.



MAP OF THE INDUS BASIN, showing the location of existing and proposed barrages.

At the time of Partition, the Boundary Commission appointed by the British Government gave India control over rivers which flowed through and irrigated Pakistan, and so, naturally, sharing of the waters of the Indus system became a matter of constant dispute between the two countries. Unfortunately, at the time of Partition, sharing of the vast canal system of the Indus Basin was one of the questions left unsettled.

Three years of direct negotiations produced no useful results. In 1951, Mr. David E. Lilienthal, former Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, suggested in an article that a solution to the dispute might be found if the Indian and Pakistani technicians got together to work out a comprehensive engineering plan for the development of the waters on a joint basis; and if the World Bank undertook to assist in financing the necessary works. Mr. Eugene R. Black, President of the World Bank, considered this proposal and suggested to the Governments of the two countries that, through the good offices of the Bank, they might be able to resolve their differences over the use of the Indus waters. His suggestions were accepted by both India and Pakistan in March, 1952.

Accordingly, a technical party, consisting of engineers from India, Pakistan and the World Bank, made a study of the river system and, in February, 1954, a proposal was made for consideration by the two Governments. This was followed by more than four years of discussions and negotiations in Washington between the delegations of India and Pakistan and the World Bank's Vice-President, Mr. W. A. B. Iliff.

GENERAL AGREEMENT

By May, 1959, the main issues standing in the way of a settlement were resolved and an agreement was reached on the general principle on which the water treaty should be based, including the system of works to be constructed as part of the settlement arrangements, and the financial contribution to be made by India. On the Pakistani side, after the talks held between the Bank's representative and President Ayub Khan, it was announced that the way had been paved for Pakistan to "go ahead on the basis of the World Bank's plans for a settlement of the dispute".

In June, 1959, a Water and Power Development Authority was set up by Pakistan for the development of the Indus Basin's water resources in accordance with the Bank's proposals. The World Bank in Washington made an announcement on February 29, 1959, holding out definite hope that "agreement on all the outstanding points to be included

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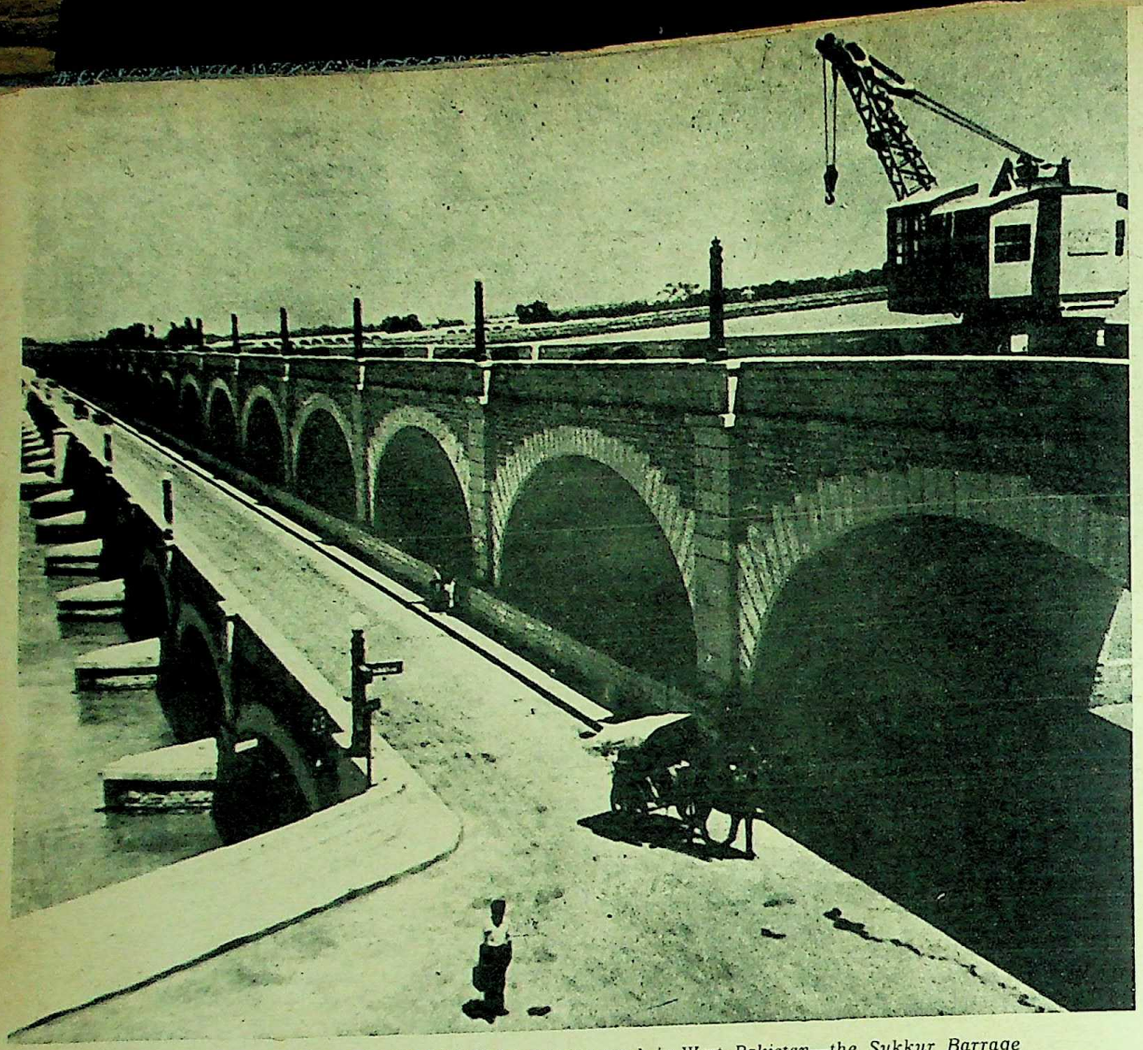

THE LARGEST AND OLDEST irrigation work in West Pakistan—the Sukkur Barrage

Indo-Pakistani Relations

(Continued)

in the treaty will be reached within the next two months". The announcement referred to the basic principles of the treaty—namely, the division of the six rivers between the two countries—and pointed out that such a division would necessitate the construction of additional works. It was estimated that the total cost of the system would work out at one thousand million dollars; and it was also announced that the Bank had evolved a plan to finance the undertaking envisaged in it.

Finally, the treaty governing the use of the waters of the Indus river system, known as the Indus Waters Treaty, was signed on September 19, 1960, in Karachi by Mr. Nehru, Field-Marshal Ayub Khan and Mr. W. A. B. Iliff. The conclusion of the treaty was hailed as "an event of historic significance for the two countries", as it offered at last a solution to a problem of vast magnitude, "on the peaceful settlement of which depended the lives and livelihood of millions of people. In fact, a solution to it *had* to be found in the interests of the economic well-being of the two countries.

The treaty, which is essentially based on mutual adjustments, is a compromise solution. As President Ayub Khan remarked: "The solution that we have now got is not the ideal one—the ideal solution when negotiated can seldom be obtained—but this is the best that we could get under the circumstances, many of which, irrespective of merits and legality of the case, are against us."

The division of waters provided for in the treaty "necessitates the construction of works to transfer water from the three western rivers to meet the irrigation uses in Pakistan hitherto met by waters from the three western rivers. The effect of the transfer will be eventually to release the whole flow of the three eastern rivers for irrigation development in India".

The system of canals and reservoirs, when they are actually constructed, will assist in the improvement of irrigation and the development of hydro-electric power in both India and Pakistan. It will also contribute in no small measure to soil reclamation and drainage in Pakistan; and serve as a means of flood protection in both countries.

The programme will be the largest of its kind ever undertaken in the world. The total cost will be approximately equivalent to 1,070 million dollars (about £380 million sterling), of which roughly 870 million dollars will be spent on works in Pakistan, and about 200 million dollars on works in India. It will call for the excavation of about 700 million cubic yards of earth and will require about two million tons of cement, 250,000 tons of steel and a thousand million bricks and tiles..

The programme for Pakistan includes construction of [illegible] storage dams, eight link-canals and five barrages—and a system of tube-wells and drainage in the area. The first dam will be on the Jhelum river near Mangla where, besides the main dam, four smaller dams will also be constructed to close the gaps along the reservoir. The total length of these dams will be approximately seven miles. The Mangla Dam will be one of the largest earth-filled dams in the world, with a total [illegible] of over 80 million cubic yards. The reservoir created by the dam will be 36 miles long and will have a storage capacity of 5.4 acre-feet. The main dam will be 370 feet in height, but by raising it later by another 30 feet, the storage capacity will increase to 8.3 acre-feet; and the ultimate power plant capacity to 1,000,000 kw.

EXTENSIVE PROGRAMME

The second storage dam will be located on the Indus near Tarbela. Its reservoir will be [illegible] miles long and will have a storage capacity of 5.1 million acre-feet. The dam will have a large potential for hydroelectric power, but at present there is no provision in the plan to construct the power plant.

The link-canals will have a total length of 400 miles, with capacities aggregating nearly one million cusecs. The construction involves a total excavation of nearly 350 million cubic yards, with 14 railway bridges, 53 arterial bridges and 158 bridges of other categories.

The programme provides for the construction of five new barrages located on the Indus, Jhelum, Chenab, Ravi and Sutlej rivers, covering a total length of nearly 3½ miles, with waterways designed to pass maximum flood-waters aggregating nearly four million cusecs. Four link-canals and three barrages have to be completed within the first six years; and the whole programme within a period of ten years.

In India, a large earth-filled dam on the Beas river will be built for creating a reservoir

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U.S. Govt. Loan to Pakistan	$70,000,000
World Bank Loan to Pakistan	$80,000,000
Contribution by Pakistan	£440,000

These contributions will be freely usable or convertible for purchases in the member countries of the Bank and in New Zealand and Switzerland.

With the settlement of this prolonged dispute, the future can be said to hold out a promise of better relations between the two countries. President Ayub Khan and Mr. Nehru have expressed the hope that the spirit of co-operation which led to the successful solution of the dispute would go a long way towards resolving other outstanding issues between the two countries. In fact, many issues, including that of Kashmir, were discussed by the two leaders after the signing of the treaty, and they have assured us that efforts will continue to be made to find solutions to these problems by keeping an open mind.

As a result of their talks, it has also been decided by the leaders of the two countries that further discussions should follow at various levels so as to make for greater co-ordination and co-operation between the two nations. The conclusion of the treaty, which must be construed to herald the dawn of a new era in Indo-Pakistani relations, raises therefore the hope that other outstanding issues between the two countries will be resolved in the same spirit of amity and friendship.

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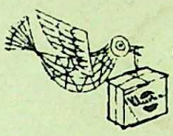

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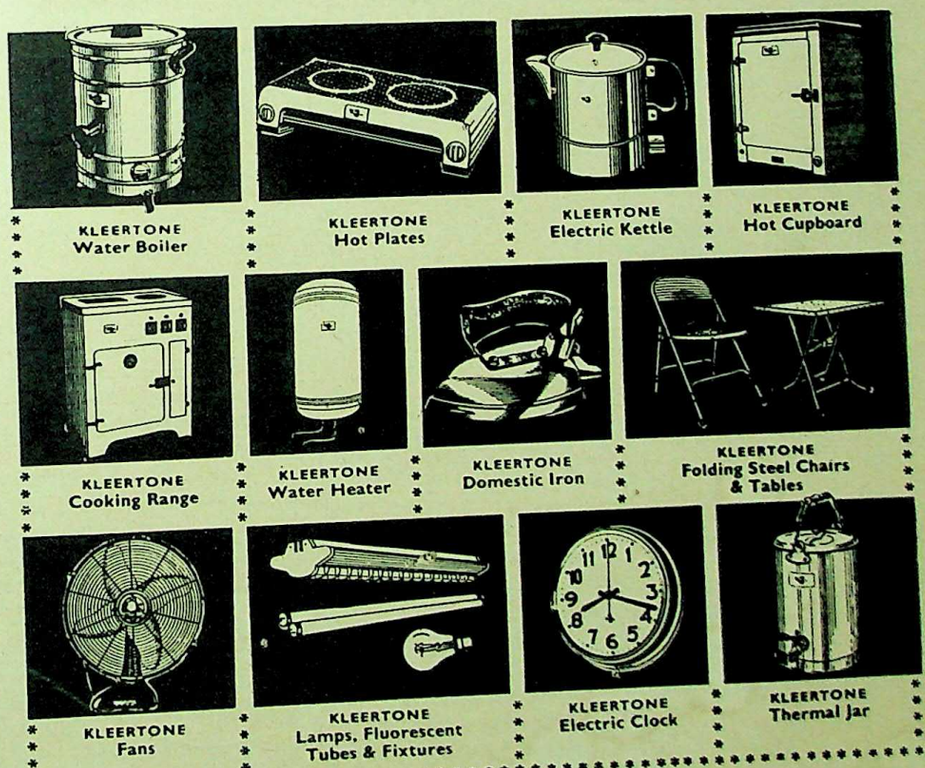

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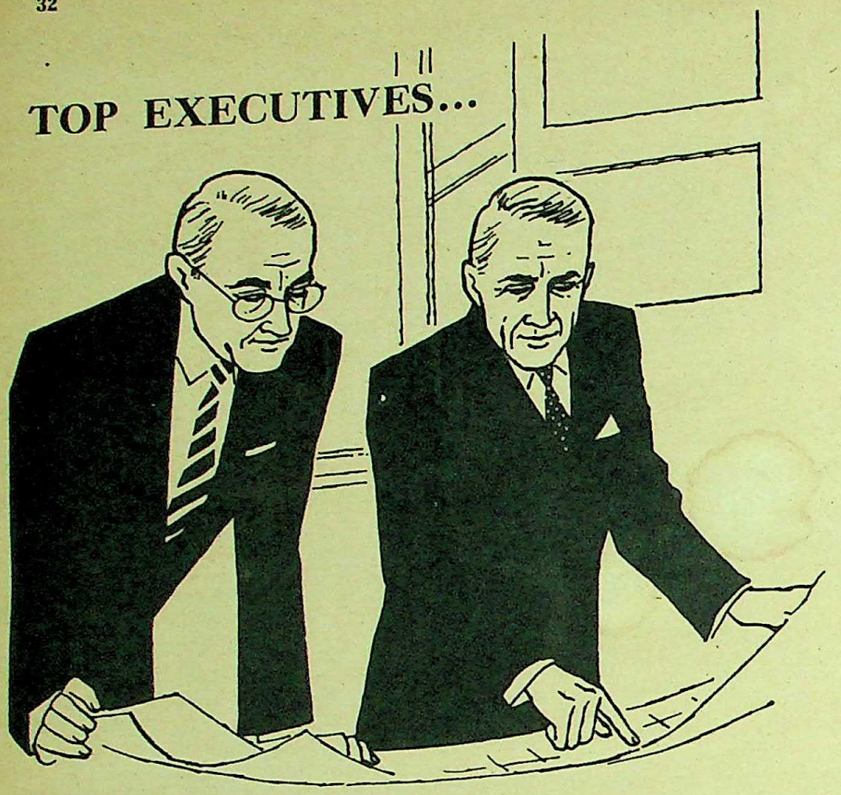

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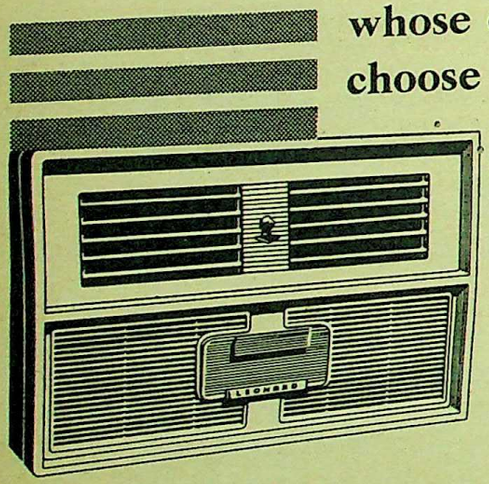

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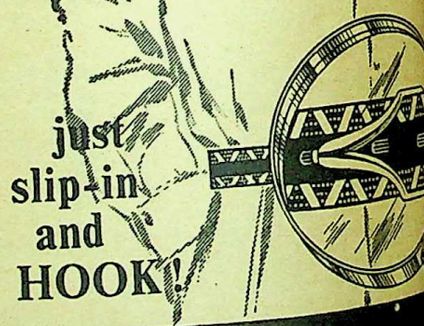

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INDIAN FILM SCENE

by OUR CINEMA CRITIC

Nargis To Stage A Comeback

THAT fine emotional actress Nargis, who occupied a premier position in Indian films as its First Lady till her marriage to Sunil Dutt, has at last been persuaded by her numerous fans to grace the screen once again with her presence. "Can the artist in you ever die?" her admirers have asked her time and again.

Now these fans will be glad to know that their favourite actress is staging a great comeback in a role which is perhaps the most challenging she has ever played. The desire to respond to a challenge and the ability to meet it have at all times been the hallmark of this versatile performer, so there is little doubt that, enacted by her, the role will become memorable.

The assignment in question is in a film which her brother, Akhtar Hussain, is producing. Satyen Bose has scripted the powerful story and he will also direct the picture. Another major attraction of this comeback vehicle of Nargis will be the music composed for it by the Shankar-Jaikishan team.

* * *

WITH the recent election of producer-director Bimal Roy as its President, the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association in Bombay seems at long last to have achieved a healthy measure of unity in its ranks and appears set on a course of more fruitful activity than hitherto.

In the past, the Indian film industry has been the hotbed of petty squabbles and professional jealousies rather than an organised body endeavouring to provide wholesome entertainment to the cinegoing public. A responsible producer conscious of the vital necessity of unity in a representative organisation like the I.M.P.P.A., Bimal Roy, assisted as he is by an executive committee whose members are mostly men of substance, inspires the hope that this association will now face its numerous problems squarely and realistically, with reasoned thought and concerted action.

Let us, therefore, hope that, in future, no producer will rejoice at the failure of another producer's film; or that any movie-maker will feel happy when a picture made by his rival happens to run into trouble with the Censors. And let us also hope that rival music directors will face competition on merits, and not by adopting means which have not always been scrupulously fair.

* * *

SINCE Independence, cultural and economic ties between India and Germany have been strengthened considerably. It is, therefore, not surprising that Indian films have by and large been well received and our movie-makers treated with great cordiality at the Berlin Film Festival, which is sponsored by the Federal Republic of Germany. At this show, Indian films have won prizes and Indians have served as members on the jury.

With this background in mind, one looks keenly forward to the German Film Festival, which opens on November 11 at a prominent cinema house in Bombay. Later, such a festival will also be held in Madras, Calcutta and New Delhi, with the entire proceeds accruing to the Prime Minister's Fund.

In Bombay, November 17, the last day of the festival, is to be observed as Students' Day in which the schools in Bombay will participate actively. The films to be shown on that day will be of special interest to students and will include the full-length movie, *The Cobbler And The Little Folk.*

The programme consists of the exhibition of one film a day, in four shows. Among the important German films that will be on view are *The Royal Game* (based on Stefan Zweig's famous story of a champion chess player), *El Hakim, The Captain From Koepenic, Dreaming Lips, Canaris, The Confessions Of Felix Krull* and *The Cobbler And The Little Folk.*

Leading German stars are likely to visit India for the festival and make personal appearances at these shows. To ensure the success of the venture, an organising committee has been formed under the chairmanship of Mr. J. C. Jain, General Manager of "The Times of India" group of publications.

It is certain, therefore, that the festival will not only strengthen further the cultural bonds between India and Germany, but also be of mutual benefit to the film industries of both the countries.

* * *

Last month Sunil Dutt embarked on his maiden production venture, *Mujhe Jeene Do,* with the recording of two beautiful songs written by Sahir Ludhianvi and tuned by Jaidev. The first of these, a chorus led by Lata Mangeshkar, is a hauntingly melodious composition set in *raag* Bhairavi; the second is a pleasing duet rendered by Asha Bhosle and her sister Usha Mangeshkar.

Directed by Moni Bhattacharjee (whose *Usne Kaha Tha* is now ready for release), *Mujhe Jeene Do* is the story of dacoits and their rehabilitation. Sunil himself plays the male lead in this film, whose supporting cast is headed by Siddhu and Rajendra Nath.

* * *

NEW find Leela Naidu, who created quite an impression with her compelling portrayal of the title role in Hrishikes Mukherjee's *Anuradha,* has since been waiting for a film in which she will be afforded sufficient scope to display her dramatic talent. Her patience has been well rewarded and she has at last got a role after her own heart. The film is *Ye Hai Raste Pyar Ke,* in which she portrays a glamorous air-hostess who marries a dashing pilot for love and becomes a dutiful wife and a devoted mother. Her home life is happy until she is suddenly torn away from her loving husband by the machinations of a knave. The drama then shifts to the courtroom, where her husband is faced with the charge of murdering the man who ruined his home.

It is the first time that such an unusual subject is being presented on the Indian screen. Leela Naidu's husband in this film is Sunil Dutt, who believes that the role is one of the best ever assigned to him. Leela and Sunil have to match strides with such veterans as Ashok Kumar, Motilal and Rehman in this film, which is directed by R. K. Nayyar with music by Ravi and lyrics by Rajendra Krishna.

FIRST LADY of the Indian screen until her retirement two years ago, Nargis plans to stage a comeback in a film to be produced by her brother, Akhtar Hussain, and directed by Satyen Bose.

Young newcomer Dharmendra, with not one of his films screened yet, has caught the fancy of movie-makers in Bombay! During the last one month, this rugged actor has been signed up by three producers to play leading roles in their films. Two of these new ventures featuring Dharmendra are Keki Billimoria's *Zindagi Ke Raste* and Film Field's *Taron Ki Chhaon Men.*

Another young man who has not had the same measure of luck but who is sure to go places is handsome Sudhir, who was the first to join the Filmalaya School of Dramatics and, in course of time, became some sort of a guide to the several students being trained there. This year Sudhir made an impressive debut in Aspi Irani's *Barood,* and is now set for higher honours in a film in which he is teamed with dancing starlet Kum Kum.

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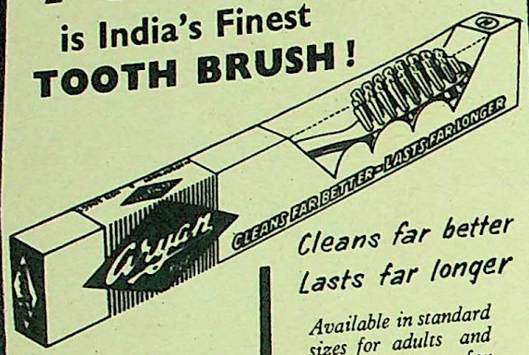

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ety. Within a year of their coming to-
er, Mrs. Whearty gave birth to another
ghter.

It was to this household that Baksh Allee, a sweeper boy in search of a job, was brought one of his acquaintances. Mr. Walters, it appears, was in need of an extra servant, someone who could attend at the table as well as do the coachman. He seems to have taken an instant liking to Baksh Allee and engaged him on the spot.

It soon turned out that Baksh Allee could not drive a coach, nor did he know anything about how to serve at the table, but by the time he was found out, he had made himself indispensable in many ways; he was eager to learn and willing to put his hand to anything that he was required doing. Mr. Walters kept him on, and, as time passed, he came to be regarded as the chief servant of the household—the trusted and respected family servant.

Side by side with learning his duties as an all-round domestic servant, Baksh Allee was also getting wise to the ways of the big city. He had made numerous friends among the members of his own caste, in particular, the drummers and the *shehnai*-players of the favourite palace courtesans. He discovered that it was easier to obtain an audience with the king through the influence of one of the drummers than through any of the king's ministers after all, the drummers seemed to be much more closely associated with the king's favourite pursuits.

In the year 1826, Mr. Hopkins Walters died, having run through the greater portion of his wife's money. At this time, Mrs. Whearty—although she had begun to call herself Mrs. Walters more than ten years earlier, legally she still remained Mrs. Whearty, and in any case, it would be adding considerably to the complications of the story to go on changing her name as frequently as she herself did—could not have been more than thirty-five, and from all accounts, was still considered an attractive woman; and although her substantial fortune was now sadly depleted, she still had enough money to make her seem a highly desirable match in the eyes of the numerous single Englishmen who lived in Lucknow.

* * *

BUT Baksh Allee, the trusted family servant, had other plans for Mrs. Whearty's future, and the first thing he did was to whisk the family away from Lucknow and out of the range of those of her countrymen who sought Mrs. Whearty's hand in marriage, and install them in an out-of-the-way locality in Kanpur. There he assumed full control of the affairs of the family, which, it must be remembered, consisted of Mrs. Whearty herself and her two daughters, one by Mr. Whearty and the other by Mr. Walters. For a man of Baksh Allee's charm and cunning, the next step must have been almost a walkover. From being a trusted family servant, he slid effortlessly into the position of the master of the household, and, almost inevitably, Mrs. Whearty became his mistress and began to call herself Mrs. Baksh Allee.

If Baksh Allee had come a long way from the days when he used to clean the lavatories of the houses in Rasoolabad, there is little doubt that he himself felt convinced that he had barely scratched the surface of the rewards in store for him.

Once he was firmly established as the master of the Whearty household, Baksh Allee had no use for the quietness of Kanpur. He was longing to get back to Lucknow, to the centre of his particular universe, and as close to the palace as possible. That was where things were happening in those years, people less gifted than him were finding their way to wealth and position. Baksh Allee did not want to be left out of the gold-rush.

Great things were happening in Lucknow. In 1827, King Gazi-ud-din Haidar had died that year, and his son, Nasir-ud-din Haidar, had become the King of Oudh. Nasir-ud-din's only claim to everlasting fame, apart from the succession of profligate women he got himself involved with, was his capacity to spend money faster than almost anyone else before or since. In ten years, he ran through a reserve of 13 crores of rupees, in addition to his normal income of around a crore of rupees every year. Considering that the rupee was, in those days, worth at least fifty times its present value, he lived at the incredible pace of something like a hundred crores of rupees every year. Almost anyone who could worm his way into the palace circles could not help sharing in the spoils.

By now Baksh Allee's plans had taken an altogether new twist. Mrs. Whearty's two daughters had grown up into ravishing beauties, and Baksh Allee easily persuaded Mrs. Whearty that Kanpur was no place to find husbands for two young ladies who, though undoubtedly good-looking, did not have much money coming to them. The best place to take them, the place where their charms would be really appreciated, was Lucknow, the city of a thousand Nawabs, many of whom would be prepared to marry the girls for their looks alone, and who knows, with his, Baksh Allee's influence with some of the palace drummers, it might even be possible for them to be brought to the notice of the king himself...

The family once again moved to Lucknow, and within a few weeks, the industrious Baksh Allee had paved the way for the two girls to be brought to the notice of the king. The ruler was said to have been instantly "captivated by the charms of Mrs. Whearty's second daughter (the one by Mr. Walters) and... demanded her hand in marriage from her mother."

* * *

THEN things really began to move. Within a few weeks, Mrs. Whearty's illegitimate daughter became one of the Queens of Oudh and was given the title of Mokuddera Oulea. The king was easily prevailed upon to provide suitable establishments for all the queen's relations, including, of course, her step-father; and as the ruler decided that the manner in which Baksh Allee and Mrs. Whearty had been living together in the past was "unsuitable to the connection that now subsisted between them, he caused them to be married in due form according to the Mohammedan law."

King Nasir-ud-din had acquired five Queens in less than two years, and few people around him, least of all Baksh Allee, could have had any illusions that this new infatuation would last long; Baksh Allee had to act fast before it wore off and those around the King decided to bring the charms of yet another girl to his notice.

For the time being, however, the king was putty in the hands of so polished a bargainer. Baksh Allee prevailed upon his royal son-in-law that all members of his 'family', including his step-daughter who was now called Mokuddera Oulea should be suitably provided for and given permanent pensions. Accordingly the king paid a sum of Rs. 66 lakhs to the East India Company, stipulating that the interest on this sum, which amounted to one thousand rupees per day, should be paid to this new Queen or her descendants in perpetuity. Other, lesser pensions were granted to Mrs. Whearty and to her elder daughter, whose name, since the entire family had now adopted the Muslim religion, had been changed to Sharf-un-nisa.

For himself, however, Baksh Allee wanted nothing from the king, nothing except the opportunity to serve his master in the capacity of the Revenue Collector of the district of Rasoolabad. King Nasir-ud-din could hardly have failed to be struck by the modesty of the demand. In any case, he gladly acceded to it.

And so Baksh Allee was in business. He immediately sent for Mansab Allee who had already acquired notoriety, and both of them together collected a band of thugs to act as their revenue agents. Within the next few months, the Lucknow-Kanpur road acquired the reputation of being the most dangerous thoroughfare in the kingdom, and "hardly a day passed in which murders and robberies were not perpetrated upon it".

Baksh Allee now began to live the life of a nobleman, as a man closely connected with the king should live, adding to the considerable wealth of his 'family' by his own organised highway robberies, and at the same time also adding to his growing harem by taking the pick of the girls abducted by his hirelings.

Money continued to pour in from other sources, too. King Nasir-ud-din died in 1837, and upon his death, Mokuddera Oulea (nee Miss Walters) moved into her mother's house complete with "her great wealth in jewels and other things which she had accumulated during the king's lifetime". As the head of the household, Baksh Allee now controlled the pensions and personal wealth of three of the late king's closest and richest relations. When, a year or so later, Mrs. Whearty died, her elder daughter, Sharf-un-nisa, became "the chief wife or concubine" of Baksh Allee. In 1839, Mokuddera Oulea too died, leaving the greater portion of her fortune and pension to her sister, and, as a consequence, to Baksh Allee.

The next seven years, the period between 1840 and 1847, may be said to have been years of uninterrupted prosperity, for everything Baksh Allee touched seemed to turn into gold. His annual income from his highway robberies is believed to have been at least ten lakhs of rupees. In the early days, so long as King Nasir-ud-din was alive, his victims had no remedy; one could not complain to a king about the misdeeds of his own father-in-law. However, knowing that at the rate at which King Nasir-ud-din was burning the candle at both ends, he could not possibly live long, the residents of Rasoolabad had hope of some relief within a few years. But even after Nasir ud-din's death, Baksh Allee went on uninterrupted, defying all authority. Nasir-ud-din's successor died in 1842, and his successor in 1847. The new king who came to the throne was none other than Wajid Ali Shah, whose particular claim for everlasting fame—apart from the general ones common to most Nawabs of Oudh—was his insane passion for music. Wajid Ali was Nero's exact counterpart amongst the Nawabs of Oudh—the king who fiddled while his kingdom was on fire. He was virtually ruled by his court musicians, the band of drummers and *shehnai*-players at the palace.

By this time, Baksh Allee had become more powerful than ever, and the Kings of Oudh, who had become increasingly powerless to deal with the day-to-day problems of their kingdom, would not now have dared to interfere with his activities. Besides, knowing that the new King was completely in the hands of his friends around the throne, Baksh Allee must have regarded himself absolutely safe; so long as he kept the court musicians contented, he had nothing to fear.

But the sands were already running out; forces far more powerful than the King of Oudh had ranged themselves against Baksh Allee and his gang of thugs.

Baksh Allee's activities had begun to clash with the interests of the East India Company.

* * *

FOR nearly fifty years, successive Governors-General of the Company had imposed a series of extortionate treaties upon the Kings of Oudh, compelling them to surrender large tracts of territory and binding them down to pay vast annual subsidies. The orgies of spending indulged in by the Kings of Oudh, combined with the loss of revenue suffered due to the activities of Baksh Allee and his like, had put the payments of these subsidies to the Company in arrears. The Resident had begun to complain that Baksh Allee had "reduced a good deal of the land of the district to waste, and depopulated many of the villages and hamlets". The way things were going, there was little chance that the East India Company would be able to recover their debts from the Nawab. As much in self-interest as in answer to the call of the thousands of victims of Baksh Allee's atrocities, the Company's Resident at Lucknow decided that it was time to act.

"Proof of his participation in these atrocities having been collected," writes General Sleeman, "Baksh Allee was, in October 1849, seized... tried before the King's courts, and sentenced to imprisonment."

For once, Baksh Allee's friends could not help him out; the Resident of the East India Company proved to be even more powerful than the court drummers. The sentence was duly carried out, and the road between Lucknow and Kanpur became safe to travellers—exactly a hundred and ten years ago, almost to the day.

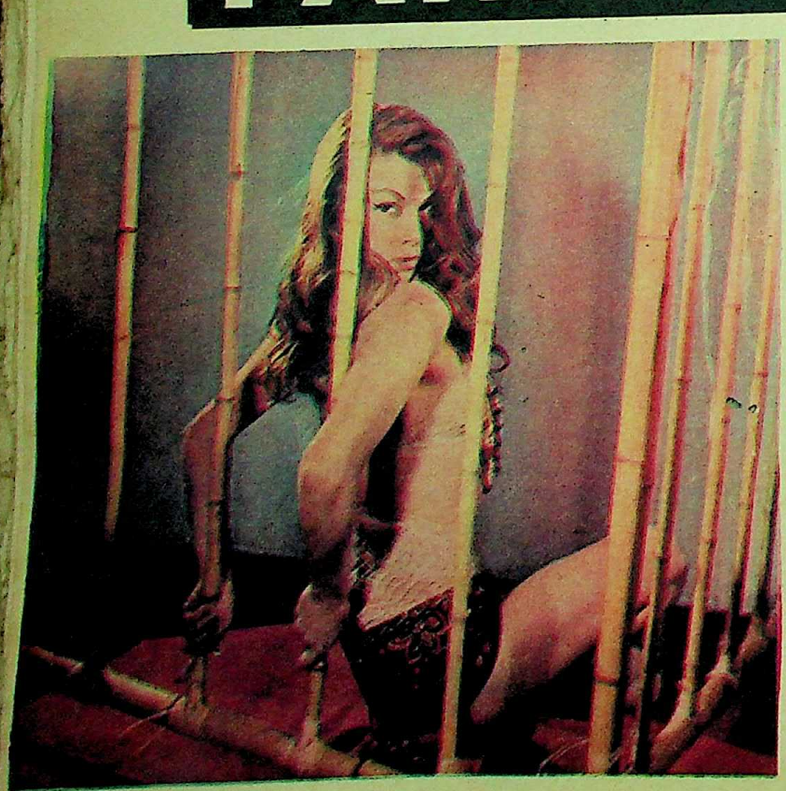
SUNSET AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

PARIS BY NIGHT

by A. S.

OTHER cities have their moods, th
moments of gaiety and grimn
And, on the physical plane, they h
their own aspects and attitudes, now wa
and inviting, now frigid and forbiddi
Paris, the world's most plastic
passionate city, has but one—it is eter
carnival here. Other capitals can be
original, often trying to imitate one
other. But Paris is Paris. Metropoli
crowds, as a rule, present a sad specta
—of a dazed, goose-stepping mass of c
formity. But in the French capital th
are different — assiduously cultiva
noise, disorder and indiscipline which
France, Jean Cocteau insists, are natio
virtues.

The pleasures of Paris—the most v
city on earth has nothing else to offe
are there all the time for everyone to
ceive. But not everyone seems to re
them. For example, the Englishman lo
ing for a copy of *The Times* at the ne
paper kiosks, the American demanding
dogs and hamburgers at the Champs-E
sees cafes and the Indian prowling
Asian prostitutes in Quartier Latin; th
may all find what they seek. But these
the people who can never probe the s
of Paris. One may not do in Rome as
Romans do. But in Paris there is



A STRIP-TEASE ARTISTE performs a theatrical act in a night-club. Right: Flowers for a bouquet. (Photographs by Ray Halin.)

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THE INSTITUT DE FRANCE illuminated for Bastille Day. Founded in 1795 it comprises several academies for the encouragement of research, arts and sciences. Below: A scene from a famed revue, Desire, *enacted at a leading cabaret, the Lido.*

ive; one should either do as the
s do or get out. The language is
be a barrier here—but not when
mite. Lovers speak their own langu-
Paris can respond only to her lov-
t to tourists. One who is utterly ig-
of French, but with eyes, ears and
eady, understands Paris better than
rushes about "doing" yet another
th the help of an American-French
ry. Why is it that writers and
would rather die of hunger in Paris
ll in riches in other capitals? Of
the tourist will never find the

by A. S. RAMAN

re however appears to be some
e in the criticism heard these days
aris is actually made to look as she
st to attract American tourists. As
alking back to my hotel one night,
ing the Old Vic production, *Henry*
the Sarah Bernhardt theatre I
d a strange sight right under the
ing nose of the gendarme—a hand-
ung man and a very pretty girl,
unk, both bleeding, were inextricab-
ved in a brawl. "Don't you want to
them for good?" I asked the
an. He just smiled, as though he
understand my question. When I
the incident to my English friend
otel, he observed rather coldly:

(Please Turn Over)

Paris By Night

(Continued)

"You see, the French are always on the stage. My information is that these tamashas are subsidised by the Department of Tourism."

At first sight, one often feels that there are two different Parises—Paris by day and Paris by night, both co-existing. Indeed this liveliest of the world's cities has a queer way of asserting her individuality. Every inch of Paris is part of a perfectly conceived and immaculately composed design. There are no doubt elements which may baffle one. But these are essential for the unity and harmony of the composition. Paris, whether by day or night, has only one aspect animated by a characteristic *joie de vivre* which naturally expresses itself in a diversity of forms seemingly contradictory. Look at Paris in the day, for example: she is deceptively tame and tolerant. Now children, pigeons and squirrels are all drawn towards this green, sunny, hospitable city. But the resultant atmosphere is not wholly of peace and placidity. On the contrary, one has many anxious moments and the crazily speeding cars are the cause of one's uneasiness. These may give one the wrong impression that life in Paris moves at an astonishingly fast tempo. Of course these sputnik-like, apparently heaven-ward bound cars simply reflect yet another phase of the Frenchman's zest for living. As Cocteau has said somewhere, his countrymen have two prerogatives; the arts and accidents.

* * *

It is however true that Paris unmasks her face only after sunset. The city sleeps while the rest of the world is awake, and wakes up while other capitals are asleep. So I was not surprised when that bright Monday morning my breakfast was interrupted by a telephone call from the English-speaking Madame M of the Department of Tourism, the worthy wife of a well-known French literary critic. Proud, sensitive, lively, Madame M, typically French, had been asked to look after me during my stay in the city.

"Good morning, M. Raman. We'll meet at your hotel this evening—eight o'clock. Meanwhile sleep well. If you feel like moving out, be sure you carry with you the map I gave you."

"Thank you, Madame M. I propose to visit one or two major museums before lunch."

"All right, M. Raman. I'll be interested to know what sort of people you've met at these museums. *Au revoir.*"

The numerous museums and monuments of Paris are interesting because of the type of people thronging there rather than on account of their own intrinsic importance. One can expect to meet anybody there—except the Frenchman. The long-haired, bespectacled, solemn-looking, self-exiled aesthetes from other countries and the ubiquitous tourist parties from hard currency areas with their incongruous but inevitable cameras and binoculars are a common sight. But no invasion by tourists or invocation by devotees can change the character of Paris.

* * *

"Now tell me," asked Madame M in a tone, mellifluous but matronly. "How did you spend the day? Which museums did you visit?"

"I could only spend about three hours in the Louvre and feeling overwhelmed and utterly inadequate. I rushed back to the hotel."

"Oh! Even the Mona Lisa smile didn't cheer you up! I rarely visit the Louvre. Not that I'm modern. Anything but that. I just haven't formed the habit. By the way, do you like modern art?"

"To my mind, there is no such thing as modern or traditional in art—which is either good or bad. These are cliches, aren't they?"

"I'm afraid they're. Now let's not waste our time. I'm going to take you to a very interesting place—where you'll see the real Paris. Promise me, you won't feel as overwhelmed and inadequate as you felt in the Louvre."

"Is there also a Paris that is not real?"

"Yes, it does exist—our monuments. For example, the Eiffel Tower. Isn't that a monstrosity? Now, come along. We Parisians, after sunset, don't waste a single minute."

The programme that followed included dinner on the boat Bateaux-mouches and a revealing five-hour cruise around the city, starting from Pont de l'Alma. The nocturnal boat excursions on the Seine are one's best introduction to the photogenic Paris. Every building, greying with age but gaily lit, whether in substance or in silhouette, reveals a new facade at every turn. But the people on the boat have one irresistible diversion—the innumerable pairs of semi-nude lovers on the right bank intertwined in each other's arms.

"Are you shocked?" asked Madame M.

"No, I knew what I'd see in Paris. But are these men and women not aware of our presence?"

"What do they care for you and me? They're born lovers, at any rate, most of them. The others are professional lovers."

"Oh, I see. You're only confirming what I heard yesterday from an English friend at the hotel."

"What did he say?"

"He paid a high tribute to your Department. It seems you are all extremely resourceful—very efficient and imaginative.

"I know what you mean. Never trust an Englishman when he talks about the French. But, for once, he is right; we are efficient and imaginative. And tell him that our overstatement is not hypocritical like his understatement."

"There is no understatement in Hyde Park."

"Ah! But then it is so crudely carnal all over there. Do you see anything repulsive in these exquisitely Rodinesque figures? Paris is the only city in the world where Sex is written with a capital S—like God. Tomorrow, I'll take you to one of our leading night-clubs. You'll see lots of nudes there. But they're perfectly respectable."

At this point, an American intervening apologetically said: "Madam, I agree with you. Sex in Paris is big business."

"Big what?" asked Madame M disapprovingly.

"Business."

"I didn't say that."

"I thought you meant it."

"Whatever Sex may be in the rest of the world, it is different in Paris. Pardon me, are you English?"

"No, I'm from the Middle West."

"Middle West! Where the hell is it?"

"I'm from Chicago."

"Now I understand you. This is M. Raman from India. We're going to have some nice brandy. Would you care to join us? Viva la Middle West!"

It is the same story everywhere in Paris where night life is concerned—the French elevating sex to a pedestal reserved for religion in other countries and the tourists seeking it on a sordidly sensual plane.

* * *

Paris is famous for two different types of sights—monuments and cabarets—and both come to life only at night. Indeed nothing is more rewarding than a trek back from a night-club along the historic thoroughfares by the illuminated fountains. Sacre-Coeur, Place de la Concorde, Place de la Madeleine, l'Opera, Place Vendome, Palais-Bourbon, Notre-Dame, Pantheon—all these may be mere names by day, but after sunset, under the clear star-lit sky and with the sheen acquired from the soft, sensitive floodlights, assume an animation of their own.

It would not be correct to say that the Parisian cafes and cabarets are alive because of their preoccupation with sex and strip-tease. Many of these, particularly the ones in Montmartre, however, have no other justification for their existence. But the best known of the Paris night-clubs, the Lido on the Champs-Elysees, provides clean entertainment. It is famous for its boldly conceived and artistically executed revues. Also, in the Quartier Latin, one can visit dimly-lit, quaint-looking cellars where old French songs are sung by entertainers in medieval costumes. Even there the accent is on exotic entertainment, designed to be diverting rather than debasing.

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STREET STALLS on the Butte Montmartre (Photograph by Sunil Janah)

The Markets Of Paris

TO a little Gallic wit add the gaiety of a country fair, sprinkle well with the medley and confusion of an eastern bazar, shake together and you have the Paris markets! All over the city they spring up, these typical and wonderful institutions. Some localities have them twice a week, others three times.

The night before, wagons drawn by the magnificent, huge cart-horses of France, loaded with canvas sheets and wooden planks, rumble up to the market place. In a couple of hours the pavements are transformed and below the trees stand lines of empty stalls waiting for the morning. And this comes very early. Long before dawn, light trucks and ancient farm jalopies start to roll up and by sunrise the miniature bazar is well under way.

What you cannot find in the *marches* is probably not worth bothering about! Foodstuffs are the main attraction, of course, but everything else is on sale too. Clothes, luggage, even costume jewellery, all are to be had. The majority of foreign visitors to the fabulous and entertaining city never set foot in a *marche*, but those who are lucky enough to wander into one see a Paris which is human and humorous and essentially Parisian.

From all over the neighbourhood, by car, by bus, by underground and on foot, come housewives, maids and cooks. Some carry string bags, some battered old gladstones, others push long-handled wicker or canvas baskets on wheels, and quite a few come with baby-carriages. The baby sits at one end and the other is soon filled with vegetables, fruits, cheeses and perhaps a new skirt for Madame!

A *marche* is a noisy affair. The plump, rosy-cheeked stall-women in their white or blue aprons are pleasant, brisk and rough. So are the men. Their voices are loud and gay. They crack a joke with you, but strike a hard bargain! At the last *marche* I visited in Paris a round-faced farmer's wife stood behind mounds of shining, scarlet tomatoes, shouting out her prices, their price and their goodness, while her hands dexterously reshaped the rapidly dwindling mountains of juicy vegetables.

At the next stall were new potatoes. These can be bought peeled or unpeeled, for a slight difference in price. And at the stall across the aisle were heaps of wonderfully sweet melons from Cavaillon, round and pale gold; also green and black grapes in luscious bunches; heaped glowing oranges from Algeria; and soft, delicious purple and green figs from the South of France.

Fresh vegetables are priced according to season and quality. The first white bunches of tender asparagus are a luxury. Then, as the season advances, they become an accepted part of every shopping basket. So do the conical, thick-stemmed artichokes which are so delectable with hot butter. Since the American influx into Paris, ears of sweet corn have also made their appearance, and occasionally fresh ginger delights the eyes of an Indian customer.

Bouquets of red radishes, trays full of round white mushrooms, cool masses of green watercress, fragrant mint, all these ingredients of the famed French cuisine make a gay still-life painting.

For me, the cheese stalls offered the greatest temptation. Every *marche* has several of these and every customer has her own special cheese man, by whom she swears and who keeps by for her the choicest bits of her favourite varieties. And what a staggering choice there is: Camembert, to be delicately prodded to test its ripeness; wedge-shaped pieces of creamy Brie; dry, austere Gruyere; pungent Roquefort, or Bleu d'Auvergne; small golden circles of Chevre, the goat cheese; prosaic red-skinned Dutch varieties; and the Petit Suisse, the light cream cheese which the French eat with salt or sugar.

MOBILE DEPARTMENT STORE

Next to a stall entirely decorated and filled with golden bananas (which even hung as a fringe around the canvas top), were racks and racks of women's blouses and skirts, sweaters in the latest styles, and underwear, all to be tried on and bargained for in the open air! A shoe repairer reheeled one of my sandals while we exchanged comments on the approaching political crisis. Toilet articles, sewing equipment, fantastic earrings—all were there, for a big *marche* is an itinerant department store.

All kinds of people shop in the *marche*. Chic French matrons, American students in toreador pants and black St.-Germain sweaters, dignified, white-bearded gentlemen from another age, buxom *concierges*, and brittle, erect old ladies, dressed in the inevitable black which all old French women seem to wear—they all come.

There are the lonely, tragic figures, too. Old people in shabby, worn-out clothes, stooping on their way through the profusion of the stalls, peering at the price signs, and picking up the last-minute bargains—the bruised fruit at the bottom of the heap, the poorer meat cuts for the evening soup.

Meat and poultry stalls abound at the *marche* and so do the fishmongers, and all are fascinating, if a trifle gruesome! Turkeys, pheasants, ducks, patridges are to be bought in season, as also the tiny *becassines*—lark-like birds, which are shot in flocks at the cutting of the harvest. But it is the fishmongers who hold the eye. Basketsful of coral-coloured shrimps, shimmering masses of small silver sardines, fresh from the waters off the Brittany coast, and grey-green lobsters, waving their claws in slow motion—faced with all these it is almost impossible to choose.

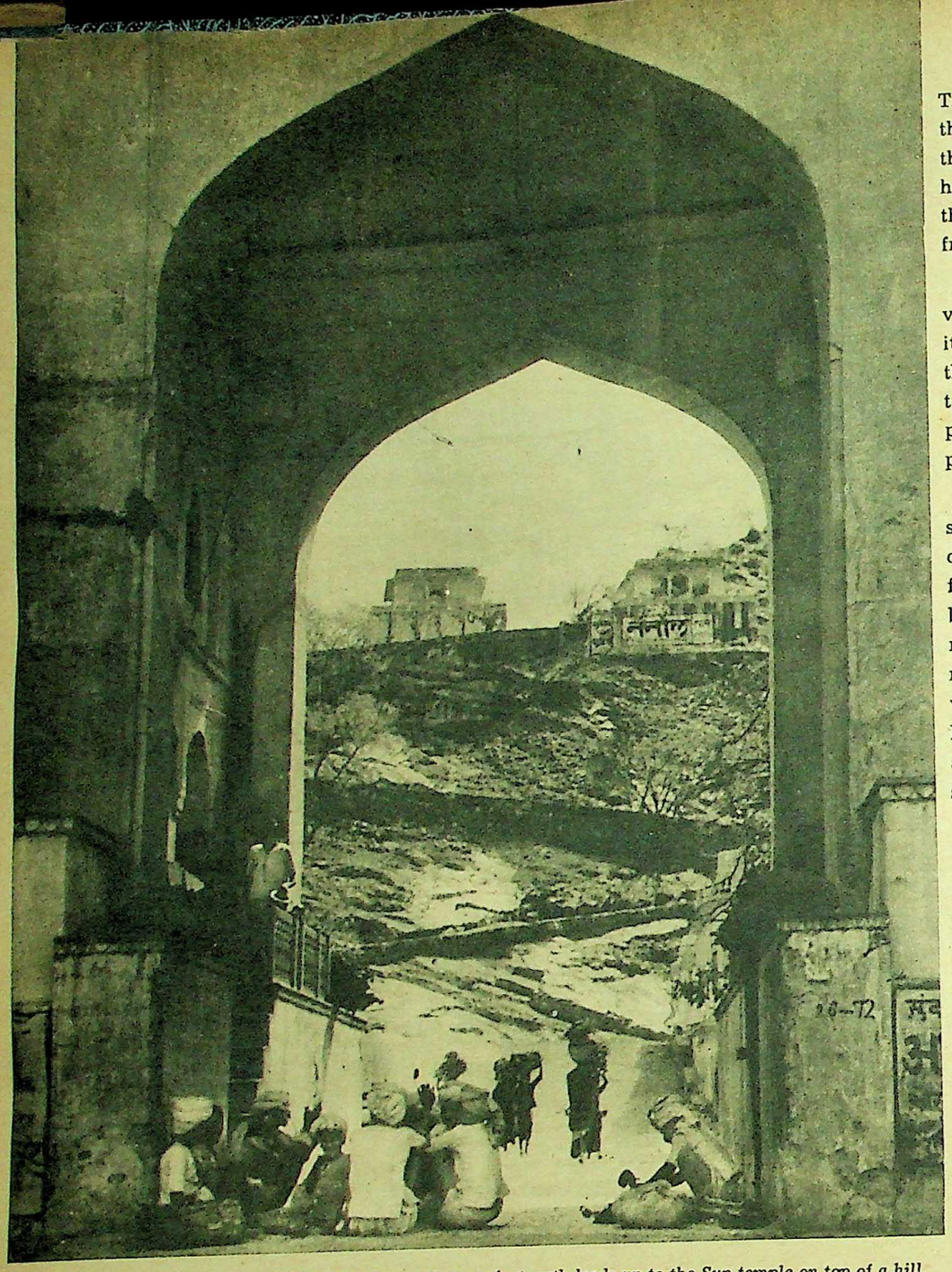
As midday approaches the stalls begin to look empty. The last shoppers start slowly home, their bags full. From one sprouts a bunch of celery, from another the long tail of a pheasant, and from a third a sheaf of enormous magenta gladioli. Almost every shopping bag holds a little bunch of flowers, for the *marche* has its aesthetic touch—the fragrant flower stalls, massed high with the blossoms of the season.

Is there anything so unmistakably, so delightfully Parisian as a shabby old shopping bag, bulging with cheese and green beans, with the tall leaves of spring onions, with chicken and eggs and, on top of everything, a bright and impudent bouquet of spring flowers!

So the *marche* draws to a close. The stall-owners pack up what is left into their trucks and jalopies, have a final drink at the corner cafe and drive off. The municipal street-cleaners are swiftly on the scene with their long-handled brooms and vans, and soon everything is swept clean, the planks empty, the pavements spotless.

The horse-drawn wagons rumble up once more, and reverse the evening's process, trotting on their way to the next locality, where the morning *marche* is to be held by the same stall-owners for a different clientele.

HARSIMRAN MALIK



JAIPUR'S SURYA GATE, from where a foot path leads up to the Sun temple on top of a hill. Right: The gorge which provides the setting for the ruined temples and palaces.

THE GALTA GORGE

IN Jaipur, visitors generally confine their sight-seeing to the pink city itself, the Amber fort and the palaces. But only two miles away, within a gorge in the hills to the east, is another sight to gladden the heart of any tourist. Here, at a place called Galta, are situated two lovely bathing pools, pavilions, palaces and temples, all constructed in the typical Rajasthani style.

The Galta pools are also held in great sanctity. In local belief a bath in them is as holy as a dip in the Ganga.

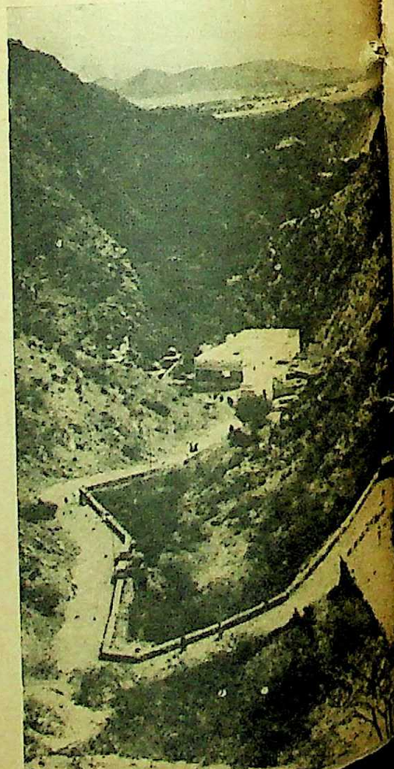
The road to Galta starts just outside Surya Gate, one of the seven historical gateways of Jaipur. To reach this point, one has to travel down Suraj Pol road both sides of which are lined by the shops of cobblers who make Jaipur's famous embroidered slippers.

From Surya Gate one has to walk, for the stone-paved track immediately starts zig-zagging up a hill. Near the top, on a spur jutting out towards the city, stands a shining, white temple dedicated to the Sun. The structure is 200 years old. Once a y the idol of Surya is carried in state thro the city, in a chariot drawn by four w horses. This ceremony recalls the leg that the Jaipur royal family has descen from the Sun god.

From the top one gets a panora view of the city and the hills that ris its north, crowned by the Jaigarh fort. N the road dips into the gorge, turning twisting between rugged cliffs. The G pools are about a mile away from point.

The main pools present an enchant sight. Lying one below the other, t occupy the entire width of the gorge, for a narrow path running down left side. Along the banks and over roofs of the buildings in the backgro rise numerous dazzling-white pavili with columns so slender and domes light that they seem to be floating in air. Beyond and on both sides high h stand guard over this fairyland scene.

A natural spring feeds the pools. water trickles from a rock wall int small tank, and then falls into the f pool. Some people believe that the na "Galta" derives from this spring, wh appears to be formed by the "melti rock. According to another version, place is associated with Galava Rishi has been called after him, the pres name being a shortened from of "Gal Tirtha".



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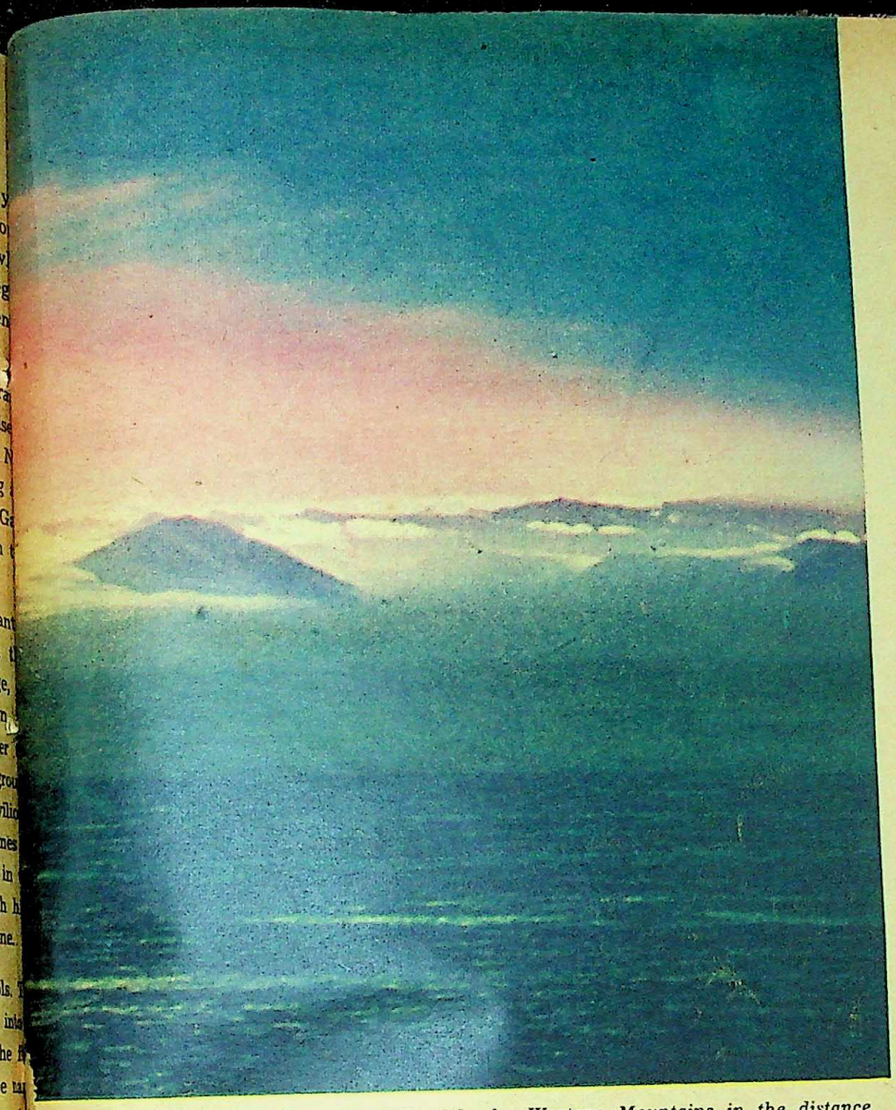

OOKING ACROSS McMURDO SOUND with the Western Mountains in the distance (Ross Sea Expedition).

SYNOPSIS

After months of testing, reconnaissance and proving journeys, the trans-polar team is all set to strike out across the frozen continent, on the first lap of the trek, to the advance camp at South Ice, about 300 miles inland.

Shackleton, a base established on the Weddell Sea under the leadership of Sir Vivian Fuchs, is gripped by a sense of excitement on the eve of departure. Vehicles receive last-minute check-up, equipment and provisions are loaded on sledges and the men prepare for a farewell party before embarking on the historic journey. Their destination: Scott Base, at the other end of the continent, set up by an auxiliary team under Sir Edmund Hillary. The support group had, meanwhile, carried out its share of survey work, covering an extensive area from the Ross Sea, and laid "reception" depots on its side of the Pole to lighten the problems of the crossing party.

And yet the journey presents a formidable challenge to human courage and endurance, for ahead of Fuchs and his men lies a treacherous territory, beset with perils known and unknown, a desolate icy wilderness that has brooked no trespasser from the beginning of Time.

e Sno-cat "County of Kent", named by by Homard because of his Kentish ori-ins.

In spite of the late start, we made 15 iles before camp was pitched. We had so picked up the sledge with twelve bar-s of fuel, which had been abandoned hen Roy's Weasel returned to Shackle-n on the second day of the South Ice econnaissance Journey. On the 25th we ssed over the filled chasms safely enough, and after 14 miles thought that we were well on the way for a long run. Then, in a twinkling, a snow bridge fell away beneath "Rock 'n' Roll" leaving David Stratton and myself suspended in mid-air over an impressive chasm. The hole we had made was about 15 ft. wide and 60 ft. deep to the first step on the walls of the crevasse below. Peering out of the right-hand side, the situation looked distinctly uncomfortable, for it was impossible to tell how firmly we were wedged against the sides, and in any case there was nothing to step out on to—even the pontoons were inaccessible. Meanwhile, David had found that on his side he could reach the rear pontoon and I followed him out, crawling over the ladder-like track as it hung in space.

* * *

AT first sight recovery seemed almost an impossibility, and our immediate reaction was to remove everything from the body of the vehicle. Then David Pratt and Roy moved the two other Sno-cats into position side by side behind "Rock 'n' Roll" and attached them to the rear towing hook. Next, after careful prospecting along the length of the crevasse, a point was found where George and Allan could take the two Weasels over and bring them round in front of "Rock 'n' Roll". There they were joined in tandem, and attached by steel cable to the Sno-cat's front axle. In this way they formed an anchor, preventing the front of the vehicle from falling vertically into the crevasse when an attempt was made to pull it out backwards. On a Sno-cat, each pontoon is able to swivel freely about its axle, hence it was extremely difficult for us to move the left front pontoon into the correct position to rise over the edge of the crevasse as the vehicle was hauled out.

This was accomplished by lowering David Stratton on a rope into the crevasse, where he cut a suitable ledge; then, using the Muskeg as a fifth recovery vehicle, we pulled the recalcitrant pontoon into position, and "Rock 'n' Roll" was drawn slowly backwards.

The necessarily simultaneous movement of the five recovery vehicles was a complex manoeuvre, and it is doubtful if we should have succeeded had we not had the immense power of the other two Sno-cats, using their emergency low gear, known to us as "Grandma". On this occasion it showed what it could do when we discovered, at the end of the recovery, that "Rock 'n' Roll" had been left in forward gear the whole time!

As soon as David and I had stowed all the equipment back into our "cat" we went off to camp with the rest of the party on the far side of the crevasse. It had taken us about five hours of hard labour to recover "Rock 'n' Roll", and we were glad to rest.

* * *

PRESSING on to "Corner Flag Camp", we crossed many more crevasses. From our previous experience we believed them to be quite small, but then we received another warning when a crevasse lid 15 feet wide fell in only a few feet in front of the "County of Kent", after all the other five vehicles had passed over it. When Roy Homard stopped, his tracks were only three feet from the brink, and he and Ralph Lenton had a great deal of trouble because the two heavily loaded sledges behind could not be pushed backwards, thus preventing them from reversing more than a few feet at a time.

After that, we went ahead over the route, probing for crevasses and finding a great many, and this in an area which had caused us no concern on the first journey.

(Please Turn Over)

IN THE THERON MOUNTAINS. At the foot of the cliffs is a frozen melt-water stream. Numerous coal seams were found in these rocks.

ANTARCTICA

(Continued)

Undoubtedly the sun of the previous six weeks had weakened the crevasse bridges, and we were now committed to an even more careful examination than those we had had to make so far. Several times it seemed we were leaving the crevasses behind, but as soon as we began to feel happier a new batch of monstrous black caverns would be found beneath the surface.

By the evening of the 29th we had arrived at the 50-mile depot where the temperature was +25°F, in contrast to —20°F when we were last there on October 14.

All the time minor mechanical troubles beset us, and David Pratt and Roy were constantly changing radiators, hunting for coolant leaks in the very complicated engine systems, or trying to cure obstinate ignition troubles. We were particularly worried by the appearance of considerable wear on the rollers of "Rock 'n' Roll's" front left track. This had apparently occurred since it fell into the crevasse, but we were unable to discover the cause. It seemed that there was little likelihood of its going for more than a few more miles, and it would therefore be necessary to have a completely new pontoon and rollers sent out by air from Shackleton.

It was now noticeable that some of the party were feeling depressed by our slow rate of progress, but then most of them had not been conditioned by the experience of the previous journey. However, it was only the sixth day out and too soon to be unduly concerned about our schedule, or to prejudice the success of the whole venture by pressing on regardless of the pitfalls.

On leaving the depot everyone was a bit happier, because we not only cleared the remaining four miles of crevasses, but covered 27 miles in the day. On December 1, we moved another 41 miles, but that night "County of Kent" drove into camp misfiring badly in spite of all that Roy had done during the previous days. That night we also began to dismantle the damaged pontoon on "Rock 'n' Roll" and to inspect the bearings.

* * *

THIS and other maintenance work held us up until the 3rd, when we travelled for 13 hours and covered 65 miles over the broad undulations of the ice shelf. These seemed to have the form of multiple "domes" and "basins", presumably due to the conflicting forces of the northward-moving ice, from the foot of the "ice wall", and the westward forces of the great Slessor Glacier, entering the ice shelf from the east. The amplitude from crest to hollow appears to be of the order of 30 to 40 feet, with a maximum interval of about 1½ miles, while the general tendency of the surface is to decline from the east to the west.

We were now only seven miles from the eleven-mile-wide crevasse belt lying in front of the "ice wall", and with confidence we set out to find the chequered flag which we had planted in October to mark the first of the crevasses. Presently we saw it ahead, and I was about to say to David Stratton, "I should stop a little way before you get there," when we felt that horrible, prolonged sinking sensation. The bonnet rose up and up in front of us, then there was a jolt and a pause, long enough to make us think it was over, followed by a further lurch as the back sank again and our minds raced over the possible causes and consequences of that second movement.

Carefully we crept out and scrambled to the firm snow surface, where we found the front pontoons clawing at the other edge of the chasm while the back of the "cat" was nearly level with the surface. When the others arrived, they reported that we had been breaking a number of small holes through the surface, and that they had been trying unsuccessfully to attract our attention. Here again was an area where the later season was revealing dangers that had not been apparent on our first run.

As we worked to recover the vehicle, it was discovered that the cause of our second lurch was the breaking of four bolts holding the towing hook, for this had torn away from the "cat" and allowed the back to drop deeper. The recovery took less time than before, but when we had "Rock 'n' Roll" on the surface once again, we found that the large cast aluminium steering platform for the rear pontoons had snapped on both sides. Fortunately David Pratt had brought a spare, and repair work began at once. This went on late that night and during the next day, while the rest of us began the endless business of probing our way through the eleven miles of crevasses. We had the guidance of the old tracks, which were almost continually visible along the route, while here and there we had left stakes to mark the worst holes. These aids, together with our greater numbers, enabled us to make slightly better progress than in late October, but it was still slow work.

Owing to lack of time, the engineers had been unable to construct three more of the complicated forward towing attachments which had been devised for the Seismic Sno-cat "Haywire" on the reconnaissance journey. Therefore our three Sno-cats could not be roped together, and remained more vulnerable to crevasses. For this reason, and because the loss of a Weasel was less important than the loss of a Sno-cat, we now sent the two Weasels and the Muskeg ahead, roped together, the leading Weasel acting as a crevasse detector.

* * *

ON the 9th we were moving forward in this new order over a section of the prodded route when David Stratton, who was skiing ahead to guide my leading Weasel over the prepared track, suddenly pointed back. There behind us we could see two loaded sledges, but no third Sno-cat. At first I feared that David Pratt had dropped right into a crevasse, but then I could just make out a part of the vehicle standing up in front of the sledges. Clearly he was in a bad position, and figures could be seen moving about and gesticulating, presumably to recall us.

As we ski'd back, Hal Lister met us to say that all the vehicles would be needed for the recovery so we unhitched our various sledges, prodded a turning place for each vehicle, and started back over the course. Arriving at the scene, we found "Able" resting in the crevasse with only the very tips of the front pontoons on the surface, the main weight of the vehicle being supported by the back of the body, and the rear pontoons hanging free. Here again was another and different recovery problem. It would be necessary to support the rear pontoons from below when the vehicle was drawn forward, for there was certainly no possibility of hauling it out backwards. Happily there was a local closure about 25 feet down, and after some discussion we all took up shovels to fill in the entire crevasse below the "cat" until it was possible for men to stand on the snow filling we had made and to set our crevasse bridging units in place beneath the pontoons. To secure them, ledges were cut into the walls of the crevasse, upon which the aluminium spans could rest at a sloping angle beneath the tracks. They had been specially constructed in 14-feet lengths, each weighing 125 lb. and stressed to carry four tons.

It was impossible to put the bridging into position on both sides at the same angle, thus the whole structure looked even more precarious than it really was, and we were particularly concerned about the strength of the ledges at the lower end. On them the whole weight of the body would be bound to fall suddenly as the back dropped free from the side of the crevasse. So as to make the structure more secure, steel rope slings were placed round the ends of the bridging pieces and fastened to

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"dead-men" set in the snow above. When all was ready, two Sno-cats began slowly to pull ahead, while two Weasels, acting as anchors, gradually gave way at the back. As "Able" started to move we held our breath; there was a loud crunch as the ledges under the bridging gave way and the vehicle lurched sideways to sink momentarily deeper, but the "dead-men" held; then, like some monster rising from the deep, it appeared to heave and wallow its way to the surface, finally to come safely clear.

When the reloading of "Able" was complete, and all the tools, steel cables, shackles, boards, bridging, ropes and other equipment had been returned to the various vehicles, we all set off for the third time over the broken and sagging crevasse bridges along the trail we had already made. With a few diversions, and great care in driving, everyone reached the sledges, hooked up and continued safely to the end of the probed route.

The day after these events, John Lewis arrived with Fred Morris in the Otter and began to circle the area looking for a place to land. We were scattered over the ice far from the vehicles and by the time some of us had ski'd back, they were safely down after a remarkable, but necessarily short, landing run of about 100 yards. John had brought us the spare Sno-cat puntoon and four dozen heavy steel track bars and rollers, besides the numerous smaller spares, tools and a few delicacies to vary our sledging rations. An hour later he made a remarkable take-off with the unloaded plane in just over 60 yards, and flew back to Shackleton, where the Otter was immediately loaded with the stores waiting to go out to Halley Bay

At last, on December 10, we cleared the crevassed area, and having confidently increased our speed to a steady 8 m.p.h., arrived safely at the foot of the "ice wall" after a 16½-hour journey.

* * *

EXPECTING to encounter sunken and weakened crevasse bridges on the "ice wall" and over the wide chasms at the top, we decided to change to night travel in order to take advantage of the lower temperature which would give a crisper surface, and perhaps add something to the strength of the bridges. We also took this opportunity to change from Local Time to Greenwich Mean Time. This meant that we had to put our clocks forward three hours, sleep through the next day and start our working "day" on the night of December 11|12. We would thus have the added advantage of synchronising our travelling time with Hillary's on the far side of the Pole, for on the 26th we were due to open direct communications with him.

Again we prospected on skis to the top of the "ice wall', where the same soft patches of snow existed as before, but we could now see several wide crevasses clearly revealed which had not been previously apparent. Here the sun had really been active, for the wide bridges near the top were now deeply depressed, the largest, 30 feet wide, having fallen in at one place to leave an immense hole 15 yards to the right of the track. Careful examination showed 20 to 30 feet of snow filling, and this gave us confidence to cross, even with the train of six heavy vehicles. Returning to them, we started up. Again the Weasels were in difficulty in the deep, soft patches, but with some digging clambered their way to the top without further assistance. Crossing the upper crevasses, with a sense of relief we drove straight on to the abandoned Weasel half a mile away.

The idea of flying out a new engine had been carefully considered, but it was not safe to land an aircraft at the top of the "ice wall". As the work would have had to be done before the arrival of the main party, and there was no means of transporting the heavy engine from the smooth ice below to the top of the wall, the idea had to be abandoned. Therefore, while many of us were engaged in digging out the sledge that had been left with the Weasel and in stowing properly the stores that were with it, the engineers set about stripping the abandoned vehicle of all useful items. Tow-hook, "Sarah", starter switch, batteries and tracks were taken, even the anti-freeze and petrol were pumped out. All this reorganisation took several hours. Towards the end of the time, while the newly acquired tracks were being fitted to "Rumble", I ski'd a mile ahead to prospect a new route across the great crevasse which had so alarmed us when, on the previous run, the bridge had fallen in beside the vehicles.

RIDGES CARVED BY THE WIND on the snow surface. Known as "sastrugi", they made passage difficult for vehicles over long stretches.

The huge hole was still there, made a little larger by subsequent collapse, its margins embellished with a snow cornice formed by the wind. Since this crevasse extended from a heavily fractured area to the south to an ice fall on the edge of the "ice wall", there was nothing for it but to find a new way across. After half an hour I was satisfied that I had discovered a reasonable route, and ski'd back to meet the vehicles. I could see them moving slowly up the slope towards me, with Allan Rogers driving the leading Weasel, "Rumble".

As he approached, I noticed Hal Lister sitting on the roof, then suddenly there was a lurch, "Rumble" slumped sideways, to be partly engulfed in the snow, and Hal was flung in a heap on the surface. Afterwards I heard that he had been acting as look-out for crevasses, but his ignominious disposal by "Rumble", his torn windproofs and trousers and a nasty scar on the leg, were enough to deter anyone from trying again what was, after all, a dangerous practice. With the assistance of "Rock 'n' Roll" and "Wrack and Ruin", we soon had "Rumble" out of trouble, but the appearance of this crevasse, in what we had considered to be a clear area, meant that we should have to start probing again, especially as the crevasse in question ran along the line of our route and at right angles to those we knew to exist ahead.

Work was begun the next day, when happily we made good progress, crossing the major crevasse by the route I had found and continuing with the two Weasels and the Muskeg roped together for the next 10 miles. Hoping to travel more quickly, we unroped, but after two miles were brought to a halt by four crevasses. Wide and thinly bridged, they were extremely dangerous and we could not understand how we had crossed them without trouble on our previous journey, until we found that on that occasion we had been extremely lucky to strike them 100 yards to the west of our present course, where they were safely bridged. We went steadily on our way in deteriorating visibility, with David Stratton skiing ahead in case of further hazards, and soon we reached the safer area close to the rock of the western end of the Shackleton Range. There, at nine o'clock, we stopped to camp.

Near our tents a glacier flowed down from the east into a wide embayment between the mountains, and although Jon Stephenson had studied the general geology of the area during the dog-sledging period, I determined to have a look at the rocks which had been denied to me for so long. After pitching camp and pausing briefly for a cup of tea, Jon, Hal, David Stratton and I took the Muskeg and drove up the steep slope of the glacier between the mountains for about three miles to within a few yards of the screes. Climbing 1,500 feet over a series of schists and quartzites, we reached the flat top of the mountain and found it to be entirely covered with rock polygons. From the peak we had a fine view of the surrounding mountains and the endless expanse of ice to the west. We were back in camp by midday, and retired after our brief relaxation among the rocks, to sleep until it was time to start again that evening.

* * *

DURING the night we travelled 31 miles to reach the first zone of crevassing in the middle of the Recovery Glacier. The following night we started probing the area which had taken us five days to cross at the beginning of November. This time, aided by the markers we had left and the greater number of men, we cleared the route in 14 hours. Only in one place did we feel that there was any real danger. Allan Rogers's and George Lowe's many hours of probing had revealed how broken was the ice below, and when we peered into the dark caverns beneath the surface we could see walls of ice leaning one against another. Our difficulty was to judge the line along which enough of these reached to the surface to support the weight of our vehicles, but at last a winding route was marked across the surface with a double row of flags. Then, with great caution, I worked "Rumble" gently over, with "Wrack and Ruin" and "Hopalong" keeping the safety ropes tight in case of trouble. Rather to everyone's surprise all went well, none of the vehicles experiencing any trouble, and we were able to camp about half a mile further on with the whole of the crevassed area behind us. We had crossed in one-fifth of the time taken on the first journey, and as a result had reached this point in nine days' less time than during the October-November journey.

Although we could now go forward to the next line of crevasses, three nights of continuous whiteout, blotting out all surface visibility ahead, made it unwise to approach closer than a mile. At last, on the 19th, the sky cleared, and we made an easy passage of the second crevasse belt and the "echelon ridges", but whiteout again made us camp before reaching

(Please Turn To Page 29)

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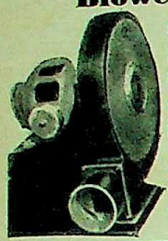

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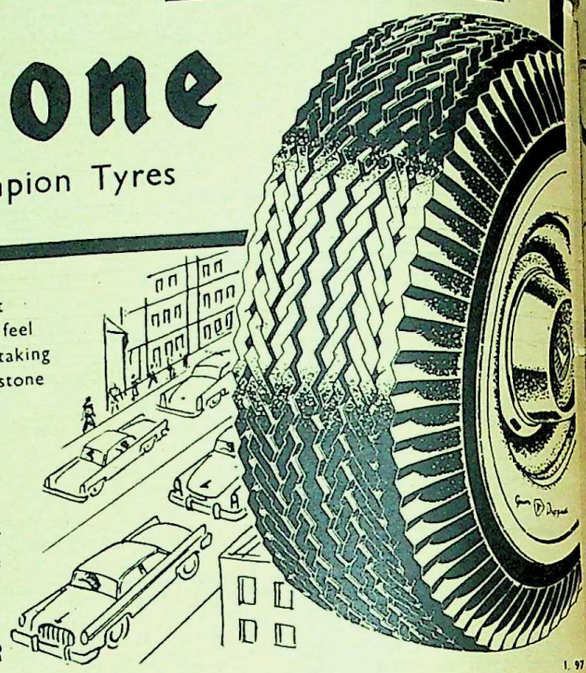

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2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1 per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Orders, Money Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. *Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing postage stamps, or currency notes or coins will not be accepted.* Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 39. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 39, Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order *receipts,* Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the spaces provided on the Entry Form.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing date for all entries is Thursday, April 14, 1960. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. *Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.*

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who enters a Solution which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 8,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes" and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

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THE ROUTE-FINDING DOG TEAMS had their troubles with crevasses.

ANTARCTICA

(*Continued From Page 27*)

the "gap" we had found in the crevasses at the foot of the Whichaway Nunataks. Remembering that we had only taken half a day to find our way across in November, we had high hopes of reaching South Ice in two more days, but the season had wrought great changes. Probing showed the area to be far worse than we had known, and as we worked on we were frequently astounded at our luck on the first occasion. Continually the old tracks led across the lids of vast crevasses which could easily have swallowed all our vehicles, and twice in one day we nearly lost Ken Blaiklock.

On the first occasion a bridge gave way beneath his skis. They fell 80 feet to be lost for ever, but fortunately the crevasse was narrow and he saved himself. New skis were taken to him, for it would have been foolhardy to walk about on such an area, and a few hours later, when kneeling on them and peering into a hole he had cut in a bridge, Ralph Lenton arrived. As Ralph stood chatting, the bridge beneath Ken fell away, leaving him kneeling on his skis in the middle of a four-foot wide gap! Then, last thing that night, when probing was over and we were walking to our tents beside the vehicles, the snow near my rear sledge gave way beneath Jon Stephenson and left him hanging by one elbow over a deep, dark hole from which it is doubtful if anyone could have been recovered, even if he had survived the fall.

* * *

AFTER another night of probing, we had examined and marked 1½ miles of the route, taking us as far as our old friend the "Obelisk". The last mile was the worst, but the tortuous course was gay with coloured flags, stakes and ski sticks—98 of them in one mile, each marking a particularly hazardous point, for minor crevasses we now crossed without concern. In the bright sunlight the scene was suggestive of a course prepared for some nightmare "bending race". David Stratton, David Pratt and I could hardly believe that this was the place through which we had previously found a way in a few hours, this time ten men had spent two days weaving a course among the dark caverns and crevasses we had crossed so blithely.

Before going through with the vehicles, I went forward over that part of the complicated course which I should have to cover, for here I would have to pass within a few inches of every marker, and it was as well to know what one was up against before making the attempt. Quite by chance, I probed a smooth area towards the far end of the run, to find only two feet of snow forming the centre of the proven track! Unluckily, those who had gone before had only found a hard impenetrable windcrust beneath the surface, and had missed this narrow, soft area in the middle. We spent another hour seeking a way past four overlapping crevasses, each being narrow enough, and the intervening walls sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the vehicles.

When at last we began our passage I do not think there were many who thought we should arrive without having had to recover at least one, but our luck was in and when I drew up at the "Obelisk", with all the other vehicles safe behind, we congratulated each other on what we hoped would be the last passage of a crevasse area between that point and the Pole.

There remained a few crevasses between us and the Whichaway Nunataks, but these were quickly crossed and we soon reached our old camping place not far from the rocks above. Later, four of us, Jon, Ralph, Roy and I, decided to visit the nearby nunatak and perhaps to collect a few of the fossils which Jon had already found there on his memorable visit in March. After so much snow and ice, and with the prospect of nothing else but snow until we arrived on the far side of the continent, it was a pleasure and a relief, to scramble over the screes, to feel the rock beneath boots specially donned for the occasion, and to find a few fragmentary fossil remains of a bygone vegetation.

After six hours' sleep we were off on the last day's journey to South Ice. Passing various nunataks, we pushed on over the rough sastrugi that still ran across our path, reducing the speed to 3 or 4 m.p.h. In places, steeper bulges of the ice topography showed heavily crevassed areas, but these were easily avoided, and when breasting the last ridge we found the station lying dead ahead, I was able to congratulate David Stratton on his navigation.

At South Ice we were met by Hannes La Grange, who had been maintaining the meteorological observations while Geoffrey Pratt had busied himself with seismic reflection and refraction, and "shooting" to determine the speed of the shock wave through the depth of this higher altitude ice to the rock beneath. When our vehicles and sledges had been parked, we repaired to the hut for a cup of tea, but it was only built to hold four, and with twelve of us present, all but the two already installed would have to sleep in tents. Here we heard that Major Lassiter intended to fly up to visit us with Captain Finn Ronne, for I had offered them the facilities of South Ice if it would assist their flying programme. Oddly enough, when last I met the Major, in Graham Land in 1948, he had been with Captain Ronne. They were also to bring John Lewis on a visit, and had very kindly offered to make up the plane's load with ten drums of petrol from Shackleton, thereby saving us two flights with the Otter.

We were now at well over 4,000 feet and temperatures were correspondingly lower, so it was decided to go back to day travel when we left South Ice. As the American plane was due at half past two in the afternoon, when everyone would want to be up and about, it seemed suitable to set this as a deadline for our change from night to day activities, and everyone went off to get as much sleep as he could before that time.

When the twin-engined American machine arrived, we all turned out to welcome them and to unload the drums of fuel they had brought, before showing the party over the station. An hour later they flew away to Ellsworth, leaving us to continue our preparations for departure on Christmas Day. The first loads to be prepared were for the two dog teams, due to leave on December 23 to reconnoitre the route ahead of the vehicles. The next day they set off, carrying 20 days' rations, intending to report progress at eight o'clock that night, and on every date divisible by three thereafter.

On December 22 I sent the following message to Hillary summarising the situation:

> Personal for Hillary. We arrived South Ice 21 December after severe crevasse trouble and three major recoveries of Sno-cats. Distance travelled in 29 days 349 miles but consider this worst stage of journey and expect rapid travel from here on. Thanks for your information and proposed crevasse recce. Hope you will be able to mark route through or limit of area with snow cairns or stakes. We leave here with four Sno-cats three Weasels one Muskeg will probably reach you with four Cats and one Weasel. Two dog teams will travel ahead. We expect leave South Ice 25th then Otter and four RAF fly there to await suitable day for flight to Scott. Hope for radio contact with you as arranged 26th onwards. Happy Christmas to you all
>
> Bunny.

* * *

WITH the dog teams away, we turned our attention to unlashing and reloading the sledges. It was certainly a busy scene, for there were eight vehicles, counting the two that were already up at South Ice, together with twelve large sledges and a number of smaller ones. Everywhere stood piles of material, scores of fuel barrels, dozens of jerricans, stacks of boxes, ropes in profusion, a hundred other items sorted or to be sorted, stowed and lashed down before we could leave on the next leg of our journey to the Pole.

Meanwhile, David Pratt and Roy Homard were working hard on the vehicles, preparing them for the long journey ahead. One major task which they had expected would be necessary at South Ice was the replacement of the damaged pontoon on "Rock 'n' Roll." We had been putting this off time after time, on the grounds that the more mileage we could get from the old one, the further we should be able to go after fitting the new. This situation still obtained, for there was very little additional wear, and we decided to go on carrying the spares as long as the old parts remained serviceable.

When we went to our sleeping bags on December 24, 320 gallons of petrol had been used to fill the tanks of all eight vehicles, the sledges bore another 109 barrels, totalling 5,200 gallons and weighing approximately 21 tons. In addition, we were carrying ½ ton of lubricants and 1½ tons of tools and spare parts.

The remaining nine tons of pay-load included ½ ton explosives for the seismic work, 1½ tons of food and ½ ton paraffin—major items these—the rest being made up of scientific equipment, tents, camping gear, ropes, skis, ice-axes and all the other minor needs of a party that is to be entirely self-contained for three or four months.

(*To Be Continued*)

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AT THE SOUTH POLE. Sir Edmund Hillary, Sir Vivian Fuchs and Rear-Admiral George Dufek of the U. S. Navy.

ANTARCTICA

(Continued)

Blaiklock and Stephenson had already reported that they had found no trouble over the first 32 miles, although the surface consisted of patches of iron-hard sastrugi, with intermediate areas of very soft snow. That first evening progress was slow as the vehicles and sledges bumped and banged over the ridges, but we pushed on for three hours to camp at the second of the 6-foot snow cairns built by the dog party. These were constructed of sawn snow blocks placed one on top of another, and stood up like shining white pillars at a distance of two or three miles.

In the morning whiteout prevented us from seeing the surface, so that it was impossible to move without risk of damage to the vehicles. We therefore took the opportunity to make a seismic sounding of the ice and to do some glaciological work. Radio conditions were very bad and we could hear nothing from Shackleton, Halley Bay or the Pole Station. This was a pity, as on that day we had planned our first attempt at direct contacts with Hillary's field party and Depot 480. Nothing was heard.

By a quarter to six the sky was beginning to clear, and we could see something of the surface, so we moved off over the terribly hard and extensive sastrugi. The course led due south over a series of undulations extending across our path. These appeared to have an amplitude varying from 80 feet to 280 feet, and a wavelength of approximately four miles.

• • •

THAT night we stopped at the dog party's 35-mile cairn, after travelling 25 miles. During the day there had been periodical trouble with coolant leaks on the Weasel driven by Hal Lister, and David Pratt in "Able" was keeping him company. When the time came to camp there was no sign of either of them. Next morning they had still failed to appear, so Roy Homard and Allan Rogers went back in the Muskeg, which could travel quickly and easily over the sastrugi. At half past three I sent Geoffrey Pratt and Hannes La Grange ahead in "Haywire", telling them to complete the next seismic station 30 miles on, so that we should not be held up by that particular task when we got on the move again.

During this long wait Ralph Lenton made radio contact with Scott Base, and conditions were so good that I was able to speak with John Claydon and to discuss the flying conditions as they would affect John Lewis when he attempted his trans-polar flight. This direct voice contact with Scot Base was most gratifying at such long range, but we still could not get in touch with Hillary, who was reported to be 290 miles from the Pole, nor with Depot 480 where a static radio transmitter had been set up.

At last, just before nine o'clock, the breakdown party pulled into camp, having cured the trouble by fitting a new Weasel radiator. Setting off at 10.20 that night, we were in trouble again when George's "Wrack and Ruin" lost power and was only able to crawl. Roy Homard soon cured this, and we had travelled 15 miles by 3.45 in the morning, when we stopped at the 55-mile cairn.

So developed the picture of events which were to be our lot throughout almost the entire journey—long hours spent grinding over hard sastrugi or through deep soft snow, frequent minor troubles with one or the other of the vehicles, time spent every three hours in taking meteorological and gravity observations, and for periodic boring of holes for seismic shooting; camping, eating, vehicle maintenance and sleeping had all to be fitted into what hours remained. As a result there was generally very little time for sleep, and at the end of the journey I am sure we all considered the outstanding hardship to have been lack of rest.

On December 29 we reached the cairn marking 100 miles from South Ice, where we found Ken and Jon with the dog teams, and Geoffrey and Hannes with "Haywire". The cairn stood in a hollow running east-west to join another deep, curious-looking depression which appeared to extend almost north-south. Unfortunately we had no time to investigate, but Geoffrey's gravimeter indicated a sudden shallowing of the ice, and we thought that the surface disturbances were probably due to this. Our position at this time, as observed by David Stratton, was 83°33'S.29°02'W., and the approximate altitude, 5,800 feet.

General vehicle maintenance, carried out every 200 miles, was now due, and in addition a number of sledge tow-bars, which had been broken by the heavy going, had to be electrically welded. We therefore knew that our stop was bound to be longer than usual, and this had the advantage of allowing the dogs to get well ahead again. The increasing altitude was making the Sno-cats overheated as they hauled their 6-ton pay loads in second and third gears. I therefore took the opportunity of replacing the four-bladed fan on "Rock 'n' Roll" with another having six blades.

December 31 was a day of beautiful clear weather, but not a good day for us. Troubles came one after another: first the welding of the tow-bars proved to be a much longer job than we had expected, then there were difficulties with two of the Weasels, and when we were finally about to start, at seven in the evening, Hal's rammsonde became stuck three metres down, and we had to dig a pit to that depth before we could recover it. By 8.30 we had moved off, but we did not get very far, for first George Lowe broke a sledge runner, and then Allan's Weasel "Rumble" broke a track and had to be abandoned as no replacement was being carried. Fortunately we had left the Muskeg tractor at the last camp site only six miles back. It had been the first vehicle to be dropped, according to our plan to abandon them when the consumption of fuel had sufficiently lightened the loads. Now we could go back and pick it up to replace "Rumble".

As the result of these troubles we camped where we were, but I again sent Hannes and Geoffrey on with "Haywire" to get into position for another seismic shot. At midnight I made the rounds, giving everyone a tot of brandy with which to see in the New Year.

• • •

ON New Year's Day conditions were so good that we hoped to cover 50 miles, but the surface was too soft for the Muskeg which was towing two heavy sledges, and it could not travel faster than two to three m.p.h. Everyone had a soft spot for "Hopalong" because it had gone so far and so well with a heavy load, and had given no trouble. When first we had left it, we had all been sad, then delighted when it had joined us again, but there was no place for sentiment where the efficiency of the party was concerned and, having no Muskeg spares, it had to be the next to go. In the circumstances we had been working it as hard as possible to save extra load on the Weasels, which would have to travel further.

To speed our progress, the second sledge was taken from "Hopalong" and put as a third behind the "County of Kent", which seemed to take it easily. "Hopalong" could now keep up five m.p.h. in third gear, which was reasonable, for it had never been in top gear for the entire 530 miles from Shackleton. In all we covered 39 miles that day, the last nine over increasingly severe sastrugi, which in the end so separated the vehicles that we were forced to camp to let them assemble.

This worsening surface was the beginning of our most continuously bad area, and next day (January 2) I wrote: "Another 30 miles today, but what a labour! All vehicles in first and second gear all the way over the most corrugated fields of continuous sastrugi. The strain on vehicles and sledges is prodigious."

With the dog tracks still extending ahead of us, there was no need for navigation, and Geoffrey and Hannes continued ahead, followed by the two Weasels and the Muskeg, which were slower than the "cats" over the murderous sastrugi. It was impossible to go round the high ice-hard ridges, for they formed a great field that extended out of sight in all directions. The best that could be done was for each driver to judge the course for his own particular type of vehicle, and often we found ourselves scattered a mile or two apart, working and weaving our way among the ridges four and five feet high. Sometimes, when there was no easier way, vehicles and sledges had very deliberately to be driven at a speed of half-a-mile an hour or less over vertical drops.

Wending our way, twisting and turning, sometimes at right angles to the course, we tried to keep within reasonable distance of the dog sledge tracks which preserved a fairly steady line and prevented us from making too much extra milage. When the snow cairns were visible (usually at a distance of about two miles) they were an excellent guide, for we could work steadily towards them. Even the trail of the dog teams wandered considerably and here and there the tracks in the snow revealed the upsetting of a sledge, or where two ski tracks ended abruptly against a ridge we knew that someone had come to grief.

Over this terrain the "cats" behaved much better than the Weasels, for their articulated

tracks conformed more easily to the surface and their great power and five forward gears gave easier control. Yet the drivers had their own problems, because the second or third sledges tended to swing more freely and, linked with a wire tow, would catch up and ram the "cat" or the sledge ahead.

The Weasels, on the other hand, did not roll but pitched heavily. Climbing to the top of a sharp-topped ridge, they would tilt up and up, then suddenly dip violently forward, followed by the plunging 2½-ton sledge. Some drivers had the added irritation of towing a dog sledge behind the main load and this, being narrow, would yaw from side to side, often turning over and having to be righted by a fuming passenger. And yet we had good reason for taking these additional sledges. Should the vehicles break down, making it necessary for us to walk the remainder of the distance, we had to have something that we could manhaul.

Mile after mile this trial of tempers and equipment continued—would it ever stop, we wondered? By now we had expected to be well up on the polar plateau, experiencing relatively easy going instead of these endless sastrugi stretching at right angles to our path. The winds, it seemed, must blow perpetually from the east, scouring and grooving the surface year after year.

As the day progressed, David Stratton and I first found Allan Rogers with a steel tow-bar that had caught in a snow ridge and had been bent right back beneath the sledge. This was unscrewed and replaced with a wire tow. Then, further on, we found Geoffrey and Hannes together with Hal and George. The seismic spread was ready, but it was essential to wait until the last of the vehicles had ceased to roll, for the extremely delicate instruments would record their vibrations even at a distance of a mile or two. While they were waiting, Hal had decided to drive his rammsonde into the bottom of the pit that had been prepared for the explosive charge. There it had again become jammed in a hard layer of ice several metres down, and a new pit had to be dug before the seismic shot could be fired. When this had been done, we pushed on again to catch up the dog teams, and found them encamped after we had covered 30 miles in the day.

That night I was able to speak to Hillary, who said that he was expecting to arrive at the Pole the following day. For him that would be January 4 as he was on the other side of the date line.

* * *

ALL day on January 3 we travelled over the most vicious sastrugi. More and more tow-bars were getting damaged, so that most of the towing was by steel wire rope which was very hard on the transmissions. We had hoped to make 25 miles in the day, to give us an average of 20 miles per day from South Ice, but all that we could manage was eighteen. By then the blue skies had clouded over and visibility became too bad to travel over such terrain.

We had taken to travelling by sun compass, for the magnetic compass was already showing some sluggishness. We had therefore mounted a pair of these instruments, one on either side of "Rock 'n' Roll", and when the driver's side was obscured by the shadow of the vehicle, the co-driver would call out the reading at frequent intervals.

As the altitude at which we were travelling increased, it was necessary, for the sake of efficiency and economy, to change the carburettor jets on all the vehicles. This we did every 2,000 feet above 4,000 feet, not, of course, to increase the power of the engines in any way, but as an economy measure. Indeed, as we gained altitude, our unsupercharged engines were continually losing power, though such was their reserve that no loss was yet apparent, and the Sno-cats continued to haul their maximum loads without trouble.

That evening I received a message from Hillary suggesting that, as we were delayed, I should consider stopping at the South Pole and flying the party out with the assistance of the Americans. To this I was unable to agree, and replied explaining the situation.

The messages exchanged were as follows: "Dear Bunny: I am very concerned about the serious delay in your plans. It's about 1,250 miles from the Pole to Scott Base, much of the travelling north from D700 being somewhat slow and laborious, with rough hard sastrugi. Leaving the Pole late in January, you will head into increasing bad weather and winter temperatures, plus vehicles that are showing signs of strain. Both my mechanics regard such a late journey as an unjustifiable risk and are not prepared to wait and travel with your party. I agree with their view and think you should seriously consider splitting your journey over two years. You still probably have a major journey in front of you to reach the Pole. Why not winter your vehicles at the Pole, fly out to Scott Base with American aircraft, return to civilization for the winter, and then fly back to the Pole station next November and complete your journey?

"This plan would enable you to do a far more satisfactory job of your seismic work, and I feel fairly confident that Admiral Dufek would assist with such a flying programme. Personally I feel the need for a break from the plateau after nearly four months of tractor travel, and there's a lot to do. I prefer not to wait at the Pole station, but will get evacuated to Scott Base as soon as possible. If you decide to continue on from the Pole, I'll join you at D700. Sorry to strike such a sombre note, but it would be unfortunate if the sterling work you've put into making your route through to South Ice and the Pole should all be wasted by the party foundering somewhere on the 1,250 miles to Scott Base. I will go ahead with the stocking of D700, and I will leave at the Pole station full details plus maps of the route from Scott to the Pole.—Hillary."

"Hillary Pole Station. Appreciate your concern, but there can be no question of abandoning journey at this stage. Innumerable reasons make it impracticable to remount the expedition after wintering outside Antarctic. Our vehicles can be, and have been operated at minus 60 but I do not expect such temperatures by March. Whiteout and drift will be our chief concern. I understand your mechanics' reluctance to undertake further travel, and in view of your opinion that late season travel is an unjustifiable risk I do not feel able to ask you to join us at D700, in spite of your valuable local knowledge.

"We will therefore have to wend our way, using the traverse you leave at the Pole. The present field of giant sastrugi has extended 57 miles so far, and continues with ridges up to four feet. Are we to expect similar fields north of D700, and approx. how many miles *in toto*? Main damage is to sledge tow-bars, which have to be electrically welded causing delay. Am shortly abandoning second vehicle as planned, leaving us four 'cats' two Weasels—Bunny."

Unfortunately this exchange became known publicly, and although we were quietly getting on with our own work, it gradually became apparent that the Press had turned the matter into a *cause celebre*. It was not until we reached the Pole station that I began to realise the amount of publicity which the expedition had now acquired. For the next fortnight it was argued and debated in newspapers and journals throughout the world, and much well-meant advice was given to members of the Committee at home, where our small office staff took the brunt of a Press onslaught none of us had ever visualised.

Meanwhile I had received encouraging support from the Committee, who told me to take any decisions that might be necessary in the light of the situation in the field. As I, and all my party, had complete confidence in our ability to carry the journey through, and were considerably surprised at the turn of events, there was virtually no decision to make. We continued with our work and travelled at our normal rate of about 30 miles per day whenever possible, intending to increase that speed by spreading the seismic shots more widely beyond the Pole.

* * *

ON January 4 Hillary had arrived there, stayed a few days, and then flown back to Scott Base, where he set about building up the supplies of fuel at Depot 700, as I had requested. This seemed a wise precaution, for we had no means of estimating our fuel consumption in the soft snow, which he had reported to lie before us.

At last, on January 5, Blaiklock and Stephenson told us that they were passing out of the bad sastrugi, and it seemed that we should be able to make better progress. This proved to be true and that day we thankfully completed 32 miles. It was with a tremendous sense of relief that we were at last able to drive two or three consecutive miles in top gear.

As the time had come to abandon our second vehicle, we again regretfully prepared to leave the Muskeg behind. This also entailed leaving one of the large sledges which could no longer be towed. Together with fourteen empty fuel drums this formed a memorial pile to "Hopalong", a hard-working and still active friend, whose life ended in latitude 85° 15'S.

From January 6 onwards the dog teams ran with the vehicles. That day they kept up well, covering a total of 30 miles, and enjoyed the novelty of following a trail and the company of the strange-looking tractors.

The day's route took us over almost continuous low, hard sastrugi which, although not so damaging as the really high ridges we had encountered before, was, none the less, very

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FLAGS OF THE UNITED NATIONS and the U. S. flying at the geographical South Pole.

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...ge, and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

HIGH SASTRUGI, or wavelike ridges carved by the wind on the snow surface, which caused much distress to the vehicles on the southward journey.

ANTARCTICA

(Continued)

rough on the vehicles and sledges. The general surface was still undulating, the long rises and falls being steeper towards the north. Here and there during the course of the journey there appeared to be arcuate snow forms, of considerable size, rising perhaps thirty feet or more above the surface. Because of the general nature of the terrain, it was difficult to decide whether or not these were a part of the normal, rolling snow ridges, but there were occasions when we gained the impression that we were seeing "snow dunes" formed in the same way as sand dunes.

Having completed another 30 miles on the 8th, we found a broken "U" bolt on Hal's Weasel, while George Lowe's "Wrack and Ruin" was burning a pint of oil every 5 miles, with a petrol consumption of 1½ miles per gallon, and soon we would have to decide which of the two should be the next vehicle to be abandoned. The 9th was a maintenance day. Various repairs were carried out, and the fan on "Haywire" was changed to a six-bladed type.

When all our work was completed, we made a short run of 20 miles to maintain the daily average which we had at last raised to just above that figure. This brought us up with the dog teams which had gone on ahead while the maintenance work was in progress. We found the men asleep in their tent, pitched not far from the beginning of an extremely bad belt of giant sastrugi. It proved to be 10 miles wide, and was probably "Gordon's Bank", a name given to it because, when flying across the continent, Gordon had reported that around 87°S. there was a steep slope with an extremely badly cut up surface which might cause us a lot of trouble.

We found that there were very high ridges for a short distance near the bottom of the slope, but this was after all only about 200 feet high, and no worse than many other areas. When the day's run of 30 miles was completed we were 192 miles from the Pole, and if the air report was correct we could expect better conditions over the remaining distance. In this we were disappointed, for the next two days provided more and more sastrugi, together with constant whiteout which reduced our movement to 15 and 16 miles.

On the 13th the sastrugi continued, but it was another misadventure that halted our movement. Both the dog drivers, Ken Blaiklock and Jon Stephenson, had to stop with severe stomach disorder, sickness and temperature around 101° F. We quickly pitched their tent and made them as comfortable as possible in their sleeping bags. This was not the first time such a curious sickness had hit us, though on this occasion the attack seemed to be much more severe than what others had experienced.

For the next two days David Stratton and George Lowe drove the two dog teams to give Ken and Jon time to recover from their sickness and the subsequent rather weak state. It was in latitude 88° 03'S. that we abandoned Hal Lister's Weasel. By now it had four broken "U" bolts, and for some time had leaked oil in ever-increasing quantities. The leak could not be cured without removing the engine—a three-day task—and we were not altogether surprised when it finally broke down with a "run big-end".

* * *

UNCERTAIN as to which of the two remaining Weasels would last longer, we had brought both forward for 100 miles beyond the point where we should have dropped one on the grounds of fuel economy. Now we were glad that we had done so, and all Hal's glaciological equipment was stripped from his Weasel to be transferred to "Rock 'n' Roll", in which he was to travel in future.

By this time we were moving fairly steadily over a surface which was still undulating, with very rough sastrugi on the northern slopes, and were wondering when we should finally reach the smooth level surface which we had expected the polar plateau to present. The maximum day's run was limited to 30 miles, but this was as much on account of the dog teams as it was for the seismic work.

All this time our communications with Scott Base were either direct, or through Peter Mulgrew who had been left by Hillary at the Pole station. There he was able to use radio equipment in the travelling caboose, which had been parked with the three tractors and all the party's sledges and other equipment. This relieved the Pole station of considerable traffic at a time when they were extremely busy with their own final problems before the supply planes left the Antarctic.

On the morning of January 17 we were camped at 88°45'S., when two American planes flew over the camp while we were still in our sleeping bags, but Ralph scrambled outside to speak to them from the "County of Kent". He heard that they were carrying Admiral Dufek, Ed Hillary, John Lewis and, to our considerable surprise, a posse of nine reporters. It also transpired that it was the evening of their day. Again we travelled 30 miles over sastrugi and undulating country, and it was not until the morning of the 18th, when we began the day's run only 55 miles from the Pole, that the surface at last became smooth and soft. That night our position was 89° 37'S., or just over 26 miles from the Pole, and Geoffrey Pratt's seismic shot told us that the rock beneath had risen steeply to lie only about 2,000 feet below the surface.

When on Sunday, January 19, we began our last run before reaching the South Pole, we found that the surface continued soft and smooth as it had been throughout the previous day, but after a few miles more undulations became apparent.

And then we saw it.

* * *

AT the top of a snow ridge, from which the surface fell away in a long gentle sweep, we had halted to climb on top of our vehicles and scan the horizon for the markers we had been told to expect. Then, suddenly, into the field of vision sprang what seemed to be a small cluster of huts and radio masts. Although it could only just be discerned with the naked eye, it seemed so short a distance from us that our first instinct was to drive straight to the beckoning black spot in the white expanse. But remembering a radio request from Major Mogesson, scientific commander at the station, who had asked us to avoid the snow areas which they were studying and to proceed along the 24 deg. meridian, we turned south-east and drove along the top of the ridge until we found the line of flags which showed the correct route. At the end of the day I described our arrival briefly in my journal:

"When the Pole station came into view it was about seven miles distant and though apparently on a ridge there was a hollow between us and it.

"By the time we had turned south along the line of flags, the dogs were tiring, and the convoy moved slowly so that they could keep up and arrive together with the vehicles. The day was a brilliant one, without a cloud, and only a light wind from about the 80 deg. E. meridian. As the party moved towards the Pole, I looked back and thought our convoy a brave sight: the orange 'cats' and Weasel, together with the loaded sledges, bearing many fluttering flags of different colours.

"Ahead of us we could see two Weasels moving out towards us from the station, but they stopped two miles before meeting us. As we approached nearer, we could see quite a crowd, in fact over 30 people all armed with cameras. These included Admiral Dufek, Ed Hillary, Griff Pugh, Peter Mulgrew, the reporters and all the base personnel. Among the latter were Lieutenant Verne Houk, United States Navy Medical Service, in administrative control of the base, and Major Mogesson ('Mogy') in charge of the scientific work.

"On jumping out of the 'cat', I first shook hands with Ed, then George Dufek and the base leaders. There was such a press of photographers and recorders that it was quite difficult to move about. After the first 'milling' had subsided, Houk and Dufek climbed into my 'cat' and I drove them on to the base, where Houk directed me to the parking site.

"The next move was to wash and have a meal, followed by a press conference and a radio recording for the BBC through McMurdo Sound."

(To Be Continued)

STARTING SOON

OUR NEW SERIAL

"The Spirit's Pilgrimage"

(Mira Behn's Memoirs)

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

place and were busy unloading the plane. By 5.45 p.m. John was back at Shackleton and reported that although the position selected for South Ice was very suitable from a glaciological point of view, the party had been disappointed to find that undulations of the surface hid all the nunataks from their view. This meant that for many months all they would see would be an endless expanse of snow.

From then onwards every opportunity was taken to fly, whether by day or night, for the weather could not be expected to hold for many weeks and in any season the number of safe flying days was bound to be restricted. Even though we now had the advantage of weather reports from South Ice, we found that the distance of 275 miles between the two stations allowed time for conditions to change before the plane could arrive, sometimes making it necessary to turn back when half-way on the journey. At other times a South Ice report of excellent weather at their altitude of over 4,300 feet coincided with drift or "whiteout" at Shackleton.

When I first visited the station on February 7 the hut was in the early stages of construction, only the foundations having been completed in the bottom of a pit five feet deep. This was dug in order that the whole building should be quickly covered with drift and so become protected from the winter winds. On this and later flights I studied the potential surface route in considerable detail, but although we subsequently followed the general line I then selected, we were to find many more areas of trouble than could be seen from the air.

By February 22 the hut was ready for occupation and two tons of food and ten barrels of paraffin had already been flown in. This meant that the party of three—for George Lowe had returned to Shackleton—were safe enough for the winter, even if they had to conserve the fuel for cooking and suffer the rigours of the cold. For their complete comfort they would require a total of thirty-five barrels of paraffin, each weighing 360 lb., and, in addition, petrol for their generator and a reserve of aircraft fuel. This would entail many more flights, but now a "Sarah" beacon was operating at South Ice enabling the plane to "home" in bad visibility, and the operation of a more powerful transmitter provided consistent weather reports to Shackleton.

I had determined to bring back to base each of the South Ice wintering party for a few days' change and to enable them to pick up last-minute personal items they might wish to have for the next six or eight months. The first to return was Ken Blaiklock, who flew back with Gordon Haslop on the night of February 23. They took off from South Ice at midnight in a temperature of —40°F. Conditions were not very good and Gordon was compelled to fly for the last two hundred miles between two layers of cloud. The night sun was obscured, the light bad, and this nearly led to a serious accident.

While still forty or fifty miles from Shackleton, Gordon reported receiving the "Sarah" beacon satisfactorily and said he was going down to find out the height of the lower cloud. A few moments later the Otter bounded upwards as its skis hit the top of some snow-covered hills at 110 knots. In the poor light these had so merged with the cloud as to be invisible. Fortunately he retained control and climbed away from this uncomfortable spot. Ever since this episode the hills which extend southward from Vahsel Bay have been known as the "Touchdown Hills".

* * *

WHILE flying to South Ice continued whenever possible, we also had plenty to do at Shackleton, the major task being the building of the vehicle workshop. The foundations had been completed some time before, but the very heavy superstructure had still to be erected. Until this was complete neither the lathe nor any of the other power tools could be set up, and this seriously hampered the engineers in preparing the vehicles for the journeys we still hoped to make before the end of the summer. In spite of this, they were hard at work with their limited facilities, and already the stores hut allocated to them was being filled with boxes, trays and piles of spares which must later be ready to hand when repairs and modifications would be in full swing.

On March 3 John Lewis flew Hal Lister and David Stratton to South Ice, leaving them to man the station while he took Ken Blaiklock and John Stephenson to the Whichaway Nunataks to do survey and geological work for two or three days before the plane returned to collect them. They had ten days' rations, a small sledge and a radio receiver, and as they were only thirty miles from South Ice they could, if necessary, walk back, manhauling the sledge with tent, rations and equipment.

Two days later, while having our lunch at Shackleton, there was a sudden shout of "Fire!" in the living-room and smoke could be seen pouring from the attic. While David Pratt leapt up the ladder to the roof, the rest of us rushed to the workshop where a sheet of flame was shooting up the wall behind the bathroom boiler into the roof. As Roy Homard hurled a bucket of water onto the flames below, David let off a nitrogen-pressured powder extinguisher from above. In a moment the fire was out, the air was filled with choking dust and we spluttered our way to open all the doors.

Fire at polar bases has been a common occurrence and is a particularly dangerous event, because the huts are usually buried beneath the surface. As in this case, many fires have been caused by hanging clothing too close to a stove chimney. But at least we were happy to find how efficient our specially constructed Pyrene extinguisher was, and indeed the only complaint came from Dr. Rogers, who said he did not know what the powder was and might it not be toxic? However, we all ate our lunch, powder and all, even the doctor, and no one was any the worse.

On March 6 Gordon Haslop and I took off intending to pick up Ken Blaiklock and Jon Stephenson from the Whichaways, but forty minutes after we left, South Ice reported that the weather had changed again and we could only turn back to base. By the 9th we were talking to them every two hours hoping for better weather reports, and on that day the Otter again left Shackleton only to be turned back after half an hour in the air. That night Ken and Jon had four days' rations left and I estimated that they would start walking back after another twenty-four hours.

It was clear that with the temperature now constantly below —40°F and winds of 15 to 30 knots, a manhauling trip would not be a pleasant experience. They would also have the problem of navigation in the prevailing high

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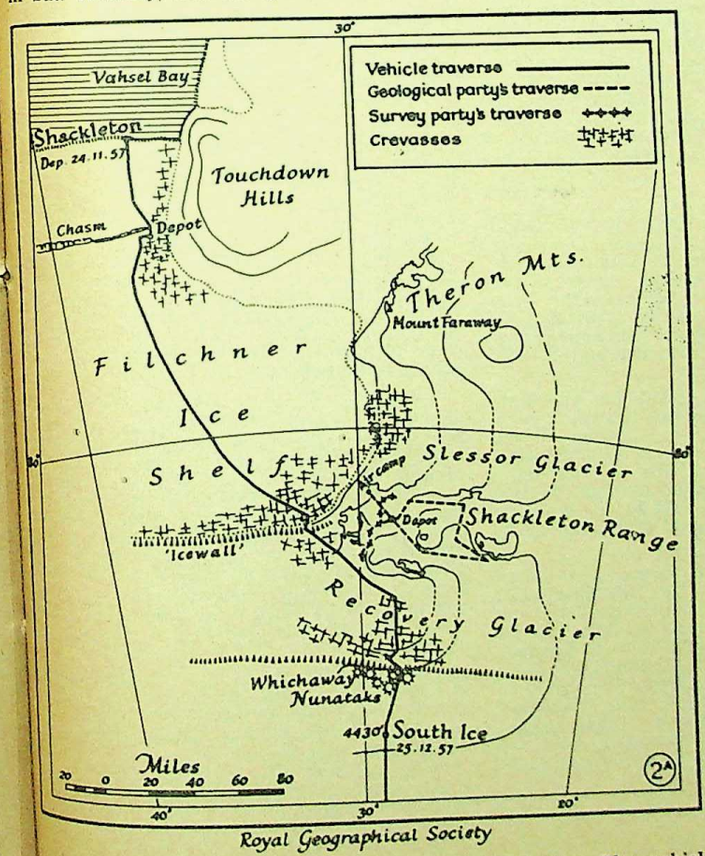


Royal Geographical Society

THE ROUTE FROM SHACKLETON to South Ice. The vehicle parties had to cross extensive and dangerous crevassed areas.

Right: Discussing the site for the depot are (l. to r.) Dr. Vivian Fuchs, Allan Rogers, Ken Blaiklock and Hal Lister.

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute. Mysore. Digitized by eGangotri

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

THE HUT AT SOUTH ICE completed and drifted over, with the Otter bringing in further stores.

ANTARCTICA

(Continued)

drift. As they could pass within fifty or a hundred yards of the station in such conditions and never see it, I told South Ice to fire a recognition signal every night at six o'clock. The field party could hear us talking to them and would know when to look out for this.

At last on the 11th South Ice reported clear skies but very heavy drift on the ground. As conditions were reasonable at Shackleton, Gordon Haslop and I again left in the hope of being able to pick up the Whichaway party, or at least to drop them additional food and fuel. For this purpose the rations were sewn up tightly in sacks and red streamers attached to them and to a jerrican of paraffin. When we finally left at midday conditions were perfect as far as the Shackleton Range, but passing over the "ice-wall" we could see the drift pouring down the slope in great streamers that merged into a sheet on the level ice shelf below. Flying over the Recovery Glacier to the Whichaway Nunataks the whole surface was obscured by snaking, writhing streams of drift which seemed to have a stealthy evil look.

Arriving at the nunataks we circled the spot where Ken and Jon had been left but could see no sign of them, nor of their camp. Round and round we went, searching the vicinity of every nunatak for half an hour before setting course for South Ice. Below streamed the rippling drift, but every moment we expected to see figures or the shape of a tent. Weaving from side to side to cover as much ground as possible we scanned the scene in vain.

Soon we were over South Ice and circling to descend. From above the station was clearly visible, but as we ran in to land the surface disappeared, then in a flash we were coming down through a driving torrent of snow which obscured everything as effectively as the blackest night. Down and down we went till the skis touched and Gordon brought us bounding gently over the sastrugi to a standstill.

Now we could see nothing at all and called for "two-star-reds" to be fired to give some indication of the direction of the hut. David Stratton told us that Hal was having trouble lighting the pyrotechnics in the wind but that he would be firing them, so I got out of the plane in case they appeared behind us. Suddenly a trail of smoke could be seen blowing away high above the fifty-foot drift which enveloped us.

This was ahead and to the left, but when we attempted to taxi forward we found the skis would not break free of the surface. Gordon then stopped the engine and we fitted the wind baffle and exhaust plugs to conserve as much heat as possible, for the temperature was —25°F and the wind speed 35 knots. To lessen the weight we unloaded 1,500 lb. in the form of fuel barrels, which we had brought to add to the depot, before I went forward in the hope that I should see the masts of the station. All the time it was necessary to watch behind to ensure that the plane remained in sight, because once lost it would be only too easy to lose one's way altogether. After fifty yards it disappeared so I turned back.

After removing the wind baffles we climbed in again and Gordon started motoring cautiously forward, for we did not want to run into masts, stores dumps, or the hut itself, nor did we wish to overshoot as it would be impossible to turn the plane in such a wind. Presently a lumbering red figure stumbled out of the drift to the left. This proved to be Hal Lister who had ploughed over towards the sound of the engine. He shouted that he could not wait as his footprints would be drifted up and these he needed to find his way back to South Ice, two hundred yards distant. I therefore ran back with him, talking while making new footprints, until we found David standing within sight of the hut. Hastily we all three doubled back to the plane, held a hurried consultation and I handed over two frozen chickens before they had to chase their footprints back to the hut.

• • •

As soon as we heard David on the radio again Gordon made an "instrument take-off". Just as we left the surface the engine coughed unpleasantly and continued to do so as we gained a little height to see over the drift. After a few minutes she settled down and we began our long run home with just enough fuel to circle the nunataks once more and then to reach Shackleton.

As we flew, the sun sank below the horizon and for the first time we landed along a flare path at base. Everyone was concerned that we had been unable to find the wanderers, for now they had full rations for two more days only, but we presumed that as the bad weather persisted they would have saved a little day by day and would finally go on to half rations.

The weather made a second relief flight impossible until the 15th, or two days after their food should have been finished. Early that morning South Ice reported excellent conditions, and by 4.30 a.m. John Lewis, Geoffrey Pratt and I were airborne. Climbing away from Shackleton we found ourselves flying between two cloud layers, the surface was obscured, there was no sign of the Theron Mountains and as we approached the Shackleton Range only patches of rock could be seen merging with cloud above and below.

About this time South Ice reported that thin cloud had formed over the area and was lying right down on the surface, but we decided to fly on in the hope of a clearance. Over the Recovery Glacier we flew at 300 feet above the surface, but could see nothing through the thick low cloud. Then, far ahead, a small black peak appeared and this we knew must be the highest of the Whichaway Nunataks. Presently the cloud layer above us ended, and by climbing we were able to see that by some miracle the lower cloud had dispersed around the nunataks which were now all clearly displayed before us. Then, even more miraculously, the cloud-free area extended a solitary arm in the direction of South Ice, while all the rest remained under a thick woolly blanket.

As we flew over the Whichaways and circled the place where Ken and Jon had been put down, the sun shone brightly on the snow, enabling us to see the drifts and empty ration boxes left at their camp site. Thinking that they would have left a note, we went down, John making a skilful landing on a surface torn by recent winds. In a ration box we found a tin containing the expected message. This gave precise directions concerning the route they intended to follow and told us that they had left at 11 a.m. on March 11, five days previously, with four days' full rations and two days' emergency rations. Gordon and I had been actually circling over them on the 11th but the combination of drift and the noise of the wind had prevented them from either seeing or even hearing us.

Before leaving we put down ten days' rations for two and four gallons of paraffin in a 40-gallon drum, so that if we did not find them they could be told by radio where to go for food. That small depot still remains in the Whichaways. Climbing back into the Otter we took off and started to search along the route they had given. Visibility was excellent but still we saw nothing by the time we were circling South Ice. Before landing to re-fuel we decided to make one more run. This time, while scanning the snow with binoculars, I saw a tiny black triangle set in the vast white expanse about twelve miles from South Ice. It could only be their tent! In a moment we were swinging east towards it.

It was the tent all right, but there was no sign of activity and I had unpleasant visions of two incapacitated men, for the temperature at South Ice had recently been in the minus fifties with winds of 30 to 40 knots. Soon we were bounding over the snow and came to rest fifteen yards from the camp. Just as we were landing I saw Ken's half-clad figure come out and quickly go back inside. Leaping out of the plane I went over to put my head into the tent, where I found them both well and drinking a cup of cocoa which they wished to finish before dressing to come outside. Not surprising, perhaps, as the temperature was —35°F.

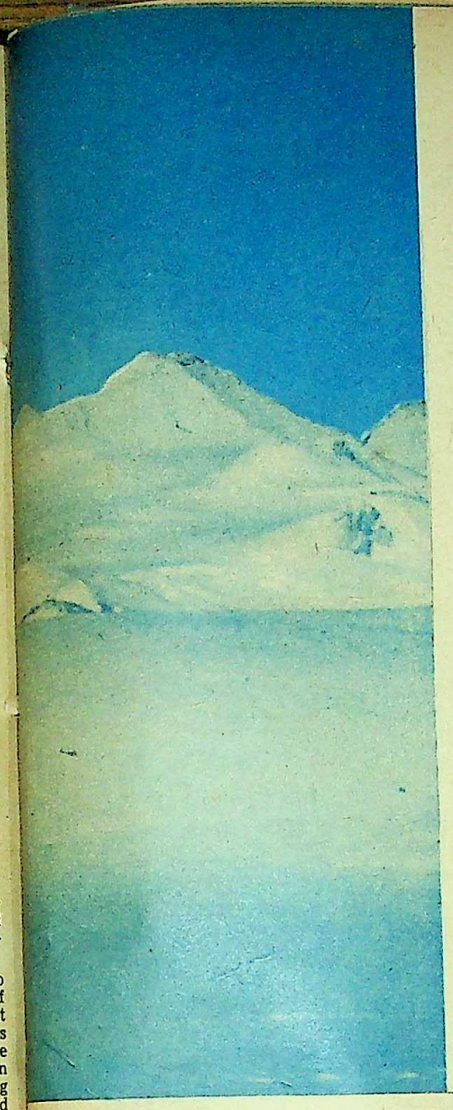
While they got ready Geoffrey and I stowed all their camping gear and sledge in the Otter. We had landed at ten past eight, and fifteen minutes later were winging our way to South Ice where Hal and David Stratton had prepared breakfast for all. We now had time to examine our two wanderers and found that Jon was frostbitten on nose, cheeks, both heels and one finger. Some were unpleasant but not serious. Ken had got off more lightly with minor frostbite of the finger-tips. Deciding to take them both back to Shackleton I asked Geoffrey to stay with Hal at South Ice until the others could return.

Safely back at base there was much to talk about. We learned that each day they had marched for six hours towing their sledge in conditions of severe drift, the temperature ranging from —25°F to —47°F and the wind varying from 20 to 35 knots. Each day they had travelled five or six miles over steeply undulating country, navigating by compass and the sun. When we found them they still had half rations for one day and one fill of paraffin for the stove. They had determined to go on that day to South Ice regardless of the time it might take. We were all glad that it had not been necessary.

On March 22, 23 and 25 the last three flights to South Ice were made, a total of twenty trips in all. On the first of these Blaiklock and Stephenson returned to join Lister for their winter sojourn. On the last we could only think of three mapping nibs, a bottle of ink, a bottle of developer and a 12-inch ruler to add to the main load of five drums of paraffin. Now the station was fully equipped for eight months and we had provisioned it with sufficient stores to last until it was abandoned by the trans-continental party in the following November.

(To Be Continued)

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri



The first phase of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition has been successfully completed, with the establishment of Shackleton Base on the Weddell Sea, under the leadership of Sir Vivian Fuchs, and Scott Base on the other side of the continent by an auxiliary party headed by Sir Edmund Hillary. The rigours of the southern winter and the constant perils that confronted the tractor and sledge parties as they pushed further and further into the frozen wastes of the Antarctic made reconnoitring as well as the laying of depots along the trans-polar route a severe test for human courage and endurance.

At Shackleton, the MAGGA DAN, *which had brought Sir Vivian Fuchs and his men, makes ready to depart after unloading, while the crossing party engages itself in the task of "spanning" a dangerous area of crevasses and mountains to lay the first of the depots, South Ice...*

After little more than an hour we could see the highest of the Theron Mountains, Mount Faraway, on the port beam, and soon we were flying over the end of a great east-west glacier that pushed out into the shelf in three monstrously crevassed tongues. This we were later to call the Slessor Glacier, after Sir John Slessor, Chairman of the Expedition Committee. To the south lay the western end of the Shackleton Range and from it a high, heavily crevassed area extended far to the west. This appeared to descend about a thousand feet as a tumbling fall of ice and it clearly marked the inland margin of the Filchner Ice Shelf. At this time these great cascades of ice seemed to form an impassable barrier on the ground and we therefore flew east into the mountains in search of a glacier route to the south.

* * *

NOW we were flying low through the mountains on an easterly course, but climbing steadily as we followed the most likely looking glacier past the grey-black ridges and peaks. Here and there red and yellow rocks varied the scene, while below the wind-swept surface of the glacier showed blue where the snow had been stripped from the ice beneath. We imagined the tracked vehicles with their heavily loaded sledges attempting to climb these steep and slippery slopes. True, the crevasses lay revealed and might therefore be avoided, but this also reminded us that where the snow still lay it must hide many treacherous pitfalls.

At 6,200 feet we found ourselves about 1,500 feet above a wide snowfield which fed the glacier we had been following and which also declined southward. Turning onto a southerly course we flew out over a huge east-west glacier which we were later to know as the "Recovery Glacier". This was forty miles wide and at least as long as the Slessor Glacier, although the upper reaches have not been seen. While the north side is flanked by the length of the Shackleton Range, the south side is marked by a line of rocky peaks which we called the "Whichaway Nunataks", and a precipitous tumbling slope of ice which continues the line of the nunataks for many miles to east and west.

Beyond the main line of the Whichaways a few rocky outcrops pierced an undulating and somewhat crevassed expanse of snow and ice. Circling the most southerly of these, which stood at about 5,000 feet, we scanned the southern horizon with binoculars and saw nothing but rising, undulating snowfields. Here and there a white gleam seemed to indicate a crevassed area, but no further mountains could be seen and we felt certain that we were looking over the high polar plateau itself. Satisfied, too, that in this area a suitable site for South Ice could be found and that the proximity of the nunataks would aid the location of the station from the air, we turned back to land at Shackleton after five hours and twenty minutes.

We had now chosen the approximate position for South Ice, but it would lie beyond topographical obstructions which could prove to be formidable obstacles on the ground. It was therefore necessary to examine the various potential routes. We knew that the glaciers descending through the Theron Mountains probably presented an easy passage to the high ice beyond, but would it also be possible to negotiate the Shackleton Range so far to the east, and what was the nature of the upper part of the huge Slessor and Recovery Glaciers?

The next good flying day was on January 22 when John Lewis took off with Ken Blaiklock, Taffy Williams, George Lowe and me to investigate the area round the Therons. Arriving over Mount Faraway at the western end of the mountains we turned north-east along the high, imposingly stratified cliffs, then south-east up a seemingly unbroken glacier flanked by rocky outcrops. The upper snowfield merged smoothly with a broad snow dome on the south side of the mountains, but beyond this the surface began to decline steeply and we were soon flying over the marginal crevassed zones of the Slessor Glacier.

Here, some seventy miles east of the point where we had crossed it on the 20th, the glacier maintained a width of twenty-five to thirty miles, with the northern foothills of the Shackleton Range flanking the southern margin. Along its length ran a number of complex corrugated crevasse zones like medial moraines which clearly made it an impassable barrier for ground travel. To the north-east we thought we could see the upper snowfields from which the glacier sprang, but owing to shortage of fuel we could not visit the area and reluctantly turned once more towards Mount Faraway and our base.

As we flew along the vertical cliffs of the mountains the surface below was clearly good enough for a landing. Lewis brought the Otter down about a mile and a half from the escarpment to avoid the areas of rock dust blown on to the snow, for these could have made the surface soft, honeycombed and treacherous. Setting off for the rocks at top speed, I arrived twenty minutes later at the edge of a small frozen stream running along the foot of some screes. At the height of summer this would, during daytime, be a rushing stream of melt water formed by the heat of the sun's radiation on the snow and rocks above. Now it was easy to cross its frozen surface and I scrambled hastily fifty feet up the scree to the foot of the cliff. There, to my astonishment and delight, I found an alternating series of limestones, shales and coal. Both the limestones and the shales contained fossil plants which seemed likely to provide an age for the rocks.

* * *

BY this time John Lewis had taxied the plane nearer to the cliffs and I was soon on board and we were heading back to base. It had now become clear that to establish whether or not a potential ground route existed through the Therons we must make a much longer flight over the upper reaches of the Slessor Glacier, across the eastern part of the Shackleton Range and south to the selected area beyond the Whichaway Nunataks. For such a flight the range of the Otter had to be increased and Peter Weston therefore set about installing the auxiliary tank which would give us fourteen hours in the air.

All this time construction work had been continuing at Shackleton, and it was now possible to bring the entire shore party from the MAGGA DAN up to the base so that the ship could go sealing. Rhino Goldsmith and Tony Stewart, who were returning to England, together with Peter

(Please Turn Over)

way to the west the great chasm we had found the previous season could be seen tending out of sight into the distance. rom its eastern end a complex of huge evasses curved away towards the land, here they joined with the crevasse belt at marked the junction of the floating ice elf with the coast. Clearly the whole elf was heavily shattered and there uld be no possibility of avoiding this ea when we set out with our vehicles.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

PART OF THE TERRITORY surveyed by the Northern Expedition near Mount Suess.

ANTARCTICA

(Continued)

Jeffries, who was going to the Royal Society Base at Halley Bay, moved into the ship. We asked the two Royal Society Expedition carpenters, Ramond and Prior, to stay at Shackleton while the ship was away so that they might continue to provide assistance in completing the various buildings.

Soon it would be time for the ship to leave, and on the night of January 24 we gave a party at Shackleton which was attended by the members of both expeditions and about half the crew. Perhaps the highlight of all the hilarity was to see Doug Prior borne across the crowded room by several stalwarts who hung him by his braces on the corner of the door. Dangling like a spider from its thread, he was finally released by his struggles to fall in a confused heap.

Next day was "writing" day. No work was done, as all who were staying behind dashed off their last letters, but time was found to give several of the Royal Society Party and the ship's crew short flights to see the scene of their activities from the air. A return party was held on board the ship that night and in the morning we congregated on the ice edge to see her sail. Slowly she pulled out of Pete's Cove and began to move along the ice edge, dispersing a school of killer whales as she went. Her high raking bow, now far out of the water, seemed to be carving miraculously through the heavy pressure ice that in reality hid the water from view.

When a party is finally left by a ship in the Antarctic there may be a brief feeling of loneliness. In our case perhaps, that much misused word "marooned" could have been applied, for, as in the days of the buccaneers, we had been purposely set down on a desolate coast and no ship would return to pick us up again. Our way out was not even along an inhospitable coast but two thousand miles across a continent.

We turned to the vehicles and dog sledges that had brought us down to the ship, and hastened back to Shackleton. That day and the next we began shaking down as a single unit at last, and quickly found that our great problem was going to be man-power. So much to do, so few to do it, everyone competent to perform a number of specialised tasks, but all these needing to be done at once. Sixteen pairs of hands were not enough.

On January 30 we flew south again, this time only Gordon Haslop, Ken Blaiklock and myself. First to the Theron Mountains, then over the previous route up the glacier to the snow dome, before turning eastward along the northern margin of the Slessor Glacier. Soon we reached the wide undulating snowfield which descends in two arms, like tributaries, towards the deep channel of the main glacier, and turned south. Here and there crevassed ice knolls rose above the general surface and crevasses could also be seen in the hollows between, but it did seem possible to negotiate the area on the ground although it would clearly be a difficult and slow task to pick a safe route. Scattered nunataks of the eastern Shackleton Range still extended across our path. These in themselves would be difficult to pass, and beyond them came the upper reaches of Recovery Glacier to which the inland ice descended in a series of crevassed terraces. At last it seemed clear that this route would present at least as many problems as the one which we had seen to the east, and in addition it would add some hundred miles to our journey, possibly more.

* * * *

CONTINUING to latitude 82° 15'S we could still see crevassed areas and seemingly small ice streams extending across our path to the west. Suddenly the engine stopped and our interest was immediately concentrated on the surface 2,000 feet below. Hardly had this happened when Gordon began telling base we were going down, at the same time trying his various fuel tanks. Five times the engine restarted and stopped as we descended rapidly towards an uncomfortably rough looking surface. Then, remembering the newly fitted auxiliary tank from which all the petrol had now been used, Gordon told me to close a valve which might prevent air from the empty tank reaching the remainder of the fuel system. Almost immediately the engine picked up and we were able to climb away from the all too near surface below.

Perhaps influenced by these events, we made this our turning point and headed for home by a slightly different route. We flew along the Recovery Glacier to pass the west end of the Shackleton Range and join our outward flight route of January 20. In this way we did not repeat the flight over the glacier we had followed through the mountains, but found what seemed to be an altogether easier surface route, if it should prove possible to travel past the most westerly point of the Shackleton Range.

The most difficult place appeared to be the area where the Recovery Glacier descends to merge with the Filchner Ice Shelf. This was the tumbling area of crevasses which had, on the previous flight, made us turn our search into the moutains. Now, from a height of 7,400 feet, we gazed west along the length of this steep descent which disappeared into the indefinite distance. Later we determined that the ice falls the last 1,500 feet in two steps, the lower 700 feet being the steepest. In due time this was to become known as the "ice wall", but now it seemed likely that the best way to surmount it was to run in close under the mountains where a seemingly smooth slope led upwards a few yards from the rocks themselves.

Arriving back at Shackleton after seven hours in the air we settled down to assessing our acquired knowledge of the route, for we now had finally to choose when and where to establish South Ice and which surface route should be adopted. As a result of these deliberations we decided to travel past the western end of the Shackleton Range, and it was agreed that South Ice should be established in about 81°40'S, 21°00'W, or some six miles south-west of the furthest nunataks we had discovered on January 20.

The next four days were devoted to the preparation of separate aircraft loads, each weighing 2,000 lb. First came camping equipment, food, fuel and the radio, which would go with the building party on the first flight. Next the hutting material and tools, which had to be selected to arrive in the right order, followed by furniture, generators, scientific equipment and a multitude of etceteras. To save weight every item was unpacked, then weighed and labelled before being allocated to its particular flight load.

At 11.15 a.m. on February 4, John Lewis took off with Lister, Blaiklock, Stephenson and Lowe, together with thirty days' supplies. Shortly after their departure, an American Otter arrived bearing Captain Finn Ronne and Captain McDonald, who were building a United States International Geophysical Year station called Ellsworth about fifty miles to the west of Shackleton. During their visit we heard that our party had landed safely at the appointed

TRANS-POLAR PARTY

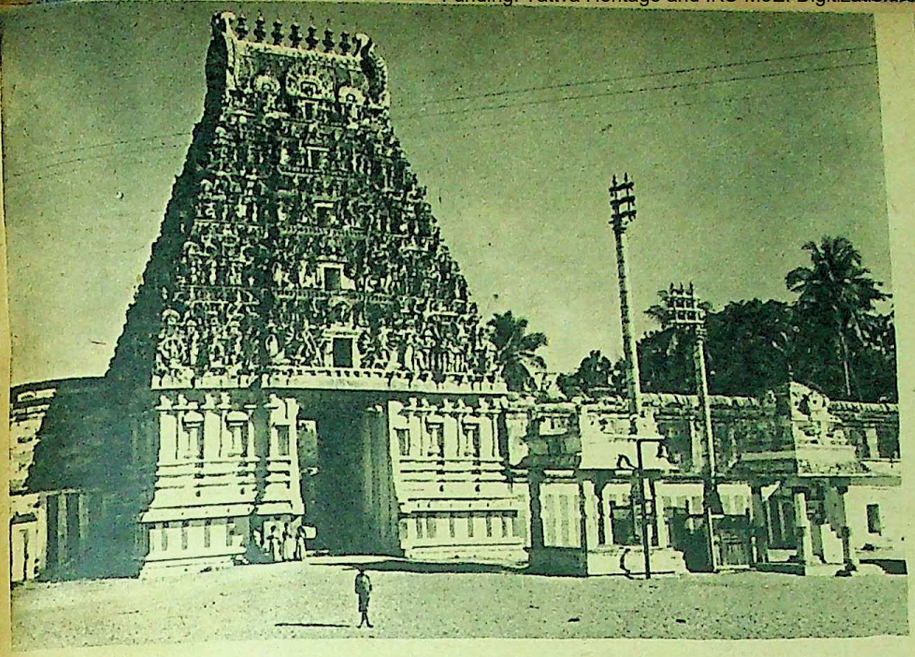
Dr. V. E. Fuchs, Leader, Geologist.
D. G. Stratton, Deputy leader, Surveyor.
* **K. V. Blaiklock**, Surveyor.
D. L. Pratt, Engineer.
* **Sergeant Major D. E. L. (Roy) Homard**, REME, Engineer.
* **R. A. Lenton**, Carpenter and radio operator.
* **J. J. La Grange**, Meteorologist (South Africa).
J. G. D. Pratt, Geophysicist.
Dr. A. F. Rogers, Medical officer and physiologist.
Dr. H. Lister, Glaciologist.
Dr. P. J. Stephenson, Geologist (Australia).
W. G. Lowe, Photographer (New Zealand).

RAF CONTINGENT

Squadron Leader J. H. Lewis, Senior pilot.
Flight Lieutenant G. M. Haslop, Second pilot (New Zealand).
Flight Sergeant P. Weston, Aircraft mechanic.
Sergeant E. (Taffy) Williams, Radio operator.

* Members of the Advance Party at Shackleton.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS MoE. Digitized by eGangotri



THE IMPRESSIVE GOPURAM of the Tiruvorriyur shrine, dedicated to Siva and situated not far from the city of Madras.

IMAGE OF SUBRAHMANYA. The temple is associated with such great saints as Pattinathar and Sundaramurti Nayanar.

Tiruvorriyur

THE shrine of Tiruvorriyur is unique in several respects. It is associated with Pattinathar, the great saint of Kaveripoompattinam, and it perhaps contains more inscriptions than any other temple in South India. Tiruvorriyur is the birthplace of Kaliya Nayanar and it is believed that Sundaramurti Nayanar brought his wife Sangili here once. According to tradition Sankaracharya also visited the shrine and put an end to the animal sacrifice that was practised there. The Chola conqueror Raja Rajendra made it a point to attend the festivals held at the sanctuary. His successor, Kulottunga III, was not only present at the Ani festival, he held an assembly in the shrine to hear petitions regarding the administration of temple lands. It is surprising that this shrine, situated not far from the city of Madras and with its many historical associations, has not attracted the attention it deserves.

Tiruvorriyur is said to be the very abode of Siva and the waters of its tanks and wells are held extremely sacred. The main object of worship is the lingam, consisting of an ant-hill which is covered by a metallic protector with a serpent's hood above. The present walls are at least 900 years old. An inscription states that the main sanctum was constructed by one Ravi, surnamed Veera Chola Takshan, under the patronage of King Rajendra Chola I.

There are two fine pavilions—Vakkanikka Mandapam, where discussions were held in the old days, and Vyakarana Mandapam for the teaching of grammar. There is an Amman shrine which was rebuilt some thirty years ago by a devotee, who also did another great service by getting the Vedas translated into Tamil.

M. K. RANGASWAMI AIYANGAR

BHADRAKALI, now relegated to a corner. Right: Ekapadamurti. This unique sculpture represents Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. (Photographs by author.)

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MOUNT HUGGINS, 12,100 ft., seen from the upper Skelton Glacier (Ross Sea Expedition).

THE CROSSING OF ANTARCTICA—VIII

Journeys From Shackleton Base

by Sir VIVIAN FUCHS
and
Sir EDMUND HILLARY

APART from unloading the MAGGA DAN, the completion of the base hut and the building of various stores and workshops, our first need was to establish an inland station at a point some 300 miles south of Shackleton. During the planning stages this station was referred to as Depot 300 (later called South Ice), for in addition to its use as a winter meteorological and glaciological observatory, it was to be the depot from which the trans-continental party would finally set out. During the winter it was to be manned by Hal Lister (glaciologist), Ken Blaiklock (surveyor and meteorologist), and John Stephenson (geologist and glaciologist).

When we arrived at Shackleton we still thought it possible that South Ice would be put down by a ground party supported from the air, though we always knew that we might have to risk carrying out the entire project with aircraft alone. Before any decision could be taken, long-range air reconnaissance was necessary to select the site and determine a possible route to it. Perhaps fortunately, the first days after the arrival of the ship were unsuitable for flying and we were able to concentrate on the work at Shackleton.

When building an Antarctic base there is always the problem of what to do with all the material that cannot be brought under cover. In the past, expeditions have tried building tunnels of the actual packing cases themselves. When these become drifted over it is possible to walk inside the tunnel and obtain what is wanted by opening the end of the appropriate case. The disadvantage is that the surface of the snow is raised to the height of the tunnel and this drift tends to extend over a wider and wider area which can be very inconvenient.

We had intended to build platforms of angled-steel Dexion on which the stores could be raised above the surface, allowing the drift to blow beneath in the hope that no accumulation would occur, but so much of our Dexion had been lost when the sea ice broke up the previous year that we were unable to do this. However, it had been observed at Shackleton that where there was no obstruction to the wind, no snow accumulation occurred. Indeed when we returned in January, 1957, the tracks made by the vehicles the year before could be clearly seen on the surface. We therefore decided to lay out all our stores and barrels of fuel in long, widely separated lines, with one case nowhere standing on top of another. In this way the tops of the boxes remained exposed at the surface and it was a simple matter to locate and dig up anything we required.

On January 20 it was possible to make our first inland reconnaissance flight. Just after eleven in the morning Gordon Haslop took off with Ken Blaiklock, George Lowe and myself as passengers. For this first flight I decided to leave the Theron Mountains to the east and fly direct to the larger range further south which was later called the Shackleton Range. The Therons had been visited by Blaiklock and Goldsmith on the ground and, though we expected to find a route through them up one of the glaciers, it seemed of paramount importance to know what problems would be presented by the greater mass of mountains to the south.

Fifty miles from Shackleton we passed the depot left by Blaiklock and Goldsmith.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

Wilson, Bowers and Cherry-Garrard in their amazing *Worst Journey in the World*. This would entail crossing the Ross Ice Shelf from Scott Base to Cape Crozier at the eastern tip of Ross Island—a round trip of about a hundred miles. A satisfactory performance by the Fergusons would remove another burden from my mind, for it would give us a strong second line of support in our depot-establishing operations and enable us virtually to guarantee their establishment even if something unforeseen occurred to the Beaver—always a possible risk when landings were being made in out-of-the-way spots.

* * *

ON Tuesday, March 19, Ellis, Bates, Mulgrew and I left Scott Base with two tractors and four laden sledges. In bad visibility and deep soft snow we fumbled our way through the pressure ridges and crevasses, and then across the "windless bight" in the shadow of Mount Erebus. Our progress was very laborious, and it took us two days to cover the first twenty-five miles. We carried out various experiments with sledges and repaired and modified the track mechanism on our Fergusons. This enabled progress to be made under conditions that would normally have bogged us down.

On the third day, we came to an end of the soft snow and reached much firmer ground. We raced around Cape Mackay and along through between the walls of Mount Terror and the broken pressure ice of the Ross Ice Shelf. Our fears of large crevasses were fortunately not fulfilled, and at no stage did we break through the lid of anything more than two feet wide. In the dim light of evening we scratched our way up a long icy slope to a snowy shelf at the foot of the "Knoll" which crowns Cape Crozier. Here we established a camp and occupied it for several days in continuously windy weather with cold temperatures and drifting snow.

Our main interest was to search for the remains of the stone hut built by Wilson's party and where they had spent so many hard and difficult days. After some unsuccessful searching, we finally found it—four low rock walls without any roof, half-filled with snow and ice. Thrusting above the top was the framework of a manhauling sledge chafed by nearly half a century of wind and drift, but still in excellent condition. We dug the ice out of the hut and uncovered many interesting relics—some of Wilson's drawing pencils, test tubes, thermometers, unexposed film, a blubber stove, a heavy pick-axe, and the skins and blubber from Emperor penguins. As we worked, the wind whistled around us and we found it difficult to understand why they had chosen such an exposed spot when more suitable ones were readily available near at hand.

On March 24 we set off for home with the intention of covering the fifty-odd miles within the twenty-four hours. Heavy winds and drift delayed our departure, and it was a long and arduous job digging away the piles of snow which had accumulated around the tents and tractors. We departed at 1.30 p.m. and made a cautious descent of the ice slope down into the trough, where we rattled along at a good pace past Cape Mackay. The further we went the better the weather became, but the temperature was steadily falling.

As we struggled our way in the darkness across the soft snow of the "windless bight", our thermometers were showing —46°F. The lights on one of the tractors failed, and those on the others proved temperamental as the cold affected the batteries. Ground fog came up as we approached Pram Point, and we developed trouble in a carburettor and a frozen fuel line. It was a long business finding our way through the pressure ridges near Scott Base, and we were a tired party when we finally drove into camp at 3.40 a.m. We had covered 47½ miles in a total elapsed time of fourteen hours, despite the hold-up of two hours. Although we felt there was still much room for improvement, we were well satisfied with the tractors' performance. We resolved to work on them with a view to taking them south in the spring.

The first fortnight of April was cold and windy and temperatures were consistently between —30°F and —40°F. We made every effort to complete our main outside tasks. All the food was carefully restacked and sorted; our fuel drums, totalling a thousand of one sort or another, were laid in rows and marked with stakes; and everything required in the huts was moved inside and stowed away on shelves constructed as required.

Each day that weather permitted, several of the dog teams would be run to keep men and dogs in good condition. Brooke and Gunn, who were a hardy pair, took a dog team across the Ross Ice Shelf in temperatures of —40°F and climbed White Island. They were only prevented by a deterioration in weather from climbing Black Island as well. On Sunday, April 14, the sun touched Scott Base for the last time before the winter. We were getting about ten hours of rather dull light, but there was a feeling of darkness in the air. Across the bay the high peaks of the Western Mountains were still a glorious sight, bathed in pink sunlight, but McMurdo Sound was freezing up except where frequent storms kept breaking the new ice out, leaving a broad open channel in the middle.

We still had one trip in mind before the winter. This was a pilgrimage to Scott's old hut at Cape Evans. It proved to be a large-scale operation. Ellis and Mulgrew manhauled their way across, towing their camping gear behind them. Claydon and Cranfield did the same, but took advantage of the opportunity to live off their special air emergency rations and to use the emergency tent and equipment they always carried in the aircraft. But the main trek occurred when eight of us crossed over with four dog teams.

As the direct route to Cape Evans involved travelling over the dangerous new sea ice, we had to try a different approach. We set off from Scott Base and sledged out through the pressure ridges onto the Ross Ice Shelf, continuing along in soft snow until we reached the narrowest place on the Hut Point peninsula. We then headed our dogs directly up onto the saddle and reached its crest after a strenuous effort by man and beast.

After a brief rest, we wound a dog chain around each runner of the sledge to act as a brake, and plunged down on the other side. In fading light and drifting snow we became involved in some lines of crevasses, so we stopped and camped for the night.

Next morning we reconnoitred a route through the crevasses and brought the dogs and sledges down onto the sea ice. There was a strong wind to harass us as we sledged over the very wet and sticky surface of the new ice, and we were glad finally to reach thicker ice and then climb up onto Glacier Tongue, which pushed its long snout out into the sea. Despite numerous crevasses, both large and small, we had no difficulty in crossing the icy surface of Glacier Tongue, although once again chain brakes were a necessity and our descent down the other side was a hectic one. We camped on some old and solid bay ice.

Bad weather kept us from moving next day, as the ice ahead was too fresh and thin to risk crossing it while an off-shore gale was blowing. However, the next morning was fine, so we had a magnificent run across the bay, past grounded icebergs, with the last rays of the sun in a rosy glow on the summit of Mount Erebus, high above us. We crossed the frozen tide crack without difficulty, and drove our teams up a small ice-wall below the rocks of Cape Evans, where we staked them out on a frozen pool well clear of the sea ice. We then crossed on foot to the Cape Evans hut.

It was a saddening disappointment to all of us! The ground around the hut was a complete shambles, with rubbish, empty tins and the ancient carcasses of seals strewn in every direction. The bottom floor of the hut was filled with ice and only the top floor was accessible, but this, too, was an unpleasant mixture of disorder and dirt. Obviously no attempt had been made by the various parties who had wintered in the hut to keep it the least bit tidy. It seemed a poor memorial to a great man, and as there was little we could do, we were glad to go. (The situation is different now. In January, 1958, Captain Kirkwood and the crew of the ENDEAVOUR spent some time at Cape Evans, giving the place a thorough clean out and getting rid of the rubbish.)

* * *

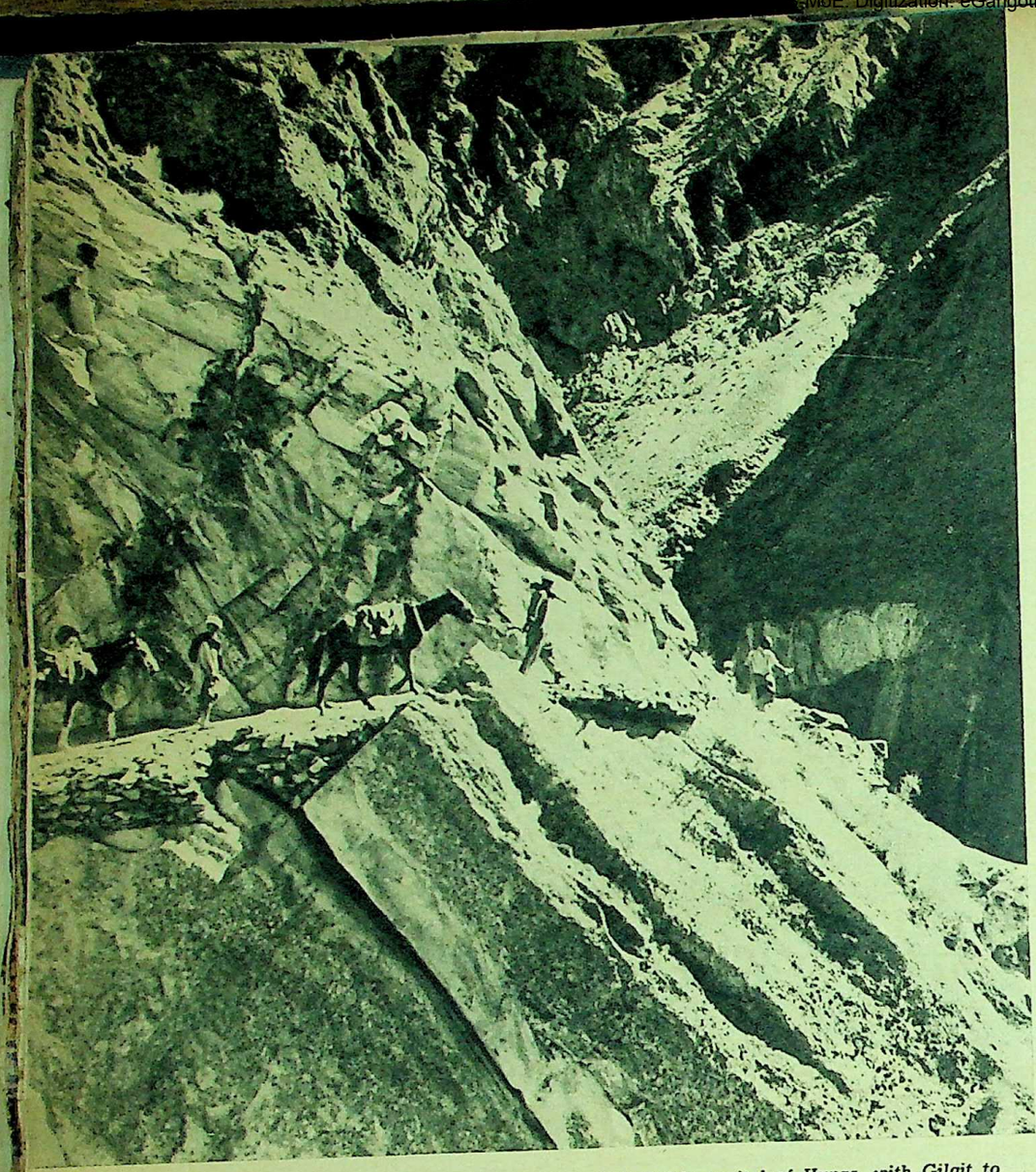
WE covered the six miles back to Glacier Tongue in seventy glorious minutes, and then crossed over again before camping. Despite a strong wind the next day, we made excellent time across the bay, threading our way through the crevasses and climbing rapidly up over the saddle. Then followed a hilarious descent to the Ross Ice Shelf and a mad race for home. We covered the thirteen miles in 3½ hours, arriving back flushed and panting, but feeling all the better for our efforts.

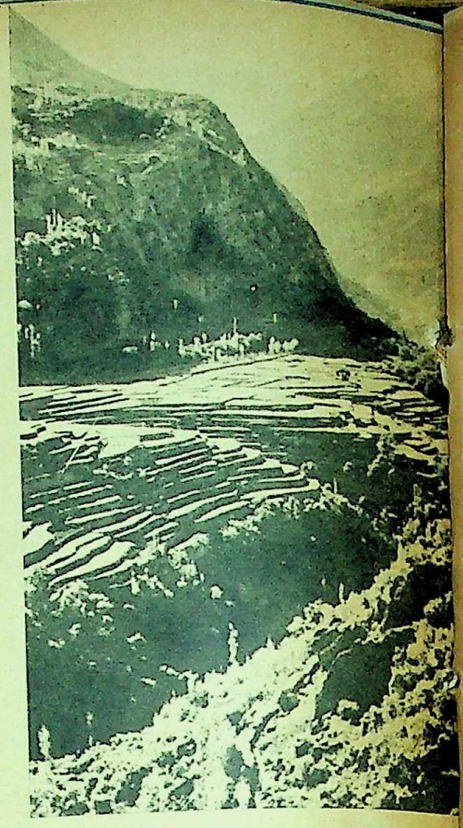
It was a happy finish to a season of much useful field work. It was good to know that we had established a satisfactory route to the polar plateau; that two fully stocked depots were already waiting for Bunny Fuchs and his crossing party; and, possibly most important of all, that although the Antarctic was a formidable opponent it would really submit if attacked with imagination and enthusiasm. We faced the winter with confidence, but looked with some impatience for the return of the sun and the renewal of our battle with the Antarctic elements.

(To Be Continued)

THE INSTALLATIONS AT SCOTT BASE on Ross Island. McMurdo Sound is frozen over.

MoE Digitization: eGangotri





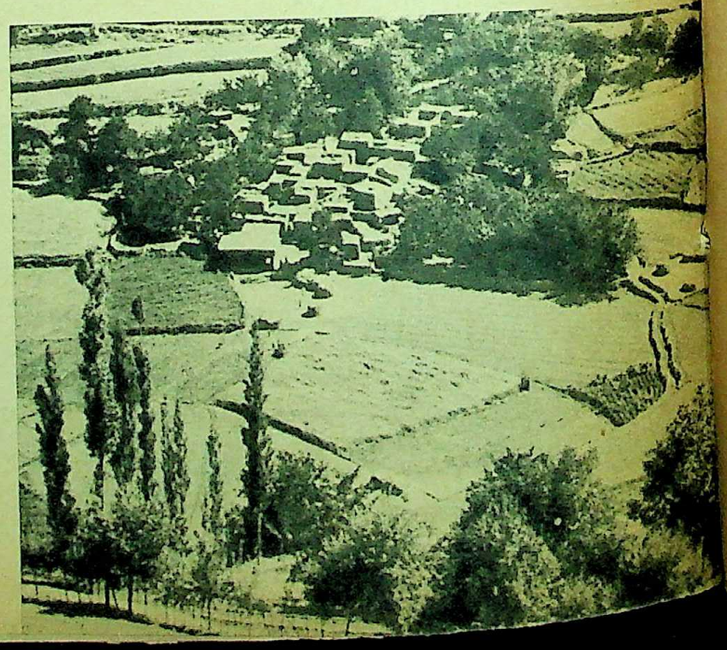
PART OF THE ROAD now being built to link Baltit, capital of Hunza, with Gilgit to the south. The construction of this track, through mountainous terrain, is proving an extremely difficult task.

CHINESE designs on Pakistan-held Kashmir must be considered a part of the larger border problem of the sub-continent. In September, it was announced that a foreign jet aircraft had been making incursions over Chitral, Hunza and Gilgit. A map bought by the Pakistani Embassy from a Peking shop showed, according to Foreign Minister Manzur Qadir, portions of Gilgit as included in China. It is reported that Pakistan has taken energetic steps to seal off the disputed border and that she has sent a

In Remote Gilgit And Hunza

CAMELS ARE INDISPENSABLE in these parts for carrying loads south to the trading posts of Pakistan. Picture shows a caravan halting by the way in Gilgit.

A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE in Hunza. The dwellings are clustered together amid a grove of apricot trees. Maize and barley are grown in the small, neat plots near by.



Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

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